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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1871.

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## ROYALISTS AND LOYALISTS.

### An Historical Novel.

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By the Author of "OCCASIONAL PAPERS," "WHAT SHALL WE DO?"  
"WAR SKETCHES," "THE TWO NEIGHBOURS," &c.

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#### CHAPTER III.

##### OLD MEMORIES AND NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

The interior of the cottage presented that comfortable pleasant appearance for which England's rural homes are justly celebrated. The furniture was of ash or oak and with constant rubbing rivalled the polish of the more costly productions of the Cabinet manufactory. The wide stone floor and hearth had been scoured and swept and the polished fender reflected the glow of the bright cheerful fire.

For, although the evening was so beautiful, there was sufficient chill in the atmosphere to render a pleasant fire desirable. On the round kitchen table stood a candle, by the light of which Ronald's mother, a comely dame of fifty years, was reading; all the rest of of the family were absent, so that when the door opened, taking it for granted that it was one of her children, she did not change her position, even so much as to look up from her book until Ronald spoke.

"Mother," he said, "I have invited this stranger to take a little refreshment with us at supper; I cannot tell you his name, but he stood my friend to night on the green, and I was right glad when he consented to come with me."

The mother with a very hospitable smile said, "you are very welcome, Sir, to such things as we have. We are very plain folks at our house, but we try and make everybody comfortable when they come to see us.

"You cannot do better, and I am sure you mean all you say," said the stranger, "I am as your son observed, quite a stranger in

this part of the country, but I have no occasion to conceal my name, and certainly no desire, from so loyal a family. My name, madam, is Arondale, in the King's service, travelling, however, at the present, on my own business, and doing so on foot for convenience and pleasure."

"Arondale," said the dame, "as though calling back a faded memory, "I used to know the Arondales of the Old Grange, are you one of them?" and she examined his features attentively.

"I am of the same family without question," said Arondale, "but you never knew me for I was born at the Manor House three miles away, besides, you very likely left England soon after I was born."

"Of course I did," said Mrs. Oakson, for such was her name, "I was quite young when my father emigrated to America, but how did you come to know?" Before giving him time to answer this question she added another, "but how, where did you meet my son?"

"I will answer," he said, "your last question the first. I was coming through the village and seeing quite a crowd on the green, and considerable stir besides, I walked up to see what there was to do, and found this tall son of yours and another young man, they called Sertum, had been jumping; and it was about a jump, that Sertum had made, that the disturbance had arisen. I listened to both sides and as I thought your son was hardly likely to get fair play I took sides with him against the young Squire, who evidently favoured Sertum."

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Oakson "that our Ronald will get himself into trouble, yet, about this jumping business, but he will not be advised. I'm much obliged to you though for taking his part, especially as the Squire was there, for it will show the village folks that everybody is not willing to submit to his dictation."

"So far as I'm concerned it is quite likely," said Arondale, "that the Squire will be anything but flattered with the the manner in which he was treated; but I have seen such boys before and I am always willing to give them a cut in a cool way."

"Oh, mother," said Ronald, "if you had only seen the staring when this gentleman took the Squire down, in the way he did, I wish you had seen it. When I think of it now it seems a richer thing than anything I ever heard of, and I'm sure there will be lots of talk about it. The way the young Squire went off, with his *cur* Sertum, astonished everybody; he tried to look unconcerned, but it was plain enough to be seen that he was fairly cowed for once."

"Did he not threaten to do anything?" enquired Mrs. Oakson.

"Of course he did," said Ronald, "why, he never was so astonished in his life before, at the way in which he was served. Oh but will not he rage about it! I should not wonder but he'll try to revenge himself on me in some way.—But I dont mind."

Mrs. Oakson seemed somewhat concerned but she went about her preparations for the evening meal with a cordiality and cheerfulness of manner truly charming. Then she felt a little motherly pride in connection with any anxiety, she might have, for it

was plain her son had won the good opinion of this Mr. Arondale. Had she been asked, why she particularly valued the good opinion of Mr. Arondale the probability is great that the secret and true reason would not have been given. At least she would not have said 'I know the family to which he belongs, it is an old family and very respectable.' But she was none the less influenced by these very considerations. Stopping in the midst of her work she said:—"Do you still live at the Manor House, Mr. Arondale?"

"No, my brother, an elder brother, is now living there, but both my father and mother are living still."

"I can remember your father and your mother too as I used to see them come to church, and sit in the pew near the pulpit. They must be getting old by this time."

"I don't think my father has changed very much this past twenty years and my mother would readily pass for sixty, and she is seventy."

"And if I may make so bold, may I ask what you are doing now? I think you said you were in the King's service."

"I am a captain, ma'am, in command, at the present, of a coast guard ship. And it is on this account I am travelling in search of a brother of mine, that I would like to have with me."

Just as he was speaking the eldest son came in and was introduced to the captain. "So this is the *loyalist* you were speaking about Ronald." Ronald seemed somewhat confused but his mother took up the matter.

"I see," she said, "it was our Ronald who was telling you about our being driven out of the States. I forgot about the question I put before."

"Why," said the Captain, "don't you go and take up your grant of land in Canada?"

"I have thought a good deal about it lately," said the eldest son, whose name was Joseph. "I would have gone out there long ago if my health had been better. But I am not to call well at the best, and yet I don't know what is amiss with me."

"I think I can tell you," said the Captain. "You don't take enough out-door exercise. You work at your loom, instead of working in the field. Why, you have a build similar to my own, and if you had plenty of free air——" The Captain stopped quite suddenly, and looking at Joseph, he said: "Are not you pretty well educated?"

"Yes, I suppose I am, in a way," said Joseph. "I'm pretty fair in mathematics, and I have read a good deal of history, and in fact almost on every subject, in a desultory way."

"What do you say to taking a cruise with me for a few months. If you will, I will give you a good berth, and your mother will scarcely know you when you come home."

"I should be very glad to see him strong and healthy," said Mrs. Oakson; "but I think he'd cut a poor figure on board one of his Majesty's men-of-war."

"I think he'd cut a very fine one, with proper training, and without that the best are clumsy enough. I have seen fellows come on board so awkward that it seemed impossible to make any-

thing out of them ; but in a short time the awkward gait and general clumsy appearance was exchanged for activity, animation, and grace of figure and movement. In this respect, man is very much like a machine, which you can make travel fast or slow, just as you arrange it."

"Well, well, I am not going to give any opinion about it. I'm sure that if you are an Arondale you will do all you promise," said Mrs. Oakson. "My father used to say the Arondales were hard enough and sharp enough, if you crossed them, but they'd stick by their friends and promises to the last extremity."

"That's our motto, Mrs. Oakson, 'Strong and True.' I want you distinctly to understand that I am not wanting to persuade, much less entrap, Joseph into His Majesty's Service. We are wanting men badly enough, but I would much rather obtain them by fair, plain statements, than the abominable systems practised by crimps and press-gangs."

"I have been told," said Joseph, "that many of these men that are deceived and enticed and in some cases carried by main force, on board of the supply ships, become reconciled, and take quite kindly to the profession."

"They do, in many cases; I have seen such," said Captain Arondale, "but the alternative is terrible, if they try to withstand duty, or authority, I suppose I should say. If a man is satisfied that the position he is placed in, is really one of duty, he will generally submit to circumstances; but if he is a resolute, or self-willed man, and is convinced that he is governed by absolute rule without reference to what is right, he will be apt to rebel. And I have seen such cases too, and very severe means employed to compel into submission such high spirited men, obstinate men they are called, but such are always the best men when you can get them."

I have had long experience in these things, and so I can speak with greater confidence as to the correctness of my opinions. We all know what a wide difference there is in men's temperaments, in their opinions and tastes. Some are fond of a wild, roving, unsettled state of life, and to gratify this propensity will sacrifice home comforts and associations, domestic ties and worldly emolument. Men of this turn will enter the army or navy, and feel happier under privations, and often bodily suffering, than they would in a quiet life in their native village. Such men, however, are usually men of loose habits, and equally lax principles, while not a few are, or end in being, adventurers of the most worthless, reckless character, who mock at honour, and regard reputation as a jest.

Some of our great generals say, 'the worse the man, the better the soldier.'

In some respects this may be true, but it is not in all. Such men are good machines, but they are by no means the bravest and truest in the hour of conflict. The question, however, to be settled is, whether, since we must have an army and navy, it is not the best to employ men who have few social longings, men to whom the name of home brings few or no pleasing memories, no bright pictures on which the eye loves to linger, but often dark scenes of violence and wrong, which make the flesh creep and the blood tingle

with indignant feeling. If human ambition and national greed will persist in shedding blood, it is better to shed the blood of the blood-thirsty and the vile, than of the noble and good. Give me the choice of two ships, one of which is manned by brutal, degraded adventurers, suited to the decks of a pirate, however obedient to command the men are; and another, where the men have self-respect, and independence of feeling, and I should not hesitate as to my selection. I have seen these contrasts of character work and fight beside each other, and I know which can be relied upon in the time of difficulty and the hour of danger.

During the American War we were often at Nova Scotia; my brother, about a year younger than myself, and I were then lieutenants on board one of the frigates of the squadron cruising off the coast. One day at Halifax, which is the principal harbour and the naval station, our recruiting party brought in a man, in a state of drunken stupidity, in fact he was carried on board.

We all knew well enough how he had been served, but we wanted men very badly. The next day we were at sea, so the fellow, with some others, had to make the best of the affair they could. Very little notice was paid to the remonstrances and even threats which were made; such things were too common to be noticed by either officers or men. We went from Nova Scotia to the West Indies and while cruising off the Caribbees, keeping a sharp look out for Frenchmen coming to, or going out of Dominica, we had many a chase. Our sailors and marines were a pretty rough lot of fellows, with no more idea of refinement than so many savages. The man I spoke about having been entrapped at Halifax, was no favourite among the men, but he knew his duty and he did it. His name was White; but the men nicknamed him White-gills on account of his remarkable appearance when angry or excited. The men seemed to think he was a cowardly fellow because of his paleness, but they had occasion to change their mind on this point. One morning as we were sailing along Saintes, some small islands to the north, the fog was so thick that we could not see more than a few ship lengths ahead and had to keep a very particular look out. All at once, like magic it seemed, the fog lifted like a great curtain and right ahead of us was a craft most certainly piratical in build and rig, everyway; the first to see her was White, who stood on the fore-castle, he called to the officer in charge, who at once communicated the intelligence to the captain. The fog settled down again, but it was breaking, and very soon we were bowling along in nice style. We could not tell from the glimpse we had whether the pirate had seen us or not, but we supposed he had. White, who was looking earnestly into the mist, suddenly lean't over the bulwark, and, as he did so, a shot struck the water alongside and the report of the gun was heard. "I guess you young gentlemen had better clear from the fore-castle," said White, "yon fellows can see us and the next shot may hit us."

"No fear," said one of the middies, "look out for yourself, White."

Just then, however, the first lieutenant came forward and ordered them off to a safer position, and, as they slowly retired, the lieutenant asked White whether he had made out anything of her.

"Not for certain, Sir, but she's very low on the water, and if she's a good sailer, we'll get the worst of it in the chase." Just then another shot came and struck the bulwarks, aft of White, and sent the splinters flying, all over the fore-castle. This brought the captain forward and a number of the officers.

"There she goes, Sir," said White, "look at her bulwarks."

The captain and first lieutenant had their glasses, but glasses were not needed; there she was, a long, low, black hull, her bulwarks crowded with men, in red shirts. The first lieutenant was a terrific swearer, and, after he had taken a survey of the craft, he uttered an oath which ended with damnation; this was *his way* of expressing his vexation and perplexity; we could see the smoke curl up on her quarter deck but the shot fell wide of us this time, shortly there came another which passed through the foresail above our heads and went to windward. "If we had but a heavy long gun," said White, gazing after the pirate and involuntarily giving expression to his wishes aloud. The captain and lieutenant conversed together about something the result of which was seen in getting from below a long gun, which had often been used as a chaser.

I had always treated White differently to what our other officers had, and I suppose it was on this account he had taken a fancy to me, for, that he thought more of me, and would do more for me than any other officer, was pretty well known. Let this be as it may, he came up to me, as the gun was being hoisted upon the fore-castle, and touching his cap, asked me as a great favour to get him appointed to manage this gun. "But," I enquired, "can you do this?" "Yes," he said, "I have both studied and practised gunnery, and understand it fully as well as any one on board, but I want you to keep this to yourself, Sir, if you please."

I felt pleased with the man's confidence in me, and at once went to the captain and asked him, if he was about to detail men for the gun, to let White act as captain. I asked him as a personal favour.

The captain looked at me pretty hard, and said "I'll try him."

The gun was soon ready for serving and the men called up who were to serve it. Of course this was an extra, a special affair, outside of the master gunner's work.

It had by this time become rather perilous to stand on our fore-castle, for the pirates had got our range and were keeping it, very unpleasantly.

There was some little surprise manifested when White was ordered to take command of the gun; but it was soon apparent to all of us that he was thoroughly at home with the work. The carriage and some of the fittings were out of order but he was not long before he was on his knees sighting. The order was given, the match was applied, and away went the ball with the hearty good wishes of all that it would be a hit, and so it was. We could not see what it had done, but we saw the red shirts disappear from the stern.

White was training the gun for another shot before the pirate answered; as the linstock went down, we saw the smoke from the

pirate;—'too high this time,' said White, and so it proved; it came hurtling over our jib. The captain was watching the effect of our second shot, and it exceeded all expectations; the main-yard was cut in two or broken, and as the yard and sail came down together, our officers and men set up a shout. "Well done White," said the captain, "that's one for you." The command was then given, "clear the bow guns for instant action."

The word was passed, and all was stir and bustle above and below. The pirate would very soon have been at our mercy had we been further from land, as it was they ran in for a reef of rocks, with which they were no doubt well acquainted.

We continued to fire upon the craft until we saw they had set fire to her, and were escaping in their boats. We lay to until she blew up, when we sailed away very much disappointed.

Soon after this I received my commission, and we were ordered to the Mediterranean, where one of our fleets occupied Corsica. The Republicans were preparing to enter Italy, with one army by the Alps, and with another through the neutral territory of Genoa. Our frigate with a number of others, and sloops, formed a squadron stationed off the French coast. Early one morning we descried a number of barques a little to the east of Cape Taillat; there was a good stiff breeze from the west, and they were evidently making for some of the Genoese ports; we instantly gave chase and very soon so far over hauled them, that the nearest vessel thought it prudent to lower her mainsail, for we had sent her one shot which had done her some little damage. The captain ordered the jolly boat, manned with a young midshipman, a corporal of marines and a few boys with muskets, to be lowered as we passed her, and instructed the youngster to take possession and follow our course until we returned.

Our fellows more by signs than words, seemed to think it a good joke that the captain was passing upon the young officer, on account of his dislike to the service and general unpleasantness of manner.

But both the captain and myself knew the lad better than any of them, and thought it would please him to receive this mark of confidence, none of us dreaming that the barque was anything, more than a trader laden, possibly, with provisions and stores. We crowded on sail in pursuit of the others and succeeded in making one capture, but all the rest got into Nice, so we returned with our prize a small merchant vessel.

As we neared the first prize, I saw the youngster on the look out for us and as soon as possible the captain hailed him with,— "What have you on board?" When to our utter astonishment, the answer came,—

"Troops, troops, Sir."

"What!" shouted the captain, "you dont mean soldiers!"

"Yes, Sir, soldiers."

"How many?"

"I do not know."

You may be sure we did not lose any time in sending the cutter on board, when we found over one hundred men belonging to one



of the regiments of the line with their officers and surgeon's staff going as a reinforcement to one of their garrisons.

We very soon had them removed, from their uncomfortable quarters below, to our 'frigate, and at once set sail for the fleet.

The midshipman informed me that as he approached the prize he thought it was strange that no one came forward to receive him; as he got alongside his heart misgave him, but as he said, 'what could I do? I was sent to take possession, and I was determined to do, it if I was knocked overboard the moment I trod her deck. I sprang on board, saw two boys and a man at the wheel, I at once looked down the main hatchway and saw there were troops on board. I was not long in securing the hatch and gave the man at the wheel instructions to keep the vessel in the trough of the sea, so that if they were disposed to sea sickness they would get the full benefit of the roll.\*

"What became of White?" enquired Ronald.

"White," said the captain, "is now a lieutenant on board of my ship.—But the time is passing and I have a walk before me, I am much obliged for your hospitality, and if I ever come this way again I must call and see you.

But before I go I will repeat my invitation to Joseph, think over the matter, and in the course of a few weeks I may be in port and will write to you."

He shook hands with Mrs. Oakson and her eldest son, and started on his journey with Ronald as guide.

As they were going out at the garden gate Mrs. Oakson cautioned her son not to quarrel with any of the squire's men, if he

\*Giffard in his "Deeds of Naval Daring" mentions an incident very similar to the captain's story.

In the year 1810, when a squadron of light frigates and sloops was blockading Corfu, the Kingfisher sloop, Commander Ewel Tritton, was stationed off the island of Fano, at the entrance of the north channel of Corfu. At daybreak one morning (after a strong north-west wind had been blowing throughout the night) a fleet of 11 rabaccolas, which had left Brindisi the evening before, was descried making for the channel, and chase immediately given. The jolly-boat, manned by a young midshipman, a corporal of marines, and four boys, with a musket and a few cartridges, was lowered down in passing, to take possession of the nearest vessel, which had lowered her mainsail, while the Kingfisher, under a crowd of sail, pursued the remainder in shore. The youngster on nearing the stranger, saw only a woman on deck, and she was making signs, with her finger up, to preserve silence. He immediately boarded, and found, on looking down the main hatchway, that the hold was full of troops. To secure the hatch was but the operation of a moment, and lowering the foresail, he placed a hand at the helm to keep the vessel in the trough of the sea, increasing thereby the motion, and the sea-sickness, evidently prevailing among the troops below. In this situation he kept them till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when his ship returned, having been unsuccessful in capturing either of the others, when he was hailed by his captain and asked what the vessel was laden with. "Troops, troops," was his reply. "Why, boy, what do you mean—soldiers?" "Yes, sir." "How many?" "I have not ventured to count them." The cutter was soon on board, and search made, when upwards of a hundred officers and men belonging to the 14th Regiment of the Line, intended as a reinforcement to the garrison of Corfu, with a part of a surgeon's staff, were discovered to be the cargo. The prisoners all sturdy young men, were soon removed to the Kingfisher, and after a fortnight's passage, during which the sloop's small crew of 75 officers and men were kept constantly under arms, they were safely landed at Malta. The most remarkable occurrence in this affair was, that the lady on deck was the wife of the surgeon, and had accidentally met the middy some months before, while he was at Prevesa in a prize, to which place she had accompanied her husband and some French officers from the garrison of St. Maura, on a shooting excursion, when an acquaintance and exchange of civilities, not uncommon in those war days, had taken place. She stated she knew him directly in the boat.

There can be little doubt that many incidents similar to the above, occurred during the wars.

met with them, and hoped that they would not molest the captain.

"No danger of their meddling with me, ma'am."

"I hope there is not," said the dame, "but you see I have heard so much about this young squire, lately; and I know he does not like us, because we are independent of him. Then you see he has got a lot of very bad men for servants, that go and come at his beck and turn, and worse still, they encourage him in everything that is bad."

"Well," said the captain, "we'll keep a sharp look out; it's my business at sea, so I'll practice a little on land to-night, and depend upon us 'good mother,' both your son and myself will render a good account of ourselves in case we are molested."

He bade her good-bye and the dame watched them away down the lane, smiling at the captain's light-hearted, jovial manner.

As they entered the field path, which was to shorten the journey for the captain, he enquired from Ronald, how it was that they came to England. "Did you not tell me that this farm belonged to your mother's family?"

"Yes," said Ronald, "it has belonged to the Oaksons for generations, but my mother was not born here, she was born and brought up at Stock, near the Grange, until she was about fifteen, when her father and his family emigrated to America. You must understand that another branch of the Oakson family emigrated many years ago, and settled in Pennsylvania, and, when my father was about my age, he came over to see his relations and got acquainted with my mother, and when my father proposed to marry my mother, her father decided at once that he would go to America, where he had been intending to go for some time. My father and mother were married soon after they got to Pennsylvania, and they settled on the home farm as it was called, and a splendid farm it was; we should call it an estate here. Grandfather was getting old, for he was a good age when my father was born, and as father was the only child, grandfather thought they had better settle there. I was the youngest child, and cannot remember much of the country or what passed while I was in it."

"But you have heard plenty since," said the captain.

"I have that," said Ronald. "I have sat listening till my flesh has crept on my bones, and my teeth have ground in silent rage. How many times I have wished I could just have some of these villains, who called themselves 'Sons of Liberty,' at my mercy. And should it so happen, which is not likely, that I ever meet with the murderer of my eldest brother, he will have to render an account, or send me after his former victim. My brother Joseph says such like feelings are wrong, but I cannot help feeling so."

"Then you had a brother murdered during the war?"

"Yes, and my mother went through hardships such as make me shudder to think about them; but it's foolish to let one's feelings influence us about matters for which there is no remedy and no revenge. I think there's a good deal of Indian about me in that respect."

"Revenge," said the captain, "is a human feeling common to

white as well as red men. and whether we all show it the same or not, we all have it."

"My brother Joseph says 'it's wrong to seek for revenge,' and he can give good Bible authority for what he says, and that ought to settle it. I always trust to him because he can beat our parson at argument; and as to the Scriptures, why if I don't mind when I am reading aloud for mother, he'll take me up sharp enough, and tell me I have read such a passage wrong."

"If your brother would put up his claim as an American Loyalist," said the captain, "I have no doubt it would be recognized, although pretty late in the day. Any how, if you wish to make a claim, I will give you a letter to my friend, General Simcoe, who is now living at Little York, on Lake Ontario, and is Lieutenant Governor of the Upper Province. I know he is very solicitous to encourage settlement; more especially the settlement of families like yours; and, to act as an inducement, he issued sometime ago, a proclamation to all desirous of settling as industrious loyal subjects of His Majesty, George III. But while we are talking, we are walking, and it occurs to me that you are taking a rather long walk for my especial benefit, and I do not like to impose on good nature."

"The benefit is all on my side, Sir," said Ronald, interrupting the captain's speech, "and as to the walk, this is nothing, I should not mind walking a couple of miles any night, summer or winter, to serve a friend; besides I was going to come in this direction to-night, had I not met with you."

"Ah! ah!" said Captain Arondale, "some love affair, I'll be bound, so I won't delay you any longer, if you will give me directions how to steer"

"It is not much farther," said Ronald, for the captain had stopped short as he last spoke, "only a little farther till we come to the turnpike road, and then you can have no difficulty in finding your way."

A little further on in the path they came to a stile; a stunted beech tree stood beside the foot-path, its branches over-hanging the stile; here they stopped, and Ronald pointed out the Captain's way. They were now standing upon an eminence; a little way below them to the right was the highway, passing through the valley and winding up the hill beyond, on the summit of which to the left stood an old parish church, surrounded by yew trees. The round full moon was bathing the quiet landscape in a flood of soft, sheeny, silvery, mellow light, its mysterious witchery acting upon the senses with irresistible charms.

There stood the two men, one double the age of the other, looking upon the lovely scene, and both feeling its influence, in his own way, upon his mind.

The elder was a model specimen of the British seaman; tall, symmetrical, compact; with physical power developed in the outlines of his form, and determination written in his face; yet it was an open honest face; a little stern, perhaps, but that expression had been contracted by habit, in governing and directing rough and untutored men. The younger man, only in his twentieth year, was an English plant from American soil, his legs of immense

length, seemed almost disproportioned, there was yet a looseness about his build which age would solidify and equalize. Still as we have seen, he was active and strong, the best runner and jumper in the neighbouring country around, and gave promise, when his sinews were fully developed, and his frame matured, of being a formidable athlete and gymnast. Such indeed we know he became.

"Now then," said Captain Arondale, "before we part I must say you have acted in a very handsome manner towards me, and I feel glad to have made your acquaintance. It is not so much what you have done, as the kind heart, the generous disposition manifest in your way of doing it. I hope you will think seriously about what I have said both to your brother and yourself. God forbid that anything I have said should tend to unsettle your mind, or render you dissatisfied with your position in life; as to your brother he evidently possesses decision of character and sound opinions about men and things; and you cannot do better, at the present, than be guided as you are evidently disposed to be, by his advice."

"We are very much obliged, for I am sure I can speak for the family, for your kind offer to my brother and the information you have given us. I will say nothing more about my own affair, to night. As to my brother leaving home, I really don't know how we could spare him, or for that matter how they could spare me. But you must not think Captain that we are at all satisfied with our present position. We have only about twenty-five acres of land and although we manage to live comfortably we have very little to spare. If we could persuade mother to go with us to Canada, we could take out sufficient capital to clear up and stock a six hundred acre lot. As you said, we could take up two hundred acres, at least, each, my brother and myself, and mother another two hundred. We shall think about and talk about the matter depend upon it."

"You have said nothing about your sisters," said the Captain, "have they no voice in the matter?"

"Oh yes," said Ronald, "but we never think much about their opinion, they usually agree with mother."

"Very good, and likely to save them many an anxious hour of thought, but that, you know, cannot be always."

Now there is one thing, I ought to have mentioned before; if you should see a stranger round this part of the country, who resembles me, and that you might take for me, at the first sight, manage somehow to make his acquaintance; and write to me through my agents, if you find out he is my brother. This reminds me that your brother may forget the address I gave to him, but I must remedy that— The captain took out a small memorandum book, and by the light of the moon resting his hand upon the stile, he wrote on one of the leaves the name and address of a commercial firm in Liverpool, and underneath the address:—

"Give the bearer, Mr. Ronald Oakson, any information he may require for the purpose of finding me, at any time, and you will oblige,

Yours obediently,

JOHN E. ARONDALE.

He tore out the leaf and handed it to Ronald, remarking as he did so, "should you ever wish to find me, personally, that will help you, and any information you wish to convey to me by letter, address to the care of this firm."

"Before you go," said Ronald, "will you tell me what countryman that Lieutenant White is?"

"He was born in America, and I think I have heard him say his parents were Scotch. Let this be as it may, he has Scotch friends for I know he writes to Scotland and receives letters from there."

"When you see him again will you be so kind as to ask him if he knows our family, or if he knew them in Pennsylvania. The reason I ask you is because of that peculiarity you described; his turning pale in the face when excited. We had a neighbour in Pennsylvania with the same singular look, at least he had when he was a boy, and as long as our folks knew him."

"Singular," said the captain, "I shall certainly enquire into the matter." And so they parted.

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## THE CRUCIFIXION:

BY E. W. FURRELL.

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Hearken, all ye people! ye nations strong,  
 That wage fierce war, from sense of fancied wrong,  
 And devastate fair'earth! ye pure and meek!  
 Ye scoffing jesters, who vain pleasures seek!  
 Ye proud, who follow gold from night till morn,  
 And crush poor trusting hearts with bitter scorn!  
 Ye sick and poor, who faint with daily toil,  
 Scarce e'er can pray amid the world's turmoil!  
 Ye little children, who are hardly taught  
 In innocence to give one solemn thought!  
 Ye main and old! ye sinners, who despair  
 And fear to turn to God with earnest prayer!  
 Oh all, give heed! away with cares and strife,  
 For us the Eternal Son laid down his life:  
 For us, He left His Father's throne above,  
 For us, He gave up seraphs' praise and love;  
 And sinless, clad in our frail flesh did deign,  
 To share our sorrows and to suffer pain.

Behold what agony He meekly bore,  
 When tears in anguish down his face did pour !  
 So great the load, that e'en to him appears  
 An angel, strength'ning, sent to claim his fears.  
 Behold His patience when to judgment led,  
 And from Him those He loved like traitors fled.  
 He, who could have called His sons of light,  
 And crushed the world with His stupendous might,  
 Spit at ! mocked ! insulted ! scourged !  
 Yet answered not ! though cruelly urged.  
 Can man spurn man, when to the end of time  
 There stands *this* act of gentleness sublime ?  
 Who cannot weep, and hide his head with shame  
 At thoughts of this to Him, so free from blame ?  
 Who will not love Him, when a price like this  
 Was paid for sinful man's immortal bliss ?  
 Behold Him nailed to th' accursed tree !  
 What tortures ere His Holy soul was free !  
 His thirst ? His death ! His agonizing cry !  
 The world affrighted from its course did fly.  
 All nature groaned, and its in wild dismay,  
 The sun refused its light on this sad day.  
 In darkness veiled, the rocks were rent in twain,  
 And earth did quake to see Him suffer pain,  
 E'en saints, in sorrow from their graves did rise,  
 To show their pity, anger, and surprise.  
 Angels ceased their hymns of praise above,  
 And silent stood, in majesty and love.  
 All hell amazed, from its basement shook,  
 And devils trembling, did not dare to look.  
 " It is finished ! " at th' expectant cry,  
 Like lightning through the ethereal sky,  
 The list'ning angels wing their anxious way,  
 And round their Lord in thronging bright array,  
 With solemn chant, they strike their harps and sing—  
 Glory be to Thee, our Heavenly King !  
 Lift up your gates celestial paradise !  
 Blest Jesus comes, sin's spotless sacrifice.  
 " It is finished ! " Lov'd ones heard and wept,  
 Who round His cross their silent watch had kept,  
 And sadly they, with gentle hands resign,  
 His suffering body to fit marble shrine ;  
 There watch'd unseen His warlike angels, till  
 Their risen Lord with light the earth should fill.

Toronto, 1871.

## THE SUN AND THE WORLDS AROUND HIM.

BY OMICRON.

"The sun's last beams are tangled with the wood."  
—DAVIDS.

The first observer of this wonderful sight—a setting sun—must have felt strange sensations; and very important must have been the thoughts which crowded his mind, when the beautiful orb sank beneath the horizon, and left the world wrapped in gloom. What had become of it? Had it been extinguished in the mighty ocean? Would another ever light up the earth, or would it continue forever enveloped in night?

Such questions were natural. To observe the facts would be the result of a desire to know the truth; and when on the following morning the sun again made its appearance, scattering darkness, bathing the eastern sky with a flood of light, and fringing the clouds with carmine and gold, the first important astronomical discovery would have been made.

Six thousand years have passed since that time, and knowledge has increased; the astronomer of to-day knows much about the sun, which, to the first observer would have appeared simply miraculous; but even yet many questions remain unanswered to reward present and future investigators, where patience and perseverance may overcome remaining difficulties, and bring the truth to light.

The astronomer will continue to prosecute his researches; we will wish him every success; and whilst Lockyer and Secchi, De La Rue and Ashe, Loomis and Kirkwood, are proceeding with their investigations, we will survey the past, and direct attention to what has been already done.

How far is the sun from the earth?

This question remained unanswered for a very long period, and even now its exact distance is not quite settled. It cannot, however, be far from ninety millions of miles; the next transit of Venus may possibly afford astronomers the means of obtaining the exact distance. Now, this distance, though small when compared with the fixed stars, is nevertheless enormous. If we could proceed towards the sun, at the rate of an ordinary railway train, or about thirty miles an hour, we should reach it in *three hundred years*.

The sun's true distance having been found, its size is easily determined; its diameter is no less than 853,380 miles, which represents a body so large that a train moving at the rate before alluded to, would not go round it in nine years, although it would pass around the earth in a month.

Such is the size and distance of the centre of our system; if a globe two feet in diameter, be supposed to represent the sun, a pea at the distance of four hundred and thirty feet, will represent the earth; and we might add that the nearest fixed star would be represented by a similar globe, nine thousand miles away.

It would require nearly a million and a quarter of worlds such as ours, to equal the sun in size; but the matter which composes the

sun is not so dense as that which composes the earth. A portion of the earth at its mean density, would weigh four times as much as a portion of the sun of a similar size. The mass or weight of the sun is three hundred thousand times greater than the earth.

All matter attracts other matter, and as the sun contains far more matter than all the planets united, the motion of the planets is controlled by the sun, and consequently they revolve around him.

The sun is the chief source of light to the worlds of the solar system; that it is very bright, we all know, yet many may not think it so bright as it really is. The brightest light we know of is that of lime, rendered incandescent by the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. This is so bright that we cannot look at it without protecting the eye with smoked glass or something of that nature; and yet when we place this light in front of the sun, and look at both through a dark glass, this intensely bright light appears as a dark spot on the sun's surface. In fact it has been calculated that the sun gives about as much light as one hundred and fifty lime lights would do, if each were as large as the sun.

The quantity of heat which the sun throws off into space is truly enormous. Pouillet says:—"If the total quantity of heat emitted by the sun were employed to melt a layer of ice closely surrounding the solar globe, it would melt a layer ten and a half miles thick in a single day." "Let us imagine,"—says Sir J. Herschel, "a pillar of ice forty-five miles in diameter, the sun gives out sufficient heat to melt that pillar at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles per second."

We have been dealing with forces which have emanated from the sun. We will pass onward and seek an answer to the very interesting question, what is the sun?

But before we proceed with this enquiry, it will be needful to refer to one of the most important discoveries of modern times.

When we are brought into contact with substances of any kind, we have long been able by examination, and chemical analysis, to determine of what elements such bodies are composed; but it is now found that when bodies are luminous, we need not be near them to know something of their composition; the light which one substance emits is somewhat different from the light emitted by other substances; and by analyzing the light we often know the nature of the matter from which the light proceeds.

It has been long known that light is composed of different colours; in fact, that all known colours are blended together, or united in the white light of day. These colours can be separated, however, and such is the case in the rainbow, in which all the beautiful tints are seen. And we can separate them by passing them through a prism, or three sided piece of glass. If for instance we go into a dark room, and permit light to enter through a small hole in the window shutter, it would fall as a round white spot on the opposite wall. But if we fasten a prism on the inside of the shutter, so that the light must pass through it, instead of being a white spot, the ray will be spread out, and will be seen as a ribbon of beautiful colours, red at one end, and violet at the other, with all the colours intervening.



But if instead of sunlight, we burn lithium, and pass the light emanating from it through the prism, the light will not be spread out in the manner of which we have been speaking; *all* its light will be found at the red end of the spectrum; the light of sodium will be in the yellow, magnesium in the green, and so on with other elements. Thus, from an examination of the light, we get a knowledge of the elements from which the light proceeds.

A spectroscope is an instrument constructed of prisms and lenses: and is used for investigating the properties of light. If we heat a piece of metal to a red heat, and look at it with the spectroscope, we shall find light at the red end of the spectrum only, a little more heat and the yellow part of the spectrum will become visible, when it is white hot all the colours are visible, and a perfect or continuous spectrum will be seen.

All solid or liquid bodies act in the same manner, their spectrum is *continuous*. This is not the case with incandescent or glowing gas; the light from such substances forms one or more bright lines in different parts of the spectrum; and from the position of those lines we can tell from what kind of matter the light proceeds.

But there is another fact which we must notice, it is this. *When light from an incandescent body passes through gases or vapours, these vapours absorb or cut off the kind of light which they themselves emit.* Sodium in a state of vapour, cuts off the light which would have otherwise fallen in the yellow point of the spectrum, at the line D, or sodium line, so that instead of getting a *bright line* we get a *dark one* in its place.

Hoping that the foregoing is understood, we will apply this mode of analyzing light to the case of the sun.

First,—The sun gives a *continuous spectrum*, proving the light must be emitted by *solid* or *liquid* matter and not by gas.

Second,—The light-giving surface or photosphere, must be surrounded by gases or vapours, for its spectrum *is crossed by dark lines*.

It may therefore be regarded as proven, that *the sun is a mighty globe of solid or liquid matter, surrounded by an atmosphere of vapour or gas.*

But the spectroscope enables us to go still further. When gases are burnt, the bright lines which form their spectrum, are differently situated according to the nature of the substance which emits the light. Silicon gives a red line in the red end of the spectrum; sodium yellow lines in the yellow; each different element having lines peculiar to itself. Now, the sun's spectrum is crossed by a great number of dark lines; and by the position which these lines occupy, it has been shown that iron, copper, zinc, chromium, nickel, barium, magnesium, calcium, sodium and hydrogen exist in the sun; and it is probable that cobalt, strontium, cadmium, potassium, and gold exist there also. The spectroscope has truly revealed wonders in relation to the sun.

Our next appeal must be to the telescope. We have examined the sun's light, we will in our next paper examine the sun itself.

[REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1868.]

## HANNAH:

### A Novel.

By Mrs. CRAIK, (MISS MULOCK), Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

#### CHAPTER III.

This is no sensational or exceptional history, but one that might happen—does happen—continually. The persons therein described are just ordinary people, neither ideally good nor extraordinarily bad. Not so weak as to be the mere sport of circumstances, yet human enough to be influenced thereby, as we all are. In short, neither heroes nor heroines, but men and women—the men and women of whom society is mainly composed, and for which it has to legislate.

Hannah Thelluson was no heroine, Bernard Rivers no hero; and they had not lived many days under the same roof before they made that mutual discovery—more especially as they had plenty of spare time in which to make it; for, the fine autumn melting in continuous rain, no visitors came near the House on the Hill. Not even from the Moat-House. Miss Thelluson had called there, as she promised; but the family were out driving. Next day a footman brought her the cards of Lady and the Misses Rivers, with an apology for not calling, on account of the rain.

"They will ask you to dinner next; my people are very particular on points of etiquette," observed Mr. Rivers, evidently annoyed.

But Hannah was not annoyed at all. Not even when the invitation never came, and the rain cleared up; yet somehow or other she had been nearly three weeks at Easterham without having once met her brother-in-law's family.

Of Mr. Rivers himself she had enough and to spare. It is a severe trial for any two people to be thrown on one another's exclusive society—at meal times and all other times that politeness requires—striving in a hopeless manner to make conversation, eager to find out and seize upon the smallest point of mutual interest which will break the dull monotony of the time. What

they were to her brother-in-law Hannah could not tell, but to her the first four days seemed like fourteen.

It was not from the dullness, which she would have put up with, being a very patient woman; but Mr. Rivers sometimes vexed her exceedingly. His desultory, lazy way of hanging about the house; his variableness; his irritability; and, above all, his indifference and carelessness about everybody and everything, were—to a woman who all her life had found plenty to do, and if she could not find work, made it—utterly incomprehensible.

“But I suppose it is because I am a woman, and have never been used to live with any man—except my father, and he was not a man, he was an angel!”

So she argued with herself, and “did her duty,” as she considered it, to the full; placing herself at Mr. Rivers’s beck and call every hour in the day, following him about obediently, as he evidently liked to be followed, for his craving after sympathy and his horror of solitude were almost painful to witness; in short, trying to devote herself to him as a nurse does to a sickly, naughty child—naughty because sickly. But she did not enjoy this task. His unhappy, restless face made her heart ache; his aimless, useless life afflicted her conscience. A man, a father, a clergyman, surely he was made for better things. If heaven had taken away his delights, his duties still were left him. He ought to rouse himself.

And one day, driven almost to desperation by the way in which he had done nothing hour after hour but moon about and “bother” her, as an idle, melancholy man does bother a busy woman—and Hannah had not been twenty-four hours in that chaotic, headless house before her head and hands were quite full of business—she ventured to hint this.

“Work!” he answered. “I have no work; nothing that I care to do. She always did everything with me; we went about the parish together; she used to call herself my curate in petticoats; and the curate was much more useful than the vicar I believe. Oh, Hannah! you knew what she was, but you never knew what she was to me!”

A tender idealization, perhaps; but the sister felt it deeply. Every memory of poor Rosa was most sacred to her heart too.

“But,” she reasoned, “is there nothing you could do, if only for Rosa’s sake? She could not bear to see the parish neglected, as you say it is. She would like you to look after the poor and the sick, and carry them comfort.”

“I carry comfort!”

“Those can, who have known sorrow.”

The widower looked at her, uncomprehendingly, with his wild, wistful, miserable eyes—this woman so quiet, so gentle, yet somewhat sad too.

“You have known sorrow?”

“I have.”

“Can you teach me how to bear mine?”

What she answered was very little; but it was to the purpose,

something like what the Lord said to the man sick of palsy—what He says to every man who is sinking under the paralysis of grief, "Rise up and walk!" She told him, in plain words, that instead of sitting at home to mourn, he ought to go out and work.

"I would, only I have no heart to go alone. There is an endless number of parish visits due—where she always went with me. If—"

He hesitated. Hannah hesitated too. It seemed usurping so pointedly the place of the dead; and yet—that dreary, helpless, appealing look of the lonely man!

"If you like—that is, if you do not dislike my coming, and I can be of any use to you—"

"Would you go with me? That would be so very kind. Only this muddy, damp day—"

"Oh, I never mind mud or rain!"

"Nor trouble, nor fatigue, nor anything else unpleasant, so long as you can do a kindness. She always said so, and now I have found it out for myself."

Hannah smiled. Until now she had no idea whether her brother-in-law liked her or not, and she was not above the pleasantness of being liked. "Suppose, then, I go and put on my bonnet at once?" And as she did so she caught a sight of her own face in the glass, smiling. "If he likes me I may get some influence over him, so as to make my duty easier. And I will try to see his faults less plain, and his good points plainer, as people should who are obliged to live together. How shall I be able to teach my little girlie to love her father if I do not love him myself a little? I may in time!"

And she went down-stairs with a more cheerful heart.

After that, nearly every day, she and "the parson" went out together, and he made her acquainted with all the poor people in the village;—only the poor. The few big houses there were, taking their cue from the biggest of all—the Moat-House—or from some other mysterious reason, into which Miss Thelluson did not care to penetrate, but which apparently annoyed Mr. Rivers a good deal—of these she saw nothing. They did not call.

Little she cared! Every minute of her day was occupied. Household affairs, parish work, the endless help that her brother-in-law soon came to expect from her; often Hannah smiled to herself at finding that before her new life had lasted twenty days, she was growing a busier woman than ever—too busy to heed outside things. Besides, in addition to all this, there had come over her a change which made her feel as if outside things never could affect her any more. She had fallen in love.

Smile not, readers, masculine readers especially, who think that we women can fall in love with nothing but your noble selves. The object of Hannah's passion was only—a baby!

People say that babies are all alike; but it is to those who do not discriminate them or love them, who take no interest in that wonderful and most pathetic sight—the growth of a human soul. Ay, and a child's soul begins to grow almost as soon as it is born.

Within three months—mothers know—you can almost see it growing. At least in most children.

Now, at nine months old, little Rosie Rivers was an actual individual character, with an individual soul. It had shone out of her eyes that very first morning when she opened and fixed them on her aunt, who sat beside her, watching for her waking. And when Hannah took the little white bundle in her arms, Rosie first drew herself back, and with grave, sad, appealing eyes, intently contemplated the stranger. "Who are you? What do you want with me? Are you going to be kind to me?" said the mute little face, as plain as any words. Then, as if satisfied with her investigation, she slowly dropped her head on her aunt's shoulder, and Hannah pressed her passionately to her breast.

Thus they fell in love—the woman and the child—and the love grew day by day in a miraculous—no! in not any miraculous way. Children have a heavenly instinct in finding good people and people that love them, in whom they may safely trust. Ere two days were over, Rosie would leave anybody to go to her aunt's arms. As for Hannah, she could not get enough of her felicity. Had she not longed for this, ay, ever since she had dressed up her big doll in her own half-worn baby clothes, and caressed it with all a mother's devotedness, at eleven years old? To have a baby—a baby of her very own, as it were—for nurse had given warning at once—it was perfect content. Every minute that she could steal from Rosie's father she gave to the child;—she would have liked to be in the nursery all day long. When wearied out with Mr. Rivers's restlessness, saddened by his gloomy face, she would fly for refuge to that sunshiny room—her own room—which she had made as cosy and pretty as she could, and find it a heaven of peace; for the bright little face, the happy little voice, were something nearer heaven than anything her life had as yet ever known.

It might not have been the same with all children; but the poor motherless Rosie was a very original child. Small, quiet, gentle, pale, there was yet in the baby-mouth a firm little will of its own, and in the serious eyes a strange out-looking, as if seeing something grown-up people could not see—seeking, perhaps, the mother she was never to know. Very soon Hannah learnt to think that tiny face unlike all the faces she had ever beheld. Not that it was pretty—poor Rosie was wholly unworthy, physically, of her handsome father and beautiful mother—but it had such a world of changeful meanings in it; it was such a wonderful thing to study and marvel over. In its peaceful, heavenly dumbness, it seemed to come to the lonely, shut-up woman like a face out of the unknown world.

Such a companion Rosie was too! Miss Thelluson was accustomed to big pupils, and fond as she was of children, they sometimes worried her; but this soft, silent creature, with its pretty ways, its speechless yet intelligible wants, only soothed her, and that inexpressibly. She would sit or lie for hours on the nursery floor with Rosie crowing over her, investigating her watch, her keys, her hair, her dress, with that endless pursuit of knowledge

under difficulties peculiar to infants who are just catching hold of the key of mystery which unlocks to them the marvellous visible world.

And the world invisible—even that seemed to be very near about this little child. The words, “in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven,” were always coming into Hannah’s mind; and the awful punishment of those who sin against “one of these little ones,” seemed to be only natural and just.

“You seem very fond of that baby,” said Mr. Rivers, one day, when she had tried to make it an attractive drawing-room guest for about a quarter of an hour.

“Fond of”—what an idle, unmeaning word! Why, Rosie was a treasure that one of God’s angels had dropped into her arms straight from the Father’s house, and bade her cherish it and make it into an immortal soul, fit for His kingdom on earth, which is one with His kingdom in heaven. This was how Hannah felt when she watched the child. But she said nothing. How could Mr. Rivers, or any man, understand? Who could put into any father’s face the mother-look of the Virgin Mary?

As she stood there, with Rosie leaning across her shoulder, and patting auntie’s cheek with that little dimpled hand, Mr. Rivers, who had travelled half over Europe, and knew every Madonna by heart, called her to look at herself, for she and the child were just the picture of a certain Holy Family he named.

The colour came painfully into Hannah’s cheek. She, too, like Mary, could have sung her Magnificat; all to herself—her quiet, lonely self. What had she done that heaven should send her this blessing—she, a solitary woman of thirty years old? As she carried away little Rosie—who was quite too much for papa, except in the character of a Raffaellesque *bambino*, and for about the space of ten minutes—she clasped the child passionately to her heart. It had never beat so warmly, so hopefully, since her Arthur died.

This was on a Sunday morning, the first sunny Sunday since her arrival, and as Miss Thelluson and her brother-in-law walked together through the bright-looking village, all the neighbours turned out in their best clothes to go to church and criticise the stranger. Easterham was a sufficiently small place for everybody to know everybody; and Hannah was fully aware she was running the gauntlet of innumerable eyes,—“upper-class” eyes: among the poor she was already well known. But this was the first time she had taken her public place in the parish—the first time, for many a long year, that she had walked to church arm-in-arm (country fashion, he offered his and she accepted it) with a man, and a man that belonged to her. It felt—not exactly uncomfortable, but—strange.

Her brother-in-law, however, seemed quite at ease, and every person who came up to speak to him he carefully introduced to “My sister—Miss Thelluson.” Sometimes it was “sister-in-law,” but always pointedly “sister.”

"He is not in the least ashamed of me—no more than he was of his wife," thought she, with a certain comfort. For if she had been much given to mind outside things, it might have struck her that this handsome young man, with his Norman ancestry, his easy fortune, and his position as heir presumptive to one of the first families in the county, was a strong contrast to a quiet, rather old-fashioned governess—even though she was his wife's sister. But if she had also been a duchess he could not have shown her more tender politeness, and Hannah was grateful.

It was only when he looked towards the wicket-gate which divided the church from the Moat-House, of which it seemed originally to have been a mere appurtenance, that his countenance fell.

"I see my people coming. We must stop and speak to them. It will be best, as you sit in the same pew, and as—as we may have to go to lunch. They generally expect me on Sundays."

"But not me—oh, I hope not. I want to be at home to give Rosie her dinner." And Hannah, with a nervousness for which she despised herself, shrank back from the fashionable elderly lady and her four fashionable daughters, who seemed to fill up the whole of the yew avenue, quite shutting out little old Sir Austin, who came tottering after on his gold-headed stick.

"Never mind Rosie, for once. If they ask you, do not refuse, pray," whispered Mr. Rivers. He seemed either excessively fond of, or painfully subservient to, his family—a family which appeared to Hannah very much like most other county families—well-looking, well-bred, well-educated, and exceedingly well-dressed. Among the odd fancies that flitted across her mind—she had had a keen sense of humour, and even a slight turn for satire, in her youth—was the comical suggestion—What would they be without their clothes? That is, how would they look or feel if dressed like workhouse-women, or labourers' wives—or, still worse, in the red chemise of Charlotte Corday or the white sheet of Jane Shore? They looked so very proper—those five ladies, sweeping one after the other down the church aisle, and kneeling, not a fold awry in their draperies, round their respectable square pew—that, to imagine them placed in tragical or anywise exceptional circumstances, where the trappings of worldly formality had dropped off them, and they had to feel and act like common creatures of flesh and blood, seemed a thing impossible.

Foolish thoughts these were, perhaps; but they were partly owing to her brother-in-law's sermon, which was exceedingly common-place. He had said himself, overnight, that he felt not the slightest interest in his sermons, and only did them mechanically, not believing them at all. It looked like it; and as Miss Thelluson listened—or rather tried hard not to, for listening irritated her so—she wished that instead of being in church she were sitting on the sunny lawn, beside that little white daisy with a pink hood, which, as she kissed it before leaving, had looked up to her with eyes in which were written the best sermons in the world—eyes that seemed as if only an hour ago they had seen the angels.

As Hannah thought of them, she forgot Lady Rivers, with her withered, but still red—ah ! far too red—cheeks, and the Misses Rivers, with their fashionable clothes. What are they to her ? Had she not her baby—her little Rose of June. The dainty, soft, round, innocent thing ! how sweet she must be looking now in her mid-day sleep at home !—It was the first time that even in thought Miss Thelluson had called her brother-in-law's house “ home.” She did so now, for her baby was there.

Her baby, and no one else's ; for no one seemed to take the smallest interest in it. After service, the procession of five silk gowns, with women inside them, sailed slowly back down the yew avenue, and through the garden of the beautiful old Moat-House : but no body asked after baby. Neither grandamma nor aunts seemed to remember there was such a creature in the world. Hannah hugged herself half indignantly, half exultingly, in the fact. Her baby was all her own.

The Rivers family were perfectly polite to her. The invitation to lunch was given, and—chiefly because of the anxiety she saw in her brother-in-law's eyes—accepted ; so they sat down all together in the grand old dining-room, with generations of defunct Riverses watching them from the walls. The conversation was quite general, and rather insipid ; indeed, Hannah could not help thinking how very dull was the company of grown-up people after that of her baby. Her baby ! whose dumb intelligence was such an infinite mystery, such an endless interest. She longed to be back at home with Rosie ; nevertheless she did her best, for Mr. River's sake, to be pleasant, and when—he having a christening and a funeral, though there was no second service—he asked her to wait for him, that they might walk home together, she sat down again to endure another hour of the foolish heart-ache which mothers understand, when they are kept away for a good many hours from the helpless creature that depends on them so entirely.

The bright day had settled into autumnal rain, so the family party gathered round the fire—doing nothing, of course, as it was Sunday. Sir Austin openly fell asleep ; Lady Rivers took up a huge Bible and “ meditated ”—nodding a good deal at intervals ; the girls began, *sotto voce*, that desultory gossiping which is supposed to be so much more Sabbatical than books or work. They were all pretty girls—nay, rather pleasant girls, these four paternal aunts of little Rosie ; and her maternal aunt tried hard to get acquainted with them, and to find out what was really in them. But, of late years, Hannah's life had been so much spent with children, and so little with young ladies, that she found herself completely at sea, and watching these specimens of modern womanhood with the grave, perplexed criticism of an elder generation.

“ Will my Rosie grow up thus ? ” she thought to herself. “ Will she talk about ‘ jolly,’ and ‘ green,’ and ‘ the maternal parent,’ and ‘ the governor ? ’ Will there come into her little innocent head such very odd ideas about love and marriage ? ” (One of the girls was engaged, and the others hoped to be, ere long). “ Is she to grow up a little Miss Rivers, after the pattern of these ? ”



Not if auntie can help it, answered auntie's quiet, strong heart, as the awfulness of herself imposed duty, extending far into future years, came upon her with double force. A boy would have belonged to his father, and been madenaturally and wholly a Rivers, but a girl—this little unwelcome girl—was hers and Rosa's. Might not baby grow up to be the foundress of a new family, the mother of a good many sons? This childless old maid, whose race was done, built up no end of castles in the air for her niece Rosie. In which, I am afraid—and yet in time to come Miss Thelluson was not sorry, but glad of this—Rosie's father had not the slightest share.

She fell into such a dream about the child—even in the midst of the young ladies' chatter—that she quite started when Lady Rivers, suddenly waking up, and most anxious to appear as if she had never been sleeping, put a sudden question.

"By-the-by, Miss Thelluson, I hear you have discharged Anne Savage, and taken a new nursery-maid?"

"Mrs. Savage gave me warning herself, but I was not sorry, as I prefer a younger woman," said Hannah quietly.

"That, pardon me, is a mistake. I always made a point that my head nurse should be over forty."

"But you had a nursery full of children; I have only Rosie."

"Oh, by-the-by, how is Rosie?" cried one of the girls. But as she did not wait for an answer, Hannah never gave it.

"And who is your new nurse?" said grandmamma, in a rather severe grandmotherly tone.

"Grace Dixon, sister, I believe, to those Dixons of whom the village is so full. It was Mrs. John Dixon the blacksmith's wife, who recommended her to me. She said you knew the family well."

"Miss Thelluson seems to have acquainted herself with Easterham people as if she had lived here all her days,—or meant to do so," said the eldest Miss Rivers, who was at times a little sharp of speech. She was nearly twenty-eight, and still Miss Rivers, which she did not like at all.

"No, I do not mean to live at Easterham all my days," returned Hannah, glad of an opportunity to remove any false impression the family might have of her coming to take entire possession of her brother-in-law, and rule rampant over him all the rest of his life, as evidently they thought he might be ruled. "On the contrary, I earnestly hope my stay here will be short; that your brother may soon find a good wife, and need me no more."

"So you approve of second marriages?"

"Yes," said Hannah, swallowing down a slight pang. "Yes. In a case like this, most decidedly. I think the wisest thing Mr. Rivers could do would be to marry again, after due time. That is, if he married the right woman."

"What do you mean by 'the right woman?'" asked Lady Rivers.

"One who will make a good mother as well as a good wife. In his first choice a man has only to think of himself, in a second marriage he has usually to consider not only himself, but his children."

"I don't fancy Bernard will be in any haste to marry again. He was very, very fond of poor Rosa."

It was Adeline, the youngest, who said this; and Hannah's heart warmed to her—the first who had called her dead sister "Rosa," or, indeed, spoken of her at all. To Adeline she turned for information about the Dixon family, and especially about the girl Grace, whom she had taken chiefly upon instinct, because she had a kind, sweet, good face—a sad face, too, as if she had known trouble; and had, indeed, begged for the place, because "her heart was breaking for want of a child to look after."

"What an odd thing to say! Well, my heart wouldn't break for that, at any rate," laughed Adeline. "But really I can tell you nothing about the poor people of Easterham. We have no time to go about as your sister did. Bernard ought to know. Here he comes."

Hannah looked up, almost glad to see Mr. Rivers return. His society was not lively, but it was less dull than that of his sisters. Just to keep conversation going—for it had reached a very low ebb—she explained to him the matter under discussion, but he seemed to have forgotten all about it.

"If you remember, I brought the girl into your study, and you liked her appearance, and said I might engage her at once."

"Did I? then of course it is all right. Why talk it over any more? I assure you, girls, one of Miss Thelluson's great merits is that she does not talk things over. As I always tell her, she can act for herself, and never need consult me on anything."

"But you ought to be consulted," broke in Lady Rivers, "and in this matter especially. My dear Bernard, are you aware that, in your position, you ought to be very cautious? Miss Thelluson—a stranger—is of course ignorant of certain facts; otherwise Grace Dixon is the very last person she ought to bring into your household."

"Why so? The Dixon's are an excellent family; have lived at Easterham Farm half as long as the Rivers have lived at the Moat-House."

"It is the more pity," said Lady Rivers, drawing herself up. "My dear Bernard you have surely forgotten; and the subject is a little awkward to speak of before Miss Thelluson and the girls."

Hannah sat silent, expecting one of those sad stories only too common in all villages. And yet Grace Dixon looked so sad—so innocent, and her kindly and very respectable sisters had not seemed in the least ashamed of her.

"I cannot guess what you mean, Lady Rivers," said Bernard irritably. "I know nothing against the Dixons. The daughters were all well-conducted, and the sons—"

"It was one of the sons. But perhaps I had better not mention it."

The good lady had a habit of "not mentioning" facts, which, nevertheless, she allowed to leak out patently enough; and another habit of saying, in the sweetest way, the most unpleasant things. Her step-son had winced under them more than once to-

day; as, Hannah noticed, he did now. Still he replied with perfect politeness—

“I think you had better mention it. It cannot be anything very bad or I should have remembered it. Though I do forget things often—often;” added he, relapsing into his usual dreary manner.

“If you will rouse yourself you surely will remember this, and the discussion there was about it one evening here: a discussion in which your wife took part, and gave her opinion, though it was an opinion contrary to your own and mine.”

Bernard’s countenance changed, as it did at the slightest mention of his lost darling. “Yes; I recall the matter now,” he said, and stopped suddenly.

But Lady Rivers went on triumphant. “The scandal, Miss Thelluson, though I must apologize for referring to it before you, was just this. One of the brothers Dixon lost his wife, and six months after wanted to marry her sister, who had been keeping his house. He actually came to Mr. Rivers, as her clergyman, and asked him to marry them. A marriage, you understand, within the forbidden degrees—between a man and his deceased wife’s sister.”

She looked hard at Hannah, as if expecting her to be confused; but she was not: no more than when Lady Dunsmore had referred, though in a much more direct way, to the same subject. It was one so entirely removed from herself and her own personality, that she felt no more affected by it than she should have been if in Lord Dunsmore’s drawing-room she had heard some one telling a story of how a father eloped with his children’s governess. Of course such things were, but they did not concern her in the least.

Her entire innocence and composure seemed to shame even Lady Rivers; to Mr. Rivers, though at first he had colored sensitively, they gave self-possession at once.

“Yes,” he said, “I remember the whole story now. Dixon did come and ask me to marry him to his sister-in-law, which of course I refused, as it was against both the canon law and the law of the land.

“And the law of God, also,” said Lady Rivers.

“That I did not argue; it was no business of mine. I was rather sorry for the man—he seemed to have no ill intent; but the marriage was impossible. However, this does not concern the rest of the Dixon family or the new nursemaid. What about her?”

But as often as he tried to slide away from the unpleasant topic his step-mother pertinaciously slid back again.

“Excuse me; I think it does concern the rest of the family, No one can touch pitch without being defiled, and a scandal like this affects every one connected with it. How did it end, Bernard?”

“I cannot tell. Probably Dixon went to some other and less scrupulous clergyman, or some distant parish, where they could put up banns and be married without being known; or, probably, he went back and they lived together without being married at all.

Such cases happen continually. But why speak of them? Is it necessary to speak of unpleasant things?"

Yet the way he himself spoke of them, with a mixture of directness and grave simplicity, as only a pure-hearted man ever does speak, struck Hannah much. Also his quiet way of getting over an extremely awkward position, which to avoid would have been more awkward still. But Lady Rivers would not let him alone.

"And I suppose you think now, as I remember Mrs. Bernard did at the time, that you were wrong in refusing to marry the man?"

"No; I was right. I have been similarly applied to many times since, for the poor have strangely confused notions on this point, and I have always refused. The law makes these people brothers and sisters, therefore they cannot possibly be married. But, my dear Lady Rivers, let us leave a topic which really does not concern us. The matter of moment now, Aunt Hannah," turning towards her with the smile of a worried man who knows that there at least he shall find rest, "is that you and I must leave this warm fire-side and walk home through the wet together; unless, indeed, we make up our minds to swim."

The perfect freedom, and yet friendly respect of his manner healed over all the discourtesies which Lady Rivers had so remorselessly inflicted. Miss Thelluson rose, thankfully enough, and they two started off in the pelting rain, for nobody ever thought of ordering the Moat-House carriage on a Sunday. Besides, Hannah never minded weather, and the storm seemed almost to do her brother-in-law good. Like all really manly men, he was roused and cheered by the necessity of fighting against something; perhaps, also, of protecting something. He wrapt his sister-in-law well up, and sustained her steps carefully against the wild equinoctial blast, which was almost like pressing against a stone wall.

After they quitted the Moat-House, Mr. Rivers never referred to the matter which had been so obstinately and unpleasantly discussed in their presence. He seemed at once to accept it and ignore it, as those should whom fate has placed in any anomalous or difficult position that lays them open to many annoyances; which must, nevertheless, be borne, and are best borne with complete indifference. Hannah took her lesson from him; not without a certain respect, deeper than she had yet felt—and did the same.

They parted in the hall, he to go into his study, she to run eagerly up-stairs, drawn thither by the little merry voice which was heard through the nursery-door chattering its utterly unintelligible English. Hannah's face brightened into something almost like beauty at the sound. Rosa's father stopped to say—

"You are getting very fond of my child!"

"It would be strange if I were not. Is she not my niece—my own flesh and blood? And, besides, I don't think there ever was such a child!" cried foolish Aunt Hannah. "Just look there!"

The little round rosy face—it was rosy now, having grown so already in the pleasant new nursery, and under incessant loving care—was looking through the balustrades, making a vain effort to say "Peep!" at least so Rosie's imaginative female worshippers

declared it to be. Behind appeared Grace Dixon's pale, kind, sweet looks, moved almost into cheerfulness by the brightness of baby's. A pretty sight, and for the first time it seemed to bring a ray of sunshine into the widower's household. He sighed, but his sigh was less forlorn.

"How happy the child looks! Poor Rosie, she is not in the least like her mother—except in that sunshiny nature of hers. I hope she may keep it always."

"I hope so too, and I believe she will. I did not think her pretty at first; but never—never was there such a touching child."

"It is your doing, then."

"And Grace's, too. She has been quite different even these few days since Grace had her. I hope," and here Hannah could not help colouring a little, "I hope you will not require me to send away Grace?"

"No." Mr. Rivers paused a minute, and then said gravely; "I am sorry that anything should have vexed you to-day. Do not mind grandmamma; she speaks thoughtlessly sometimes; but she means no harm. She likes interfering now and then; but you can bear that, I know. Remember, I will always uphold you in matters concerning Rosie or the household, or anything else that you think right."

"Thank you," replied Hannah warmly. She shook cordially the hand he gave, and ran up-stairs to "Auntie's darling" with a light heart.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

It is a mistake to take for granted, as in books and life we perpetually do, that people must always remain the same. On the contrary, most people are constantly changing—growing, let us hope, but still changing—in character, feelings, opinions. If we took this into account we should often be less harsh to judge; less piteously misjudged ourselves. For instance, we resolve always to love our friend and hate our enemy; but our friend may prove false, and our enemy kind and good. What are we then to do? To go on loving and hating as before? I fear we cannot. We must accept things as they stand, and act accordingly. Or—and this is a common case—we may ourselves once have had certain faults, which we afterwards had sense to see and correct; yet those who knew us in our faulty days will never believe this, and go on condemning us for ever—which is a little hard. And again, we may have started honestly on a certain course, and declared openly certain opinions or intentions, which we afterwards see cause to modify, or even to renounce entirely. Time and circumstance have so altered us that we are obliged to give our old selves the lie direct or else to be untrue to our present selves. In short, we must just retract, in act or word, boldly or weakly, nobly or ignobly, as our natures allow. And though we have been perfectly sincere through-

out, the chances are that no one will believe us; we shall be stamped as hypocrites, renegades, or deep designing schemers, to the end of our days. This, too, is hard; and it takes a strong heart and a clear conscience to bear it.

When Hannah Thelluson consented to come to her brother-in-law's house, and he thankfully opened to her its dreary doors, they were two most sorrowful people, who yet meant to make the best of their sorrow, and of one another, so as to be a mutual comfort if possible. At least this was her intent; he probably had no intent at all beyond the mere relief of the moment. Men—and young men—seldom look ahead as women do.

Now, two people living under the same roof and greatly dependant upon one another, seldom remain long in a state of indifference; they take either to loving or hating; and these two, being both of them good people, though so very different in character, were not likely to do the latter. Besides, they stood in that relation which of all others most attracts regard, of reciprocally doing good and being done good to. They shared one another's burthens, and gave one another help. Consequently the burthens lightened, and the help increased, every day that they resided together.

Their life was very equable, quiet, and, at first, rather dull. Of course the widower did not visit, or receive visitors. Occasional family dinners at the Moat-House, and a few morning calls, received and paid, were all that Hannah saw of Easterham society. She had the large handsome house entirely to herself, often from morning to night; for gradually Mr. Rivers went back to the parish duties, which he once used most creditably to fulfil. Consequently, instead of hanging about the house all day, he was frequently absent till dinner-time. This was a great source of satisfaction to Miss Thelluson; at first—let the honest truth be told—because she was heartily glad to get rid of him; by-and-by from sincere pleasure at the good it did him.

"Work always comforts a man," she said to herself when she saw him come in, fresh from battling with rain and wind, or eager to secure her help and sympathy in some case of distress in the parish, his handsome face looking ten years younger, and his listless manner gaining energy and decision.

"You were right, Aunt Hannah," he would often say, with an earnest thoughtfulness, that was yet not exactly sadness. "To preach to sufferers one needs to have suffered oneself. I shall be a better parson now than I used to be, I hope. On week-days certainly, and perhaps even on Sundays, if you will continue to look over my sermons."

Which, people began to say, were much better than they used to be, and Hannah herself thought so too. She always read them, and after a while criticised them, pretty sharply and fearlessly, every Saturday night. On other nights she got her brother-in-law into the habit of reading aloud; first, because it was much the easiest way of passing the evening—and after being out all day he absolutely refused to go out again, lessening even his visits to the Moat-House whenever he could;—secondly, because soon she came to like it very much. It was like falling into a dream of peace, to sit

sewing at Rosie's little clothes (for Aunt Hannah did all she could for her darling with her own hands,) silent—she always loved silence—yet listening to Mr. Rivers's pleasant voice, and thinking over, quietly to herself, what he was reading. In this way, during the first three months, they got through a quantity of books, both of prose and poetry, and had grown familiar enough now and then to lay the books down, and take to arguments; quarrelling fiercely at times, until either became accustomed to the other's way of thinking, and avoided warlike topics, or fought so honourably and well, that the battles ended in mutual respect, and very often in a fit of mutual laughter.

It may be a dreadful thing to confess, but they did laugh sometimes. Ay, even with the moonlight sleeping, or the white snow falling, on Rosa's grave a mile off—Rosa who was with the angels smiling in the eternal smile of God. These others, left behind to do their mortal work, were not always miserable. Rosie began the change, by growing every day more charming, more interesting, more curious, in her funny little ways, every one of which aunt retailed to papa when he came home, as if there had never been such a wonderful baby in any house before.

A baby in the house. Does any body fully know what that is till he—no, she—has tried it?

Hannah did not, Fond as she was of children, and well accustomed to them, they were all other people's children. This one was her own. On her alone depended the little human soul and human body for everything in life—everything that could make it grow up to itself and the world, a blessing or a curse. A solemn way of viewing things, perhaps; but Hannah was a solemn-minded woman. She erred, anyhow, on the right side. This was the "duty" half of her new existence; the other half was joy—wholly joy.

A child in the house. Say rather an angel; for, I think, heaven leaves a touch of the angel in all little children, to reward those about them for their inevitable cares. Rosie was, to other people besides her aunt, a very remarkable child—wonderfully sweet, and yet brave even as a baby. She never cried for pain or fretfulness, though she sometimes did for passion; and for sorrow—a strange, contrite, grown-up kind of sorrow—whenever she did anything the least wrong, which was very seldom. She was usually a perfect sunbeam of brightness, wholesomeness, and content. Her delicacy and fragility, which were only that of a flower reared up in darkness, and recovering its healthy colours as soon as ever it is brought into the sun, soon became among the things that had been. Not a child in all Easterham seemed more likely to thrive than Rosie Rivers; and everybody, even at the Moat-House, now acknowledged this, to Miss Thelluson's great glory and delight. Grace's also—unto whom much credit was owing.

Hannah had taken her rather rashly, perhaps—wise people sometimes do, upon instinct, rather rash things. She thought so herself when one day, accidentally asking Grace some apparently trivial question, the girl burst into tears, confessed that she was a married woman, and her husband had run away from her. "But

I was married, indeed I was, and his sisters know it!" Which the sisters, who were in fact sisters-in-law, resolutely confirmed; but no more facts could be gained. Nor did Hannah like to enquire having a feeling that poor women's miseries were as sacred as rich ones. It was an unwelcome discovery—a nurse with a living and, probably, scapegrace husband might prove very inconvenient; still, she had grown fond of the girl, who was passionately devoted to Rosie.

"For Rosie's sake I must keep her, if possible; and for her own sake, poor thing, I cannot bear to send her away. What must I do?"

Rosie's father, to whom she thus appealed—for, despite what he had said, she persistently consulted him in everything—answered decisively, "Let her stay." So Grace stayed. But Miss Thelluson insisted that she should no longer pass under false colours, but be called Mrs. Dixon; and, finding she had no wedding-ring—her husband, she declared, had torn it from her finger the day he left her—Hannah took the trouble to buy her a new one, and insisted upon her wearing it, saying, "She hated all deceits of every kind." Upon which Grace looked up to her with such grateful, innocent eyes, that, Quixotic as her conduct might appear to some people—it did at the Moat-House, where the girls laughed at her immoderately—she felt sure the story was true, and that she should never repent having thus acted.

This was the only incident of the winter, and as week after week passed by, and nothing ill came of it, no runaway husband ever appeared, and poor Grace brightened into the tenderest nurse, the most faithful servant, hardly thinking she could do enough for her mistress and the child, Hannah ceased to think of it, or of anything unpleasant, so busy and contented was she.

More than content—that she had always been—actually happy. True, she had thought her May-time wholly past; but now, as spring began to waken, as she and Rosie began to gather primroses in the garden and daisies in the lanes, it seemed to her as if her youth had come back again. Youth fresh and full, added to all the experience, the satisfied enjoyment, of middle age. They were like two babies together, she and Rosie, all through this, Rosie's first earthly spring. They crawled together on the sunny grass-plot; they played bo-peep round the oak-tree; they investigated with the deepest interest every new green leaf, and flower, and insect; for she tried to make her child like the Child in the Story without an End—a companion and friend to all living things. And Rosie, by the time she was eighteen months old, with her sweetness, intelligence, and the mysterious way the baby-soul opened out to the wonders and beauty of this our world, had taught her Aunt Hannah quite as much as Aunt Hannah had taught her, and become even a greater blessing than the blessings she received.

"It is all the child's doing," Hannah said, laughing and blushing, one day, when Mr. Rivers came suddenly in, and found her dancing through the hall with Rosie in her arms, and singing too, at the top of her voice. "She is the sunbeam of the house. Every servant in it spoils her, and serves her like a little queen. As for



me, auntie makes a goose of herself every hour in the day. Doesn't she Rosie? at her time of life, too!"

"What is your time of life? for I really don't know," said Mr. Rivers, smiling. "Sometimes you look quite young, and then, again, I fancy you must be fully as old as I am."

"Older. Thirty-one."

"Well, I am thirty; so when you die of old age I shall begin to quake. But tell her not to die, Rosie." And a sad look came across his face, as it still often did. Hannah knew what it meant. "Bid her live, and take care of us both. What in the wide world should we two do without Aunt Hannah!"

And Rosie, with that chance instinct of babyhood, often so touching, patted with her tiny soft hand her aunt's cheek, saying, woefully, "Nice Tannie, pitty Tannie,—which had been her first wild attempt at "Aunt Hannah."

"Tannie,"—the name clung to her already, as baby pet-names always do—pressed the little breast to hers in a passion of delight and content, knowing that there was not a creature in the world—no woman certainly—to come between her and her child. *Her* child! Twenty mothers, she sometimes thought,

"Could not with all their quantity of love  
Make up the sum"

of that she felt for her motherless darling.

The father stood and watched them both. As Rosie grew older and more winning, he began to take more notice of his little girl, at least when Aunt Hannah was present to mount guard over her, and keep her good and quiet.

"You look quite a picture, you two, Hannah!" (he sometimes called her "Hannah" without the "Aunt.") "You must be excessively fond of that child?"

She laughed; a low, soft, happy laugh. Her feeling for little Rosie was a thing she could not talk about. Besides, its sacredness had a double root, as it were; and one root was in the dead mother's grave.

"The little thing seems very fond of you too, as well she may be," continued Mr. Rivers. "I trust she may yet repay you for all your love. I hope—I earnestly hope—that you and she may never be parted."

A natural thought, accidentally expressed. Hannah said to herself over and over again, that it must have been purely accidental, and meant nothing; yet it shot through her like a bolt of ice. Was there a chance, the dimmest, remotest chance, that she and the child might be parted? Did he, now that the twelvemonth of mourning had expired, contemplate marrying again—as Lady Dunsmore had foretold he would. Indeed, in a letter lately—for she still wrote sometimes, and would by no means lose sight of her former governess—the Countess had put the direct question, at which Miss. Thelluson had only smiled.

Now, she did not smile. She felt actually uneasy. She ran rapidly over in her mind all the young ladies he had seen or men-

tioned lately—very few; and he seemed to have no interest in any. Still, there might be some one whom she had never heard of: and if so, if he married again, would he require her—of course he would!—to quit the House on the Hill, and leave behind his little daughter?

“I could not! No! I will not,” thought she. And after the one cold shiver came a hot thrill of something more like fierceness than her quiet nature had known for long. “To expect me to give up my child. It would be cruel, barbarous!” And then came a sudden frantic idea of snatching up Rosie in her arms and running away with her, anyhow, anywhere, so as to hide her from her father. “I shall do it!—I know I shall! if he drives me to it. He had better not try!”

And hot tears dropped on the little white night-gown which Aunt Hannah was vainly endeavoring to tie. It was Sunday night; and she always sent Grace to church and put the child to bed herself on Sundays. Bitter, miserable tears they were too, but only on account of the child. Nothing more. Afterwards, when she recalled them, and what had produced them, this first uneasy fear which had shot across the calm heaven of her life,—a heavenly life it had grown to be since she had the child,—Hannah felt certain that she could have looked the child’s angel, or its mother, in the face; and declared positively they were nothing more.

But the notion of having to part from Rosie, under the only circumstances in which that parting was natural and probable, having once entered her mind, lurked there uneasily, troubling often the happy hours she spent with her darling; for the aunt, wholly engrossed with her charge, had her with her more than most mothers, with whom their children’s father holds rightly the first place. Nevertheless, Miss Thelluson did her duty most satisfactorily by her brother-in-law; whenever papa wanted auntie, little Rosie was remorselessly sent away, even though auntie’s heart followed her longingly all the while. But she had already learnt her lesson—she never allowed the child to be a trouble to the father.

“Not one man in a thousand cares to be troubled about anything, you may depend upon that,” she said one day gaily to the second Miss Rivers, who was now about to be married.

“Who taught you that? my brother? Well, you must have had plenty of experience of him, faults and all; almost as much as his wife had,” said the sister sarcastically, which made Hannah rather sorry that she had unwittingly betrayed the results of her year’s experience at the House on the Hill.

Yes; she knew her brother-in-law pretty well by this time—all his weaknesses, all his virtues; better, he told her, and she believed it, than his own sisters knew him. He was so unlike them in character, tastes, and feelings, that she had now ceased to wonder why he chose none of them to live with him and Rosie, but preferred rather his wife’s sister, who might a little resemble his wife, as Hannah sometimes vaguely wished she did.

More especially, when the approaching marriage forced him out of his retirement, and he had to officiate in the festivities as eldest

brother, instead of poor Austin, whom nobody ever saw or spoke of. Bernard had to act as head of the house, Sir Austin being very frail now; and he accepted his place and went through his duties with a cheerfulness that Hannah was surprised yet glad to see. If only he could have had beside him the bright, beautiful wife who was gone, instead of a grave sister like herself! Still she did her best; went out with him when he asked her, and at other times stayed quietly at home—half amused, half troubled to find how she, who in the first months of winter almost longed for solitude, now began to find it a little dull. She was not so glad of her own company as she used to be, and found the evenings after Rosie's bed-time, rather long. Only the evenings: of mornings, when Rosie was with her, she felt no want of any kind.

Following the wedding—to which Miss Thelluson was of course asked, and, somewhat unwillingly, went, seeing Mr. Rivers wished it—came many bridal parties, to which she was invited too. Thence ensued a small difficulty—ridiculous in itself, and yet involving much—which, when her brother-in-law urged her to accompany him everywhere, she was at last obliged to confess.

"I can't go," she said laughing—it was much better to make it a jesting than a serious matter. "The real truth is, I've got no clothes."

And then came out another truth, which Mr. Rivers, with his easy fortunes and masculine indifference to money, had never suspected, and was most horrified at—that her salary as governess ceasing, Aunt Hannah had absolutely nothing to live upon.

Though dwelling in the midst of luxury, and spending unlimited sums upon housekeeping weekly, the utmost she had had to spend upon herself, since she came to the House on the Hill, was an innocent fifteen-pound note, laid by from last year, the remains of which went to the wedding-gown of quiet grey silk which had replaced her well-worn black one.

"Dreadful!" cried Mr. Rivers. "While you have been doing everything for me, I have left you like a pauper!"

"Not exactly," and she laughed again at his vehement contrition. "Indeed, I had as much money as I wanted, for my wants are small. Remember, I have been for so many years a poor governess."

"You shall never be poor again, nor a governess neither. I cannot tell you how much I owe you—how deeply I respect you. What can I say? Rather, what can I do?" He thought a little, and then said, "The only plan is, you must let me do for you exactly what I would have done for my own sister. Listen while I explain."

He then proposed to pay her a quarterly allowance or annuity, large enough to make her quite independent personally. Or, if she preferred it, to make over the principal, in a deed or gift, from which she could draw the same sum, as interest, at her pleasure.

"And, you understand, this is quite between ourselves. My fortune is my own, independent of my family. No one but us two need ever be the wiser. Only say the word, and the matter shall be settled at once."

Tears sprang to Hannah's eyes.

"You are a good, kind brother to me," she said. "Nor would it matter so very much, as if I did take the money I should just make a will and leave it back to Rosie. But I cannot take it. I never yet was indebted to any man alive."

"It would not be indebtedness, only justice," argued he. You are a practical woman, let me put it in a practical light. I am not giving, only paying—as I should have to pay some other lady. Why should I be more just and liberal to a stranger than to you? This on my side. On yours—What can you do? You are fed and housed, but you must be clothed. You are not a lily of the field. Though"—looking at her as she stood beside him, tall, and slender, and pale—"I sometimes think there is a good deal of the lily about you, Aunt Hannah. You are so single-minded and pure-hearted—and like the lillies,—you preach me a silent sermon many a time."

"Not always silent," said she, yet was pleased at the compliment. He had never made her a pretty speech before. Then too his urging her to remain with him, on the only possible terms on which she could remain—those he proposed—proved that he was not contemplating marriage—at least, not immediately.

All he said was thoroughly kind, generous, and wise; besides her sound common-sense told her that clothes did not grow upon bushes, and that if she were to continue as mistress of the House on the Hill, it was essential that Rosie's aunt and Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law should not go dressed, as he indignantly put it, "like a pauper." She considered a little, and then, putting her pride in her pocket, she accepted the position of matters as inevitable.

"Very well, Mr. Rivers. Give me the same salary that I received from Earl Dunsmore, and I will take it from you as I did from him. It will cover all my personal needs, and even allow me, as heretofore, to put by a little for my old age."

"Your old age? Where should that be spent but here—in my house?"

"Your house may not always be——" She stopped: she had not the heart to put into plain words the plain fact that he might marry again—few men were more likely to do so. But he seemed to understand it.

"Oh, Hannah!" he said, and turned away. She was so vexed at herself that she dropped the conversation at once.

Next day Miss Thelluson found on her toilet-table, in a blank envelope, a cheque for a hundred pounds.

At first she felt a strong inclination to throw the money into the fire—then a kind of sensation of gratitude.

"If I had not liked him, I couldn't have touched a half-penny; but I do like him. So I must take it, and try to please him as much as I can."

For that reason, and to do him credit when she went out with him, poor Hannah expended more money and thought over her clothes than she had done for years, appearing in toilettes so good and tasteful, though simple still, that the Moat-House girls won-

dered what in the world had come over her to make her look so young.

We are always changing within and without, modified more or less, as was said in the beginning of this chapter, by continually changing circumstances. Had any one a year ago shown Hannah her picture, as she often appeared now, in pretty evening dress—she had lovely round arms still, and it was Rosie's delight to catch them bare, and fondle and hug them to her little bosom as "dollies"—Hannah would have said such a woman was not herself at all. Yet it was; and hers, too, was the heart, wonderfully gay and light sometimes, which she carried about through the day, and lay down to sleep with at night, marvelling what she had done that heaven should make her life thus content and glad.

The change was so gradual, that she accepted it almost without recognition. Ay, even when there came an event which six months ago she would have trembled at—the first dinner-party at the House on the Hill, given in honour of the bride.

"I must give it, I suppose," said Mr. Rivers. "You will not mind? I hope it will not trouble you very much?"

"Oh no."

"Be it so then." He walked off, and then came back, saying a little awkwardly, "Of course, you understand that you keep your usual place as mistress here."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

So she sat at the head of his table, and did all the honours as lady of the house. At which some other ladies, country people from a distance—for it was a state dinner-party—looked—just a little surprised. One especially, a malign-looking old dowager, with two or three unmarried daughters, whispered—

"His sister-in-law, did you tell me? I thought she was quite a middle-aged person. Better, perhaps, if she had been. And they live here together—quite alone, you say? Dear me!"

The words were inaudible to Miss Thelluson, but she caught the look, and during the evening, several other looks of the same inquisitorial kind. They made her feel—she hardly knew why—rather uncomfortable. Otherwise, she would have enjoyed the evening considerably. No woman is indifferent to the pleasure of being mistress of an elegant, well-ordered house, where her servants like her and obey her—she doing her duty and they theirs, so that all things go smoothly and well, as they did now. Also she liked to please Mr. Rivers, who was much easier to please than formerly. His old sweet temper, that poor Rosa used so fondly to dilate on, had returned; and oh! what a rare blessing is a sweet temper in a house, especially in the head of it. Then, by this time, his sister-in-law understood his ways, had grown used to his very weaknesses, and found they were not so bad after all. He was far from being her ideal, certainly; but who are they who ever find their ideal? And Hannah sighed, remembering her own—the loveliest and most loveable nature she had ever met, or so it had appeared to her in her girlhood's long-ended dream. But God had taken Arthur home; and thinking of him now, it was more as an angel than as a mortal man.

Looking round on the men she saw now—and they had been a good many lately—she found no one equal to Bernard Rivers. As he took his place again in society, a young widower who had passed from under the blackest shadow of his loss, though it had left in him an abiding gravity, he would have been counted in all circles an attractive person. Handsome, yet not obnoxiously so; clever—though perhaps more in an appreciative than an original fashion; pleasant in conversation, yet never putting himself obtrusively forward, he was a man that most men liked, and all women were sure to admire amazingly. Hannah saw—she could not help seeing—how daughters brightened as he came near, and mothers were extraordinarily tender to him; and in fact had he perceived this—which he did not seem to do, being very free from self-consciousness—Bernard Rivers would have run a very good chance of being thoroughly “spoiled.”

He was not yet spoiled, however; it was charming to watch him, and see how innocently he took all this social flattery, which Hannah noticed with considerable amusement, and a sort of affectionate pleasure at thinking that, however agreeable he was abroad, he was still more so at home, in those quiet evenings, now sadly diminished. She wondered sometimes how long they would last, how soon her brother-in-law would weary of her companionship, and seek nearer and fonder ties. Well, that must be left to fate; it was useless speculating. So she did her best now; and when several times during dinner, he glanced across the table to her and smiled, and also came more than once through the drawing-rooms to look for her, and say a kindly word or two, Hannah was a satisfied and happy woman.

Only—during the pause of a long piece of concerted music by the three remaining Misses Rivers—fancying, she heard Rosie cry, she crept away up-stairs, and finding her sitting up in her crib, sobbing from a bad dream, Aunt Hannah caught her child to her bosom more passionately than usual. And when the little thing clung for refuge to her, and was soothed to sleep again under showers of kisses, Hannah thought rejoicingly that there was one creature in the world, to whom she was absolutely necessary, and all in all.

His guests being at length gone, the host stood on his hearth-rug, meditative, even grave.

“Well, Hannah!” he said at last.

She looked up.

“So our dinner-party is safe over. It went off beautifully, I must say.”

“Yes; I think it did.”

“And I am so much obliged to you for all the trouble you must have taken. I do like to have things nice and in order—every man does. Especially as Lady Rivers was there. They think so much of these matters at the Moat-House.”

Hannah, half-pleased, half-vexed, she scarce knew why answered nothing.

“Yes, it was very pleasant, and the people were pleasant too. But yet I think I like our quiet evenings best.”

"So do I," Hannah was going to say, and then hesitated, with a curious kind of shyness, for she had been thinking the very same. Wondering also, how long this gay life they now led was to go on, and whether it would end in that climax for which she was always preparing herself—Bernard Rivers taking a second wife, and saying to his sister-in-law, "Thank you; I want you no more. Good-bye!" A perfectly, right, natural, and desirable thing too, her reason told her. And yet—and yet—Well! she would at least, not meet difficulties half-way, but would enjoy her halcyon days while they lasted.

So she sat down with him on the chair he placed for her, one on either side the fire, and proceeded to talk over the dinner and the guests, with other small familiar topics, which people naturally fall into discussing when they are perfectly at home with each other, and have one common interest running through their lives. All their associations now had the easy freedom of the fraternal relation, mingled with a certain vague sentiment, such as people feel who are not really brother and sister; but having spent all their prior lives apart, require to get over a sort of pleasant strangeness, which has all the charm of travelling in a new country.

In the midst of it, when they were laughing together over some wonderful, infantine jest of little Rosie's, there came a knock to the door, and a face looked stealthily in.

Hannah sprang up in terror. "Oh, Grace! What is it? Anything wrong with baby?"

"No, miss, nothing. How wrong of me to frighten you so," cried the young woman contritely, as Miss Thelluson dropped back in her chair, so pale that Mr. Rivers hastily brought her a glass of wine, and spoke sharply to the nurse.

Grace looked at him with a scared face. "It's true, sir; I hardly know what I'm saying or doing. But never mind! The little one is all right; its only my own trouble. And I've kept it to myself all day long because I would'nt trouble her when she was busy over her dinner-party. But oh, miss! will you speak to me now, for my heart's breaking!"

"You should not have minded my being busy, poor girl!" said Hannah kindly. "What is it?" And then, with a sudden instinctive fear of what it was, she added, "But perhaps you would like to go with me into my own room?"

"No, please, I want to speak to the master too. He's a parson, and must know all about it; and it was him that he went to first!"

"My good woman, if you'll only say what 'it' and 'he' refer to; tell me a plain story, and I'll give you the best advice I can, whatever trouble may be." And Mr. Rivers sat down, looking a little bored—like most men, he had a great dislike to "scenes,"—but still kindly enough. "Tell me, is it anything about your husband?"

Hannah had not given him credit for remembering that fact, or for the patience with which he sat down to listen.

"My husband!" cried poor Grace, catching at the word, and bursting out sobbing. "Yes, you're right, sir, he is my husband,

and I shall always believe he is, though he says he isn't, and that I have no claim upon him, no more than any wicked woman in the street. But I was married, Mr. Rivers!" and the poor girl stood wringing her hands, while her tears fell in floods. "He took me to London and married me there, I've got my certificate in my pocket, and when we came back everybody knew it. And a year after my little baby was born, my poor little baby that I never told you of, miss, for fear you should send me away!"

"Is it living," said Hannah gravely; having listened, as Mr. Rivers did also, to this torrent of grief-stricken words.

"Yes; he is living, pretty lamb! though many a time I have wished he wasn't, after what his father said when he went away. But that might not be true, no more true than what he sent me word yesterday, and I have been nigh out of mind ever since!"

"What was it? Do keep to the point. I cannot make out the matter if you talk so much," said Mr. Rivers.

Hannah sat silent, waiting for what was coming next. An uneasy feeling, not exactly a fear, but not unlike it, came over her as she recalled the long-ago discussion at the Moat-House about the Dixon family.

Grace gathered herself up and looked her master in the face. She was a sweet-looking little woman, usually reticent and quiet enough, but now she seemed desperate with her wrong.

"Dixon says, sir—that's my husband; he's James Dixon of your parish—that I'm not his wife in law, and he can get rid of me whenever he pleases, only he won't do it if I'll come back and live with him, because he likes me, he says, and all the poor children are crying out for me. But that if I won't come back he shall go and marry another woman, Mary Bridges, of Easterham, that lived as cook with Lady Rivers. He'll put up the bans here next Sunday, he says."

"He cannot. It would be bigamy."

"Bigamy! That's taking a second wife while your first wife's living, isn't it, sir? And I'm living, though I wasn't his first wife; but I suppose that doesn't matter. Oh, why did I ever take him! But it was all for them poor children's sakes; and he was such a good husband to my sister that I thought for sure he'd be a good husband to me!"

Mr. Rivers started. "Stop a minute. Your story is very confused; but I think I take it in now. Is James Dixon the Dixon who once came to me, asking me to marry him to his deceased wife's sister? And were you that person?"

He spoke in a formal, uncomfortable voice; his cheek reddened a little, and he looked carefully away from the corner where Hannah was sitting. She did not move—how could she?—but she felt hot and red, and wished herself anywhere except where she was, and was obliged to remain.

Grace spoke on, full of eager anxiety. "Yes, sir, he did come to you, I know, and you told him, he said, that I was not the proper person for him to marry. But he thought I was, and so did I, and so did all the neighbours. You see, sir,"—and in her desperation the poor young woman came close up to her master, "I was very fond of my poor sister and she of me, and when she was dying,



she begged me to come and take care of her children. Jim was very glad of it too. And so I went to live with him; it was the most natural thing possible, and—it wasn't wrong, miss, was it?"

Hannah felt she must answer the appeal. She did so with a half-inaudible, but distinct, "No."

"Nobody said it was wrong. Nobody blamed me. And the children got so fond of me, and I made Jim so comfortable, that at last he said he couldn't do without me, and we had better get married at once. Was that wrong, sir?"

"Yes; it was against the law," said Mr. Rivers, in the same cold tone, looking into the fire, and pushing backward and forward the ring he wore on his little finger—poor Rosa's wedding-ring, taken from her dead hand.

"But people do it, sir! I know two or three in our village as have done it, and nobody ever said a word against them. And, as it was, people did begin to say a deal against me." Grace hung her head a minute, and then lifted it up again in fierce innocence. "But it was all lies, sir. I declare before God it was. I was an honest girl always. I told Jim I wouldn't look at him unless he married me. So he did at last. Look here sir."

Mr. Rivers took nervously the marriage-certificate, read it over, gave it back again, and still remained silent.

"It's all right sir? I know it is! He did marry me!"

"Yes—but——"

"And it wasn't true what he said when, after a while, he took to drinking, and we squabbled a bit, that he could get rid of me whenever he liked, and marry somebody else? It wasn't true, sir? Oh, please say it wasn't true, if only for the sake of my poor baby!"

And Grace stood waiting for the answer that to her was life or death.

All this while Miss Thelluson had sat silent, scarcely lifting her eyes from the carpet, except once or twice to poor Grace's face, with keen compassion. Not that the question seemed to concern her much, or that she attempted to decide the wrong or right of it, only the whole case seemed so very pitiful. And she had grown fond of Grace, who was a very good girl, and in feeling and education rather superior to her class.

As for Mr. Rivers, the look in his eyes, which he carefully kept from meeting any other's eyes, was not compassion at all; but perplexity, uneasiness, even irritation; the annoyance of a man who finds himself in a difficult position, which he wishes sincerely he were well out of.

To Grace's frantic question he gave no reply at all. She notice this, and the form of her entreaty changed.

"You don't think I did wrong to marry him, sir? You are a parson and ought to know. Was it wicked, do you think? My sister—that's Mrs. John Dixon, a very good religious woman, and a Methody, too, told me no; that the Bible said a man was not to marry his wife's sister in her lifetime, which meant that he might do it after her death."

"Apparently you have studied the subject very closely; closer, I

doubt not, than I have," replied Mr. Rivers, in that hard voice of his. Hannah thought it at the time almost cruel; "therefore there is the less need for me to give you any opinion, which I am very reluctant to do."

A blank look came into poor Grace's beseeching eyes. "But, sir, my sister——"

"Mrs. Dixon is a Dissenter, many of whom, I believe, think as she does on this matter, but we Church people can only hold to the Prayer-book and the law. Both forbid such marriages as yours. You being brother and sister——"

"But we weren't, sir; not even cousins. Indeed, I never set eyes on Jim till just before Jane died."

"You being brother and sister," irritably repeated Mr. Rivers, "or the law making you such——"

"But how could it make us when we were not born so?" pleaded poor Grace with a passionate simplicity.

"You being brother and sister," Mr. Rivers said for the third time, and now with actual sternness, "you could not possibly be married. Or if you were married, as you say, it was wholly against the law. James Dixon has taken advantage of this, as I have heard of other men doing; but I did not believe it of him."

Grace turned whiter and whiter. "Then what he says is really true? I am not his wife?"

"I can't help you; I wish I could," said Mr. Rivers, at last looking down upon the piteous face. "I am afraid it is only too true."

"And my baby, my baby! I don't care for myself much! but my baby!"

"If you ask me to tell you the truth, I must tell it. I refused to marry James Dixon because I knew it would be no marriage at all, and could only be effected by deceiving the clergyman, as I suppose was done. Therefore you are not his wife, and your baby is, of course, an illegitimate child."

Grace gave a shrill scream that might have been heard through the house. Lest it should be heard, or from some other instinct which she did not reason upon, Miss Thelluson jumped up, and shut and bolted the door. When she turned back the poor girl lay on the floor in a dead faint.

Hannah took her up in her arms.

"Please help me!" she said to Mr. Rivers, not looking at him. "I think the servants are all gone to bed. I hope they are, it will be much better. Once get her up stairs and I can look after her myself."

"Can you? Will it not harm you?"

"Oh, no!" and Hannah looked pitifully on the stony face that lay on her lap. "It has been very hard for her. Poor thing! poor thing!"

Mr. Rivers said nothing, but silently obeyed his sister-in-law's orders, and between them they carried Grace up to Miss Thelluson's room. Almost immediately afterwards she heard him close the door of his own, and saw no more of him, or any one, except her charge, till morning.

## LABOUR AND REST.

BY THE EDITOR.

Work, labour, work from morn till late at night;  
 Work while the sun shines, and by the lamp's light;  
 Work till your arms are tired,  
 Till your sight dims;  
*Remember your body's hired,*  
 Though your head swims.

Honoured be the men and women who are not ashamed to "take hold with their hands" and work in this great mart of industry we call the world.

Dishonour, shame, and confusion be the portion of such as are idlers, growtnols, hangers-on, *loafers*, gamblers, adventurers, shirkers of labour, and drones in the human hive. He who is ashamed, afraid, or indisposed to work, is a suspicious person. Do not trust him, if he is in possession of a sound mind in a sound body. For men of this stamp provision should be made, at their *own expense*, in a "house of industry," specially conducted on reformatory principles; the great working rule and law of the institution being: "*If any will not work, neither shall he eat.*" God honours labour; but he has placed restrictions upon its employment. "In all labour there is profit; and so Greedy Griper is never satisfied: his motto is the one we have put in rhyme. He is as bad, and as unreasonable, as the task-masters of Egypt. He wants even the *spare* moments employed. He wants early opening and late closing. He wants a clock fast in the morning and slow at night, to regulate the time of his workmen. That we are not exaggerating Greedy Griper's rapacity and meanness, we will give proof by an illustration drawn from facts with which we are personally acquainted.

In the early days of the cotton manufacture, not only *before* but especially *after* the invention of the *mule jenny* by Richard Arkwright, the working hours were almost incredibly long. When a boy, we often heard the old folks say that it was no uncommon thing to commence work at four o'clock in the morning, and be at the jenny or loom at eight at night.

It is said by the author of "Self Help," that "Arkwright was a tremendous worker, and a man of marvellous energy, ardour, and application in business. At one period of his life, he usually engaged in the severe and continuous labour involved by the organization and conduct of his numerous manufactories, from *four* in the morning till *nine* at night." Mark the biographer's comment: "But his sedentary life induced ill-health, and he at length sank at the early age of sixty, under a complication of disorders."

It was soon found that long hours and close confinement, were producing ill-health, bodily deformity, and shortening people's lives; hence it was found to be not only expedient, but necessary, to restrict the hours of labour. Agreements among masters were tried; but avarice could not long resist the temptation to gain by encroachment. The agreements, at first secretly, then openly, were broken, and matters at length became so bad that it was seen that nothing short of a prohibitory law could secure the working classes from the oppression of grasping manufacturers, who were growing rich at the expense of men's lives.

Ultimately a public movement brought the subject before the attention of Parliament, and a law was passed limiting the hours of factory labour, this law was called the "Ten Hours Bill."

We have no space for comment upon this Bill; but that such restriction is necessary may be inferred from the fact that where such restrictions do not exist, the labourer, in whatever capacity, is apt to be imposed upon.

The cotton manufacturers were no exceptional cases; their temptation to work long hours was great; and after Parliament placed restrictions upon factory hours, and appointed factory inspectors to see that the law was enforced, more especially as regarded children, the meanest expedients were resorted to, in many cases, to evade this equitable law; and where the men were paid by the piece, there were numbers willing to assist in the trickery. Some employers had a plan of putting the clock *fast* for commencing work, and putting it *slow* for leaving; and thus an enormous gain was effected daily, where the workmen and women were counted by the hundred.

The brain of man wants its pabulum, the body its food, and both require, and absolutely demand, rest at stated intervals; and these intervals are governed by physical and mental laws, which cannot be broken with impunity.

If a man thinks he can work profitably sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, he may do so, and may persuade others to do the same, and no one will interfere. Some kind friend may occasionally remonstrate; but he will be permitted to go on making *long days* till he has ended a *short life*.

So far as human law is concerned, his life is his own, and he may shorten it by undue, excessive labour, as others do by self-indulgence in vice or intemperance.

But because a shopkeeper is greedy of gain, and anxious to get the trade of his neighbours, and so is willing to keep open his shop all day and far into the night to catch stray customers, it does not follow that he is justified in keeping in his shop assistants, men or women, in the same confinement.

Even for a valuable consideration, he has no right to compel their attendance at the counter, or in the ware-room or counting-house. Neither has he a right to take a mean advantage of fellow tradesmen, by keeping open his shop at late hours to attract and accommodate *their* customers, and thus establish bad habits of late shopping.

This view of the subject—the evils of late shopping—never

occurred to us until it was suggested by a practical illustration in one of our English cities, in the year 1847. The story is full of mournful interest, and highly suggestive to the advocates of a prohibitory liquor law. We have no doubt that there have been hundreds of such cases in all our large centres of population.

We can only give the outlines of the story here.

A young man, a mechanic by trade (the English term mechanic is equivalent to machinist), married a very nice young woman, a seamstress; both of them had been accustomed to close continued labour, both were industrious. He used to draw his wages on the Saturday evening, and after tea was over, of course they had to take a walk and do their shopping.

As it would have been very inconvenient to make their purchases and carry them home, and then return to see the sights of a large city, like Manchester, it was their practice to defer purchasing, until they had visited the various places of interest, which we need not here mention. Students of human nature will tell you that excitement is a species of stimulus, and that one kind often leads to another.

Suffice it that Edward ——, and his wife, could not see the sights without, among others, seeing the music saloons with their flaunting attractions.

The first we ever saw was in Liverpool; and we discovered that it was a combination of concert room, theatre, and saloon, we think worse still, though of that we saw no proof.

Neither Edward nor his wife were contaminated directly, he got his glass of gin, and she her glass of wine, and it was very nice; they enjoyed the singing and the funny acting, and it seemed to amuse and while away the time in a very pleasant manner. They returned home between eleven and twelve, purchased their groceries, as hundreds besides were doing, when they ought to have been in bed, so as to be up early to enjoy the blessed rest of the Sabbath, God's appointment for the working man's salvation from continued toil.

Edward and his wife gave up going to morning church: they went to bed so late, that they could not rise early enough, and there was the Sunday's dinner to cook, for of course they must have something extra for the Sunday.

Then in the afternoon, if the day was fine, they must have a walk to one of the public parks, and if this was prolonged they could not have tea, and get to church, so gradually church going was given up as a regular practice.

Edward and his wife were going down hill; his glass of gin became several, and she sometimes took, by persuasion, a second or even a third glass of wine; fortunately, for herself, she saw the evil in time to stop, but not so with Edward, he wanted excitement and when she became alarmed and would fain have restrained him, it was too late. Persuasion, threatening, expostulation were tried, but in vain.

He would solemnly promise to come home to his wife, try to stop in the house, slip away like a madman, get drunk, and return in a state of maudlin imbecility to cry and laugh by turns, and to make

promises which he had no strength of resolution to keep. Edward was going down hill fast now, for he was going without his wife to act as a drag. She could not keep him from the tavern and the saloon, and she could not accompany him there. He was brought home to his young wife by a number of policemen, one night late, a bleeding, mangled, almost lifeless body. His last words were,—

“Mary, if we had not gone shopping so late!—Kiss me Mary,”—and so he died.

What a humiliation it must be; how much like a slave a man must feel, when he has to confess, if a friend calls upon him for a chat, or a quiet walk in the evening, that he has no time at his own command, unless it be at a very late hour, and if on the Saturday at midnight.

This leads us to enunciate the following law:—the great principle actuating all labour should be a *sense of duty* combined with a *sense of liberty*.

If a man feels degraded by a consciousness that he is being imposed upon, and that he is not a free agent, he will not do his best, and if he is not a man of the strictest integrity, he will seek compensation by any means which may offer. We say this from a knowledge of the subject quite apart from theory; and this view of it is the one which is more likely to disturb the equanimity of the greedy trader or manufacturer than any other.

The subject of *early and uniform* closing has of late years attracted a good deal of attention. The more intelligent a community becomes the more emphatically, if not the more promptly, will all injustice to a class of workers be condemned. We cannot rest satisfied with our own social and domestic comforts, while we know that a large number of deserving workers are being deprived of these comforts, and of personal liberty, through want of a little better management.

Shopmen require more time—“time for what?” says Greedy Griper, “what do they want to do?”—Well, they want time for reading—you won't let them read in your store. They want a little time in the evenings to walk out, if their tastes so direct them, to see the face of nature in her thousand living forms. Have you any desire or right to prevent them? They want to enjoy the society of their friends. Have they not a perfect right to use the sympathies and feelings which the Creator has implanted within them? Are your workers to be cut off from all domestic pleasures, as well as social and intellectual intercourse?

“Oh! well, there's no need for such a fuss about nothing.” This was the exclamation of one of the Griper family.

Go where you will, you will find men and women who belong to this family; and they are exceedingly difficult to manage.

You cannot control them by an appeal to their sense of duty, by respect for the rights of others, and such like argument, because their self interest and love of gain blind them to all such views of social life. If you can bring them under such pressure, as will compel them to act by agreement, as their neighbours do, they will violate their pledge the first opportunity. Our experience teaches us that nothing will teach them sooner than fear of ridicule, and

loss arising therefrom. Let them understand that they will be marked persons, and that, as such, they will probably suffer in their business, and they will yield.

One curmudgeon of the Griper family, some twenty years ago, engaged a young Irishman to manage a general store in Canada West. The inducements held out were exceedingly liberal, at least to appearance, and the young man entered into an agreement, but in a short time he found that he had neither time to eat nor sleep properly.

The claims of the business were such, that he absolutely could not do the work required, unless by the most constant, unremitting application, with a mere modicum of time for sleep and eating. He became low-spirited, and to sustain flagging nature, he used to go into the cellar to certain casks. Under the influence of stimulants he bore up for a while, but it was only to fail more signally and fatally in the end! Why particularize? let it suffice, he was a victim to long hours and the cunning of greed.

We will rapidly sketch another illustration not an imaginary picture, but an actual fact.

A fine young man, in the dry goods and mercery trade, had shown so much aptitude for business, that he attracted the attention of his employers, a wealthy firm, who rapidly advanced him, until he was at the head of the establishment, next to the partners. As he rose in position, his desire to please increased, he was ambitious to make his mark, and he did so in a way he little expected! He was examining some goods one day, when a startling thought crossed his mind, he passed his hand across his eyes, his eyesight was affected, was it failing him? His heart sank within him. Although his salary was good, he had made no provision for blindness, if such a catastrophe was to happen. The more he thought about the matter, the more nervous and anxious he became; he consulted a doctor who recommended rest.

"You want rest," said the doctor, "you must have rest. You have been working too hard, and unless you have a change, I cannot promise how the thing will go."

The doctor's manner, more than anything he said, led him to the conclusion that he was going blind, and that the doctor knew it.

He came to a strange resolution, he must make provision for this misfortune; he had injured his sight by too close application in the interest of his employers; he should now be justified in laying aside a fund at their expense, and he systematically commenced to appropriate sums of money taken over the counter.

He kept a strict account of the money he thus embezzled, apart from the saving from his salary. One of the principals became suspicious that there was some system of pilfering practised, and employed a detective, who by means of marked coins succeeded in discovering the thief.

The partners were astounded, a consultation was held; it was considered a plain case of monomania, and as such they treated it.

He was assured should his eyes fail him, that ample provision would be made for his comfort, and respectable maintenance: his

mind was thus set at ease, and better still, he was relieved from the strain of late hours.

The firm knew he was an invaluable servant, who had permitted too close and continuous attention to their business to unhinge his mind through a morbid state of health.

This remarkable case teaches us, that whether for ourselves or for others, nature must not be outraged.

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AN AUGUST SONG.

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BY MISS EMMA J. M. R.

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August is here at length,  
Trying all human strength  
With work and heat and sweat,  
Clothes wet, wet, wet.

The gard'ner at his trade  
Seeks the refreshing shade,  
To think of crops and seed,  
And weed, weed, weed.

The farmer thrashing grain,  
From toil and dust is fain  
To rest, whene'er he can,  
And fan, fan, fan.

High in the Heavens the sun  
His summer's work has done,  
To Southern clime declines,  
But shines, shines, shines.

"How smoth'ring is the heat!"  
We constantly repeat,  
And drink such draughts of "stuff,"  
And puff, puff, puff.

What clouds of dust arise,  
And fill our mouths and eyes,  
Our ears and nostrils too,  
We phoo, phoo, phoo.

Thus dust returns to dust,  
"Better to wear than rust,"  
Better to sweat than pine,  
Or whine, whine, whine.



## WHAT WAS IT?

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

It was a terrible night of storm, that 17th of November, 1857, as I was toasting my toes before a peat fire in the Parish of Cabrach, Scotland. The Deveron was pouring down dark floods of seething waters from the mountains. The wind rattled at the windows as if it would be in, and sang, as it eddied round the corners and down the wide "lum," a dirge over the departed glories of summer. A "dour" night had settled down on the hills, and there seemed to be a sullen determination in the storm to hold—for one night at least—high revelry. Peal after peal of thunder ever and anon reverberated down the valley, and over the mountains, with an intensity of sound I had not heard excelled except on the Andes in Central America.

McPhail, an old man of seventy years, sat on the other side of the "ingle," awe-struck and pale. As the tempest moderated, he said: "This fearful storm reminds me of the night of 'Black McPherson,' in 1812."

I urged him to give me the particulars to which he referred, and they were as follows:—

"During the latter part of the Napoleonic wars, men were scarce for soldiers in Britain. The American war of 1812, and the wars raging on the continent of Europe, in which Britain was embroiled, drained the surplus male population of the British Isles. The press-gang was brought into requisition. Those who were not found with some implement of industry in their hands, belonging to their masters or to themselves, were seized, and forced into the army or navy. Oftentimes an ambush was laid at church doors, and as the congregation filed out from the house of God, all the able-bodied men were suddenly and ruthlessly dragged away from their families, probably never to see them more. A reign of terror prevailed everywhere; and servants, fearing every bush, and dyke, and ditch, lest it hid a soldier, carried implements of labour in their hands to their meals, and even to their beds, fearing to be taken unawares.

To the Highlands of Banffshire and Inverness, a Captain McPherson was sent by Government to recruit the Highland regiments abroad, by fair or foul means. He was nicknamed "Black McPherson;" but, whether this name was given to him from being of a dark and forbidding appearance, or from his cruelty and ferocity in the unpopular work in which he was engaged, it is impossible at present to tell. Although he was a native of Strathspay, and a brave man withal, yet he was followed everywhere by

execrations from old and young. The recruiting *posse* of men he brought with him was composed of kindred spirits, and spared no fit man upon whom their hands fell. They knew nothing but military obedience and duty in all their inflexible exactitude.

A widow with an only son, her sole support in her declining years, resided at this time in the Parish of Knockando, near the well-known ferry on the river Spey, which crosses over to Inver-avon. He was at work in the latter parish, but he stealthily went over on Sabbath evenings to visit his aged mother. On one of these evenings, as he was returning home to his work, his mother accompanied him to the ferry, and saw him safely across the river. To her horror, no sooner had he stepped on land than four men, headed by the Black Captain, sprang from behind the boat-house, and commenced dragging David Strachan away. The widow fell upon her knees, and in heart-rending cries implored the captain to release her only stay and support in her declining years. She was only answered with curses. Frantic with the commingled passions of rage and grief, and seeing that the stern man was inexorable and deaf to all entreaty, and dead to all the redeeming feelings of our common humanity, the widow became beside herself in agony, and with up-lifted hands to high heaven, poured forth fearful imprecations and maledictions on the head of the offending man.

"May a blessed ray of happiness or hope never dispel the darkness from your perjured soul," said she. "May the bitter pangs of a guilty conscience be yours through life, in death and during eternity. May a curse blacker than that branded on the brow of Cain, and more hopeless than that burned by God's avenging finger on the faces of the fallen angels, fall upon you and to your lot, ceaselessly and unremittingly. May the Prince of Darkness, of whom you are a faithful transcript, claim this base part of his heritage in *this world*, and doom you unshriven to black despair and endless torment. Amen, and amen."

Alarmed at her own vehemence, and at the fearful utterances, which seemed like prophecy, she fell powerless and grief-stricken to the ground; while a cry of bitter irony from the lips of the hard-hearted man was the only reply.

Years passed away, and in the excitement of the times the scene of that Sabbath evening was almost forgotten. The son's bones festered, whitened, and rotted on the field of Waterloo; while "The Immortal" was a putrescent corpse, in all earthly, on Rocky St. Helena. The widow died broken-hearted, and was buried by the parish. McPherson returned to his native glen—not now dreaded as of yore, with his trained bands, but wealthy from, it was said, not only foreign booty, but also from the bounties paid for the capture of his countrymen, as recruits, for the consumption of the battle-field. He had money, drove fast horses, kept hounds, boasted of numerous retainers, and held high revelry with his friends, in whose eyes riches covered a multitude of sins.

The second year of his retirement from the army, he was out with a few friends hunting in the forest of Glenfiddich. A "bothy"

had been erected in a sequestered glen for the shelter of his company during the sojourn on the hills. One of his trusty servants was sent forward, as night began to fall, to prepare supper for the hunters. He related afterwards, that, as he was thus engaged, strange noises were heard in and around the house. He was so frightened that he went several times to the door to effect his escape, but a large black hound barred his exit. At last, the arrival of the party allayed his fears; and after enquiry from his fellow-servants, he found out that they neither saw nor heard anything unusual, and he at last supposed himself the subject of a strong imagination.

While at supper, a sharp and powerful knock was heard at the door, so imperative in its reiteration, in that lone place, and at that unusual hour, as to startle the stoutest of the party. Another servant was sent by the captain to the door, to answer the noisy summons. He soon returned, with a message from the visitor for the attendance of McPherson at the door. With a growl of dissatisfaction, the captain obeyed; and, after a few words had passed between the parties, they withdrew from the door, closing it after them.

The supper was ended; but yet the murmur of voices outside could be heard, as if the parties were in earnest conversation. This strange acting renewed the curiosity of the first servant, and on a frivolous excuse, he went into a small entrance into which the outer door could swing. In peeping through the key-hole, he saw, in the dim moonlight, a tall man in dark clothing, and at his heels two black hounds. The stranger was laying down, in a peremptory manner, some rule of action, in regard to which the captain expostulated. The stranger was inexorable; but the only words the servant could understand were, "I'll be here this day twelve-month with them, *for me*," said the captain; and with that the man and his dogs disappeared in the darkness down the glen.

The servant had no sooner resumed his seat in the corner by the peat fire, than McPherson entered, pale, but calm. He put on an air of jollity, and seemed to outdo himself with conviviality. The *usquebaugh*, which was passed freely round, had doubtless a good deal to do with his hilarity.

"A friend of mine, on urgent business, was forced to drive to the hills to see me to-night, and was compelled to return immediately," said he.

This satisfied all but Davie, whose fears and suspicions were now fully roused, but who was determined to keep his own council.

The night passed away with drinking, and speeches, toasts, and song, until the near approach of a Scottish morning, and then the weary Bacchanals sought repose. The hunt was renewed next day with additional zest, and next night found them all at their "ain firesides."

Another year had almost rolled round, when a grand hunt was proposed by McPherson. The preparations were so extensive, and the invitations were so numerous, as to excite wonder in the whole country side. Davie was the only man, except the captain, who

felt uneasy as the day drew near. He got nervous, and he saw his master was no better in that respect.

The morning arrived—hot, and sultry, and fair; and with it crowds of horsemen, hounds, and gillies. Loud laughter, jests, snatches of song, and shrill whistles, filled the hills and valleys with echoes far and near.

Away the gay cavalcade rode, until the sun had climbed high in the heavens, when a dark and portentous cloud appeared in the horizon. A number of the more nervous turned back to the nearest dwellings, and Davie, with shaking knees, told his master that one of the best hunting hounds had inadvertently been locked up in the kennel. His master sent him back for it, while he and the remainder of the party made rapid strides for the "bothy" of last year. Davie loosened the hound on his return, from a bondage he had accomplished intentionally, so as to have a valid excuse to return, and fled the neighborhood.

Such a night of storm, of lightning, and of thunder was never known in that country. The heavens and the earth seemed to be rending asunder, and all things being hurled into primal chaos. The harvests were spoiled, and the tempest hurled into the red earth all standing grain. It seemed as if a second deluge was coming from the opened windows of heaven, upon the stricken earth.

The morning opened cheerful and serene,—but not one of that devoted band ever returned alive. The people were alarmed, and gathered in large numbers in the mountains, and the site of the cabin was found,—but not one stone of it was left upon another. The bodies of mutilated men and dogs, were found near it, in the most grotesque and horrible shapes; but the men could not have been known except for the clothing.

McPherson was found about fifty yards away from the foundation, stripped of all clothing, but that on one leg. The flesh seemed scorched upon his bones, and in the shrivelled face and obliterated eyes, and singed locks, none could see a vestige of "black McPherson."

What was it? Was the widow's prayer answered? Did satan come to claim his own, and was the "for me" a peace offering to the Prince of Darkness, in the oblation of the flower of a country's side? Or is it explained from natural causes, and all the effect of a terrific thunder storm, whose electric power was seen in the destruction of the cabin and all living in its embrace?

My narrator believed strongly in the former explanation, and as I knew it would be "loves labour lost," to try to convince him to the contrary, I sought my bed and dreamed of horrible things happening to me, by the hands of Diabolus, or his imps, and awoke glad that his satanic majesty was not thus employed on my corpus, nor toying *ad libitum* with my immortal essence.

MEMOIR OF CONFUCIUS—THE CHINESE  
PHILOSOPHER.

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How many have become familiar with the name of Confucius who know very little respecting that distinguished and highly venerated Chinese philosopher, and descendant of the imperial family of the dynasty of Shang, born in the kingdom of Lu, now Shangton, 551 years before Christ.

Deprived of a father's fostering care, at the early age of three years, he experienced from his mother every attention that was necessary to render this privation less severely felt; his abilities, which were extraordinary, were cultivated by the most able masters of the age.

Confucius appeared not to have acquired knowledge by the usual graduations, but in him reason seemed intuitive and perfect almost from his infancy, nor did he enter into the usual amusement of children, but maintained a grave and serious deportment, while his conduct was pious and exemplary.

The respect he paid to his relations, particularly to his grandfather, a wise and holy man, is truly worthy of imitation; and it is recorded that he never ate anything without first prostrating himself upon the ground to return thanks to the supreme Lord of Heaven.

At the age of twenty-three, he began to plan a scheme of general reformation, which was rendered necessary by the taste of luxury, the love of pleasure, and the dissoluteness of manners which everywhere prevailed.

At this time the provinces of the empire were distinct kingdoms, governed by princes and laws of their own, though professing a nominal subjection to one head; hence, it followed that the imperial authority was frequently insufficient to restrain them within the bounds of duty and allegiance.

Confucius, wisely persuaded that the people would never be happy under such circumstances, began to enforce temperance, justice, and other virtues, to inspire a contempt for wealth and splendour; to banish hypocrisy and insincerity, and to excite to every thing that was magnanimous and praise-worthy.

In these laudable pursuits he was eminently successful; his counsels were the guide of kings;—he was revered by the people as a saint, and in several offices of high consideration he so faithfully discharged his duty, that everything began to wear a different face, and the whole kingdom appeared as one great family.

But these happy effects, instead of exciting imitation in the

neighbouring potentates, served only to rouse their jealousy lest the king of Lu should become too powerful by following the counsels of Confucius, and the following expedient was adopted by the king of Tsi to render them unavailing:—

He collected a number of young girls of extraordinary beauty, thoroughly instructed in the accomplishments of singing and dancing, and mistresses of allurements; that would charm and captivate the heart; these he presented to the king of Lu and nobles, by whom they were joyfully received.

The effects of this policy soon became apparent—the counsels of Confucius were no longer regarded; luxury and voluptuousness resumed their sway; and nothing was seen for some months but feasting, dancing, and shows.

Confucius used every possible means to stem this impetuous torrent, and bring the people back to the sense of their true interests; but, finding every effort vain, he resigned his employment, and sought in other kingdoms minds and dispositions more fit to relish and adopt his maxims.

For this purpose, he travelled through various kingdoms, but met with insuperable obstacles from the unsettled state of public affairs, and the ambition, avarice and voluptuousness that everywhere prevailed.

Finding it impossible to do the good he wished in the courts of kings and princes, he endeavoured to enlighten the minds of the people at large. His fame and his virtues soon procured him a great number of disciples, of whom he sent six hundred into different parts of the empire, for the purpose before mentioned.

Of his numerous followers, seventy-two were distinguished above the rest, for the superiority of their attainments; and ten of these greatly excelled in knowledge of the principles and doctrines of their master.

Confucius taught both by example and precept; for his gravity and sobriety, his religious abstinence, his contempt of riches, his continual attention to, and watchfulness over his actions, and above all, that modesty and humility which are not to be found among the Grecian sages, forcibly corroborated his doctrines, and rendered his preaching effectual.

But notwithstanding the astonishing success that attended his labours, the torrent of vice was too strong to be stemmed by the exertions of one man, however eminent; he is said, therefore, to have passed three years in secret solitude, indulging sorrow for the incorrigible depravity of mankind.

A few days before his last illness, he lamented to his disciples that the empire was overrun with vice and disorder, and that the edifice of perfection which he had laboured to raise was entirely overthrown. "The kings," said he, "reject my maxims, I am no longer useful on the earth, I may as well leave it." Soon after he had uttered these words, he fell into a lethargy, and at the end of seven days expired in his native kingdom, whither he had returned with his disciples, in the 79th year of his age.

Though Confucius found it impossible to induce mankind to obey

his precepts, the whole empire mourned his death; innumerable edifices were erected to his honour, inscribed with such sentences as these:—"To the Great Master;" "To the Head Doctor;" "To the Saint;" "To the Teacher of Emperors and Kings."

Confucius left behind him several works, which are held in the highest esteem and veneration to this day, as containing the most perfect rules of government, yet such was the modesty of this philosopher that he would not claim the merit of their original composition, but confessed that he owed the information and wisdom which they conveyed, to an eminent work called the "FIVE VOLUMES."



## A CANADIAN HARVEST SONG.



BY THE EDITOR.



With cradles shining brightly,  
 With muscles braced so tightly,  
 With hearts that beat so lightly,  
 The reapers go forth early,  
 And brush the dew, so pearly,  
 From spray and grass and grain.

The rising sun advancing,  
 His lustrous beams are glancing,  
 The brooks and streams are dancing,  
 The morning air is balmy,  
 All nature seems so palmy,  
 The birds are gushing song.

The lazy drones are sleeping,  
 While diligence is reaping,  
 Health, riches for safe keeping,  
 When the harvest work is done,  
 When low shines the winter's sun,  
 And the harvest fields are bare.

The men their scythes are swinging,  
The keen blades gently ringing,  
The maids are sweetly singing,  
There is life and stir all round ;  
Now swells out the pleasing sound,  
To breakfast calls the horn.

The orient orb is spurning,  
Scattering the mists, and burning  
The reapers, now returning  
To later morning's labour,  
Where each—vies with his neighbour,  
And cuts, or binds the grain.

Meridian tide ascending,  
Old Sol is downward bending,  
His fiercest heat is sending ;  
And now the reapers swelter,  
And now the time for shelter,  
Hark ! sounds the dinner horn.

The cattle now are housing,  
In shady pastures drowsing,  
Or in the woods are browsing ;  
The sweet, melodious singing,  
Of warbling song birds, ringing,  
Is hushed to twitter song.

The golden sun descending,  
The harvest day is ending,  
Tired labourers now are wending  
To rest and peaceful slumber ;  
May blessings, without number,  
Crown each Canadian home.



## OUR NATIONAL GAME:

*Lacrosse.*

BY A NATIVE.

If any Canadian were now asked, What is the national game of Canada? he would emphatically answer, Lacrosse.

That this game, comparatively unknown until within the past few years, should have become so deservedly popular seems almost a wonder.

If ever any game has been persecuted, abused, or belied by envious rivals, Lacrosse has certainly been that game; and yet, in spite of all the opposition and ridicule it has received from the adherents of older established sports—in spite of its being declared unscientific, and not at all gentlemanly, by those whose notions were rather prudish—this game has, on account of its own intrinsic merits, been adopted by young Canada as the national game of our rising Dominion.

We do not want any lazy game, that requires little or no exertion on the part of those engaged in playing it; and we want no game so scientific that it cannot be participated in or appreciated by the masses of our people; but for our national game we want such a one as we have adopted—one that will teach our youth self-reliance, temperance and sobriety—which will strengthen their muscles, toughen their sinews, and make them every way better fitted to encounter the realities of life.

That this was the original idea of the game, as practised by the Indians, there can be no doubt. Lacrosse was their pastime, their recreation; but it was also their training school for the sterner realities they had to encounter.

If the Olympian games of the Greeks were of service to them in training the youth of their country to feats of manly endurance and skill, so that when the necessity arose for repelling the enemy from their soil, they were found to be equal to the emergency, of how much greater service to the red men was the noble pastime of Lacrosse.

It was not played as a superstitious rite, in honour of or to propitiate any great deity; it embraced none, whatever, of the religious element of the Grecian games, but it was instituted purely as a means of amusement, and as one of the means of quickening and strengthening the body, and of accustoming the young warriors to close combat.

It was emphatically a sport suited to the development of the noble red man; and it is not surprising, as an old writer tells us,

that among some tribes it became "the chief object of their lives."

The great Lacrosse tournaments, held by the Indian tribes, were looked forward to with no little anxiety by the most stoical of warriors. In hundreds they would return from the chase and the war-path to participate in its excitements. Let us for a moment imagine ourselves spectators of one of those grand (for although rude they were unquestionably grand) exhibitions of untutored skill and endurance.

Let us picture to ourselves some grassy glade near an Indian village, shaded on either side by waving forest trees,—at each end are pitched the goals—generally about half a mile apart—seated near the goals are the venerable medicine men of the tribe, whose sagacious noddles are to decide all knotty points of dispute, and whose judgments in all cases are to be considered as final. In the centre of the glade stand the rival captains, generally distinguished by their fleetness and prowess. All is now ready, the rival combatants now advance from either end of the glade, adorned in all the splendour of paint and feathers, and uttering strange whoops and yells, as they near the centre. At a given signal the ball is tossed high in the air, and the game commences in earnest. The players rush *en masse* to catch it; as it descends, the din and confusion, are terrible; very appropriate are the lines of Scott, although he never contemplated the possibility of their being so (mis)applied:

"At once there rose so wild a yell,  
Within that dark and narrow dell,  
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

Now a dusky painted brave, more fortunate than his compeers, has it safely on his crosse, and, as if for dear life, he speeds with it towards the rival goal. He is intercepted, dodges, wheels, turns, and eludes his pursurers until he is so fatigued that he must give it to a friend, or have it taken from him by an enemy.

He choose the former, but in the attempt, he looses it, and now with frantic yells his opponents propel it in a different direction. With varied success the ball speeds hither and thither, like a thing of life. Now one side has it and then the other, until some strapping savage by a lucky shot, succeeds in scoring the game for his side, amidst the acclamations and cheers of his party.

Hour after hour the sport continues, for the match was not, as at present, decided by the best three out of five games; but was composed of from ten to one hundred games, which lasted from two to three days.

The *origin* of Lacrosse like almost everything else connected with the aborigines of this continent, is enshrouded in mystery. There can be little doubt that it did originate with the Indian tribes of America, but by what tribe, or by whom, will always remain a matter for speculation.

Almost all the tribes seem to have played it, however, from the Creeks in Alabama, to the Iroquois of the noble St. Lawrence, and the Lac la Pluie, of the generic Chippewas, to the far west of Lake Superior.

Some have attempted to find a similarity between Lacrosse and the old Irish game of Coman, and argue therefrom that the Indian tribes have an identity of origin with the Irish race.

Possibly the game may have derived its origin from the noble old Irish game above referred to, but we rather think that the subtle minds that first invented the snow-shoe, and the graceful canoe, could also originate a game so thoroughly suited to their requirements, as Lacrosse has proved itself, and we think that the traditional wisdom of the Indian sages was not a whit at fault, when they introduced a game that not only developed the muscular system of its votaries, but also so enthralled their minds, that in some cases it became the object of their lives.

The present game of Lacrosse differs very materially from the old game, as practised by the red man of the forest primeval.

Their game had no fixed or definite rules by which it was governed; each tribe laid down laws of its own, but in all cases it was mind which was made subservient to matter instead of *vis versa*.

The game was first introduced, or rather adopted, by the whites, by the organisation of a club in Montreal, some thirty years ago.

At that time it did not seem to flourish, and the game did not make any progress, until about thirteen years ago, when it began to attract considerable attention.

From the year 1860 may be dated the rise of the game.

Young men then began to see its beauties, and the result was that in Montreal, at least, it became at once the popular game.

In the year 1867 the Montreal club framed the first laws of lacrosse; and shortly afterwards, a convention of clubs was held in Montreal to organize an association for the government of clubs and guidance of the game.

The result of this convention was the formation of the "*National Lacrosse Association of Canada*," which has, through the persevering pluck and energy of its former Secretary Mr. Beers, so popularized the game that the clubs are now to be counted by hundreds.

To Mr. Beers also belongs the honor of first proposing the adoption of Lacrosse, as the Canadian National Game.

A short time before the consolidation of the Provinces Mr. Beers published an article in the *Montreal Daily News* entitled "*Lacrosse—our National Field Game*."

This was reprinted and distributed throughout the whole Dominion, and also copied into many local papers.

A circular, giving minute instructions regarding the game, was also distributed, and the result was the formation of over sixty clubs in various parts of Canada.

On the day when the provinces united to form one great Dominion, the patriotic youth of Canada adopted Lacrosse as the National Game of their native Country.

Since then its growth has been rapid and certain.

The fact that it was *Canadian* broke down many of the prejudices against it; and the effect has been that "it has originated a popular feeling in favor of physical exercise, and has perhaps done more than anything else, to invoke a sentiment of patriotism among the young men of Canada."

Almost every country has its own National Game, and why should Canada be debarred from a privilege which has always proved itself a source of strength to any country adopting it?

England has her cricket; Scotland her curling; Ireland her foot ball; America her base ball; and why should Canada not also Nationalize Lacrosse, and make it so popular, that every school boy will play it?

But says some ancient foggy of the old school, "There is no science in the game, it is all hard work, besides it is injurious to the constitution to exercise one's self so violently!"

Well, my ancient friend, you are a great deal nearer the truth than you possibly imagined yourself to be, when you made the statement.

But running hard after the ball, and such hard work, as you describe, is *not* Lacrosse. You never saw a really good player hurt himself at the game; it is only a novice who does all this hard work and receives nothing for it.

Lacrosse is yet in its infancy; the fine points in the game are only now becoming apparent. But the day will surely come when the public verdict on it, even as a scientific game, will be materially changed.

A few years ago, when the game was first introduced, the leading idea of almost every player seemed to be to start for the goal as soon as he got the ball, and by his own unaided efforts to score the game for his side; but this is changed, it is the action, in concert, of the twelve players, that wins matches; and not the vain attempts of individual players to distinguish themselves.

The sooner that a lacrosse player sinks *self* out of sight and plays so as to promote the interests of his own side, the better for all concerned.

It is just the same as in glorious war; the individual efforts of the soldier, however heroic they may be, must always give way to the systematic movement of men acting in concert.

Lacrosse has so many advantages over other games, that perhaps a few of them would not be out of place.

It is the cheapest of all games. It is conducive to temperance and sobriety, for no young man can belong to a "*first twelve*," or be a "*crack*" player, who does not attend to his way of living, and shun entirely the flowing bowl.

It develops the muscles better than any known game.

The muscular action is confined to no particular part, as in rowing, skating, or foot ball, it exercises equally the legs, arms, and body and at the same time there is excitement enough about it to make it the most fascinating of games.

It develops self-reliance, and awakens the energies of all who would excel in it.

It has a nationalizing influence upon all who come in contact with it and for this reason alone, if for no other, it ought to be encouraged.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
That never to himself hath said  
This is my own my Native Land."

The same love which attaches us to our native country should also bind us to our country's games. As for lacrosse we venture to predict that a bright future is in store for it. Already it has established itself in the mother country, and among our American cousins across the border, it is fast becoming popular. It affords excitement to the onlooker as well as to the player.

The thousands that gather to witness any of our great matches, and the cheers with which they greet any successful exhibition of scientific play, tell very plainly that the game is in some measure appreciated.

Indeed we often think that it is on account of its being such a favorite, and so eagerly patronized by the masses that it has received so much opposition from admirers of other games.

The game is so simple to look at, that any one can learn the general principles in a few minutes, but to excel in its practice, requires the labor of years.

No elaborately levelled park to practice in is needed, almost every village in Canada has places suitable for playing in; and if the game were properly introduced, there is no doubt that in a few years the Lacrosse clubs in Canada would be as numerous as the villages.

In conclusion we would recommend our young men to give it a fair trial and we are confident if they do, they will be, like ourselves, supporters and admirers of, what we trust will always be,—our *National Game*.

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## EASTERN OFFICIAL LIFE.

BY RAMSAWMY SIVAJEE, ESQUIRE.

Reader,—Permit me under the pseudonym, which heads this paper, and which hails from the arid plains of my adopted country, to introduce myself as a member of the East India Uncovenanted Civil Service.\*

My lineal descent can be traced without the slightest difficulty in our family records, which, being few and brief, are compiled on the fly-leaf of a certain large, gilt-lettered, quarto volume, with gilt edges and clasps. A reference to the first entry in the record, will

\* The Civil Service of India consists of two grades,—the *covenanted* and *uncovenanted*. *Covenanted servants* are those who, having passed the examination prescribed by the Civil Service Commissioners, enter into a *covenant* with the Secretary of State for India, for the due performance of their duties, in consideration of the pay, allowances, and pensions guaranteed them by the terms of the covenant. This instrument is the equivalent of a military commission. The duties of these officers are of a high administrative and political character. In the palmy days of the old East India Company, these gentlemen were trained at Haileybury College, from whence they were appointed direct to the several presidencies; but since the introduction of the system of open competition, the successful candidates have been distinguished by the appellation "*Competition Wallahs*."

Uncovenanted servants are a mixed class of all grades, social as well as official, and include University Professors, Judges of the Supreme Courts, assistant Secretaries to Government, superior and subordinate clerks, (European and native), office messengers, (called *Sepoys*.) &c., &c. They are appointed at the will and pleasure either of the Secretaries of State, or of Governors of Presidencies and Provinces, or of Heads of Departments, as the case may be, and no covenant is executed or required between the parties.

show with perfect accuracy and minuteness, the day, hour, minute, and second, on which I made my first appearance in this vale of tears, and also that I am the eldest son of my papa and mamma. Papa was then a Captain in the 2nd Battalion of Mounted Shavers of the Secunderabad Irregular Cavalry Brigade.

It is not without considerable, natural diffidence that I thus delicately allude to my pedigree; and I certainly should have abstained from doing so, were it not for the circumstance that literary etiquette, not only sanctions but demands compliance with a custom which is religiously observed in all the prefatory chapters of the greater novels.

Reader! with this explanation, I do trust we understand each other.

The mixed communities whose destinies are linked with those of our great Indian dependency, may be embraced within two grand divisions, viz., *official* and *non-official*.

1st. The *natives proper* of the country, *i. e.*, Hindoos, Mahomedans, Parsees, &c.

2nd. *Eurasians* (or Indo-Europeans or *half-castes*, *i. e.*, all persons of mixed parentage). These are further classified according to the nationality of the father; hence the distinctive terms, *Indo-Briton*, *Indo-Portuguese*, &c.

3rd. *Anglo-Indians*, *i. e.*, Indian born persons of pure European extraction, their parents being natives of the British Islands.

To the latter class of that great community, I have the honour to belong—hence my proficiency in the vernacular languages of the Madras Presidency. Still, notwithstanding my acknowledged talents as an eastern linguist, I am bound in candour to inform the reader, that in “boyhood’s days” I had the bad, or rather the good fortune, to be a “*stupid*.” This appellation, however, had reference only to *mathematics*, *history*, and the *classics*. In other respects, I flatter myself I was not No. 2 to any young gentleman who had the honor of my acquaintance!

The reader will perceive from the sequel that it is of some importance that I should at once, and for all, make a “clean breast”—a full confession—of the depreciatory quality which characterized my University career. It is, however, equally important that I should trouble him with one or two explanatory remarks in reference to the successful influence which that scholastic trait has exercised in my favor.

In the *first* place, I was “*plucked*” at my first examination for a direct commission. [By the way, I have an innate aversion to the word “*pluck*”—not that the unpretentious monosyllable is inelegant in expression; nor that it is in any way repulsive, especially when used on the day preceeding Christmas; but, that its application to me is significant of a well known term of reproach. Reader, please pardon me if I refrain from being more explicit.]

In the *second* place the governor—I mean, my papa—was sufficiently sensible and considerate not to expect *much* from his “*darling Ramsawmy!*”

In the *third* place, the domestic position which I held in the gov

—in Papa's, domicile was not one which commanded the respect and deference, usually accorded to scions of a genteel—not to say "a county"—family (I always attributed this to the "plucking" business).

In the next and last place, I communicated to my revered papa my anxious wish to retire from the chair which I had hitherto occupied at his table, and to relinquish my claims on his pocket. In short I expressed a humble and dutiful desire to extend the circle of my acquaintance, in the land of my birth—the land of niggers, palm trees, and cocoa nuts; to be up and doing something in the interests of that mighty empire of the east, and to aid in extending its frontiers, in *any capacity*, by *any means*, or by *any mode*, "from pitch and toss to manslaughter" [I learnt this expression at college, but it was of no use whatever to me at that fatal, or rather fortunate examination.\*]

Paternal love, and unbounded solicitude for the welfare of his own "Ramsawmy," were two of the gov—papa's weaknesses. One other weakness of his was a particularly prominent one, viz., his extravagant estimate of the great future of "his own darling boy." Ha! ha! there was something spicy in the sterling ring of that little sentence, which fully atoned for being pluc—I should say, that fully atoned for all the mishaps that attended my unsuccessful "cramming," and "grinding," and "coaching," and all those sarcastic glances, and sinister winks which indicated my approaching downfall at that horrid examination.

Yes! he *did* love "his own darling Ramsawmy," and the result was that he succeeded in procuring for me a comfortable clerkship in the Secretariat of the Madras Government. † It was a consolation to the governor (I think I am now warranted in the free use of this word, especially so when his Excellency Sir Godfrey Bulfinch is also called "the governor" in all oral and written communications. There cannot, therefore, be any possible disrespect in its application to my loving and beloved papa.)

To resume. It *was* a consolation to the governor (*and to me too*), that appointments of that nature did not then, nor do they now, require any special qualifications, beyond a knowledge of Hindoostanee, and of the social etiquette and observances peculiar to the east. The salary of my new post was £240 per annum, with prospective annual increments in that and other grades, up to a maximum of £1440 a year.

As there was no vacancy in the Military Department ‡ of the Madras Secretariat, it follows, of course, that I was not the successor of anybody in that branch of the public service.

\*The phrase is now, I believe, a vulgar one, and quite obsolete in the higher grades of society—*Vide Butcher on "Single-stick Exercise."*

†The Governmental machine of each of the three Presidencies, consists of a series of Departments *e. g.*—the *Military*, the *Civil*, the *Judicial*, the *Ecclesiastical*, the *Marine*, the *Public Works*, the *Political*, and the *Foreign* Departments. Each Department is presided over by a Secretary (*i. e.*, a Secretary of State)—hence the general designation *Secretariat*, as applied to the whole combination of public offices. A similar arrangement prevails in the various subordinate governments of the Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal, the *North Western Provinces*, and the *Punjab*, as well as those of the Chief Commissioners of the *Central Provinces* and *British Burmah*.

‡This Department corresponds with the "War Office" of the Imperial Government.

There is, however, nothing remarkable in *that* circumstance, nor in the fact that the duties of my post *had not been defined* until the day on which I reported my arrival at the Presidency of Fort St. George.\*

My induction to those important duties had the effect of creating a considerable fuss amongst the copyists and other subordinate "writers" of the Department, all of whom were noble specimens of sublimity, and men of venerable aspect, who sat with a ludicrous gravity at their respective desks, in full official regalia of spectacles, capacious turbans, and long white linen coats, and each of whom was armed with a steel pen and formidable holder, exhibiting a diversity of colour and design at once awe-inspiring and mysterious. †

The gentleman, who was charged with "coaching me up," in the duties of my office, was a young swell—a veritable beau of the period—of, say, two and twenty, who swaggered about with an unmistakably pretentious air, as being a "card" of no base or minor quality. What *his* particular duties were, I could not discover, for at least a fortnight. Indeed, during the first week of my noviciate, I observed that his time was chiefly occupied in the composition of serio-comic poetry—programmes of projected pic-nics—copying out his parts in a couple of farces in which he was cast, and which were intended to be "produced" at a private theatrical party, of which he was the "head and centre." ‡

My swell guide produced two manuscript volumes which he laid before me, and which he called "*The Index*" to the Military General Orders of the Madras Government. The first volume was devoted to orders of a general nature—the second, to those relating to individuals. Each volume was already arranged in alphabetical sequence, so that the path being thus prepared for me, I had only to "go in and win." (This was *his* observation.)

It would weary the reader to describe in detail all the ramifications of a Department in which the military government of the country is carried on; suffice it to say, that the very limited outline of work which I have just described, is of a purely mechanical and rudimentary character, as serving to test the capacity and intelligence of young gentlemen at the commencement of their official career.

The administrative duties which are entrusted to gentlemen of known ability and long experience, are most onerous and intricate, embracing, as they do, a vast and almost endless variety of subjects, not only professional but scientific. These can only be mastered by means of a thorough knowledge of the requirements of an army whose very existence in India depends on the precision by which

\* This is the official designation of the Presidency of Madras. The public services of all officers in Government employ, commence to reckon from the date on which their arrival is thus reported.

† These officials are styled "*English writers*," in contradistinction to those native clerks, who can write only in the vernacular language of their country. The superiority of the former over the latter is thus an accepted fact in native society; but both classes are recognized as *gentlemen* in their respective circles. Europeans are not employed as *copyists* in any Government office, the functions being considered *infra dig.*

‡ *Fenton* readers (if any), will, I trust, accept this dis-jointed attempt in a generous and becoming spirit.



it is governed, and by the accuracy of foresight which provides for all contingencies, and prepares for anticipated action.

The preliminary arrangements immediately prior to the outburst of the campaign in Abyssinia, furnish a notable example of the promptness with which army operations are projected in the military bureaux of our Indian Empire. In that instance, the exact number and description of troops to be employed—their equipment—material of war—commissariat, medical, and transport arrangements, were all determined *long before the Indian Journals were aware of the fact that Theodore was to be attacked at all!*

I must apologize to the reader for this digression, and shall now resume the thread of my little narrative.

I gradually ascended from the position of junior assistant, and have now reached the third step from the top of the ladder; and *there* I must (I fear) remain for an indefinite period, not through any fault of mine; but in consequence of the wilful stupidity of my two seniors, who have deliberately determined to *live and not to die!* The manifest inconvenience of this dogged persistency on their part to “stick on” and neither retire nor condescend to “shuffle off this mortal coil” must of course, (as the novelists say) be painfully apparent to the meanest capacity, and to no capacity more than to that of Mr. Ramsawmy Sivajee. However, it is rather consoling to know that “*the one year more*” will assuredly cook their goose.\*

That word *will* crop up! I have no objection to the fowl when “served up” but it is (*to me*) indissolably connected with that abominable word *plu*—there! that’s enough of that.

During the first year of my *griffinage*† I was agreeably impressed with the domestic arrangements of our bungalow, which was a snug, pretty little building, just large enough to accommodate three bachelors. It was a perfect model of the old-fashioned glebe house, with a spacious verandah all round,—a handsome lawn in front,—and enclosed in a compound‡ containing about three acres, well wooded and shaded. *There was a roof on the house!*

Reader! I am by no means apprehensive that you will commit yourself to any expression of boisterous merriment at the simple fact just recorded; but, keeping in view the interesting particulars which will be detailed in my next chapter, it would be just as well, to remember that there *was* a roof on the Indian edifice which afforded hospitality and shelter to the once luckless, helpless, friendless SIVAJEE.

\* The phrase “*the one year more*,” has become a proverb in India. It has reference to those old antiquated gentlemen who remain at their posts without intermission or relaxation in the way of furlough, in the hope that by thus “sticking to the ship,” they will be enabled to quit India the sooner, and for ever, on the pensions so well and so nobly earned; but *the one year more* is that fatal year which cannot be foreseen nor measured by statistical hypotheses; and so the wary calculator, grey in the service, and feeble with age, sinks paralysed and enervated and—*dies in harness!* “Another victim of the *one year more*.”

† In our younger colonies the presence of a stranger at “the diggings” used to be at once detected by the older “hands” owing to the *gaucherie*, which marked his efforts in the art of “digging for gold;” and he was thereupon dubbed as “*another new chum*.” In a similar, but less vulgar style, the novice on Indian soil is distinguished from his more experienced brethren by the term “*Griffin*.” This sobriquet attaches to the individual until he becomes habituated to the customs of the country.

‡ The plot of ground; in the centre of which the house (or bungalow, as it is called), stands.