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THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1872.

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HANNAH.

J. Nobel.

BY MRS. CRAIK (MISS MULLOCK), Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

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CHAPTER XII.

As we walk along, staggering under some heavy burthen, or bleeding with some unseen wound, how often do the small perplexities of life catch at us unawares, like briars, and vex us sore. Hannah, as she felt herself borne fast away from Easterham, conscious of a sense-half of relief, and half of bitter loss, was conscious, too, of a ridiculously small thing which had not occurred to her till now, and which she would never have cared for on her own account, but she did on Bernard's. This was—How would Lady Dunsmore manage to receive back in her household, as an equal and familiar friend, her *ci-devant* governess? Not that Miss Thelluson had ever been treated in the way governesses are said to be treated, though it is usually their own fault; but she had, of course, taken her position both with guests and servants, simply as the governess, and never sought to alter it. But this position Rosie's aunt and Mr. River's sister-in-law could no longer suitably hold. As the cab drove up to the old family mansion in Mayfair which she knew so well, Hannah felt a sense of uncomfortableness for which she was almost angry with herself.

But it was needless. Lady Dunsmore had that true nobility which, discovering the same in others, recognises it at once, and acts accordingly. The slight difficulty which an inferior woman would have bungled over, she, with her gracious, graceful frankness, solved at once.

"You will establish Miss Thelluson and her niece in the blue rooms," said she to the housekeeper, who seeing who the arrival was, came forward with a pleased but patronizing air. "And see that everything is made comfortable for the child and nurse, and that my

friend here shall feel as much at home as if she were in her own house."

"Certainly, my lady, and the wise old woman slipped quietly behind her back the hand she was extending to Miss Thelluson, till Miss Thelluson took and shook it cordially, then curtseying, Mrs. Rhodes followed her respectfully to the blue rooms, which, as everybody knew, being in communication with the countess's, were never assigned but to her favorite guests.

Thus, domestically, the critical point was settled at once. Socially, too, with equal decision.

"My friend, Miss Thelluson," said Lady Dunsmore, introducing her at once to two ladies, aunts of Lord Dunsmore, who were in the drawing-room, and whom Hannah knew well enough, as they met, by sight. "We are so glad to have her back among us, with her little niece. She will be such a welcome visitor, and my little girls will perfectly spoil the child, if only for her sake; they were so fond of Miss Thelluson."

And when, to prove this, Lady Blanche and Lady Mary came in leading little Rosie between them, and clung lovingly round their old governess's neck, Hannah felt perfectly happy—ay, even though Bernard was far away; and the remembrance of him striding forlornly to his deserted home, came across her like a painful, reproachful vision. And yet it was not unnatural. The transition from perplexity to peace, from suspicion to tender respect, from indifference or coldness to warm, welcoming love, was very sweet. Not until the strain was taken off her, did Hannah feel how terrible it had been.

When Lady Dunsmore, as if to prove decisively the future relation in which they were to stand, came into her room before dinner, and sitting down in her white dressing gown before the hearth—where aunt and niece were arranging together a beautiful Noah's ark—put her hand on Miss Thelluson's shoulder, saying, "My dear, I hope you will make yourself quite happy with us,"—Hannah very nearly broke down.

The countess stooped and began caressing the child, making solemn inquiries of her as to Noah and Mrs. Noah, their sons and sons' wives, and arranging them in a dignified procession across the rug.

"What a happy-looking little woman she is—this Rosie! And I hope her auntie is happy too? As happy as she expected to be?"

Hannah's self-control was sorely tested. This year past she had lived in an atmosphere of mingled bliss and torment, of passionate love and equally passionate coldness: been exposed to alternations of calm civility and rudeness almost approaching unkindness: but it was long since any one—any woman—had spoken to her in that frank, affectionate tone. She felt that Lady Dunsmore understood her; and when two good women do this, they have a key to one another's hearts, such as no man, be he ever so dear, can quite get hold of.

As Hannah laid her cheek against the pretty soft hand—none the less soft that its grasp was firm, and none the less pretty that it sparkled with diamonds—the tears came stealing down, and with them was near stealing out that secret which all the taunts in the world would never have forced from her.

But it must not be. It would compromise not herself alone. She

knew well—she had long made up her mind to the fact—that unless Bernard and she could be legally married, the relations between them must be kept strictly between their two selves. The world might guess as it chose—accuse as it chose, but not one confirmatory word must it get out of either of them. Out of her, certainly, it never should.

Therefore, she looked steadily up into her friend's face. "Yes; my little girl makes me very happy. You were right in once saying that a woman is only half a woman till she has a child. Of her own, you meant; but it is true even if not her own. I have found it to be so. I have almost forgotten I am not Rosie's real mother."

And then, aware of a keen inquisitiveness in Lady Dunsmore's look, Hannah blushed violently.

The countess dropped down again beside Noah's ark, and occupied herself, to Rosie's intense delight, in making a bridge over which all the animals could pass out, till the child and her new playfellow became the best of friends.

"Rosie is not much like her father, I think; and yet she has a look of him—his bright merry look, such as he had before his trouble came. Is he getting over it at all? It is now a good while since your poor sister died.

"Rosie's age tells it—nearly three years."

"That is a long time for a man to mourn now-a-days. But—" checking herself, "I always thought Mr. Rivers very faithful-hearted, constant in his friendships, and therefore in his loves; and knowing how forlorn a man is who has once been married, I, for one, should not blame him if he made a second choice."

Hannah was silent; then seeing Lady Dunsmore paused for some acquiescence, she gave it in one or two meaningless words.

"And meantime, I conclude, you remain at Easterham. Your brother-in-law evidently appreciates your society and the blessing you are to his little girl. He said as much to me. He told me he did not know what Rosie would have done without you, and that you and she are never to be parted. Is it so?"

He has promised me that I shall have her always."

"Even in case of his second marriage? But I beg your pardon, I really have no right to be curious about Mr. River's domestic arrangements—I know him too slightly; but yet I cannot help taking an interest in him, for his own sake as well as for yours."

She pressed the hand she held, but asked no further questions—made no attempt whatever to find out what Hannah did not choose to tell. That noble confidence which exists among women oftener than they are given credit for, when each knows quite well the other's secret, but never betrays either to her friend or a stranger the silent, mutual trust—was henceforward established between the two. The moment Lady Dunsmore had closed the door, after talking a good while of Dunsmore topics, of her daughters, her husband, and a journey she wanted to take, only was hindered by Lord Dunsmore's determination to wait and vote for a bill that he greatly desired to see pass the House of Lords—"the Bill concerning deceased wife's sisters, in which you know he was always so interested"—Hannah felt certain that this sharp-witted little lady guessed her whole posi-

tion as well as if she had told it. Also that she would keep the discovery herself, and aid in defending it from the outside world, as sacredly as if she had been pledged to inviolable secrecy, and bound by the honor of all the Dacres and Dunsdales.

With a sense of self-respect, and self-contentedness, greater than she had known for some time, Hannah dressed for dinner. Carefully too; for Bernard's sake;—since if the Countess guessed anything, she would have liked her to feel that it was not so unnatural, Bernard's loving her. On his account she was glad to be held an honored guest; glad to be met cordially, and talked to with courteous attention at dinner-time by a man like the Earl of Dunsdale. Who, though rumour said his wife had made him all that he was—had roused him from the *dolce far niente* life of an idle young nobleman into a hard working man, was a person who in any rank of life would have been useful and esteemed. And he spoke of Bernard—whom he said he had met several times when in London—with warm regard.

This was sweet to her; and equally sweet was the unconscious contrast of coming back to her old haunts under new conditions and circumstances. Often, during some pause of silence, she secretly counted up her blessings—how rich she was who had once been so poor. And when, at dessert, there stole in, hand-in-hand with little Lady Isabel, who had grown from a baby into a big girl since Miss Thelluson left, a certain white fairy in blue ribbons, who, looking round the dazzling room with a pretty bewilderedness, caught sight of one known face, and ran and hid her own lovingly in Tannie's lap,—Tannie's heart leaped with joy. The child—her own child!—nothing and nobody could take that treasure from her. She and Bernard might never be married; weary of long waiting, he might give up loving her, and marry some one else; but he was a man of honor—he would always leave her the child.

“Rosa does you the greatest credit,” said Lord Dunsdale, smiling at the little woman, and trying to win her—but vainly—from Tannie's arms. “She is a charming child.”

Hannah laughed. “Then you will endorse the proverb about old maids' children?” said she.

Was it because he looked at her, or because of her own conscious heart, that one of those horrible sudden blushes came, and with it the sense of hypocrisy—of always bearing about with her a secret, which sinless as she felt it was, everybody might not consider so. For even, this night, though the dinner circle was small—Lord Dunsdale's known advocacy of the Bill, caused it to be discussed on all sides—argued *pro* and *con* by friends and enemies, in a way that neither host nor hostess could repress without attracting attention. At length, perhaps out of wise kindness, they ceased trying to repress it, and Hannah heard the whole question of whether a man might or might not marry his deceased wife's sister argued out logically and theologically, as she had never heard it before, together with all the legal chances for and against the Bill. She could not shut her ears—she dared not; for what to all these others was a mere question of social or political opinion, was to her a matter of life and death. So she sat quiet, keeping, by a strong effort, her countenance as still as a stone,

and her voice, when she had to speak, just like that of any other dinner-table guest, who joined placidly, or carelessly, or combatively, in the conversation that was going on. It was best so; best to buckle on at once the armour that, in all probability, she would have to wear through life.

Lord Dunsmore seemed hopeful of his cause. He had entered into it, unlike many others, from purely impersonal motives—from a simple sense of right and justice; and he had a strong faith, he said, that the right would conquer at last.

“Not,” he added laughing, “that I want to compel every man to marry his deceased wife’s sister, as some people seem to think I do; I am sure I have not the slightest wish ever to marry mine! But I consider all restrictions upon marriage made by neither God nor nature, a mistake and a wrong. And any law which creates a false and unnatural position between man and woman is an equal wrong. Let there be no shams. Let a man have his natural mother, sister, wife, but no anomalous relationships which pretending to all, are in reality none of the three.”

“And,” said Lady Dunsmore, mischievously, “such is the nature of man, that when all these pretty pretences were broken down, and a man must either marry a lady or have nothing to say to her, I believe he would choose the latter course. You are such contradictory creatures, you men, that I suspect as soon as all of you might marry your wives’ sisters, you would none of you desire to do it! But, come, we ladies have had enough of the Marriages Bill, though everybody must put up with it in this house; for when my husband gets a hobby he rides it to death. I ride with him, too, on this one,” she added, as stepping aside to let her matron guests pass into the drawing-room, she quietly, and without any apparent intention, took hold of Miss Thelluson’s hand. There was something in the warm, firm clasp, so sympathetic, that for very gratitude Hannah could have wept.

The subject ended with the closing of the dining-room door; no one suspecting for a moment that one guest present had a vital interest therein. The ladies gathered round the fire, and the countess, who was as popular and agreeable with her own sex as she was with gentlemen, began talking gaily of other things. And so Hannah’s ordeal, from which no one could save her, from which it would have been dangerous to attempt to save her, passed by for the time being.

It was a very happy evening; not exactly a family evening—the public life the Dunsmores led precluded that—but with a great deal of familiness about it; more than Hannah had ever imagined could be, in the days when she sat aloof in her attic parlour, and spent her lonely evenings, empty of love, and feeling that love would never revisit her more. Now, when she saw Lord Dunsmore speak caressingly to his wife, and watched one young couple slip away into the inner parlour—Lady Dunsmore had a proverbial faculty of allowing young people to fall in love at her house; not make a marriage, but really fall in love—Hannah remembered, with a strange leap of the heart, that her love-days, too, were to come—not past.

Yes, she had been loved—she was loved—even like these. She had felt once—just once—Bernard’s arms close around her, and his

kiss upon her mouth ; and when, solemnly and tenderly rather than passionately, she thought of this—in the very house and among the very people where she had once been so lonely, yet not unblest or discontented in her loneliness—it seemed as if she could never be lonely any more.

When she quitted the drawing-room—coming out of the glitter and the show, yet not unreal or painful show ; for there was heart-warmth beneath it all—and went back into her own room, Hannah was happy too.

For there, from a crib in the corner, came the soft breathing of “auntie’s darling,” who always slept beside her now. She had taken her during some slight illness of Grace’s, and could not again relinquish the fond charge. It gave her such a sense of rest, and peace, and content—the mere consciousness of little Rosie asleep beside her—it seemed to drive away all the evil angels that sometimes haunted her, the regrets and despondencies over a lot that such a little more would have made quite perfect ; and yet that little could not be. Regrets, all the sharper that they were not altogether for herself. For she had Rosie ; and she was secretly, almost contritely, aware that Rosie was almost enough to make her happy. Not so with Bernard. As she sat over her pleasant fire, she could have blamed herself for that peace of heart in which he could not share.

He had begged her to write to him regularly, and she had agreed ; for she saw no reason why both should not take every comfort that fate allowed them. Yet when she sat down she knew not what to say. How was she to write to him—as her brother, her friend, her betrothed ? He was all there, and yet neither ; and he might never be anything else.

She dropped her pen, and fell into deep thought. Putting herself entirely aside, was it right to allow Bernard, a young man in the prime of his days, to bind himself by an uncertain bond, which debarred him from the natural joys of life, and exposed him to the continual torment of hope deferred, which to a woman would be hard enough, but to a man was all but unendurable.

Now that she was away from Easterham—escaped from the nightmare-like influence of the life, half bliss, half torture, which she had led there—she tried to feel in this new place like a new person, and to judge her own position calmly, as if it had been that of some one else. She thought over, deliberately, every word she had heard from Lord Dunsmore and others that night, and tried to count what reasonable chances there were of the only thing which could ever make her Bernard’s wife—the passing of the Bill they had talked about. Vain speculation—as hundreds in this land know only too well. The result was, that instead of the letter she had meant to write, she sat down and wrote another. Such an one as many a woman has written, too, with with bleeding heart and streaming eyes, though the words may have been calm and cold. She implored him for his own sake to consider whether he could not conquer his ill-fated love for herself, and find among the many charming girls he was always meeting, some one whom he could love and marry, and be happy.

“I only want you to be happy,” she wrote. “I shall never blame you—never tell any human being you once cared for me. And you

will think of me tenderly still—as you do of my sister Rosa. And you will leave me Rosa's child?"

Then she planned, in her clear, common-sense way, how this was to be managed; how he was to pay her a yearly sum—she would refuse nothing—for the maintenance of her niece, whom she would herself educate, perhaps abroad, which would make an ostensible reason for the separation.

"She will comfort me for all I lose, more than you think. She will be a bit of her mother and of you, always beside me; and your letting me take care of her will be almost equivalent to your taking care of me, as you wanted to do, but my hard fate would not allow it."

And then all she was resigning rushed back upon Hannah's mind; the sweetness of being loved, the tenfold sweetness of loving.

"Oh, my Bernard, my Bernard!" she sobbed, and thought if she could once again, for only one minute, have her arms round his neck, and her head on his shoulder, the giving him up would be less hard. And she wondered how she could have been so thoughtlessly happy an hour ago, when things were in exactly the same position as now, only she saw them in a different light. Hers was one of those bitter destinies, in which the aspect of circumstances, often even of duties, changed every hour.

Still, re-reading her letter, she felt it must go, just as it was. It was right he should know her exact mind, and be set free to act as was best for himself. She finished and sealed it; but she wept over it very much, so much that her child heard her.

A little white ghost with rosy cheeks peeped over the crib-side, and stared, half-frightened, round the unfamiliar room.

"Rosie wake up! Tannie tying? Then Rosie ty too." Then came a little wail—"Tannie take her, in Tannie own arms!"

No resisting that. All love-anguish, love-yearning, fled far away; and Hannah half forgot Bernard in her innocent passion for Bernard's child.

The letter went, but it brought no answer back. At first Hannah scarcely expected one. He would naturally take time to consider his decision, and she had put it to him as an absolute decision, proposing that, after this event, neither she nor Rosie should go back to Easterham. If he was to be free, the sooner he was free the better. Suspense was sore, as she knew.

A letter of his had crossed hers, written at the very hour she wrote, but in oh! such a different tone,—a real love-letter, out of the deepest heart of an impulsive man, to whom nothing seems impossible. How hard, how cruel must hers have seemed! Still, she was glad she had written it. More and more, the misery of a woman who feels that her love is not a blessing, but a misfortune, to her lover, forced itself upon Hannah's mind. Through all the present pleasantness of her life, her long idle mornings with her darling, her afternoons with Lady Dunsmore, shopping, visiting, or enjoying that charming companionship which was fast growing into the deliberate friendship of middle age, often firmer than that of youth,—through all this came the remembrance of Bernard, not as a joy, as at first, but an actual pain.



For his silence continued: nay, seemed to be intentionally maintained. He forwarded her letters in blank envelopes, without a single word. Was he offended? Had she, in her very love, struck him so hard that he could not forgive the blow?

"I hope your brother-in-law is well," Lady Dunsmore would say, courteously looking away while Hannah opened the daily letter, at first with a trembling anxiety, afterwards with a stolid patience that expected nothing. "We shall be delighted to see him here. And, tell him, he ought to come soon, or his little girl will forget him. Three weeks is a long trial of memory at her age."

"Oh, Rosie will not forget papa. And he is busy—very busy in his parish." For Hannah could not bear he should be thought to neglect his child.

Yet how explain that she could not deliver the message, could not write to him, or ask him to come? His possible coming was the greatest dread she had. Apart from him she could be stern and prudent; but she knew if he stood before her, with his winning looks and ways—his sisters sometimes declared that from babyhood nobody ever could say no to Bernard—all her wisdom would melt away in utter tenderness.

By-and-by, the fear, or the hope—it seemed a strange mixture of both—came true. One day, returning from a drive, leaving Lady Dunsmore behind somewhere, she was told there was a gentleman waiting for her.

"Papa! papa! Dat papa's stick!" shrieked Rosie [in an ecstasy, as her sharp young eyes caught sight of it in the hall.

Hannah's heart stood still; but she must go on, the child dragged her. And Rosie, springing into papa's arms, was a shield to her aunt greater than she knew.

Mr. Rivers kissed his little girl fondly. Then wasting no time in sentiment, the butterfly creature struggled down from him, and offered him a dilapidated toy.

"Rosie's horse broken—papa mend it."

"Papa wishes he could mend it, with a few other broken things!" said Mr. Rivers bitterly, till seeing Rosie's pitiful face, he added, "Never mind, my little woman; papa will try. Go with Grace now, and I will come and see Rosie presently."

And so he shut the door upon nurse and child, in a way that made Hannah see clearly he was determined to speak with her alone. But his first words were haughty and cold.

"I suppose it is scarcely necessary for me to apologize for coming to see my daughter? I had likewise another errand in London—Adeline is here, consulting a doctor. She has been worse of late."

"I am very sorry."

Then he burst out:—"You seem to be sorry for everybody in the world—except me! How could you write me that letter? As if my fate were not bad enough before, but you must go and make it harder."

"I wished to lighten it."

"How? By telling me to go and marry some one else? What sort of creature do you think man must be—more, what sort of creature is he likely to grow to—who loves one woman and marries

another? For I love you. You may not be young, or beautiful, or clever. I sometimes wonder what there is about you that makes me love you. I fight against my love with every argument in my power. But there it is, and it will not be beaten down. I will marry you, Hannah, if I can. If not, I will have as much of you—your help, your companionship, as I can. When are you coming home?"

"Home?"

"I say it is home: it must be. Where else should you go to? I cannot be parted from my daughter. Rosie cannot be parted from you. For Rosie's sake, my house must be your home."

"What shall I do?" said Hannah, wringing her hands. "What shall I do?"

She thought she had made her meaning plain enough: but here was the work all to do over again. If she had ever doubted Bernard's loving her, she had no doubt of it now. It was one of those mysterious attractions, quite independent of external charms, and deepened by every influence that daily intimacy can exercise. She fully believed him when he said, as he kept saying over and over again, that if he did not marry her he would never marry any other woman. And was she to bid him go away and never see her more? This when their love was no unholy love, when it trenched upon no natural rights, when no living soul could be harmed by it, and many benefitted, as well as they themselves?

Hannah could not do it. All her resolutions melted into air, and she let him see that 't was so. Anyhow, he saw his power, and used it. With a hungry heart he clasped and kissed her.

"Now we are friends again. I have been hating you for days, but I'll forgive you now. You will not write any more such letters? We will try not to quarrel again."

"Quarrel! O Bernard!" and then she made him let her go, insisting that they must be friends, and only friends, just now.

"Perhaps you are right. I beg your pardon. Only let me hold your hand."

And so they sat together, silent, for ever so long, till both had recovered from their agitation. Hannah made him tell her about Adeline, who was fast declining, nobody quite saw why; but they thought some London doctor might find out. And Adeline herself was eager to come.

"Chiefly, I think, because you are here. She wants you, she says. She will not have any of her own sisters to nurse her; to Bertha especially she has taken a violent dislike, only we don't mind the fancies of an invalid. I brought Adeline up to town myself. Her husband had some business to attend to; but he comes up with Bertha to-morrow.

"He should have come with his wife to-day," and then Hannah stopped herself. Of what use was it to open the family eyes to an impossible and, therefore imaginary wrong? What good would it do? probably much harm. Yet her heart ached for unfortunate Adeline.

She suggested going at once to see her, for Bernard had left her close at hand, in one of those dreary lodgings, which seem chiefly occupied by invalids, the most of London fashionable physicians living

in streets hard by. Their patients come to be near them, settling down for a few weeks in those sad rooms to recover or to die, as fate might choose.

"Yes, do let me go," repeated Hannah. "Shall I fetch Rosie to play with papa while I leave a message for Lady Dunsmore?"

When she came back with the child in her arms Bernard told her she looked quite her old self again. So did he. And she was glad to throw the shield of their former peaceful, simple life over the strong passion that she perceived in him, and felt more and more in herself—the smothered, silent tragedy which might embitter all their coming days.

And yet when she found herself walking with him in the safe loneliness of Regent Street crowds, Hannah was not unhappy. Her long want of him had made him terribly dear. He, too, seemed to snatch at the present moment with a wild avidity.

"Only to be together—together," said he, as he drew her arm through his and kept it there. And the love thus cruelly suppressed seemed to both a thing compared to which all young people's love— young people who can woo and marry like the rest of the world— was pale and colourless. Theirs, resistance had but strengthened, because it was only a struggle against circumstance: unmingled with any conscience-stings, like as of those who fight against some sinful passion. But their passion, though legally forbidden, was morally pure and free from blame.

So they walked on together; content, accepting the joy of the hour, making gay remarks and peeping into shop-windows, in a childish sort of way, till they reached the gloomy house where Bernard's sister lay. Then they forgot themselves and thought only of her.

Adeline was greatly changed. Never very pretty, now she was actually plain. There was a sickly ghastliness about her, a nervous, fretful look, which might be either mental or physical, probably was a combination of both. Not a pleasant wife for a man to come home to; and young Mr. Melville, who was a mere ordinary country squire, without any tastes beyond hunting, shooting, and fishing, was a little to be pitied too. Still men must take their wives, as women their husbands, for better for worse.

"I am very ill, you see, Miss Thelluson," said the invalid, stretching out a weary hand. "It was very kind of Bernard to take all this trouble to bring me up to a London doctor, but I don't think it will do any good."

Hannah uttered some meaningless hope, but faintly, for she saw death in the girl's face. She was only a girl still, and yet in some ways it was the face of an old woman. The smothered pangs of half a lifetime seemed written there.

"I bring good news," said Bernard cheerfully. "I found a letter in the hall saying that Herbert will be here to-morrow, possibly even to-night."

Adeline looked up eagerly.

"To-night! And anybody with him!"

"Bertha, I believe. Her mother insisted she should come."

A miserable fire flashed in the poor sunken eyes.

"She shall not come! I will not have her! I want no sisters;

my mind is nurse enough. Besides, it is all a sham, a wretched sham. Bertha has no notion of nursing anybody!"

"I think you are mistaken, dear," said Bernard soothingly. "Hannah, what do you say? Ought not her sister to be with her?"

Hannah dropped her eyes; and yet she felt the miserable girl was watching her with an eagerness actually painful, as if trying to find out how much she guessed of her dreary secret; which, weak and silly as she was in most things, poor Adeline had evidently kept with a bravery worthy of a better cause.

"I see no use in Bertha's coming," said she again, with a great effort at self-control. "I know her better than Hannah does. She is no companion to an invalid; she hates sickness. She will be always with Herbert, not with me. I heard them planning Rotten Row in the morning, and theatres every night. They are strong, and healthy, and lively, while I——"

The poor young wife burst into tears.

"I will stay beside her," whispered Hannah to Bernard. "Go you away."

After he was gone Adeline burst out hysterically: "Keep her away from me! the sight of her will drive me wild. Keep them all away from me, or I shall betray myself, I know I shall. And then they will all laugh at me, and say it is ridiculous nonsense; as perhaps it is. You see"—clutching Hannah's hand—"she is by law his sister too. He couldn't marry her, not if I were dead twenty times over. Sometimes I wish he could, and then they dared not go on as they do. I could turn her out of the house, like any other strange woman who was stealing my husband's heart from me."

Hannah made no answer; tried to seem as if she did not hear. Incurable griefs are sometimes best let alone; but this of Adeline's, having once burst its bonds, would not be let alone.

"Tell me," she said, grasping Hannah's hand—"you are a good woman—you will tell me true—is it all nonsense my feeling this as I do? How would you feel if you were in my place? And if you were Bertha would you do as she does? Would you try to make your sister's husband fond of you, as he ought not to be of any woman except his wife, and then say 'Oh, it's all right, we're brother and sister?' But is it right? Hannah Thelluson, is it right? Suppose your sister had been living, how would it have been between you and Bernard?"

A startling way of putting the question, far more so than the questioner dreamed of. For a moment, Hannah winced, and then her strong, clear, common sense, as well as her sense of justice, came to the rescue and righted her at once.

"You might as well ask how would it have been between me and any other woman's husband in whose house I happened to stay. Of course he would have been nothing to me—nothing whatever. I am not married," she added, smiling, "and I cannot quite judge of married people's feelings. But I think if I ever loved a man well enough to be his wife, I should not be a jealous wife at all. Sister or friend might come about the house as much as he chose. I could trust him, for I could trust myself. I would be so much to him that he would never care for anybody but me. That is, while living. When I was

dead"—there Hannah paused, and tried solemnly to put herself in the place of a dead wife—of Bernard's dead wife viewing him tenderly from the celestial sphere—"if the same love for my sister or my friend, which would be degradation in my lifetime, could be his blessing afterwards, let him take it, and be blessed!"

Adeline looked astounded. But the hidden sore had been opened, the cleansing, healing touch had been applied. There was a reasonableness in her expression, as she replied—

"That is altogether a new notion of love. You might not feel so if you were married, or if you were really fond of anybody. Now I was very fond of Herbert even when I knew he liked Bertha. But when he liked me, and married me—seeing that it made him safe never to marry my sister—I thought I could not possibly be jealous again. No more I am, in one sense. They will never do anything wrong. But there's a great deal short of doing wrong that breaks a wife's heart; and they have broken mine—they have broken mine."

Again rose up the feeble wail of the weak affectionate soul, who yet had not the power to win or command affection. From sheer pity, Hannah forbore to blame.

"Why not speak to them plainly?" suggested she at last. "Why not tell them they are making you unhappy?"

"And be laughed at for my pains, as a sickly, jealous-minded fool! Because he can't ever marry her—the law forbids that, you know. After I am dead he must choose somebody else, and she too, and nobody will blame them for anything; and yet they have killed me."

"Hush—hush!" said Hannah; "that is not true—not right. You yourself allowed they meant no harm, and will never do anything wrong."

"What is wrong?" cried poor Adeline piteously. "I want my husband—his company, his care, his love; and I don't get him. He turns to somebody else. And I hate that somebody—even if she is my own sister. And I wish I could drive her out of the house—that I do! or shame her openly, as if she were a strange girl who dared come flirting with my husband. They're wicked women all of them, and they break the heart of us poor wives."

There was a certain bitter truth under Adeline's frenzied fancies; but Hannah had no time to reply to either. For while they were talking, there was a bustle outside. Gay, blooming, excited with her journey, Bertha Rivers burst in, Mr. Melville following her.

"So I am come, Addy dear, though you didn't want me. But you'll be glad of me, I know. Why you're looking quite rosy again; isn't she Herbert?"

Rosy she was; for her cheeks burnt like coals. But the husband, as he carelessly kissed her, never found it out; and Bertha, in her redundant health and exuberant spirits, never noticed the dead silence of her sister's welcome—the sullen way in which she turned her face to the wall, and left them to their chatter and their mirth.

It was the same all the evening; for Hannah, at Adeline's earnest request, had stayed. Mrs. Melville scarcely spoke a word. Their plans were discussed, sometimes including her, sometimes not; but all were talked of freely before her. It never seemed to occur to any one—not even to Bernard—that Adeline was dying. And with that

wonderful self-command which perhaps only the conscious approach of death could have given to so weak a nature, Adeline never betrayed, by look or word, the secret jealousy that at any rate had helped to sap her frail life away.

"Come and see me every day," she whispered when Miss Thelluson wished her good-bye. "I'll try and remember what you said; but please forget everything I said. Let nobody guess at it. I shall not trouble any of them very long."

Hannah walked home, strangely silent and sad, even though she was beside Bernard; and feeling, as one often is forced to feel, that other people's miseries would perhaps be worse to bear than one's own.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

Lady Dunsmore was a shrewd and far-seeing woman. She responded with the utmost civility to all Miss Bertha Rivers's advances and planned no end of gaieties for her and Hannah, from which the Rivers family might plainly see—and she meant them to see—that she desired her friend Miss Thelluson's visit to be made as pleasant as possible.

But fate and Hannah's own will stood in the way. Adeline declined more rapidly than any one had expected; and it soon became evident that she was never likely to quit those dull lodgings on Harlem Street, except to be taken back to Easterham in the one peaceful way;—as however far off they died, it had always been the custom to carry home all the Riverses. Even Adeline herself seemed to understand this.

"I don't want to stir from here—it is too much trouble," she said one day to Hannah, now daily beside her. "But, afterwards, tell them they may take me home. Not to the Grange—that never was home—but to the Moat-House. Let them have me one night in the drawing-room there, before they put me under the daisies. And let Bernard read the service over me. And—you may tell him and them all, that I was not sorry to die—I did not mind it—I felt so tired!"

Nevertheless

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,"

And that breast was for Adeline, not her husband's but Hannah's. Of any one else's nursing she testified such impatience—perhaps feeling instinctively that it was given more out of duty than love—that gradually both Mr. Melville and Bertha let her have her own way. Things ended in Miss Thelluson's spending most of her time, not in the Dunsmore's lively mansion, but in that dull drawing-room, from whence, except to her bed-room, Adeline was never moved.

"Do stay with her as much as you can," entreated Bernard, who ran up for a day to London as often as he could, but who still saw no more than brothers usually see, the mere outside of his sister's life. He knew she was doomed; but then, the doctors had said

Adeline was consumptive, and not likely to live to be old. "And she has had a happy life, married to the good fellow whom she was always fond of. Poor Adeline! And she has grown so much attached to you, Hannah. She says you are such a comfort to her."

"I think I have rather a faculty for comforting sick people: perhaps because doing so comforts me."

But Hannah did not say—where was the use of saying?—that this comfort was to her not unneeded. The uncertainty of her present position; the daily self-suppression it entailed—nay, the daily hypocrisy, or what to her honest nature felt like such,—were so painful, that sometimes when Bernard appeared, she did not know whether she were glad or sorry to see him. But everybody else—even to the Dunsdales—seemed heartily glad. And no one seemed to have the slightest suspicion of any bond between Rosie's aunt and Rosie's father except little Rosie. Sometimes this was to her a relief—sometimes an inexpressible pain.

"Good-bye, and God bless you for all your goodness to my sister," said Bernard one Saturday as he was going back to Easterham. "They will all bless you one of these days," added he tenderly,—all he could say, for he and she were not alone. They seldom were alone now. Opportunities were so difficult to make, and when made, the fear of being broken in upon in their *tete-a-tetes* caused them to feel awkward and uncomfortable—at least Hannah did.

"Good-bye," she responded, with a sad, inward smile at the phrase "one of these days." Did it mean when they should be married? But that day might never come, or come when they were quite elderly people, and hope deferred had drained their hearts dry of all the merest dregs of love. And the picture of the woman who might have been Bernard's wife happy and honoured, accepted by his family, welcomed by his neighbours, reigning joyfully at the House on the Hill, and finally succeeding to the Moat-House, to be there all that a Lady Rivers should be—presented itself bitterly to Hannah's imagination. She had taken from him the chance of all this, and more, and given him in return—what? A poor, weary heart, which, though it was bursting with love, could not utter more than that cold "good-bye."

But when she had said it and returned to Adeline's bedside. Hannah forgot the troubles of life in the solemnity of fast-advancing death.

"It is hard Bernard is obliged to go," the sick girl said pitifully, "He likes to sit with me a little, I can see that. They do not; and therefore I don't want to have them. Besides, I can't have one of them without having both; and I won't have both. Nobody could expect it."

"No," said Hannah, feeling sorrowfully that it was useless to argue against what had grown almost into a monomania, though the poor sick girl had still self-control enough not to betray herself, except in incidental, half-intelligible words like these. Better leave it thus, and let her sorrow die with her—one of the heart-wounds which nobody avenges; one of the thefts for which nobody is punished.

At length, just in the middle of the London season, when, one summer morning, Mayfair lay in the passing lull between the closing

of opera and theatres, and the breaking-up of late balls, a cab thundered up to the Earl of Dunsmore's door. It was Mr. Melville coming to fetch Miss Thelluson to his wife. She was dying.

And then Hannah found out that the young man had some feeling. Full of strength and health himself, he had never really believed in Adeline's illness, still less her approaching death, till now; and it came upon him with a shock indescribable. Overwhelmed with grief, and something not unlike remorse, during the twelve hours she still lingered he never quitted her side. Careless as he had been to his living wife, to a wife really dying he was the tenderest husband in the world. So much so, that she once turned to Hannah with a piteous face—

“Oh, if this could only last! Couldn't you make me well again?”

But she could not be made well again; and—it might not have lasted—this late happiness which gave her peace in dying. Poor Adeline! it was better to die. And when Hannah watched the big fellow, now utterly subdued by the emotion of the hour, insist upon feeding his wife with every mouthful of her last food, as tenderly as if she were a baby,—sit supporting her on the bed, motionless for hours, till his limbs were all cramped and stiff—sadder than ever seemed the blind folly, perhaps begun in a mistake on both sides, which had ended in letting a poor heart first starve for love, and then grow poisoned with a nameless jealousy, until between the hunger and the poison is died.

For Adeline did die: but her death was peaceful, and it was in her husband's arms.

“He is fond of me, after all, you see,” she whispered to Hannah in one of Herbert's momentary absences. “It was very foolish of me to be so jealous of Bertha. Perhaps I should not, had it been a thing I could have spoken about. And don't speak of it now, please. Only if he ever wants to do as his father did, and the law will allow it, tell him he may as well marry Bertha as anybody;—I shall not mind.”

But to Bertha herself, although she kissed her in token of amity and farewell, Adeline said not a word. The secret wound, vainly plastered over, seemed to bleed even though she was dying.

Her end had come so suddenly at last, that no one from Easterham had been sent for, and when Bernard arrived next morning at his accustomed hour, it was to find a shut-up house and his sister “away.” Then, in the shock of his first grief, Hannah found out, as she had never done before, how close, even with all their faults, was the tie which bound him to his own people. It touched her deeply—it made her love him better, and honour him more; and yet it frightened her. For there might come a time when he had to choose, deliberately and decisively, between the love of kindred and the love of her; and she foresaw, now more clearly than ever, how hard the struggle would be.

In the absorption of her close attendance upon Adeline, she had heard little of what was going on in the outside world. Even “the bill”—the constant subject of discussion at Dunsmore House—had faded out of her mind; till such phrases as “read the first time,” “read the second time,” “very satisfactory majority,” and so on, met



her ear. Once they would have been mere meaningless forms of speech, now she listened intently, and tried hard to understand. She did understand so far as to learn that there was every probability this session of the bill's passing the Commons, and being carried up to the House of Lords, where, upon a certain night, a certain number of noblemen, some biassed one way or other by party motives, and a proportion voting quite carelessly, without any strong feeling at all in the matter, would decide her happiness and Bernard's for life.

It was a crisis so hard, a suspense so terrible, that perhaps it was as well this grief came to dull it a little. Not entirely. Even amidst his sorrow for his sister, Hannah could detect a nervous restlessness in Mr. Rivers's every movement; every day, too, he sought eagerly for the newspaper, and often his hands actually trembled as he took it up and turned at once to the parliamentary notices. But he never said one word to Hannah, nor she to him; indeed, this time, they were not alone at all.

Adeline was to be buried at home, and Mr. Melville begged that Hannah would accompany Bertha, and take her place, with his wife's sisters and his own, at the funeral. Lady Rivers, in a note, asked the same; adding a cordial invitation that she should stay at the Moat-House. Hannah looked at Bernard.

"Yes, go," he said; "I wish it. They are very grateful to you for your goodness to her. And I want you," he continued in a low tone, "to try to be one of us—which you may be before very long."

This was all; but Hannah felt forced to obey, even though it cost her the first parting from her child. Only a three-days' parting, however; and Bernard seemed so glad that she should go.

She, too, as she sat with the other three mourners—one in each corner of the silent railway carriage—and watched the soft rain falling on the fields and reddening hedges, under which, here and there, appeared a dot of yellow—an early primrose—she was conscious in her heart of a throb of hope responding to the pulses of the spring; and, once suddenly looking up at Bernard, she fancied he felt it too. It was nature, human nature; and human passion, suppressed but never crushed, waking out of its long sleep, and crying unto God to bless it with a little happiness—even as He blesses the reviving earth with the beauty of the spring.

Miss Thelluson's welcome at the Moat-House, mournful as it was, was kind; for they had all been touched by her kindness to the dead, and sorrow strikes the tenderest chord in every heart. She had never liked Bernard's people so well, or been drawn to them so much, as during that quiet evening when poor Adeline's coffin rested a night under the Moat-House roof; or the day after, when with all the family she followed it to its last resting-place.

It was a curious sensation. To stand as one of them—these Riverses, whom she loved not, at best merely liked—well aware how little they had ever liked her, and how ignorant they were of the tie which bound her to them. Guiltless as she knew herself to be, she was not without a painful feeling of deception, that jarred terribly upon her proud and candid spirit. She scarcely said a word to Bernard, until he whispered, "Do speak to me now and then, or they will think it so strange." But even then her words were formal and

few. She had meant to leave on the third day, for she yearned to be back with her darling; but fate came between. Sir Austin, long an invalid, and almost a nonentity in the family, passed, the night after his daughter's funeral, suddenly and unawares, into the silent dignity of death. When Hannah came down next morning, it was to find the Moat-House plunged once more into that decent, decorous affliction which was all that could be expected of them under the circumstances.

They begged her to stay a little longer, and she stayed. There was a good deal to be done, and the ladies soon found out how well Miss Thelluson could do it. Also, not being a relative, she could see the visitors, and retail to the family the wide-spread sympathy expressed for it at Easterham, and for many miles round. "You are such a comfort to us," they said; and Bernard, whom his father's death seemed to affect more deeply than Hannah had expected, said, in his entreating eyes, "You are such a comfort to me." So, what could she do but stay?

A few days more, and the Rivers' vault was again opened; and Miss Thelluson stood beside it, with all the Rivers' family, except the new Sir Austin, of whom nobody spoke, except the Easterham lawyer, who lamented confidentially to Hannah that Mr. Rivers should be kept out of his title, though it could not be for more than a few years. The hapless elder brother, whose mind grew weaker and weaker every day, though his body was strong enough, might at any time have some fit that would carry him off, and prevent his being an encumbrance longer.

"And then," whispered the lawyer, "Mr. Rivers will be Sir Bernard; and what a fine position he will hold! one of the finest in the county. What a pity he has no heir—only an heiress! But of course he will now marry immediately. Indeed, he owes it to his family."

Hannah listened, as she was now learning to listen—teaching her poor, mobile, conscious face the hardness of marble. Her heart, too, if possible; for these torments, so far from lessening, would increase day by day. How she should ever bear them? She sometimes did not know.

The family had just come out of the study, where the will had been read, and were sitting down to that strange quiet evening known in most households, when, the dead having been taken away and buried out of sight, the living, with an awful sense of relief as well as of loss, try to return to their old ways—eat, drink, and talk as usual. But it was in vain; and after a silent dinner, Bernard went back to the examination of papers in the study. Thence he presently sent a message for help.

"I suppose that means Miss Thelluson," said Bertha with a half laugh, which Lady Rivers gravely extinguished.

"Go, my dear. I daresay your brother-in-law finds you more useful to him than any one else." So Hannah went.

Bernard was sitting—his head in his hands. It was a white, woe-begone face that he lifted up to Hannah.

"Thank you for coming. I thought perhaps you might. I wanted comfort."

Hannah said a few commonplace but gentle words.

"Oh, no, it is not that. I am not sorry my poor old father is away. It was his time to go. And for me, there will be one less to fight against, one less to wound."

He said the latter words half inaudibly—evidently not meaning her to hear, but she did, at least some of them. A wild, bitter answer came to her lips, but this was not the time to utter it. She merely replied by an offer of help, and sat down to fulfil it. He showed her what to do, and they went on working silently together for nearly half an hour.

But the extremes of human emotion are not so far apart as they seem. Keen and real as the young man's grief was, he was a young man still, and when the woman he loved sat beside him, with her sweet grave look, and her calm, still manner, another passion than grief began to stir within him.

"Hannah," he cried, seizing her hand, "are you happy, or miserable—as I am? or, which seems most likely, have you no feeling at all?"

She looked up. It was not a face of stone.

"Put your work away—what does it matter? Talk to me, Hannah. Think how long it is since you and I have had a quiet word together."

"Can I help that?"

"No,—nor I. We are both of us victims—tied and bound victims in the hands of fate. Sometimes I think she will get the better of us, and we shall both perish miserably."

"That is a very melancholy view to take of things," said Hannah, half-smiling. "Let us hope it is not quite true."

"My bright, brave-hearted woman? If I had you always beside me, I should not go down. It is being alone that sinks a man to despair. Still, suspense is very hard."

And then he told her what she had not been before aware of,—that the bill had safely passed the House of Commons; that Lord Dunsmore and other peers, a rather strong party, hoped even in the House of Lords, which had hitherto always thrown it out, to get this year a sufficient majority to carry it through and make it the law of the land.

"And then, Hannah, we can be married—married immediately."

He gasped rather than uttered the words. Passion resisted had conquered him with double force.

"But—your own people?"

"They like you now—appreciate you, even as Lady Dunsmore does." (He did not see, and Hannah had not the heart to suggest, that perhaps it was in consequence of that appreciation.) "Besides, whether or not, they must consent. They cannot go against me. My father has left everything in my hands. I am, to all intents and purposes, the head of the family. It is that which makes me so anxious. Should the bill not pass—But it shall pass!" he cried impetuously, "and then no power on earth shall prevent me from marrying the woman I choose—and that is you!"

"Strange, strange!" murmured Hannah, half to herself, and dropped her conscious face, and felt more like a girl than she had done for many years. For she had no duties to think of; her child was away, there was only her lover beside her. Her lover, wooing

her with a reality of love, a persistent earnestness, that no woman could either question or mistake.

"You are not quite colourless, I see, my white lily. You will not always shrink back when I want to take you to my heart? You will creep in there some day, and make it feel warm again, instead of cold and empty and lonely, as it is now. Hannah, how soon, supposing the bill passes this month, how soon will you let me marry you?"

They were standing together by the fire, and Bernard had just put his arm round her. She turned towards him, she could not help it; it was so sweet to be thus loved. Hand in hand, and eye to eye, they stood for the moment, yielding to present joy and future hope, absorbed in one another, thinking of nothing beyond themselves, seeing and hearing nothing, when the door opened, and Lady Rivers stood right in front of them.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, and started back as if she had trod on a snake.

They started back, too—these guilty-innocent lovers. Instinctively they separated from one another; and then Bernard recovered himself.

Vexatious as the crisis was—though he looked as if he would have cut off his hand rather than have had it happen—still, now that it had happened, he was too much of a man not to meet it—too much of a gentleman not to know how to meet it decorously. He moved back again to Hannah's side and took her hand.

"Well, Lady Rivers, had you anything to say to me?"

"Well, Bernard Rivers, and what have you to say for yourself? And what has this—this young woman—to say for herself, I should like to know?"

"If you mean Miss Thelluson, her answer is as brief as my own must be. It is now many months since she promised to be my wife as soon as our marriage can be lawfully carried out. In the meantime we are friends, close friends; and, as you may have observed, we also consider ourselves engaged lovers. Hannah, do not distress yourself; there is no need.

And in the face of his step-mother he put his protecting arm round her—she was trembling violently—and drew her head on his shoulder.

There are some people whom to master you must take by storm. Hold your own and they will let you have it; perhaps even respect you the more; but show the slightest symptoms of weakness, and they will trample you into the dust. Bernard knew perfectly well with whom he had to deal, and took his measures accordingly.

Lady Rivers—utterly astounded, less perhaps by the fact itself, than by the cool way in which Bernard had taken its discovery, simply stood and stared.

"I never knew anything so dreadful; never in all my life. Excuse my intrusion. The only thing I can do is to leave you immediately."

She turned and quitted the room, shutting the door after her. Then, left alone with him, Hannah sobbed out her bitter humiliation upon Bernard's breast.

He comforted her as well as he could, saying that this must have

happened some day ; perhaps it was as well it should happen now ; and that he did not much care. Still it was evident he did care ; that he was considerably annoyed.

"Of course, it increases our perplexities much ; for our secret is no longer our own. In her wrath and indignation, she will blab it out to the whole community ; unless indeed family pride ties her tongue. But, anyhow, we cannot help ourselves ; we must brave it out. Come with me, Hannah."

"Where ?"

"Into the next room to face them all and tell the exact truth. Otherwise we may be overwhelmed with any quantity of lies. Come, my dear one. You are not afraid ?"

"No." She had had all along a vague doubt that when it came to the point he would be ashamed of her and of his love for her. To find that he was not, gave Hannah such comfort that she felt as if she could have walked barefoot over red-hot plough-shares, like some slandered women of the Middle Ages, if only she might find at the end of her terrible march Bernard's face looking at her as it looked now.

"Yes," she said, "I will come with you at once ; for what is told must be told quickly. I cannot stay another night in this house."

"You must, I fear," answered Bernard, gently. "Where would you go to ? Not to mine ?"

"Oh no, no, I can never go to your house any more."

And the cruel penalties of their position, the chains which bound them on all sides, began to be felt by both in a manner neither had ever felt before. To Hannah it seemed as if she were actually treading between those fiery ploughshares, and she could not have steadied her steps, but for Bernard's supporting hand.

She held to him, literally with the clinging grasp of a child, as they passed across the hall to where in the fine old drawing-room, like a conclave of the Inquisition, the whole family were assembled.

Lady Rivers had evidently been explaining what she had just heard and seen. Astonishment was upon every face, and but for one accidental circumstance, the presence of Herbert Melville, there might have been a stronger feeling yet. But indecorum being the greatest dread, and prudence the greatest characteristic of the Riverses, they were obliged to restrain their wrath within the natural limits of an offended family which has just discovered that one of its members has made a matrimonial engagement without telling them anything about it. Even Lady Rivers, with her widowed son-in-law standing by, was forced more than once to pause and alter her form of speech, dilating more on the wicked secrecy with which Bernard had planned his marriage, than the sort of marriage he was about to make.

When the two culprits walked in, looking agitated enough, but still not exactly like culprits, she stopped—

"Let them speak for themselves, if they have the face to do it," cried she, dropping down in her chair exhausted with vituperation. And then his sisters rushed to Bernard—some angry, some in tears—asking him how he could ever think of doing such a dreadful thing ; with his father not yet cold in his grave—their poor, poor father, who would have shuddered at the thought of such a marriage.

It was a hard strait for a man to be in. That he felt it as acutely as so tender a heart could possibly feel, was plain. He turned deadly pale; but still he never let go of Hannah's hand. She—for a moment she thought of breaking from him and flying out of the house—anywhere—to the world's end—that she might save him from her and her fatal love. Then a wise resolution came—the determination since he had chosen her, to stand by him to the last. By her child, too, for one implied both. Thinking of little Rosie, she was strong again; for no sense of guilt enfeebled her; all she was conscious of was misery—pure misery; and that was at least bearable. She sat down in the chair where Bernard had placed her, still holding him fast by the hand; the only being she had to hold to in the wide world now.

"Sisters," said he at last, speaking very quietly, but as firmly as he could, "what your mother has just found out I intended to have kept back from you till the law made my marriage possible. I knew how you would feel about it—as I felt myself once; but people's minds change."

"So it appears," said Lady Rivers, with a loud sneer. "Especially after living in the same house together—for months and months."

"Especially after living in the same house together—as you say," repeated Bernard, deliberately, though his cheek flamed furiously. "Living in a relation close enough to give us every opportunity of finding out one another's character, and of wishing the tie should be made closer still. I did not love her at first; not for a long time; but once loving her, I love her for ever. What I do—I beg you all to understand—is done not hastily, but deliberately. Long before I ever said a word otherwise than brotherly to Miss Thelluson, or she had any suspicion of what my feelings were, my mind was made up. I shall marry her if I can, believing that both for my own sake and my child's, it is the wisest second marriage I could make—and the most natural."

"Marry her! after living together as brother and sister—or whatever you choose to call it," cried Mrs. Morecomb. "Thomas, dear, did you ever hear of anything so shocking—so improper?"

"The law did not hold it improper," answered Bernard, in extreme irritation. "And as I tell you—at first we had no idea of such a thing. It came upon me unawares. The law should not have placed me in such a position. But it will be broken soon, I trust. And until then you may all rest satisfied; Miss Thelluson will never again enter my house until she enters it as my wife. Then, sisters, whether you like her or not, you must pay her the respect due to a brother's wife, or else I am your brother no longer."

He had taken a high tone—it was wisest; but now he broke down a little. In that familiar home, with the familiar faces round him—two out of them just missing, and for ever—it was hard to go against them all. And when—the gentlemen having prudently slipped out of the room—the women began sobbing and crying, lamenting over the terrible misfortune which had fallen on the family, sighs went very sore against Bernard.

"And supposing the bill you talk of does not pass, and you cannot carry out this most unnatural, most indecent marriage," said Lady

Rivers; "may I ask what you mean to do? To go abroad, and get married there? as I hear some people do; though afterwards, of course, they are never received in society again? Or, since ladies who can do such unlady-like things must have very easy consciences, perhaps Miss Thelluson will excuse your omitting the ceremony altogether."

Bernard sprang up furious. "If you had not been my father's wife, and my father only this day buried, you and I should never have exchanged another word as long as I lived. As it is, Lady Rivers, say one word more—one word against her—and you will find out how a man feels who sees the woman he loves insulted—even by his own relations. Sisters!" he turned to them, almost entreatingly, as if in his natural flesh and blood he might hope to find some sympathy. "Sisters, just hear me."

But they all turned away, including Bertha, whom poor Adeline had judged rightly as a mere coquette; and who evidently was not at all anxious that brothers-in-law, however convenient to flirt with, should be allowed to marry their deceased wives' sisters. She stood aloof, a pattern of propriety, beside the rest; and even made some sharp, ill-natured remark concerning Hannah, which Hannah heard, and lifted up reproachful eyes to the women whom she had been helping and comforting, and feeling affectionately too, all week, but who now held themselves apart from her, as if she had been the wickedest creature living.

"You know that is untrue, Bertha. I was perfectly sincere in every word I uttered; but, as Mr. Rivers says, people's feelings change. I did not care for him in the least then—but I do now. And if he holds fast by me, I will hold fast by him, in spite of you all."

Slowly, even mournfully, she said this; less like a confession of love than a confession of faith—the truth-plight which, being a righteous one, no human being has a right to break. They stood together—these two, terribly and painfully agitated, but still firm in their united strength—stood and faced their enemies.

For enemies, the bitterest any man can have,—those of his own household—undoubtedly Bernard's sisters and their mother now were. It seemed hardly credible that this was the same family who only a few hours ago, had wept together over the same open grave, and comforted one another in the same house of mourning. Now, out of that house, all solemnity, all tenderness, had departed; and it became a house full of rancour, heart-burning, and strife.

Long the battle raged; and it was a very sore one. A family fight always must be. The combatants know so well each other's weak points. They can plant arrows between the joints of the armour, and inflict wounds from behind; wounds which take years to heal—if ever healed at all. Hannah could hardly have believed that any persons really attached to one another, as these were, could have said to one another so many bitter things within so short a time. Such untrue things also, or such startling travesties of truth; such alterations of facts and misinterpretations of motives, that she sometimes stood aghast and wondered if she had not altogether deceived herself as to right and wrong; and whether she were not the erring wretch they

made her out to be. Only her—not him; they loved him; evidently they looked upon him as the innocent victim to her arts—the fly in the spider's web, glad of any generous kindred hand that would come and tear it down, and set him free. Unfortunate Bernard!

He bore it all for a good while—not, perhaps, seeing the whole drift of their arguments—till some chance speech opened his eyes. Then his man's pride rose up at once. He walked across the hearth, and once more took hold of Hannah's hand.

"You may say what you like about me; but if you say one word against her here, you shall repent it all your lives. Now, this must end. I have heard all you have to say, and answered it. Sisters, look here. You may talk as much as you like, seeing you are my sisters, for ten minutes more,"—and he laid his watch on the table, with that curious mixture of authority and good humour which used to make them say Bernard could do anything with anybody. "After that, you must stop. Every man's patience has its limits. I am the head of the house, and can marry whomsoever I choose; and I choose to marry Miss Thelluson, if I have to wait years and years. So, girls, you may as well make up your minds to it. Otherwise, when she is Lady Rivers—as one day she may be—you would find it a little awkward.

He half smiled as he spoke; perhaps he knew them well enough to feel sure that the practical, rather than the sentimental, side was the safest to take them on; perhaps, also, he felt that a smile was better than a furious word or a tear—and both were not far off, for his heart was tender as well as wroth; but the plan answered.

Lady Rivers gave the signal to retire. "For this night, Miss Thelluson, I suppose you will be glad to accept the shelter of our roof; but perhaps you may find it not inconvenient to leave us to-morrow. Until that desirable event, which Bernard seems so sure of, does take place, you will see at once that with my unmarried daughters still under my charge——"

"It will be impossible for you to keep up any acquaintance with me," continued Hannah, calmly. "I quite understand. This good-night will be a permanent good-bye to you all."

Lady Rivers bowed. But she was a prudent woman. It was a perfectly polite bow—as of a lady who was acting not so much of her own volition as from the painful pressure of circumstances.

Hannah rose, and tried to stand without shaking. Her heart was very full. The sense of shame or disgrace was not there;—how could it be, with her conscience clear, and Bernard beside her?—but bitter regret was. She had been with his people so much of late, that sorrow had drawn them closer to her than she had ever believed possible. Likewise, they were his people, and she still tried to believe in the proverb that "blood is thicker than water."

"I have done you no harm—not one of you," she said, almost appealingly. "Nor your brother neither. I only loved him. If we are ever married, I shall devote my life to him; if not, it is I that shall suffer. In any case, my life is sad enough. Do not be hard upon me, you that are all so happy."

And she half extended her hand.

But no one took it. Neither mother nor sisters gave one kind



word to this motherless, sisterless woman, whom they knew perfectly well had done nothing wrong—only something foolish. But the foolishness of this world is sometimes higher than its wisdom.

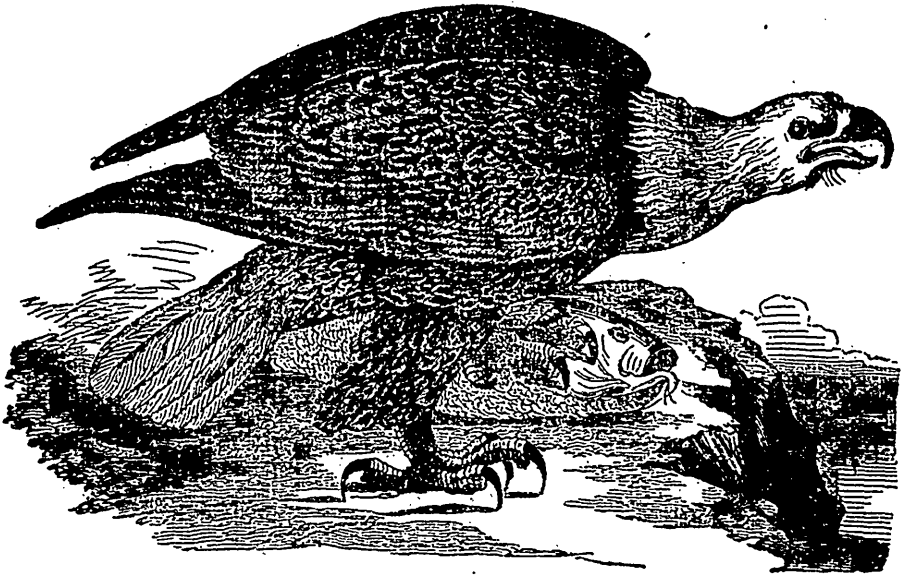
“Good night,” said Bernard; “good night, my dearest. You will find me waiting at the railway at eight o’clock to-morrow morning, to take you direct to Lady Dunsmore’s.”

With a chivalrous tenderness, worthy of his old crusading ancestors—those good knights, pledged to heaven to succour the distressed—he took Hannah by the rejected hand, kissed it before them all, led her to the door, and, closing it upon her, went back to his mother and sisters.

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### LAVENDER.

The lavender was held in high estimation by the Greeks and Romans, for its fragrance and aromatic properties; and it has been esteemed, on the same account, in Britain, and cultivated in gardens for its medicinal virtues from time immemorial. Medicinally, in the form of tincture, spirit or essential oil, it is considered a powerful stimulant to the nervous system, and is, consequently, generally had recourse to in headaches and hysterical affections. The odour resides entirely in the essential oil, which is contained in every part of the plant, but principally in its spikes of flowers and flower-stalks, from which the oil is obtained by distillation. The oil, rectified, and again distilled, and mixed with spirits of wine, forms the well-known lavender water of the perfumers. The flowers, on account of their powerful aromatic odour, are frequently put into wardrobes amongst clothes, as an antidote to moths, particularly in the case of woollen stuffs. A few drops of oil will serve the same purpose. So powerful are the effects of this oil, that if a single drop of it be put into a box along with a living insect, the latter almost instantly dies. The lavender is cultivated in various parts of France; and is so much hardier than the rosemary, that it is grown in quantities for perfumers, even in the neighborhood of Paris. The driest soil, in the warmest situations, produces most oil; and, as the odour of this plant and the rosemary, as in fact all the Labiaceæ, depends on the disengagement of their oil, of course it is most felt in hot days and during sunshine. The lavender has long been cultivated in the neighbourhood of London, and in other parts of England. Park Place, near Henley on Thames, is celebrated for its lavender plantations, which occupy between forty and fifty acres. “The plants are raised from cuttings, which are slipped off and prepared by women in the autumn, and bedded in rows, in any spare piece of garden ground, where they remain for two years. The ground into which they are to be transplanted being prepared by shallow trenchings, or double ploughing, the plants are placed in rows, four feet apart, and at two feet distance in the rows.”



THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.\* [*See Vol. I, p. 366.*]

## SKETCHES OF CANADIAN WILD BIRDS.

BY WILLIAM KELLS, NORTH WALLACE, ONTARIO.

### THE BLACK EAGLE.

This species, though not so bulky in body as the white-headed variety, is sometimes found to exceed that bird in the length of its wings, and in the measurement of its body from the bill to the tip of the tail. It is still more rarely met with than the white, and seems to possess what are called nobler qualities than the white-headed eagle, as it does not prey upon carrion, nor pursue other eagles or hawks in

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\*NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The illustration on this page, of the White-headed Eagle, is from the "BIRDS OF CANADA," a beautiful little book of 132 pages. By Alexander Milton Ross, M.A., M.D.—"The work is simply, as the title page states, a description of the habits, food, nests, eggs, times of arrival and departure of the birds of Canada." But it must not be understood that it describes the migratory only, for the permanent residents are included, as well as such birds as frequent the sea coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. A gentleman, who has travelled over many thousands of miles of seas and oceans, was in our office when the book was laid upon the table; and, as he was looking over the 46 illustrations, which adorn its pages, he noticed the Stormy Petrel among them, which he seemed to think was not a Canadian bird until he found that it regularly visits and breeds upon our coasts. A work of this kind is of great value in a family desirous of an intelligent acquaintance with this most interesting branch of Natural History:

order to obtain their victims, but appears to catch and kill all the creatures, on which it feeds, for itself. Some specimens of this eagle have been shot in the central, rural districts of Ontario, though its favourite haunts seem to be the neighborhood of the ocean. A short time ago, while a party of young men, in the neighbourhood of Salem, were engaged in a shooting excursion, one of the party discovered a large black eagle at which he fired, breaking its wing. After considerable difficulty he managed to capture this monarch among birds, and found it to measure seven feet six inches from tip to tip of the wings. A pair of these eagles was also captured in a rather singular manner, in the township of Bruce, some years ago. While three men were engaged working in the field, they saw, to their surprise, two eagles in the air apparently fighting, and after struggling for some time, the birds alighted on the ground near by, when one of the men made for the scene of the contest, and boldly threw himself upon the feathered combatants, seizing hold of one in each hand. The eagles at once ceased fighting with each other and turned on their captor. One of them took him by the toe of the boot, while the other seized with a firm grip his pants and smock, as he was in a stooping posture. The man thinking this more than good fun, called lustily for help, and one of his companions came speedily to the rescue. While removing the talons of one of the birds from the clothes of the first man, he soon found the claw of the other fastened in his arm. Both eagles, however, were eventually secured and placed in a cage, where peace and harmony were restored between them. They proved to be a male and female; the one measured six feet seven inches; the other, seven feet from tip to tip of the wings.

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### THE OSPREY.

The Osprey usually resides in the neighbourhood of the sea, but it is also met with on the shores of our great lakes, and the large rivers of Canada. It principally breeds on fish, which it snatches with daring address from the surface of the water. The Osprey is often seen hovering high above the waves; all at once it may be seen sweeping downwards, with an arrow-like velocity, and plunging into the water, whence he soon rises, bearing in his claws a large fish, with which he flies off to some distant rock or high tree in the vicinity of the water, where he either devours it at leisure, or carries it to his nest, if he has the good fortune to escape the attacks of the white-headed eagle, to which, as has already been stated, the poor osprey is often exposed. "When the osprey leaves his nest on a fishing excursion, he goes directly to the fishing ground, flying in a straight line, and not very high in the air; when he reaches the water, he rises about three hundred feet into the air, and sails elegantly along, but with a slow motion, at the same time eyeing the face of the deep, in search of his game. Should the eagle succeed in depriving the osprey of his hard earned prey, he, undaunted, returns to his fishing-ground, mounts into the air as before, stops a minute or two, to take a more particular survey of the scene beneath him, looking intently into the water, and balancing himself by flapping his wings, now and then rising or sinking a little, in order to obtain a better view of his object. Having taken

his aim, he descends with great swiftness into the water with a loud rustling sound, whence having again secured his prey, he rises, stops, when a few feet high, to shake the water from his feathers, makes his way direct for the land, and is now, perhaps, permitted to pursue his course unmolested. The osprey will also feed on birds and their eggs, and in the absence of better food, will even devour toads and frogs. This bird generally builds its nest on the ground in some unfrequented place, and lays three or four eggs of a white colour, which are somewhat smaller than those of a hen. The length of the osprey is usually about two feet; the head, neck, and underpart of the body are whitish; the back, wings, and a stripe on each side of the head, are dark-brown; wings, when closed, reach beyond the end of the tail. When the bays and rivers of Canada become frozen, the osprey retires southward; but immediately on the breaking up of the ice, some of them may be seen hovering over the lakes as early as March. This bird is also known by the name of the sea eagle, the bald buzzard, and the fishing hawk.

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## HAWKS.

Passing over several species of the eagles, with which I am but little acquainted, and which cannot be reckoned among our wild birds, we come to the second division of the Falconidae, which includes all the varieties of the hawks, and of which there are several to be found in Canada. Hawks may be regarded as lesser eagles, so much do their habits resemble those of the larger falcons with which they are classed. It may also be noticed that among all birds of prey the female is the largest, presenting in this respect a remarkable contrast to the other portions of the animal kingdom.

### THE KITE HAWK.

The Kite or Chicken Hawk is the largest and most common variety of the hawk species to be found in Canada. This bird is about two feet in length, the color is rusty brown above, with blackish spots mingled with greyish or ash color beneath, matted with black. Its sight is keen and sense of hearing good; its beak is much hooked, the cere of which is yellow, and the feet are armed with strong sharp claws. The Kite Hawk feeds on mice, frogs, insects, fish, eggs, young fowl and other birds. In the backwood places it often takes the liberty of stealing a chicken or pigeon from the barn-yard. The watchful hen is usually unconscious of the danger which threatens her brood until aroused by the screams of her chicken in the claws of this cruel marauder. This hawk frequents daily the same line of country, soaring along for miles in quest of food, or sitting for hours on some elevation watching for prey like a cat. Having marked its victim, it darts forward without moving its wings, seizes it in its claws, and bears it off to the woods, where it tears it in pieces and devours it at its leisure, or carries it to its young, except when the victor is large then it eats what it requires at the time, and if not disturbed, returns again until the whole is devoured. During the summer several of these birds may be seen at the same time, like

kites floating in the air, without moving their wings and apparently without any object, save that of pleasure. From these elevated regions they, perhaps, like the kite in the fable, look down with proud disdain on the various orders of animated existence below. They are often attacked in these aerial evolutions by the carrion crows, which, fearing lest the hawk should in their absence discover and descend upon their nests, pursue them and begin a contest which often lasts for hours. The crows sometimes succeed in driving the hawks downward when they are attacked by various other birds and forced to take refuge in the woods. The Kite Hawk builds its nest in the fork or among the thick branches of large high trees. The nest is made of dry sticks, and lined with leaves and moss; in this three or four eggs are deposited; they do not appear to hatch more than once in the season. When the young hawks emerge from the shell they are covered with soft white down, but they assume the adult plumage before they leave the nest. If attacked before they are able to fly they throw themselves upon their backs and present their claws to the assailant, uttering notes of defiance. This hawk is very affectionate to its young, and when the latter begin to shew signs of leaving the nest they become jealous and watchful, and announce their fears by a loud whistling noise. Although the Kite Hawk is in general a migratory bird, yet some of them are frequently seen in the woody districts during the winter season. This hawk devours its victims hair and all, and afterwards ejects the hair, feathers and bones from the mouth in the form of oblong balls. White Hawks are sometimes seen, which in size and shape resemble the Kite Hawk; they are very watchful and keen of sight and hearing, and pretty good sportsmen have attempted to shoot them in vain. They are probably albinos of the Kite Hawk variety.

#### THE PIGEON HAWK.

This hawk is one of the swiftest birds that flies in the air, and has been seen to pursue and capture the wild pigeon by his superior speed of flight. Its ferocity and boldness are equal to its speed, and when it strikes a bird, the victim is almost instantly killed by the blow, being frequently torn through the whole length of the body at one stroke. This hawk is also noted for the peculiar manner in which it pursues its prey, by flying in a straight line after the game, instead of trying to get above it, and then swooping down upon its victim. It frequently, however, takes its prey by surprise. Taking a commanding position on the topmost branch of some high, dead tree, from whence it has a fine view of the surrounding farms, it casts its eyes eagerly around, as if deliberating on the choice of its victim. It may be a robin, pouring forth his pleasant melody on the morning breeze, or a bluejay, herself in search of plunder, and mocking the distressed notes of some little bird whose nest she is endeavoring to find out and destroy; or a tame pigeon, quietly picking itself on the dove-cot; or some little bird, warbling its cheering lays in the calm summer air. Having selected his victim, he darts forward without fluttering his wings, and, swift as an arrow-shaft impelled by some skillful bowman, seizes his prey, and, before

the poor bird has had the least warning, or is conscious of approaching danger either kills it by the first blow, or in a few moments squeezes it to death in his merciless claws as he bears it off in triumph. Sometimes, however, his approach in the distance is perceived by the busy chattering swallows, which give immediate notice of the coming foe, by notes which are well known among the feathered fraternity, and the smaller birds see the danger just in time to secure the shelter of some fence or thicket, and the pigeon obtains a refuge in dove-cot or barn where the invader dares not follow. Foiled in his designs he flutters his wings and returns, perhaps to his starting point, where he generally remains for some time, carefully watching the movements of the feathered tribes below, and if a favourable opportunity presents itself of gratifying his desires he darts off as before. Frequently, however, he is not allowed to make his murderous attempts, without at least some resistance from the swallow tribe who collect in large numbers, and by their incessant pecking at, and loud chattering, as they circle around the Accipiter, give him such annoyance that he is forced to abandon his position and designs and retire from the neighbourhood; or if he does not, the alarm being raised, the lesser birds, and barn yard fowl keep an eye on his movements, and he seeing that his chance of success is gone for the present, seeks some other locality where the capture of a victim will crown his efforts with a repast. Happily for the lesser tribes of the feathered race, which are exposed to the attacks of this swift winged depredator, which may well be called the "tiger of the air," this species is not so numerous nor so widely diffused as are other varieties of the hawk family. These birds appear to vary in color, they are generally of a dark ashy blue color above, with spots of a brownish hue, while the under parts are white, intermingled with dusky heart-shaped spots; while the tail has four or five broad blackish bands which are dotted with white. Sometimes individuals of this species are seen more distinctly clothed in bluish garbs than others; the head in these is white, with a dark stripe on each side; this livery is probably a sexual distinction, being, perhaps, peculiar to the males. The wings and tail are as long as those of the Kite Hawk, but the body is not nearly so large; it is on the whole a more elegantly shaped and handsome looking bird. This bird forms its nest in rocky precipices, overhanging deep waters, and in high trees, where it is well concealed by thick foliage, and being in the most lonely and retired parts of the forest is seldom seen by man. There, rocked by the winds and regardless of the rolling thunder, and the lightning's terrific flash, or the raging of the midnight storm which levels many an ancient tree with the earth and scatters limbs and leaves in all directions, the young hawks flourish with as much care and affection bestowed upon them by their fierce parents as though they were the most innocent and harmless of creatures. From these lofty dwelling places, prompted by maternal impulses and the demands of nature, this wandering bird sallies forth over the tops of the forest trees and down on the little clearings of the backwoodsmen, where he soon returns with a bleeding victim. But why should we reflect on the carnivorous proclivities of the hawk? These were no doubt implanted in his bosom for wise and useful purposes, and he does not in the

slightest degree, overstep the bounds assigned him by the Great Creator. Many unreflecting persons talk of birds of prey as if their existence were a defect and a cause of confusion and strife in creation. They admire the dove; listen with interest to the history of the swallow, and take great pleasure in listening to the rich melody of singing birds; "but how different," they say, "from these innocent, peaceful and beautiful creatures is the fierce eagle and marauding hawk." The student of nature has no desire to present any portion of the living universe in an unlovely aspect; every part has its allotted purpose, and a beauty of its own; and it is his aim to discover the truth in every link of the great chain of being. The hawk has received his instincts from the Infinite Intelligence; these instincts form his commission to keep within certain limits the inhabitants of the air. Is he more fierce than the semi-pet swallow? or the pretty oriole? How do these birds live? We answer, by destroying some hundreds of beautifully formed insects every day, each of which may as justly claim our pity as the sparrow, which offers a meal to the hawk. All birds are in one sense birds of prey; they all destroy life; and the hawks are therefore only in the same general predicament with the whole feathered race: even with man himself, whose daily food attests his destruction of life. Away then with false sentiments; it is the great law that all mundane things must end; birds too must die; and sudden death by the stroke of the falcon's talons is mercy, compared with dying daily, little by little, from slow decay; for there is decidedly less pain in its former case.

#### THE BLUE SWIFT.

This is a smaller variety of the pigeon hawk. This aerial wanderer possesses all the qualities of a marauding rapacious bird of prey; being swift on the wing, having a keen sight, a strong hooked bill and sharp powerful claws. Like most others of his tribe he generally takes his prey by surprise, and seldom or never feeds on anything that has been previously killed, for he loves to seize on his victims alive, and devour them while the blood is still warm. It preys chiefly on small birds, and the tender young of larger game not excepting domestic poultry, for it often pays a marauding visit to the farm house and barn yard, and seldom retreats without a victim, notwithstanding the watchful care of the motherly fowl. An incident illustrating the rapacious boldness of this lesser falcon, and the heroic courage of a common hen, came under my notice some time ago. A brood of chickens which were hatched out late in the harvest attracted the notice of one of these thievish birds, which had taken up his residence in the neighbouring wood, and each succeeding day one of the chickens was missing, until the flock was reduced to half its former number. On the day referred to the hen and the remnant of her chickens were quietly feeding, when the hawk as usual made his appearance in their immediate vicinity, though for a time they were unconscious of the near approach of their mortal foe who no doubt expected to carry off another victim without encountering opposition in the execution of his murderous designs. But the cautious hen, whose naturally keen senses of sight and hearing, had

been rendered sharper by the daily misfortunes to which her brood had been subjected, and which she had painfully witnessed, detected the marauder just as he was about to seize another victim, and instantly sounded her notes of alarm, and in another instant her chickens were in the best concealment which time and circumstances would permit. Frustrated in his attempt at plunder, the hawk lit on a low building, beneath which the fluttering brood had taken shelter, with the evident intention of renewing his attempts. But the motherly hen flew at the destroyer of her young, with such heroic courage and determination accompanied with such loud and defiant notes that the depredator immediately retreated and did not again molest her brood. The plumage of this bird as its name implies, is blueish above and grey or ash colour beneath, mottled with blackish spots; as in the pigeon hawk the colour varies; its size which is considerably less, is the chief difference between these varieties. This bird generally frequents the wildest and most desolate regions, and is but seldom seen in the clear open country.

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## JANUARY MUSINGS.

By MISS EMMA J. M. R.

Christmas has come and gone. The snow lies deep.  
 New-Year is here, with January's days  
 Of sudden changes; mornings like Spring,  
 With brilliant sun, and cloudless, azure sky;  
 At even all has changed; now clouds and rain,  
 Or biting, piercing wind, with snow and storm:  
 Then comes a thaw, with sleet and rain and slop,  
 Followed, may be, with sudden snap of frost,  
 So keen and cold, that travellers hurry on,  
 At their best pace, wrapped close in garments warm.  
 Oh wintry king! thy head powdered with snow;  
 Thy beard of icicles, and hand of iron;—  
 Thy brumal breath chills to the very bone,  
 And makes us shudder; bringing to our mind  
 The thoughts of stiffened death in thine embrace.  
 How the teeth chatter as the icy wind,  
 Straight from the north, sweeps full into our face.  
 How poverty now shrinks, ill fed, ill clad,  
 Unfit to bear the cold and face the storm.  
 Benevolence!—remember now the poor;  
 And from their grateful hearts' prayers will arise  
 That you as mercy's agent may be blest.  
 Ye that are clad in sumptuous, ornate dress,  
 Remember those in rags, wretched and bare;  
 And while you clothe distress in garments warm  
 You may secure that rich and high award—  
 "Well done"—thus win a robe of righteousness!



## THE CIVIL LIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ God is our guide! No swords we draw,  
 We kindle not war's battle fires ;  
 By union, justice, reason, law,  
 We claim the birthright of our sires.  
 We raise the watchword Liberty!  
 We will, we will, we will be free.”

UNION HYMN.

In our previous papers we have shown that there was a growing conviction in the minds of the people that their personal, religious and political rights were not only infringed but in danger of being denied and lost, and that the only way to secure their free and full exercise, was by an improved system of representation. That this conviction was well-founded, subsequent events and measures plainly prove, but none more so than the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1817, on the strength of the statements of a government spy, a miscreant named Oliver, who was at the same time, a doubly-distilled traitor; and a perjured wretch, on whose evidence, men, misguided but honest, lost their liberty and in some cases were transported for life!

The coercive repression of public sentiment, whether expressed by the press or public utterance, has usually the same effect as all other persecution,—it tends to the more rapid dissemination of the principles sought to be suppressed; and it certainly was so as regards the popular views of reform.

Such measures had, no doubt, the effect of silencing many of the rabid orators belonging to the radical school, but in this there was a positive gain to the progress of true reform. Exactly the same effect was produced by the coercive measures of Sidmouth and Castlereagh, in 1819, called the “Six Acts,” they succeeded in repressing the more violent demagogues and radical orators—but they caused the more thoughtful to ponder and quietly discuss these measures, and worse, still, the intolerant spirit manifest in these enactments caused a deep rankling hatred among the masses to the aristocracy, whom as a class they regarded as tyrants, seeking to enslave them, body and soul.

These views and feelings had been gradually developed by circumstances; periods of great distress, such as those of 1807 and 1812, to which we have previously alluded; these were the stern teachers which compelled men to think seriously about the causes producing such wide spread suffering.

England from year to year was increasing her manufactures; and these required a foreign as well as a home market; and anything which obstructed an interchange between home and foreign productions, was injurious to trade and manufactures; and when any serious, long

continued disturbance to trade and its connections occurred, distress among the working classes in the manufacturing towns was sure to be the consequence.

We have previously touched upon the subject of the passing of the Corn-law in 1815, and we cannot enter into a discussion of that iniquitous Bill—a law productive of more personal suffering, than any other instance of class legislation in England.

Free Trade was a necessity for the proper and full development of English manufactures, ; and hence Manchester took a leading and conspicuous part in the formation and working of the Anti-Corn Law League, because her immense interests were identical with manufacturing prosperity. Every town and village which had its factories and workshops, its tradesmen and small property owners, was interested in the success of the movement just in proportion to the amount of its vested interests. On the other hand, the aristocracy and landed gentry thought protection to their interests of paramount importance.

Besides all this, their pride of birth and social position was hurt in seeing “those factory fellows”—the cottonocracy and other manufacturers, gradually—often rapidly—rising to positions of immense wealth and influence rivalling their own ; while their very numerous dependency of workpeople were outstripping the agricultural laborers in educational advantages, in general intelligence, and the advantages of superior home-comforts. The laborers in the agricultural districts heard of the higher rate of wages and the consequent superior social comforts obtained by the workers in the manufactories, and this tended to render them dissatisfied, and seek for an increase to their own.

In this way class interests, with their antagonism and antipathies, gradually developed themselves with all their concomitant evils.

The old gentry regarded their neighbors, the mill owners, as vulgar, grasping upstarts, and so in many instances they were unworthy of place and power in the social scale, but with that indomitable energy which would not take a denial, and cared little for frowns and cold looks from the conservative class. The operatives, themselves, saw that their “masters’” interests in political life were identical with their own, and so, encouraged by the host of shopkeepers and small tradesmen, one after another the manufacturers sought for and won parliamentary honors and influence.

In 1820 the population of Manchester would be about 200,000, and yet it had no representative in Parliament, while in the rural districts there were 20 villages with a population between 3,000 and 4,000 ; 23 with between 2,000 and 3,000 ; 29 with between 1,000 and 2,000 ; and 28 with less than 1,000 respectively—each of these boroughs were sending two members to Parliament, while Manchester and Salford, with a population considerably greater than the whole one hundred together, were unrepresented !

Beside Manchester, there were Stockport, Oldham, Rochdale, Bolton, Blackburn, Bury, Ashton-under-Lyne, and some lesser towns, all unrepresented, while Old Sarum, a deserted mound of ruins, with no inhabitant, and Bramben, with only 98 poor people, had each two members to represent their vast interests !

Can we look back at such a state of things and wonder that associations were formed to obtain a redress of such grievances? or is it surprising that many of these societies were of a secret and revolutionary character?

Newspapers at that time, what few there were, were too expensive for the mass of the people to purchase; the weeklies were seven pence (or 14 cents), but the clubs purchased them and the news passed orally, facts and fiction jumbled together and not seldom in an exaggerated, aggravated form. When anything of special importance occurred penny pamphlets were printed and sold in thousands. So the news flew and the people were instructed respecting each great public movement.

In this way they learnt the determination of the House of Lords to give them nothing they could withhold, that they were regarded as freemen in a restricted sense, for one of these lords, the Duke of Newcastle, honestly but impudently asserted, respecting his dependant voters at Newark, that "he had a right to do what he liked with his own."

That the House of Lords was regardless of popular feeling may be shown by their utter disregard to the Manchester petition in the Penryn case.

A bill for the disfranchisement of Penryn, for bribery and corrupt practices, was brought before parliament; the object of the bill being to transfer the franchise from a corrupt borough of 2,950 inhabitants to Manchester nearly a hundred fold greater in population, and much more so in wealth and importance; yet the bill was lost, being withdrawn without a division. In the debate it was not attempted to deny the practice of bribery, but the transfer of the franchise was too terrible to entertain. Lord Dacre stated that "as the object of this bill was to transfer the franchise to the *commercial* from the *landed* interest, he should certainly oppose it." The Marquis of Salisbury called the attention of their lordships to the words of the preamble of the bill, which ran in this form—"Whereas on account of the great wealth and population of Manchester, it is expedient that it should return burgesses to parliament." "Now," said he, "in that single sentence are embodied all the wild doctrines of reform. If there were no other grounds, he should oppose the bill on this alone." The English are a patient people; slow and cautious about making changes. Established usage and time honored institutions are treated with reverence; but there certainly is a limit to human patience, however well trained it may be to habits of veneration and obedience; and the Anglo Saxon element when once aroused is a resolute, rather than a vindictive power, which will force its way despite of obstacles. There was a wide-spread and growing conviction among the laboring and mercantile classes that the landlord's monopoly was the root of the Upas of national prosperity, and that nothing but a sweeping, organic change in the representative system could destroy it.

Among those who so thought were some of the ablest, clearest minds of the age; men such as Bentham, Thompson and Bowering, who, in the *Westminster Review*, were giving an exposition of their views and convincing the educated classes that the demands of radical reform in representation and commercial policy were by no means

the frightful bugbears they had been described. We may give here the conclusion of a paper by Colonel Thompson, published in 1830, in the *Westminster*, on radical reform.

“Eschew violence; cultivate education from A, B, C, upwards; hurry nothing, *it will all come in time, like the breaking up of a hard frost.* Pull down an abuse when you can, especially where it is one, like that of slavery in the West Indies, whose supporters support all the rest. Go on, quietly and perseveringly, and fear nothing. There will be no revolution, no disturbance, no violent changes, any more than a child, of a span long, turns into a grenadier. Sensible men are not to endure an evil for ever, through a vague fear of its removal being something they have not heard before. Do something, do a little, do more when you can. Keep the stone rolling, and see if you do not end by proving to all ranks and orders, except the downright plunderers, that radical is your only wear.”

This advice was almost prophetic, but it was not always and everywhere followed; the events of this period are matters of common history and need not be recorded here.

It was when Earl Grey resigned and the Duke of Wellington was sent for that the people rose, almost as one man, and a universal commotion ensued. There were no telegraphic wires at that time, but the news spread with inconceivable rapidity, and the sensation of foreboding dread seemed to occupy everybody's mind. Business was suspended. No one would make purchases for home consumption when the next day might witness some terrible social insurrection. The shop-keepers and bakers were in a state of anxious suspense, while the working classes of every grade were to be seen in excited groups angrily discussing the question “What had we better do?” Curses of bitter hatred to the ruling faction were heard on every side, and dire but useless threats were uttered by millions. Manchester was the first to move.

A meeting in the town hall of the merchants, manufacturers and all specially concerned assembled, and a petition to the House of Commons was drawn up and agreed to without one dissenting voice. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon before copies of the petition were distributed to the appointed places, but at six o'clock *twenty-four thousand* signatures had been appended, and the deputation started in a chaise and four for London amid enthusiastic cheering from thousands assembled to see them start.

The distance from Manchester to London is about 185 miles, and they travelled that distance in *seventeen hours*, although they stopped in every town and village to distribute a short account of the meeting and the petition they were carrying; while as they neared London, copies of the petition were distributed to the passengers on all coaches they met. This petition was the first presented praying the House of Commons to *stop the supplies until reform and a redress of grievances were obtained.* It so happened that the presentation was on the Friday, and as there was no house on the Saturday, the fact became known, with its details, all over the kingdom, and the example was followed as expeditiously as possible.

On Monday the 7th of May, 1832, the political unions assembled at Birmingham, forming the largest meeting ever held in Great

Britain. It was at that great assembly the Union Hymn, with the concluding portion of which we have headed our paper, was sung, and as Miss Martineau in her history of this period touchingly observes: "Before the echoes of the hymn had well died away, before the tears were well dried which the plighting of faith had brought upon many cheeks, the lords in London had decided by a majority of thirty-five, against the disfranchising clauses."

That was a time for great "searchings of heart"—it was an important crisis which by the Providence of God was made a bloodless triumph for progressive freedom; a triumph of intelligent liberty over feudal tyranny, of the commonality over the aristocracy. There was a *Ten Days'* agitation as fearful to the non-progressives of England as the *Three Days* of France were to Charles X. and his Polignac administration, two years before.

It was on the 15th of May, that Lord Grey in the House of Lords, and Lord Althorp in the House of Commons, announced that communications had been renewed between the sovereign and themselves which rendered it expedient to adjourn till Thursday the 17th inst. This was equivalent to saying they were secure of the sovereign's aid in passing the bill or they would not have resumed office. The news flew from town to town through the length and breadth of the kingdom and great were the rejoicings, the heartfelt congratulations and devout gratitude that the crisis had passed, that the victory was ensured.

On the 7th day of June, 1832, the Reform Bill became law.

Were the people satisfied? Subsequent events prove that so far from this being the case, the people discovered many things in which the Reform Bill was defective, and those agitations from 1840 to 1848 under the name of chartism prove it conclusively. There is another lesson which any observant person may read, in those and more recent, and in fact present outcries for enlarged suffrage and vote by ballot—it is a desire and a determination on the part of the labouring classes of England for more power. As the people grow in intelligence their demands steadily increase.

They are free, they are educated, they are men! they are demanding equal rights and privileges with those of the privileged classes.

Every institution which will not bear intelligent and popular criticism will fall. There is, and has been for a long time, antagonism between the commons and the lords. The masses of England look upon the House of Lords with suspicion; we do not say they want to abolish it: much has been said upon this subject, and ably written; the movement and temper of the times is directed to curb and restrict its power. The institution of royalty is discussed by republicanism as though royalty as an institution was effete. Such is not the feeling in England.

The throne in England "is established in righteousness;" so long as the people see purity in high places, so long will they remain satisfied, and the throne will stand secure.

But there can never again be such rule and morality as that of Charles II. or George IV.

It has often been asserted that the dislike of the working classes of royal dotations and pensions does not arise from any distrust in non-

archical government; and a somewhat notable politician maintains that it originates in popular ignorance of the circumstances which led to the settlement of the Civil List, and that consequently the existing opposition will disappear when the conditions are understood. In other words, educate the masses, let the teachings of Blackstone and Hallam be made popular, and the clamour will cease.

Now, we are well aware that George III. had a family of 12 children, all of whom were richly endowed, and there was no national outcry or angry opposition.

Were the people between 1760 and 1820 better informed than the public are now? We think not. The Queen Dowager Adelaide received an annuity of £100,000, and there were no meetings in Hyde Park on the subject. Let us look at the subject in another way. George III. had a respect for the sanctities and decencies of domestic life; he was a man of simple habits and the people loved and respected him; perhaps quite as much as if he had possessed a more brilliant capacity; but when his son succeeded him, a man whose life was characterized by undisguised impurity, extravagance, voluptuousness and profligacy, the people were almost universally disgusted, and men began, very naturally, to ask themselves, "Why such a king reigned?" "What use or need there was for iniquity in high places?" We question whether any circumstances have done so much to sap the foundations of respect and almost blind reverence for royalty throughout England, as the royal rake's treatment of his wife Caroline of Brunswick, combined with his own well known immorality. Family quarrels are always unseemly, but such disreputable disputes as theirs brought, and very justly so, kingly dignity and honour into contempt, and made reverence for such a man a consummate mockery. If a man, no matter what his position may be, king or peasant, degrades himself to a beast, he will lose the respect due to the man, besides reflecting upon the social rank to which he belongs.

When a good man dies, those who knew him as such, will grieve for his loss. When a bad man dies, few will sincerely mourn for his decease. There was little grief at the death of George the Fourth, nor was there much joy or public rejoicing at the accession of William the Fourth.

William was a great contrast to his brother, but he retained his brother's ministers, who were much disliked, both by the obstructionists and reformers. The former disliked them because they had conceded some reforms, and the latter because they resisted further progress. The people of England were watching the movements of their neighbours in France. There the Royal ordinance had dissolved the chamber of deputies, ere the newly elected members had assembled; the liberty of the press was shackled and the law of elections altered. The monarchy, which had been kept in check by the representatives of the people, became for the time a despotism; but in *three days* the Revolution of July changed the whole.

This lesson had its influence upon England; and upon the whole of Europe. The monarchs of the various powers could not fail to see that it was their duty and their interest, as well, to cultivate popularity by encouraging progress in the amelioration of the condition of the lower classes. And when we look back at the past forty years

of European history, what astounding reforms present themselves. Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, Italy, England,—even lethargic Spain has had an awakening and has put away profligacy from its throne.

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## A FEW INCENTIVES TO THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY L. WOOLVERTON, M.A. (OF UNIV. TORONTO).

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In a country like ours, with its Universities, its Colleges, its High, Normal, and other schools, where education is so widely disseminated among the masses of the people; a country which, though young in years, is old in intellectual culture and refinement, it may seem almost superfluous to descant upon the advantages attending the possession of knowledge. But it is so common an occurrence for young men, when they have left school or college to consider their education finished, and after attaining a certain amount of knowledge at an early age, thereafter to be at a standstill during the rest of life; and again it so frequently happens among those who spend the early years of life in business, first as clerks, and perhaps looking forward to the time when they shall themselves be independent business men, that, because they have not the advantages and the leisure for acquiring such an amount of knowledge as others possess, they lay aside all ambition for its attainment; that, therefore, if we can lay before such any encouragement in the good work of mental improvement, we shall not consider our time spent in vain.

Although difficulties must necessarily attend the pursuit of knowledge in the case of all those who are actively engaged in the business of life, yet knowledge, and that too such as made the possessor famous, has been attained by men who have had more difficulties to overcome than perhaps lie in the way of any who may read these pages. One is sure to be constantly acquiring knowledge of some kind, either good or bad; hence if a person be not acquiring good and useful knowledge, such as will make him wiser and better, he must be acquiring such as will render him less wise and less good; if, indeed, such kind can be called knowledge. "One part of knowledge," said an ancient Grecian philosopher, "consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known."

The young man who has learned to smoke; who knows how to carry his cigar in the most approved style; who has "coloured" his meerschaum, and is familiar with all the intricacies of pipe and tobacco, together with all the technical expressions connected with their use,—has he, I ask, attained knowledge worthy of the name?

The young man who has become an adept at gambling with cards or at billiards, and who is learned in vulgar tales and obscene jests, with which he can delight the profane and vicious frequenters of drink-

ing saloons,—has such a young man gained knowledge worthy of being known?

If the time that would otherwise be spent in learning things that are trivial and foolish, be spent in the pursuit of knowledge worth knowing, it would be found that he who thought time wanting for that purpose, would soon have treasured up in his mental storehouse that which, were it venal, a fortune could not buy from him, and which, not like wealth, it is impossible to have stolen away. Aye, other wealth may prove unattainable, but the riches of knowledge, if sought for with half the eagerness with which men seek for gold, will ever continue to accumulate, and will become a power more valuable than wealth.

Had we time and space, we could point to instances on record of men who have risen to eminence, having had in early life to struggle with great difficulties—having had few or none of those great advantages which colleges confer; men who, though compelled by stern necessity to work through long hours in shop or in store, have yet managed to attain knowledge.

We might also give instances of young men, who, not having any of the advantages spoken of, yet, goaded on by an insatiable thirst for knowledge, have broken through all obstacles, and have made way for themselves, to the enjoyment of these advantages. There are few who have not read the touching story of Henry Kirke White, that talented young man, whose invincible ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, enabled him to overcome every difficulty; winning his way from the position of a poor butcher's boy, carrying the butcher's basket, to that of a student at Cambridge; and there, after attaining the honorable distinction of "first man" of his year, and leaving for the world poems that mark his genius and make him dear to all lovers of the beautiful and holy so expressed, he became an early sacrifice to his lofty ambition. Yet, while we admire the perseverance and the noble accomplishments of that young man, and while on the other hand we would denounce that sloth which characterizes so many, leading them to spend time idly, or reading such enervating tales as are worse than idleness, we would hold forth as the example neither of these, but rather the golden mean, which is ever the surest road to success.

There are many reasons why the pursuit of knowledge may be recommended to every one, in whatever business or occupation employed. Knowledge is Power!—so much can be said in proof of this, that Charles Knight has written a whole volume to show the power of knowledge, and volumes more might easily be written, detailing the wonders it has accomplished. An Arabian tale has told us of a wonderful lamp, by means of which great wonders were discovered. But the possession of useful knowledge is more powerful than any Aladdin's lamp in discovering for us rich treasures. In proof of the power of knowledge, we have only to refer to the wonders accomplished by the knowledge of the qualities of steam and electricity, and ask if such things could ever have been the result of ignorance.

Knowledge brings wealth and influence and honour. "Knowledge," says Emmons, "next to religion, is the brightest ornament of human nature. It strengthens, enlarges, and polishes the human soul, and



sets its beauty and dignity in its fairest light. Learning hath made astonishing distinctions among the different nations of the earth. \* \* Learning has also preserved the names, characters, and mighty deeds of all ancient nations from total oblivion. A few learned men in each nation, have done more to spread their national fame, than all her kings or heroes. The boasted glory of Briton is more to be ascribed to her Newtons, her Lockes, and her Addisons, than to all her kings, and fleets, and conquerors."

At all seasons of life, knowledge is invaluable. In the words of another,—“It is the ornament of youth, the honour of manhood, and the enjoyment of age.” But youth, bounding in vigour, and self-reliant in its pride, which intercourse with the world has not yet had time to take away, too often despises the treasury of knowledge. It cannot endure the long restraint and perseverance necessary to become learned, or it is too impatient to heap up the golden ore, to spend any time in storing the mind with still more precious treasure. And if in youth knowledge be neglected, it is almost sure to be always so. Middle age has no time nor taste for it, or if it has, the mind, never accustomed to use, has grown stiff, and cannot bend to study; and, lastly, in old age, it is too late. Such a man can never rise above the common level; he must always remain in low places, where mists and clouds abstract his sight, unable to rise to higher regions, where the sky is clear, and where broader views open wide before his extended vision.

It is worthy of notice also, that old age has far less effect upon the minds of men who read and study, than upon those who have no taste for knowledge. When the ear grows dull to the sweet sounds of earth, and the eyes grow dim to its sights of beauty;—when the pleasures of the body have ceased to charm; when the bones ache and the muscles are stiff, still the mind of the man of study often burns brighter as he nears the end of life. Then it is that reading makes the aged man forget his feebleness, and his wisdom makes him revered and loved by all. But for him, who in youth stored away none of the treasures of knowledge, and who trifled away his manhood, there remains but a cheerless old age, and the relapsing into the silliness of a second childhood.

And now that we have been considering some of the advantages to be derived from the possession of knowledge, let us in contrast take a brief view of the disadvantages of ignorance. We are living in a period of the history of civilization, whose motto is—“Progress and Improvement”—so that it has almost passed into a proverb, concerning this nineteenth century, that it is a “boasted age of civilization and refinement.” Knowledge is so widely disseminated among the masses, and may be so easily attained by any one who has the inclination to persevere in the search for it, that it has become a disgrace to be ignorant. Ignorance thrusts a man out of good society, and frequently makes a man ridiculous in the extreme, for generally he who has least knowledge, is most desirous to appear learned. Every one has read the anecdote of that “shoddy” aristocrat, who from poverty and ignorance, had, by speculation, become suddenly very wealthy. Having sent his daughter to boarding school, he was told that she did not seem to possess any capacity for the attainment of

certain branches of knowledge. "Capacity!" said he, "oh! if that is all, I'll buy her one." An interesting illustration under this head is an anecdote, told by Dean Alford, in his *Queen's English*, of "Johnny Stittle," a redoubtable preacher, who used to hold forth at Cambridge, in a chapel on Green Street. "The tradition of him," says the Dean, "and his sayings was yet a living thing when I went up as an undergraduate in 1828. His wont was to rail at the students of the University; and in doing so, on one occasion, after having wound himself up to the requisite pitch of fervour, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "D'ye think *Powl* knew Greek?"

Another illustration we will draw from our own observation. A— B— lives in one of the quiet country villages of Canada. He is a real, veritable personage, and no fictitious character. He still honestly believes with the people of past ages that the earth is flat, and the sun goes round it. Astronomy, too, is his favorite theme of conversation. He believes he can confute the arguments of the most learned astronomers, and prove to them conclusively that the sun is no larger than a cart-wheel, and goes round the "airth one'st every day." He has himself ascertained the exact distance of the sun from the earth, by taking the angle of the distance, using as mathematical instruments some chalk, the square, and ten feet boards! During my vacation between my third and fourth years at College, I had the pleasure of an interview with this interesting man; it was by the road side, and when we met, the following conversation ensued, which I took a silent satisfaction in noting down when I reached home:—

"Good morning! Mr. B—.

"Good mornin'! All yer folks well? Got some peach buds there, I see." \* \* \* \* I then showed him the buds I was carrying. \* \* \* \* \*

"Now, ye see, ef ye didn't leave some wood in the bud, 'twouldn't be of no use—'twould be jest common fruit, that shows it gits all its livin' from air and nothin' from the ground."

"Yes, that is partly true, but scientific books tell us that the sap first ascends the tree from the roots, and then descends, having obtained through the leaves the ingredients from the air fitting it to nourish the growing parts of the tree."

"Tut! tut! No sich thing. You can't never ketch the sap runnin' up, ef you cut a tree down the sap 'll run out o' the trunk, coming down, but you won't see none runnin' out of the stump. That's why you tap a tree in spring, bekase the frost opens up the buds, and lets in the sap."

"Unless the tree obtains something from the ground, why won't it live as well out of the ground as in it?"

"Waal I s'pose it's bekase it's it's natur; natur's everything you know. You might jest as well a asked me why a fish can't live on land as well as my pigs yonder. It's it's natur, you know."

"Oh! yes; I see."

"Oh, by the way! have you ben studying astronomy off at that school whaar you've spent the winter?"

"It belongs to my last college year, so I have not paid much attention to it yet. But Mr. B—, why don't you publish a bock containing your ideas on these scientific subjects, and refuting the text books now in use?"

"Waal, ye see, I never was no writer. Memory's gettin' bad too; now. I used onst to study into these ere things tho'."

"But you don't forget the results of your investigations, do you?"

"Oh, no! not many on 'em; and now what do ye make out 'tis causes the 'clipse of the moon?" said he, commencing on his favourite science, and stooping to lay down a load which he was carrying, preparatory to a discussion; but instantly lifting it again. "Haven't time to talk with you jest now, but come up to my house one o' these days, and we'll talk matters over a leetle."

"Thank you, it will give me much pleasure. Good day, Mr. B—."

"Good day, sir."

This is nothing overdrawn, but the conversation very nearly verbatim as it occurred. Does it not remind us of the old couplet,—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

But how a man, who has any advantages at all for the pursuit of knowledge, can be satisfied with ignorance. How men can make so much ado over the storing their pockets with gold, and leave their minds unstored with knowledge, seems to us very strange. Said Bishop Hall in his letter to Mr. Millward, "I can wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle—but of all others, a scholar,—in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts. I find wit in poetry; in philosophy, profoundness; in history, wonder of events; in oratory, sweet eloquence; in divinity, supernatural light and holy devotion—as so many rich metals in their proper mines,—whom would it not ravish with delight?"

Nor can it be urged against the pursuit of knowledge that it is unpleasant. Far from being disagreeable, it affords one of the highest kinds of enjoyment. There may be a degree of pleasure in the theatre and the ball room, in tobacco and in alcohol, but they are pleasures light as air, which soon vanish, leaving nought but a sting behind. Such

\*"Pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
A moment white, then melts forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Or like the rainbows lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm."

But the pleasures of knowledge are true and lasting. One does not weary of them; but on the other hand, he who studies most, loves them best.

†"Comforts, yea! joys ineffable they find,  
Who seek the prouder pleasures of the mind:  
The soul collected in those happy hours,  
Then makes her efforts, then enjoys her powers.

\* Burns.

† Crabbe: *The Borough*—Letter XXIV.

No! 'tis not worldly gain, although by chance,  
The sons of learning may to wealth advance ;  
Nor station high, though in some favouring hour  
The sons of learning may arrive at power ;  
Nor is it glory, though the public voice  
Of honest praise will make the heart rejoice ;  
But 'tis the mind's own feelings give the joy,—  
Pleasures she gathers in her own employ."

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## THE SUN AND THE WORLDS AROUND HIM.

By OMICRON.

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### FIFTH PAPER.—THE WORLDS WHICH SURROUND THE SUN.

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God, who has created us, has so wonderfully adapted the earth on which we live, and the heavens which surround us, to the requirements of our nature, that by properly applying ourselves, we can derive pleasure by studying any of his works. Nature is rife with beauty, and the heavens in the most distinct manner speak forth the wisdom and power of God.

There is something beautiful in the sparkling gems which crowd the celestial vault ; and on a summer evening, when the busy turmoil of the day is over, they possess charms which few can resist. But when we view those glittering orbs in the light, which science enables us to do, the study becomes enchanting ; nay, amazing. We feel the force of Addison's beautiful line,—

“The hand that made us is divine !”

Whilst the sun is above the horizon, his light is so intense that the light from other bodies is overpowered ; but as the shades of evening spread over the earth, millions of bodies unseen before open on the vision, and invite the thoughtful in every land, to study and admire.

Scattered all over the heavens, points of light are seen ; some shining out with great splendour, as Sirius and Vega ; and other points, so faint, that we can only get momentary glimpses of them, and we almost doubt if we are not deceived. We look at the milky white patch of light, known as the pleiades, (or more commonly, the “seven stars,”) and we strain our eyes to count the seven, but in vain ; few eyes see more than six—mine will not do that—but yet they are there. We turn the telescope on them, and the doubt is at once removed ; the indistinct points of light shine out as glorious stars, and many are seen ; which were entirely invisible before. We now

count forty or fifty in the pleiades, and in the sword handle of Perseus we do not attempt counting, for we feel they are without number.

But these are not the objects to which this paper must be devoted ; they are not *worlds*, but *suns* ; around which, systems of worlds probably revolve, forming *solar systems of their own*.

But there are other bodies, few when compared with the fixed stars, which may sometimes be seen ; usually they are brighter than the stars, and they are constantly shifting their places amongst them ; frequently a beautifully bright planet is seen in the west, after the sun has set, or in the east before sunrise. Venus the

“Star of the evening, beautiful star,”

is one of the worlds which surround the sun, and as we but seldom see the planet Mercury, which is so near the sun as to be

“Lost in the near effulgence of his blaze,”

we will make Venus the first of those objects to which we direct our attention.

One fact must have struck the early observers, in relation to this beautiful star (for such it appears to the naked eye) ; namely, that though it shifts its place amongst the stars, it is never seen in the north or south ; never in the east in the evening, or the west in the morning ; in fact, that to see Venus, we must always look toward that part of the heavens in which the sun is situated. It is seen quite near the sun, for instance, shortly after he has set, and the distance from the sun increases every succeeding night ; Venus moving eastward from the sun, and increasing in brilliancy all the time. But it does not continue its eastward course beyond a certain limit ; its rate of motion seems to be retarded when about  $40^{\circ}$  from the sun ; then it seems for awhile stationary, at which time it is at its greatest brightness ; after this, it returns towards the sun, until finally it is again lost in his rays. But Venus is not lost, she has not fallen into the sun, for soon after she has thus disappeared in the west, as an evening star, she may be seen in the morning rising before the sun in the eastern sky, where she passes through a career similar to that before described when she was the beauty of the evening.

Venus then always keeps near the sun, never going outside the earth ; for if it did, it would be seen as Jupiter and Saturn are, rising when the sun is setting on some occasions ; but this is never the case. In fact it must move in an orbit within the earth's orbit, or it could not present the appearance which it does.

But there is still another fact which astronomers notice, which proves that Venus is between the sun and the orbit of the earth. It sometimes happens that in passing round the sun, it comes between the sun and the earth. It then is seen with the telescope as a black spot on the sun's surface. This is called the transit of Venus, and is a point of great importance to astronomers, as by it they are able to find the distance of the sun from the earth, and then by calculation find the distance of all other planets.

But there is still another fact which shows that Venus is nearer the sun than the earth. When we look at it with a good telescope we see that it is an opaque body, reflecting the sun's light to us, and

the illuminated part changes its shape like the moon ; when it is first seen in the evening near the sun, it is small and nearly round, but as it rises higher it becomes gibbous, then it is seen as a half moon, after which it takes a crescent shape, becoming a larger and narrower crescent until it is lost in the rays of the sun. These facts prove that Venus must move or revolve in a circle round the sun.

It has been found that the distance of Venus from the sun is about sixty-eight millions of miles, and she revolves around him in about two hundred and twenty-five days. When Venus is nearest the earth she is but 27,000,000 of miles from us, when furthest, her distance is 163,000,000 miles. This causes a great change in her apparent size, but the real diameter is about 7,900 miles, or very nearly the same size as the earth.

There can be no doubt that Venus has a motion of rotation, but every part of the surface shines with such intense splendor that it is scarcely possible to detect spots by which the time of rotation can be known. Cassini thought it rotated on its axis in a little more than 23 hours, Schroeter's estimate is near this value, and it is probably not far from the truth.

Venus then, though to the naked eye she seems but a beautiful point of light, is in reality a vast globe as large as the world in which we live ; revolving round the same sun, rotating on an axis, and so enjoying day and night, and thus, in these respects, a world like our own.

On account of the nearness of Venus to the sun it must receive about twice as much light as the earth does, but whether it will receive more heat or not is a point not so easily known. That light, heat, electricity and other physical forces are capable of being converted into each other is a known fact, and some of our most advanced physicists think that a portion of the sun's light is changed into heat in the planetary atmosphere ; in fact that interplanetary space is intensely cold, and that if planets had no atmosphere they could have no heat. If this is the true state of the case whether a planet will be hot or cold will depend on the atmosphere which surrounds it, and Venus may have an atmosphere so rare as to be no hotter than the earth ; and even Mercury may in this manner be covered with a coating of ice. This, however, is not probable, it is more in accordance with the harmony which exists in the works of God, to think that the extremes of heat and cold will be prevented by the proper atmosphere which the planets nearness to, or distance from the sun would require.

Doubtless Venus has an atmosphere, if it had not we should not fail to see the shadows thrown on its surface by hills and mountains as they are seen on the moon, but this is not the case ; and it has been noticed by some observers that a fine streak of pale blue light is sometimes seen projecting over the illuminated part of the orb, which seems to be a twilight, that is, light reflected from an atmosphere. Sir Wm. Herschel thinks its atmosphere is nearly, but not quite as dense as that of the earth.

Of course we all feel curious to know if Venus and the other planets are inhabited, but we only hope for the light which analogy furnishes us in this case. We see a world of equal size with the

earth, revolving round the sun as the earth does; rotating on its axis like the earth, surrounded by an atmosphere like our own to a certain extent, at least; and it seems natural to suppose that as the earth sustains life that Venus and Mercury will do so to; more than this it is not possible for us to know.

The planets nearest the sun have no moon. It was at one time thought that one had been seen accompanying Venus, but this was doubtless an error either of the instrument used or the observer, for none can be seen now.

The earth is the next planet in the order of distance from the sun.

If there is something strange in our regarding Mercury and Venus as worlds, the thought must be equally wonderful that the earth, which appears to us a vast extended plane, dark and motionless; is in reality a vast globe, moving rapidly round the sun, and turning on its axis at the same time, so as to present every point of its surface in succession to the sun, causing our day and night. But in this investigation our senses often deceive us and careful observation is required to enable us to separate the apparent from the real. The earth seems flat, but a little reflection will show that this cannot be so. We can, and do, leave one point on the earth's surface and proceed westward, as is done often by the Pacific Railroad; we cross from New York to San Francisco, from thence we sail to India, from thence to the Red Sea, through the Isthmus of Suez, onward through the Mediterranean, and back to New York again; going westward all the time.

Now, if the earth were flat, if we started from any point, and continued forward in that same latitude westward, we should be going farther from the starting point; and if we continued our westward course would never reach that place again. The conclusion is obvious, the earth cannot be flat but must be round, from east to west at least.

And it is easily seen that it must be round in the other direction; for, if we go northward, we see the northern stars rise gradually, and in going southward, we see them sink lower and lower, till they at last disappear below the horizon and are seen no longer.

This vast globe turns rapidly on a line passing through its centre, which we call its axis, which line points north and south: so the sun, moon, planets, and stars, seem to rise in the east and pass round the earth; when, really, the earth's rotation is the true cause of all this motion, which is only apparent.

Whilst the earth thus rotates, causing day and night, it moves onward in an orbit around the sun, which is situated about 91,000,000 of miles from it. The path in which the earth moves through the heavens is called the ecliptic, and the plane of the ecliptic or earth's orbit, is employed in nearly all astronomical calculations as a fundamental plane of reference. Now, if the earth's axis of rotation had been placed at right angles to this plane, the climate would not have varied as it now does; the days would have been always of equal length, and the seasons would not have existed. But the earth's axis is inclined to the plane in which the earth moves in its annual course, and hence, the half of the earth, or that north of the equator, is turned toward the sun during half the year; and from it during the other half, as it always preserves its position, pointing north and south.

Thus, by this simple arrangement, we get Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

The materials of which the earth consists are of different kinds; some are solid, others liquid, others gaseous. Now all matter attracts other matter, and hence the liquid and gaseous part yields to this force, and is drawn toward the attracting body: and as the earth revolves rapidly around the sun, the centrifugal force which results from this motion, carries a portion of the liquid backward from the center of motion.

Two forces then are constantly acting on the earth; centripetal which prevents the earth from flying into space; and centrifugal force, which keeps the earth from falling into the sun. The former acts more powerfully on that part of the earth nearest the sun, and the latter on the portion most remote from it. This acts on the liquid parts of the earth and our tides are the result. The theory which endeavors to explain the tides by attraction alone, seems to me insufficient to explain the facts in relation to the solar or lunar tide.\* Notwithstanding the great variety in the climate the earth is peopled in almost every part with myriads of living beings. Under the tropical sun, and amongst the arctic snows, on the land, in the ocean, and in the air, beings are found suitable to the condition in which they are placed. The gigantic elephant of India, and the mighty whale of the arctic seas, as well as the millions of minute forms with which the microscope makes us acquainted, show us that the earth teems with life; and the conviction forces itself upon us that it was designed for, and exists, in order that life might be sustained.

And here let us notice, that life on the earth is not of recent date. The Niagara river has cut a deep channel from Lake Ontario, backwards toward Lake Erie, and has receded a number of miles to the point where the Falls is now situated. It has cut its way through solid rock, and from the present state of the retrograde movement of the Falls, and the nature of the rock through which it has cut its way, it has been estimated that 20,000 years would at least be required to produce the results seen.

But this time, long though it be, is but a fraction of the time which must have passed since life first existed on earth. The rocks through which the channel is cut have evidently been formed at the bottom of the sea, and must have been formed before the river began to flow, and by an elevation of the sea bottom, those rocks have been brought to the surface, and since that period the whole of our country has been covered with drift, during the deposit of which it is probable the land was again submerged, and it is since its subsequent elevation that the Niagara commenced its work.

How wonderful then is the fact that before this river commenced cutting its way back from Ontario the earth was teeming with life as at this day, and yet this must have been so; for the rock over which the river flows contains the remains of animals and plants in abundance, as any one may see who visits the Falls or who may examine the rocks from that locality in our museums. But we must

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\* On this point we may say more in a future number.



go farther back even yet to reach the beginning, for we find that the rocks themselves rest on beds of rock of a different kind which were evidently formed under different circumstances from the Niagara group of rocks; and all those beds of rock contain the remains of living beings, all races of which had in some instances come into being and passed away before the Niagara period begun. To attempt to compute the time since life first appeared on our planet would be a hopeless task, immensity appears written everywhere.

During this vast period, the earth must have undergone tremendous changes; for many races of beings once lived which are now extinct. Some of these beings were of strange appearance, and enormous size; but it is possible, and even probable, those changes have not been sudden, but gradual. Whether we regard one race as extinguished, and others created in its stead; or suppose higher forms of life to be developed from preexisting lower forms, the time required for such changes must have been immense.

Now, the lesson which we learn from our Earth is this:—that as it is one of a group of bodies, moving around the Sun, in the same direction, rotating on an axis, causing day and night, and having the axis inclined to the plane of their orbits, causing summer and winter, as atmospheres surround those bodies, and clouds float in their atmospheres; as Mars has continents and seas, and has its poles capped with snow as our own world, it is highly probable that they were all formed for the same purpose; namely, to bring into existence and to give support to animal and vegetable life. Truly, God's works are wonderful, and in wisdom he has made them all!

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## THE WILLOW AND ITS USES.

The importance of the willow to man has been recognised from the earliest ages; and ropes and baskets made from willow twigs were probably among the very first of human manufactures in countries where these trees abound. The Romans used the twigs for binding their vines and tying their reeds and bundles, and made all sorts of baskets of them. A crop of willows was considered so valuable in the time of Cato, that he ranks the *salictum*, or willow field, next in value to the vineyard and the garden. In France, the leaves, whether in a green or dried state, are considered the very best food for cows and goats; and horses, in some places, are fed entirely on them, from the end of August till November. Horses so fed, it is stated, will travel twenty leagues a day without being fatigued. In the north of Sweden and Norway, and in Lapland, the inner bark is kiln-dried and ground for the purpose of mixing with oatmeal in years of scarcity. The bark of the willow and also the leaves are astringent; and the bark of most sorts may be employed in tanning.

## ROYALISTS AND LOYALISTS.

## In Historical Novel.

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

## CHAPTER VIII.

## EMBARRASSMENT IN COURTSHIP.

A short distance from the stile where Ronald Oakson parted from Captain Arondale, as narrated in the third chapter, stood a small but old farm house, embosomed in thriving plantations of fir, larch and oak, with here and there a forest monarch, towering in majesty above their younger and less pretentious brethren of the woods.

The owner of this house and the freehold on which it stood, was James Bentley, who, as we have previously stated, was living on the Lackawaxen, when the American Rebellion commenced. This was the home farm, where his elder brother, Orlando, the celebrated Oghkwari of the Mohawks, was born, and which he promised to give to his brother in the event of his losing his property in the Delaware valley.

At the first opening of the war he had no intention of removing, he neither relished the idea of losing the fine property he possessed, nor that of going to Canada to carve himself a new home among the woods there. But when he found that he could not stay quietly where he was, he collected together all the property he could and in company with White and a few others removed to Canada, where his sons, after a few adventures along with their uncle, joined him with the determination to build themselves a finer home than that of their birth place in Pennsylvania, and in time they did it.

Singular as it may seem, the proposal to return to England came from Bent himself. His resolve was sudden but decisive, and nothing would satisfy him until James consented with his two youngest children to go with him.

The old man wanted to see the scenes of his childhood, of his boyhood memories, which seemed to be getting fresher every year of his stay. He wanted to hear again the bells of the Parish Church which charmed his ears in youth, and had ever since rung in memories quite indelible. Hundreds of times, during the fifty years he had been a hunter among the immense unbroken forests of Ohio and the far west, he had heard, in imagination, those bells ringing out their wondrous melodies. Sometimes when seated on some old moss covered rock or grassy bank, amid the unbroken silence of the forest, far away from the abodes of civilization, the mysterious peal would come floating through the trees cadent and resonant.

Anon loud swelling, full and clear,  
 Each change, each sound, distinct and near,  
 Next swiftly round the music floats,  
 And fainter come the mellowed notes.

And the old hunter would sit entranced with this ministration of mental imagining. His Indian friend, Okwaho, knew his habits of communing with the past, and when he saw him thus engaged, with his eyes looking into space with a gaze of vacancy, he would sit without sound or motion, regarding his friend as some inspired being. Occasionally Bent would describe the scenes of his boyhood, and the savage philosopher would listen with profound attention to a description of the old church, the service, the pealing organ, the surpliced priest, the ceremonial of worship and such like subjects.

He had at one time proposed taking Okwaho on a visit to his home across the great water, but it had been deferred from time to time, and so the years and opportunities had passed.

Probably his own visit would have been put off indefinitely had not bereavements snapped the ties which bound him to the forest land.

His old friend, Okwaho, died soon after his removal to Canada, and of the six fine sons of the Indian, three had fallen in battle, one of these being Karhakoha; but they had been buried with their scalp locks untouched by the enemy, and started for their "happy hunting grounds" with all the honors of war. The remaining sons had settled with their tribe in the valley of the Grand River, which after their old home was called the "Mohawk Valley." Bent paid them a visit before leaving for his eastern home across the sea, and bade them farewell with touching dignity.

The Oakson's had been in England several years when the Bentlys arrived; in fact Ronald Oakson, senior, had been managing Bent's affairs so as to prepare for their arrival, so that intimate relations had always existed between the two families. Ronald was an especial favorite with James Bently on account of his manly and industrious habits, and because from the time of his father's death, he had worked and exerted himself more like a man of mature years and experience than a growing lad shooting up like a May pole. Ronald consulted old James about everything, and the old man took a fatherly interest in all his concerns.

Some people said that Ronald would soon be his son-in-law, but in this matter there was one person to consult and whose consent and agreement were all important.

James Bently had two daughters, the eldest of whom was married, but the younger, about 17 years of age, was still at home. This daughter, Sarah, or, as she was invariably called, Sally, was considered by the young men, and certainly they were the best judges, the handsomest girl within the sound of the church bells, and this was saying a good deal where there were so many fine girls of the same age. She was well aware that she was a subject for general admiration, for neither looks nor words had been spared on the part of her many admirers. This kind of incense is very grateful to human nature, under any circumstances, and certainly Sally was no exception. She

was aware that Ronald watched her very closely, and she more than suspected that he was very jealous of any other young man speaking to her. Still he had made no declaration of his love, and she was inclined to look upon his method of courtship as something very matter of fact and unromantic. Perhaps, too, she was a little piqued at his quiet assumption that if her father was agreeable she must be of course.

Not that she knew anything in the form of an agreement had been made between Ronald and her father, for in fact no such agreement, unless the silent encouragement of welcome might be called such, had ever been made. Still she thought that Ronald might have been more explicit or demonstrative or something. If he loved her, as she believed he did, why could not he tell her more plainly, than by occasional glances of the sheep's-eye order?—other young men spoke out their admiration in plain terms, but Ronald had never spoken a compliment, or offered her a flattering tribute of his personal regard. Such was her view of the matter—she was looking for outward attentions rather than secret, unspoken love.

Ronald's visits for some twelve months previous had been more protracted, if not more frequent than formerly; and in these lengthened visits there was a meaning. The truth was that, almost before he admitted the fact to himself, he had been smitten with Sally's charms, and was deeply in love with his former playmate. He could not tell how the change had transpired. She was a chubby, round, rosy-faced girl, going with him to school; then, when she had left school, her former character was soon lost in the tall girl assisting to milk and learning to weave; by and by the tall, stout girl, somewhat angular, began to round into the symmetry and grace of budding womanhood, reminding her acquaintance, who had not seen her for a while, of some early flower springing under some sheltered bank in early spring, which meets the eye unprepared for its premature beauty and captivates the heart with its sweet loveliness. Thus it was that Ronald had been attracted, and frequently he had found himself half way to the Firs, as Bentley's place was called, before he bethought himself as to where or why he was going in that direction. Sometimes, when travelling the beaten path, he had stopped and quietly laughed at the mechanical character of his movements, and been compelled to confess that the secret magnet of his movements was Sally Bently. As he knew that the old folks liked him, he concluded Sally could not be indifferent, so that he anticipated no difficulty with regard to the success of his suit. Neither would there have been, had he prosecuted his suit as an earnest lover, instead of as a privileged friend and old acquaintance.

It is probable, nay certain, that had he been aware, that other young men were anxious and seeking to win the prize, which he considered secure to himself, he would have been much less composed and self-satisfied with his wooing. The first suspicion that he had a rival in the field was aroused by seeing Sam Sertum, his formidable competitor in the jumping contests on the village green, accompanying her home from the village, and subsequently seeing him lurking round the house. As it was generally reported that Ronald was courting Sally, he regarded these advances of Sertum's as little better than acts of open

hostility, which he was disposed to resent in personal conflict, could he but find a fair pretext for doing so; but so long as Sally tolerated (for he could not say encouraged) Sam's company and addresses, he could not interfere, or if he did, he might only make the matter worse, and get laughed at into the bargain.

It is true, old James had cautioned Sally about encouraging such a fellow as Sertum to come hanging about the place; but Sally denied in loud and indignant terms giving any such encouragement; and her old uncle seeing the position of matters, had with wilful contrariety, and much to the surprise of her father, maintained the girl was right. Such was the state of matters at the time our narrative opens.

Some ten minutes had elapsed, from his parting with Captain Arondale, when Ronald knocked at James Bently's door. The farmer, who had long been familiar with his somewhat peculiar rap, which seemed a combination of diffidence and desperation, called out at once, "Come in lad," and as he entered, addressed him with "thou'rt rather late to-night, has anything happened." "Yes," said Ronald, "I've been shewing a stranger the way through the plantations to the turnpike, and he has given me some information that I know will interest you, if it should turn out as I suspect it will." "Why," said the old man, "what can that be?" "I think I can tell you where Lieutenant White is." "What! Orlando?" enquired James Bently, and a quick observer would have noticed a change come over the face of his elder brother, as his namesake was mentioned; but he remained quite silent. As he sat there in the chimney corner, a casual observer might have supposed the old hunter was asleep; but he was wide-awake to all that was passing. Ronald gave them a narration of the Captain's story, and while he was doing this, the old hunter shook the ashes from his pipe, and having refilled it, commenced smoking.

The smoke curled around and over his head in eddying clouds, until caught by some current, it hurried away to the chimney. Roland, in telling his story, had introduced Captain Arondale, and his meeting with him on the green, not forgetting the Captain's rebuff of the young squire. Old James and Martha were much interested in the account given of the affair, and commented pretty sharply upon the young squire and his sycophant attendants.

The old hunter had continued quietly smoking, and silently watching the fantastic forms into which the smoke wreathed itself, as though he was quite absorbed in studying them. His mind, however, was away in the past, and among the rest, White's name had renewed old memories.

At length he spoke, quite abruptly,—"I should like to see Orland again, Jim; it's a good while now since I saw him."

"Well, but," said James, "this may not be Orland."

"It's nobody else, you may bet on that. Besides, we know that he is at sea somewhere; write to him and say that I want to see him." The old man, after thus speaking, relapsed into another of his musings, and Ronald explained more fully what the Captain had said.

As they sat thus chatting together Ronald heard something about the window which sounded to him very suspicious.

Old James and Martha sat on each side of the fire and Ronald opposite while Sally sat near the window professedly busy knitting.

The sound which had caught his ear was very much like as though some one was rapping very gently on the glass, and then scratching the frame of the window. Ronald looked at the old folks to see if they had noticed the sound, but it was plain they had not, so he continued to listen for a repetition of the noise.

The next time the rap was much more distinct, it was plainly a pebble or something similar thrown against the window; he turned round sharply to see how Sally looked, but she was apparently very busy with her work, and the old folks chatted away quite unobservant.

By and by the rap was repeated and again he turned to look at the knitter, who was stooping to pick up one of her needles which had fallen.

Had either the father or mother noticed the signals, for such he felt certain they were, he would instantly have gone out to see the impudent disturber of his peace, but as neither of them seemed conscious of anything passing, he felt ashamed of introducing the subject himself. While thus debating the matter in his mind, quite perplexed as to what he had better do, Sally laid aside her knitting, took up a small hawl and throwing it over her head and shoulders left the room and the house.

Ronald's heart beat loudly, and he felt a curious sensation about the throat. The house felt too small for him, he wanted to get into the open air where he could breathe more freely, and then this stricture of the chest would be relieved.

As soon as he could, without appearing hurried, Ronald bade the old folks good-night, promising that his brother should write to Captain Arondale as soon as possible.

In the meantime Miss Sally had gone round the house and entered by the front door, crept softly up stairs and stationed herself at one of the front windows overlooking the yard and the road leading down from it. She saw Ronald go round to various places in the yard for observation; then he passed to the rear, but after some time returned for a further examination of the front yard and at last she saw him start off down the lane, so she returned to the kitchen, but not to her knitting.

Poor Ronald was fairly cheated this time, and Sally was excited over her little revenge. She had suspected Ronald was her father's informant about certain little irregularities with which he had by some means become acquainted, and none seemed so likely as that Ronald was the medium, and so she was determined to punish him for his meddling.

But these suspicions were quite unfounded, and positively unjust to Ronald, who possessed a keen sense of what was fair and strictly honourable, arising from a natural refinement, as well as simplicity of mind, rather than from any of those teachings which belong to cultivated society. Ronald was not even aware that old James had been so angry, and said so much; and it was solely attributable to the bragging indiscretion of Sertum, that certain exaggerated reports had reached the ears of Sally's father.

Ronald's feelings, as he walked slowly and watchfully down the lane, were not of the most enviable description:—anger, jealousy and vindictive passion were usurping undue sway. As he was descending the hill, which overlooked the footpath along which his way led, he

observed a man coming along. He paused to think who it could be coming in that direction, perhaps also prompted by curiosity to know what he could be wanting, at such a time of the night.

Actuated by such motives he stepped into the shadow so that he might see without being seen. Not that he was afraid or ashamed of being seen, but he had already learnt—that it was much better not to make your affairs common property by letting people know all your business.

The man, apparently a stranger, came along the path at a good swinging pace, and as he passed where Ronald stood some bushes concealed him from view, but when he again appeared farther up the path, it struck Ronald forcibly that it was Captain Arondale, returning and he must either have lost or forgotten something. There certainly was a strong resemblance in the general outline of the stranger to that of the Captain, and the dress appeared to be the same. Ronald was so fully impressed with this idea that he put his long legs into rapid exercise to overtake him.

## APPEARANCES IN NATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

There are few persons who are so unobservant of the aspects of Nature, and the appearances of things in every day life, as not to be aware that not only *first*, but even *second* and subsequent appearances are often deceptive. When children, we stretched out arm and hand to grasp the "moon-penny;" and now, in our maturer years and experience, we are constantly making mistakes respecting the simplest occurrences.

Ask your friend, who has not tried the experiment, to close one eye and promptly dip his pen into the ink-stand—the probability is that his first careless trial will be a failure. The pen will descend wide of the mark, and a more deliberate calculation of the position will have to be made.

We are all familiar with the optical law—that light is reflected at the same angle to the plane as that by which it strikes it. You see a pin lying upon the carpet, and ask some one to pick it up; but the person stooping over it, fails to see it, and wondering at such stupidity, you jump up to take it up yourself; lo! the reflected ray is lost by your movement, and with it the pin.

Travellers tell strange tales respecting the effects of refraction, both on land and water. The illusory appearances caused by the radiation of heat from hot surfaces of sandy plains, as seen in Africa, Arabia, and other large tracts of burning, arid desert, have often been described. As every one cannot go to such places, let curioso try Dr. Wollaston's experiment:—make a bar of iron red hot in some smith's forge; then

look along it at some distant object, and two objects will present themselves; one direct, and the other inverted. Then we hear of the mirage of the Lake of the Gazelles, so well known to the Arab; of the *fata morgana* of Sicily, and many other fantastic, atmospheric appearances.

About forty years ago, we had our first peep through a telescope. It was a refractor of about 5 feet focus. We were told to close one eye and look through the tube. We did so, and started in surprise. Apparently in the garden was a cow grazing; we saw her, plainly biting the grass;—there was a cow grazing, true enough, but it was in a pasture on the hill side, between one and two miles away. We have enjoyed the surprise of many others, when looking, in like manner, for the first time, at both terrestrial and celestial objects.

Who has not been amused with the puzzled expression of little chubby face, on first noticing itself in a mirror? There is a method of placing two mirrors at such an angle and distance, that they will reflect each other's images, and so multiply them indefinitely. Mrs. Smythe goes into the ladies' parlour of the Rossin House, where two large mirrors are so placed, and, as she stands in the centre of the room, between the two polished surfaces, she becomes aware that Smythes are as common as Smiths; for there, in perspective, is a line of them she can't count, stretching away into the distance. Don't talk about the multiplication of portraits by photography after that!

Everything that we see is through the medium of the atmosphere, and as this undergoes sudden changes, the same objects look to us very different at different times. There can be no doubt that the gorgeous, almost magical effects of colour, in harmony and contrast, as seen in the torrid zone, are principally attributable to the great transparency of the atmosphere. This transparency is greatly increased by a uniform diffusion of water through the air, which often occurs immediately after a heavy shower of rain. Under such condition, all objects are seen more perfectly, because less light is lost in its passage through the atmosphere, and in proportion to the luminosity of the object the distance appears. Hence in a pure, serene atmosphere, the blue hills seem much nearer, while the heavenly bodies, twinkling in the nocturnal vault, appear in increased splendour.

When Mr. Stoddart, an American Missionary, went to Persia, he was much impressed with the transparency of the atmosphere.

Writing to Sir John Herschel, from Oroomiah, he says:—

“No one has ever travelled in this country without being surprised at the distinctness with which distant objects are seen. Mountains, fifty, sixty, and even a hundred miles off, are projected with great sharpness of outline on the blue sky; and the snowy peak of Ararat, the venerable father of mountains, is just as bright and beautiful when two hundred miles distant as when we stand near its base. This wonderful transparency of the atmosphere frequently deceives the inexperienced traveller; and the clump of trees indicating a village, which seems to rise only two or three miles before him, he will be often as many hours in reaching.”

Our ideas of distance are the result of habit, from experience and comparison. Hence, if an object at twenty or more miles distant appears as clear and distinct in outline as one at a tenth of the dis-



tance, and we have no means of knowing the difference, we judge by experience, and usually very incorrectly.

Mr. Stoddart's experience is verified by travellers in other parts of Asia.

Again, he says :—

“ When I first came here, I brought with me a six-foot Newtonian telescope of five inches aperture, of my own manufacture, and though the mirrors have since been much tarnished, and the instrument otherwise injured, its performance is incomparably superior to what it was in America.\* Venus sometimes shines with a light so dazzling that at a distance of thirteen feet from the window I have distinguished the hands of a watch, and even the letters of a book. Some few months since, having met with the statement that the satellites of Jupiter had been seen without a glass on Mount Etna, it occurred to me that I was in the most favourable circumstances possible for testing the power of the unassisted eye, and I determined at once to make some experiments on the subject. My attention was, of course, first turned to Jupiter, but for a considerable time with no success. It was always so bright, and shot out so many rays, that it seemed quite impossible to detect any of its moons, even at their greatest elongation from the planet. I varied the experiment in several ways, by looking through the tube of a small telescope, from which the lenses had been taken, and also by placing my eye near the corner of a building, so as to cut off the most brilliant rays of the planet and yet leave the view unobstructed to the right hand or the left; but in neither case could I find any satellite. Sometime after I was sitting on the terrace as daylight was fading into darkness, and thought I would watch Jupiter from its first distinct appearance till it shone out in its full splendor. This time I was exceedingly gratified, just as the stars of the first and second magnitude were beginning to appear, to see two extremely faint points of light near the planet, which I felt sure were satellites. On pointing my telescope toward them my first impressions were confirmed, and I almost leaped for joy.

Since that night I have many times, at the same hour of the evening, had a similar view of these telescopic objects, and I think I cannot be mistaken as to the fact of their visibility. I must, however, add that none of my associates, who at my request have attended to the subject, are *sure* that they detect them, though the most short-sighted individual feels some confidence that he can do so. As these friends, however, are not practical observers, their failure to see the satellites

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\* To those of our readers, who are unacquainted with the construction of telescopes, we may say,—that the Newtonian is one of that kind which has two mirrors. The larger is called the speculum, and is fixed at the closed end of the tube. This speculum is ground somewhat concave—the curve being what is termed parabolic—this mirror receives the image of the object, being looked at, and reflects the rays into a focus. In a reflecting telescope of 12 inches aperture, the small mirror is about two inches in diameter; is flat, and is suspended in the open end of the tube, by fine steel bands, at such an angle (45 degrees) and at such a distance as to receive the reflected image from the large mirror in focus and again reflect it into the eye-piece fixed in the side of the telescope. The mirrors at the first were invariably made of a composite metal, but now they are principally made of glass, ground to the right curve, and then silvered and burnished.—EDITOR.

does not at all shake my belief that I have seen them myself.\* The time during which these satellites are visible is hardly more than ten minutes. The planet itself soon becomes so bright, that they are lost in its rays. I will not stop to discuss the question, in itself a most interesting one, why they are visible at all, when stars of the third and fourth magnitudes are not distinguishable, but merely give the facts in the case, knowing that you will reason on them better than I can. Both the fixed stars and the planets shine here with a beautifully steady light, and there is little twinkling when they are forty degrees above the horizon.

"Having come to a satisfactory conclusion about the satellites of Jupiter, I turned next to Saturn. This planet rose so late in the night, that I had not seen it while watching Jupiter, and I was very curious to know whether any traces of a ring could be detected by the naked eye. To my surprise and delight, the moment I fixed my eyes steadily upon it, the elongation was very apparent, not like the satellites of Jupiter, at first suspected, *guessed* at, and then pretty clearly discernible, but such a view as was most convincing, and raised my wonder that I had never made the discovery before. I can only account for it from the fact that, though I have looked at the planet here with the telescope many times, I have never scrutinized it carefully with the naked eye. Several of my associates, whose attention I have since called to the planet, at once told me in which direction the longer axis of the ring lay, and that too without any previous knowledge of its position, or acquaintance with each other's opinion.† This independent collateral testimony is very satisfactory to me. I have somewhere seen it stated that in ancient works on astronomy, written long before the discovery of the telescope, Saturn is represented as of an *oblong* shape, and that it has puzzled astronomers much to account for it. Am I not correct in this impression? and if so, is it not possible that here on these elevated and ancient plains, where shepherds thousands of years ago watched their flocks by night and studied the wonders of the glorious canopy over their heads, I have found a solution of the question?

"After examining Saturn, I turned to Venus. The most I could determine with my naked eye was, that it shot out rays unequally and appeared not to be round; but on taking a dark glass of just the right

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\* This is the true philosophic spirit in which to pursue all such scientific investigations. An untrained eye will often fail to see celestial objects which are quite apparent to the practical observer; who, nevertheless, likes to test his own experience with that of others. If an inexperienced person can see the object, it is not only a corroboration, but it satisfies him that the matter is almost beyond dispute, and, at least, not nearly so difficult to see as he might have at the first supposed.—EDITOR.

† One night, when the air was singularly pure and serene, we had been observing Saturn for a long time, and after removing from the telescope we looked at the planet, shining in radiant beauty, when it occurred to us that we could perceive its oval form with our unaided eye sight. To satisfy ourselves, we got a small pocket telescope, and examined the planet by that means; but all trace of elongation had disappeared, although the planet seemed larger than it did to the naked eye, owing to the magnifying power of the instrument. This experiment convinced us that the former image was imaginary, or else the enlarged spectrum would have shown the elliptical form all the plainer.—EDITOR.

opacity, I saw the planet as a very minute but beautifully defined crescent. To guard against deception, I turned the glass different ways and used different glasses, and always with the same pleasing result. It may be that Venus can be seen thus in England and elsewhere; but I have never heard of the experiment being tried. Let me say here, that I find the naked eye superior for these purposes to a telescope formed of spectacle glasses of six or eight magnifying power."

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## REGINALD HURSTON, ARTIST.

BY ILME.

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The following story is taken from the diary of Reginald Hurston, with but few alterations. The names of the two ladies who figure in it are fictitious, from consideration for their families. This and the addition and omission of a few words to make it read as a continuous whole instead of being disjointed by dates, are the only liberties that have been taken with the original, which came into our possession some time since.

I am an artist, not one of the dilettante class, who paint for amusement, not bread; who have handsomely appointed *suites* of apartments, where, during the season, they paint one or two pictures, which they present to some of their friends; who give pleasant suppers or go to places of amusement; who during the dreadful summer months, when I have to work, go to the sea side and indulge in yachting or later to the moors of Scotland to fish and hunt. Nor do I belong to that class who having made great names, have more orders than they can execute, whose pictures are given the best places, and whose smallest works sell for enormous prices. No, I am a very poor artist and what ever ability I have was scarcely recognized at the period of which I am now writing.

I was the only son of a Glasgow merchant, and received a first-class useless education. I could read the classics with tolerable fluency, know something about Mathematics, &c., but nothing by which I could earn my bread half as well as the bootmaker who made my boots, the tailor who made my clothes or the painter who decorated the house in which I lived. I was brought up as the heir of a rich man, on whom poverty could never fall. A commercial crisis occurred when I was twenty years of age, my father was ruined and took his fallen position so much to heart that he died a year afterwards leaving me penniless. I came to London. I had done a little amateur painting and my friends flattered me, as the son of a rich man is always flattered, and I came to London. Sorrowful it must be admitted, but sanguine enough that at first I could easily win my support with my brush, and afterwards rise to fame. Youth easily indulges in bright dreams; but mine were quickly dissipated.

I found myself the merest tyro in Art with hundreds of men, who were really clever, struggling for their daily bread in the same profession. Still I had the daring of Youth and was not easily daunted. It was clear that for some time to come, during which I must study hard, I could not expect to support myself by my brush, so I looked out for something else to do. There is no need of recounting how I tried for employment in vain. I applied for clerkships and answered advertisements and sought tutorships; but no matter what waters were stired I always found some one before me. My case was becoming desperate and just at the time that starvation and suicide were the alternatives presented to me, I obtained employment. I undertook to play the piano nightly at the Green Dragon, an east end house of entertainment. I often wonder whether my father turned uneasily in his grave, or if a kind God keeps the dead ignorant of the sufferings of their offspring, at the idea of me, Reginald Hurston, presiding at the piano, while a company of Negro Minstrels sang their songs, or the charming Julia De Smith grew pathetic, with a cracked voice, over an English ballad, or the rollocking Pat Brian, with his cockney dialect, imitated, or tried to imitate an Irishman's rich brogue, while a motley collection in the hall drank their beer and smoked their tobacco, applauding the *artists* with their pewter pots on the tables.

At first the excitement of living a life so completely different from all my past experience sustained me, as the very desolation of Sahara might for a little while charm a man *blase* of metropolitan pleasures. But it did not last. I was so utterly alone, for my pride and education prevented me associating with the only people that I could, that my thoughts gnawed into my mind. I became melancholy and despondent, yet with a sense that if I would preserve myself from madness, I must work; I toiled at my Art. Occasionally a gleam of enthusiasm would visit me, as I wrought out some effect of colors or deceptively lengthened out a bit of perspective; but these were followed by horrible depressions, like the after state of the opium eater. On one occasion, I sold a painting that I had labored on for two weeks, for ten shillings, to a picture-dealer, and fortune seemed to dawn upon me; but this piece of good luck was followed by horrible depression and nervousness. For three days I kept my bed, with no attendance but what the old woman from whom I rented my room could spare from her well-filled time, while a low fever was consuming me, and I became delirious at times. During this illness, strange pictures would stand out before my mind with the distinctness of reality. Vestal virgins were buried alive in gloomy vaults; gladiators fought in the arena; Christian martyrs suffered tortures; armies were routed, and the pale-faced flying squadrons swept past me with agonized expression. Rosamond drank the fatal cup, while the cruel-eyed Elenor stood by; Marie Antoinette went forth on the tumbril, amid the stony crowd, and Mary, Queen of Scots, sweetly sad, laid down her neck on the block. All the sad episodes of history passed me in successive tableaux; but the painful faces of the sufferers tortured me. Most of these were transitory, and as I thought I would fix their expressions and poses for my brush, they would dissolve to give place to the next; but one scene recurred again and again, until I learned it by heart. There

was a desolate rock-bound coast, with the waves, cruel and black, leaping forward with monotonous regularity; the dull, grey sky was flecked with dark clouds, which were ever hurrying on; the waters were strewn with the fragments of a wreck. There was one figure in the foreground, a tall woman, clothed in black, whose garments were blown about by the wind, as she walked to and fro, wringing her hands and stretching her head seaward. I could never see her face, between which and me her long crape veil ever interposed; but I knew it was the face of despair. I felt it was too sad for mortal conception, therefore it was draped like the face of Agamemnon, the father of Iphigenia, by Timanthes. This picture haunted me. It came again and again, till I became familiar with every detail. I could fancy the sullen roar of the waves and see the fragments of the wreck—after which the veiled figure craned her head so eagerly—drift nearer and rarer. I resolved to paint that picture, and ill and weak as I was, I rose to put that conception into execution. I worked incessantly, with the energy of fever; it grew in melancholy detail on my canvas; I took a morbid pleasure in this emanation of a diseased mind. Some sickly fancy, like an inner voice, kept telling me that on it depended my chances of fame. It wanted a fortnight of the last day for receiving paintings for the next Exhibition of the Royal Academy, when I commenced, and I had still three days to spare when it was finished. I had grown so attached to my offspring, that I could hardly bring myself to part with it; but on the morning of the last day, I brought it down, it was accepted. At last, said I, my works will be presented to the public.

In due course the catalogue was presented. I read, with the feverish anxiety of a young author, seeing his first essay in print, the single line:—

“503. DESPAIR . . . . . REGINALD HURSTON.”

I went on the opening day, and passed in with R.A.'s, and other friends. I glanced round the walls, hung with ambitious and meritorious paintings, but had only eyes for my work. I found it at last. It was given a bad place—too high up; but then I was satisfied that it was hung at all, as a recognition of merit, and I left the rest to the public.

I stood near it all that day; but no one appeared to take any notice of it. I did not despair; but went home, and returned next day. I came again and again, but though people stood opposite other pictures no larger than mine, and admired and criticised them; no one appeared to pay my production any attention. I began to despond; the elation that my success in getting it placed produced was being rapidly followed by a gloomy depression. One day, about a week after the opening day, I came in late, and walked up as usual to my corner, as I began to regard it. It had attracted notice at length, a young lady was looking at it, and then consulted her catalogue. I could have crept forward and kissed the hem of her dress. She presently turned her face; it was not one that would have been generally called handsome; but it was no ordinary one. She was young, but the face had a worn expression that seemed the result of recent illness or some

great trouble ; there were lines on the forehead, and the lips had a compression that is not usual with joy and youth ; there was a negligence about the arrangement of her hair that did not altogether displease me ; it was carelessly swept off the face and rolled in a great dark coil around the back of her well-shaped head ; but her eyes were the most attractive features, they wore a far away look, as though the present had no interest compared with some past or future time ; their shadowy depth would have given a dreamy look to the face, had it not been for the tightly compressed lips and the lines on the forehead, which suggested some present pain to be borne that could not yet be lost in dreams. I made a point of meeting her two or three times before leaving the rooms ; and, artist-like, I tried to fix some story that would suit her peculiar face. What was my surprise on reaching home, to find a note from the Secretary of the Royal Academy, asking me what price I set upon "DESPAIR," as a party had enquired with a view to purchasing. At last ! I slept little that night, with joy at my dawning fortune. I repaired to the Secretary next morning, and pleaded my ignorance as to what price I should name, and asked him to make the best bargain he could. That night, when I came home, another surprise awaited me. The Secretary had sold my painting for £30, a price that had far exceeded my wildest expectations, and the purchaser wished an introduction to the artist,—would I meet him, the Secretary, next morning, at 11.30, in his office, for this purpose ?

I went the following morning and met the secretary and was introduced to Mary Draper, the purchaser of my painting and the same whom I had first noticed regarding my work. From an interchange of commonplaces, we conversed upon art, we walked around the galleries and criticized the style and workmanship of the principal paintings. She was intelligent beyond any lady I had yet met, and had a special love for art, which she spoke of with poetic reverence, yet with firm judgment. Her voice was deliciously sweet, which invested the most ordinary sentences with a peculiar grace ; but why delay what the reader has already guessed, I was in love with her, and therefore watched every feature and action with special charms.

She was the only daughter of Edward Draper, senior partner of Draper & Morecomb, the eminent bankers, and idolized by him. She soon took an opportunity of meeting me accompanied by her father, an introduction followed, and I was invited to the house. Now indeed, "Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might." I no longer worked under the goad of despair ; but under the stimulent of hope and love. Since the sale of my "Despair" I had sold another painting for \$10. Let but this good fortune continue, thought I, and I will give up my music stool at the Green Dragon. This was a source of great uneasiness to me. I was afraid to tell Miss Draper of my low occupation, cursed fool that I was, and dreaded least she should find it out.

I believe I fell in love with Mary from the first conversation I had with her, if indeed I had not already loved her before that ; but for months and months it was not reciprocated. She admired me, we enjoyed each others conversation, she was as frank with me as a sister with a brother ; but there was no love. She told me how she

had loved once, and how utterly unworthy he had proved, how the man from whom she had expected strength of character and excellence had become a sot and a forger, and was branded a felon and transported. She was afraid, she said, to love again. Nevertheless she did. My passion re-kindled the fires in her breast, and we loved. Oh, happy, happy period! All first experiences of pleasure are very pleasant. Sweet is the first oyster of the season; sweet the first taste of fruit; sweet the first kiss; but sweeter than all is the first delicious dream of love. It lasted in roseate splendor for six months. Six months set apart out of all time, to which I believe I should look back even from the joys of heaven with a lingering regard.

One evening when I came to see my Mary, I found her engaged in conversation with a lady friend whom I then met for the first time, and on this first meeting formed one of those sudden repugnances which are as unaccountable as sudden likings. We seem to be so many magnets moving in society, attracting or repelling each other, and with the intensity of individual passions, increases this power. Our hate, I have every reason to believe, was mutual; but whereas, I, with the natural forbearance of a man towards a weak woman, let her alone. She showed no such favor towards me; but, hating, determined to force her feeling into fruit. Though I hate her—God forgive me—on my dying bed I will hate her, and heaven would be a hell were I forced to dwell in it in her company; and hate her type of beauty, I cannot but acknowledge she was handsome.

She had a glorious mass of red hair, in whose meshes the sunshine appeared to be entangled; delicately cut features—altogether a face that I should have liked to transfer to canvas, were it not for a restless, hungry look about the eyes, which my brush could never have caught, which my pen fails to convey. The uneasy gaze of a wild animal that refuses to meet our eye and yet is subtle and fear-inspiring in its faithlessness and suggestive cruelty. Her actions and words, if I may use the expression, were velvety, and her gliding motion was cat-like and bore out the suggestions of the eyes. God made us all; but why he ever put such a devil in fair form as that, surpasses my philosophy, sometimes surpasses my faith in the goodness of the Universal Creator!

Gradually I felt the effects of her interference. Within the very center of the golden love that bound Mary and me together, there was growing a little dull suspicion, so faint that I could never lay my finger on it and ask my darling why did she lack faith. She put questions to me that I knew never sprang from her own pure heart, but were suggested by that red-haired she-devil. I accused her to Mary of speaking against me; but no, Mary declared that her friend, whose name, by-the-by, was Hester Morrison, always had spoken in the highest terms of me. That was her Machaevellian policy. To have said a word against me would have aroused Mary against her at once and for ever; but pretending to be friendly, she retained Mary's ear, and distilled poison into it as deadly as Queen Gertrude ever poured into her sleeping husband's. I felt that I was losing ground; that I was no match for my enemy, who had access to the citadel of my darling's heart. My impotent protestations against her, which

seemed like injustice, had only the effect of making Mary take the treacherous Hester closer into her confidence.

I remember once coming into the drawing-room and finding Miss Morrison alone. As I looked upon her, in her quiet beauty, I thought, surely she cannot be as wicked as I have supposed. There must be some goodness in her to which I can appeal. I was desperate; Mary was becoming colder and colder, while my love, like a checked stream, was redoubling its force. I spoke freely to Hester Morrison. I told her that she was, perhaps, unwittingly, but none the less truly, using a pernicious influence on Mary, that she was turning her heart against me; that on her aiding, not opposing, my future happiness depended. Her facile features expressed surprise. She looked such a picture of meekness and injured innocence, that for the moment my heart smote me; but I recovered, and begged more earnestly than ever, by the futures of two lives, by her own hopes of happiness, not to interfere between me and my love. In the heat of my appeal, I had seized her hand. At this moment, Mary entered the room. My God, what a look of jealousy and passion transformed her face, as she caught me, with the light of my earnest appeal—mistaken for the light of other feelings—still in my eyes, and Hester's hand still clasped in mine. Mary advanced quickly towards us, but stopped in the middle of the room and said, in a voice that passion had changed into a whisper: "Sir, what is the meaning of this?" I hesitated and faltered in my speech,—could I explain the request I had been making to Hester Morrison? My confused manner evidently increased her passion. I can remember, in the midst of my agitation, feeling not altogether displeased at the circumstance, as, I argued, her jealousy showed how much I was loved. I determined on an explanation, no matter how ridiculous it might make me appear; but Miss Morrison was before me. She commenced in a clear, incisive voice, and every word of her speech is cut into my mind.

"My dear Mary," she said, "I have been a coward not to have spoken to you before; I have been more than a coward in abusing your confidence by keeping a guilty secret; but now I shall speak, Mary, darling, though you order me out of your house the next moment. Your friend there, Reginald Hurston, while your accepted lover has never ceased to worry me with offers of his hand. Even as you came in, Mary, you surprised him while making his proposal for the twentieth time. I am very sorry, Mary, dear; but you'll forgive me."

The hypocrite, the monstrous mass of deception and lies, spoke as though she were telling the truth, and ended by falling on Mary's shoulder in a little burst of tears.

Mary remained where she was standing with both hands pressed upon her heart, as though she suffered some great pain. Motionless as a statue, rigid and silent in her passion. At length she said in an altered voice, that sounded far away, "Leave us, Hester; leave us alone."

Hester glided out of the room not without casting a look of triumph over her shoulder, which I remembered long after, the door closed upon her, and Mary sank into the nearest sofa, and buried her head on the cushion.



"Mary, darling, I exclaimed, 'tis false, I swear by heavens, it is a lie."

"Hush," she said, raising herself slowly up. "No words of yours can ever clear you. I saw with my own eyes. Do not add perjury to your perfidy. Leave me. No word of yours can ever prove you innocent to me. Go."

"By God, Mary——"

"Hush," she said calmly with a shudder. "We part forever. How I loved him," she murmured as though I had already gone and she was only thinking aloud. "How I loved him, loved him"—dwelling with fond iteration on the word, and he is false."

"No Mary, hear me."

"Sir, we are strangers, have the manhood, at least, to leave the house when I order you. Don't necessitate my ordering the servants to turn you out."

I had pleaded with her before. I saw her mistake and pleaded with her. While I saw my own condition, I was not without pity for her. It was my turn to be passionate now.

"Turn me out! No, it has not come to that! But I must speak before I leave. Bury your head in the currains and stop your ears if you will, but still I must speak! I am innocent of the charge you lay against me. I have never been false to you even in thought. You are mistress here and can turn me out; but the day will come when you will repent of your madness, when you will see your injustice and folly, when you would call me to your side to ask forgiveness for the wrong you do me; but I shall have gone." Then suddenly lapsing into weakness, I sank down beside the sofa, and seized her hand, "Oh, Mary, darling; by the memory of our happy days together; by our vows of love, let us not part thus."

I felt her whole frame shudder as she snatched away her hand and without changing her position she uttered the one word, "Go."

"Yes, but never beneath this roof, never to speak to you, till you send for me, till you entreat me," I said and passed out.

It was a glorious day in August, and the sun was scorching on the pavement, with blinding heat. The sky was visible, blue and serene, through refts in the smoky London atmosphere, yet I shivered as I wandered drunkenly along. What right had the sun to shine, and the sky to look so peaceful, when my heart was heavy and black with disappointment? Crowds were passing along the streets, each individual intent on his own business, with sorrows and joys and speculations of his own, with never a thought for me, who had the life suddenly crushed out of my heart that bright day in August, by the mistaken jealousy of a woman, whom I had learned to love dearer than my own life. I did not reason on my sorrow. It was too immense. My mind was paralyzed, yet in some dull mechanical way the scene I had just passed through kept repeating itself again and again as I walked along. Sometimes we hope against hope and rise superior to a disappointment or a grief, and repeat little trite axioms of consolations to ourselves and speculate on what may be, even while our inner conviction tells us our hope is delusion; but I had no such relief, my mind was chained by despair, and the light of the sun and the motion of life around me were all blotted out by this great shadow.

It was not the sharp agony that I felt afterwards; but it was the agony of a living being shut up in a charnel house, with no hopes of escape; a certainty of living on a certain time and then dying—no hope—no possibility of rescue!

I reached my poor rooms at last; but the objects were no longer familiar. The man who left it in the morning and the man who entered it at night were two different individuals. Sketches hung round the walls, the half-finished painting stood on the easel; but they awakened no interest. One great sense of loss overshadowed every other feeling. My heart ached with the bursting sense of love that forever must be kept shut up: that I might live for a year, or live on for ages, and still it would make no difference; this loss would always overshadow me. I had nothing to work for; nothing but a low, bestial gratification of hunger—work to put food in my mouth, or clothes on my back; but the bright future, where I saw myself greeted with acclamation, and walking proudly, with Mary by my side, while crowds pointed me out as the famous artist, all this was destroyed. Then would come a rush of hope. This could not last. Mary would see, on reflection, how wrong she had been; she would send for me, and all would be made right. She must send; for had I not sworn never to enter her doors uninvited.

All that night I paced the scant limits of my room. To and fro—to and fro. If I stopped for a minute, my heart felt like bursting, and my head throbbed and grew dizzy; my own safety lay in action, though it was the fierce stridings of a mad man or a wild beast. What an eternity lay between evening and the next morning, and were all my nights to be like this, I wondered. The street noises grew fainter and fainter, and the silence oppressed me, and seemed to fill the room like a living being, and pressed upon me till I could hardly breathe. Morning came at last, and the stars grew fainter, and a pale blush of blue rose against the darkness, and night gathered up her diamond-spangled train and fled before the pursuit of the coming day!

I longed for the day, yet what did the light bring? Nothing for me but sorrow—nothing could all the days in the future bring but sorrow and sorrow. How long would I live with my heart racked and my brain disturbed? Was I dying now, and were the shivers that crept along my nerves premonitory of the approach of dissolution? I prayed that it might be so; that in the darkness of the grave I might purchase a little quiet, even at the price of oblivion—yet was it oblivion? Perhaps I should be as hungry-hearted there as here, with nothing but a great longing for a love that could never be mine! If youth be hopeful and sanguine, it is also easily depressed, and the sufferings I went through that day aged me more than five years of ordinary life.

Next morning, with, I suppose, the sort of infatuation that is said to compel a murderer to the scene of his crime, and thus revive his fears and horror, I went to Harlington Square, and passed the house. The blinds were all down; but as it was yet comparatively early, I did not mind; but when I passed again in the afternoon, after a weary drifting about the streets, trying in vain to lose even for a moment my thoughts in the general stir, and found the house still wrapped in

that quiet that appears to breathe out from a sick house, and saw the doctor's brougham at the door, I became alarmed.

She was ill. Love and pride contended long. Would I break through my vow and visit her? Love triumphed and I called; she was getting better. In fear for her life—her illness was a dangerous nervous fever—I forgot some of my grief, and when she was pronounced out of danger I almost grew light-hearted with joy. One morning a painting that had been long for sale, had been disposed of, and out of the proceeds I bought a bouquet and sent it up to Mary, in the hope, now growing large, I don't know why, that it would re-unite us. Next day I called, fluttering with expectations, and when the servant handed me a note I could not open it for a minute. It swam before my eyes and my brain reeled. Good God, this was all it said, "Miss Draper is surprised at Mr. Hurston's persistency. Is it requisite more than to draw his attention to the fact that his conduct was such as to place a breach between them for ever," and then came the little feminine sting, "No doubt he will seek consolation in another and familiar quarter."

That was all. Hope that I had raised a second time was crushed. I have no recollection of how I left the house, but I was weak, miserably weak. I clung to the railings and crept along to the nearest public house. I felt cold at my heart. I must have brandy. It put life in me. More, more brandy, excitement, forgetfulness, sleep, and then the waking with the renewed coldness at my heart, and maddening depression of spirits, when hell's devils tempt me to murder and suicide, when they stand there beckoning and pointing, till I have to fly from them to the brandy. I can only work under the fiery stimulus, I am writing now with the decanter beside me, and I know it, as well as any of my readers can tell me, that I am digging for myself a drunkard's grave; but who could live with all that's worth living for taken out of life, with hope crushed out of the heart and energy out of the mind, and continuous torture eating, eating, when respite can be obtained? It is killing me; granted, I have moments of torture, mental and physical; but what of that? I have no desire to prolong life, and better the occasional agony than the one life-long aching pain.

They say God knows all things. Did He know the consequence of my meeting with Mary, and yet permit it? It was none of my doing. On what predestined plan has my life been blasted, and earth made a hell, till the devils can devise no more torture? Is this the God of Love, that parsons preach about? Is it not rather all a mistake, and this whole world ruled by chance, or the Devil? Oh, Mother! sainted Mother in heaven! what am I saying? Do you see me now! Oh, no, no, no! Then heaven were no heaven to thee, to see thy son a drunkard—yes, a drunkard!

Oh, sleek people, moralizing in your comfortable chairs; mothers, with your children to love; fathers, with well-filled purses—I know how you condemn and despise me. But what do you know of the pain I suffered, of the empty, hungry weakness, worse than pain; of the brain that refused to work, but kept revolving *her* words and looks tumultuously, until I felt I must become mad unless I obtained some respite? I may be weak—I am weak; but are ye so strong?

or is it only that ye have not been tried with my temptation? But why need I try to excuse myself? I am a waif now, with no hope, no ambition, since I have no love. My self-respect is gone, since there is none in whose eyes I care to stand well.

Months and months passed. They seemed like years, and I kept no reckoning of time in my gloomy despair, when one day I received a note from Mary's father. How my heart beat and my hand trembled, as I received the note. Mary was ill, perhaps dying, and wanted to see me at once. Good God! see me, a drunkard, whose hand even then trembled, and whose eyes were unnaturally bright with brandy. What a wreck, I thought, as I looked at myself in the glass, and noted the great flecks of grey appearing in my brown hair; how sunken my eyes, and what great dark shadows under them; what an unnatural pallor; what a careworn, whiskey poisoned face to present in a sick room! Would they not read drunkard on every line? Still Mary dying? I resolved to go; but that I might not shock her with my ghastly appearance, I wrote, saying, that I had myself been very ill, and was still weak, but that I would come at once. I sent the note, and followed it in half an hour.

Death was already hovering in that house. She whom I had last seen burning with passion, magnificent in the strength that crushed me, lay so still and beautiful on the sofa, with the subdued light stealing about her head. I knew now more than ever that she could never be mine; she was another's bride; her "high-born kinsmen" were waiting to take her home. There was no anger in the smile with which she greeted me, only langor and sorrow.

Only a week ago she had learned how groundless her suspicions were. Hester Morrison, from a bed of sickness, wrote, confessing all her plottings, and Mary had hastened home that she might not die before I had forgiven her.

All had come right too late—too late! My pride, my life, was slipping out of my grasp into the great Unknown, where I shall never see her more. She can never be mine on earth; I shall never see her in heaven; for the drunkard "shall not inherit the kingdom of God!" Day and night I watched by her, save when I would creep out to get the fiery drink of brandy, without which I was helpless, for which the devilish thirst within me was craving. Day and night I watched by her, holding her in my arms, with her head on my heart, during those cruel paroxysms of coughing which shook her frame almost to dissolution. Oh, how I prayed in my madness, and besought God to spare her; how I cursed my evil genius; but all in vain; curse or pray, she was slipping away into the Future that must separate us forever! It was in my arms that she died; it was my ears that heard her last half articulate words. It was all over. Darker than ever was my life; more helpless than ever, save in the cursed strength of stimulants!

I am becoming weaker now. My mind is going; for I fancy I see things that have no existence. Angels beckon me, and devils clamor for my soul. She is among the angels, but we are separated for ever and for ever. All is lost as I am becoming famous. Paintings of mine that sold for ten shillings, have become the rage and are fetching fifty pounds, and my last painting, worked at in half

drunken fits of desperation, sold for two hundred pounds; but it is all over, I have lost my love, I have lost my love; but no hell can be worse than the hell of my own heart.

Last night the room swarmed with devils crying, "your time has come," and Mary appeared unutterably sad, and looking at me, said, "lost, lost, lost," and disappeared. I cannot pass such another night. If there be a God I trust my soul to him, for he cannot be all merciless, unless the devil be God, and hereafter may compensate my agonies.

These are my last words. Before the ink dries I shall know the great mystery. It is creeping up, inch by inch, my feet are cold, the cramp is spreading upward. O, Mary, love, Sainted mother.

Extract from *London Telegraph*.

"*Suicide*.—The jury in the case of Reginald Hurston, who was found dead with a pen in his hand and writing material before him, found that the deceased committed suicide by poison, while laboring under temporary insanity."

## WHERE ART THOU?

### I.

Alone beside this jasmine tree,  
 Whose boughs in silence wave,  
 I sit and watch this cold grey stone,  
 Which shields our darling's grave—  
 Thinking—wondering—art thou *here*,  
 Or hath thy spirit flown,  
 In sorrow to yon tomb of thine,  
 And only left this stone,  
 To mark the spot where *Beauty* knelt,  
 And *Grief* was wont to stay,  
 Ere Angels sang thy "*Hymn of Death*,"  
 And bade thee "*Come away!*"  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Lovely spirit! this little stone,  
 Whispering tells me "I'm alone!"

### II.

Nor doth that whisper ever die:  
 For high on yonder *Ghaut*,\*  
 Our little *Harry* sleeps where once  
 The gallant *Peishwa†* fought;

\* An isolated spur of the *Western Ghauts* whereon stand the remains of one of the most famous of the ancient hill-fortresses of the *Deccan*, (since converted into a delightful summer retreat and sanatorium).

† The vernacular title of a celebrated Commander and Governor of the *Mahrattas* before the conquest.

Surrounded there by Hindoo shrines,  
 And Temples in decay—  
 Ramparts too with frowning guns  
 To guard the sacred way\*—  
 Effulgent cascades, white with foam,  
 Which leap the crags below,  
 To toss their tribute waters down  
 Where mightier torrents flow !  
 Speak ! Art thou *there* ? Or, do I haunt  
 That wild sequester'd place,  
 Alone amidst those ruin'd shrines,  
 Which mourn the conquer'd race ?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Mouldering bastions hear the distant moan  
 And whisper back "*Thou art indeed alone !*"

III.

" Drive sorrow from thy heart my love !  
 " The hope which God hath giv'n,  
 " Outlives affliction's darkest night,  
 " And lights the road to heav'n !  
 " Oh ! leave that stone and jasmine tree,  
 " And seek that *Holy Hill*,  
 " Whence *Comfort* flies on wings of *Peace*  
 " To say '*I'm with thee still !*' "

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ADVENTURES WITH SOUTH AFRICAN LIONS.

BY M. BARTER.

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Virgil tells us of a youthful hero who, while enjoying the puny sport of stag-hunting, longed to see a tawny lion approach ; but even Ascanius might have been taken aback had he found himself unexpectedly brought face to face with four ; and it was no disparagement to my friend's courage to say that he felt, as he candidly confessed, anything but comfortable. He was armed only with a single-barrelled rifle ; and his horse, old Schutkraal, was in no plight for a race with the king of beasts, which can outstrip the swiftest antelope. In this emergency, however, his presence of mind did not forsake

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\* Like the Israelites of old, the *Hindoos*, *Mahommedans*, *Bluddists*, and other heathen Communities of the East, have from time immemorial been wont to erect their Temples and Holy Shrines in the "high places." Before the conquest of Hindoostan by the British, these Temples (being usually fortified, or capable of being so), afforded refuge to fanatics, devotees, robbers, and armed bodies, who fled there, either for protection, or to occupy the posts as bases of military operations or predatory raids against the hostile forces of any neighbouring chief or other enemy with whom they might be at war.

him, and knowing that to show any symptom of fear would increase the danger of his position, he pulled short up, and sat motionless, with his eye fixed upon his formidable adversaries. The three females dropped quietly upon their haunches, gravely returning stare for stare; while the old "mannetje," as the Dutch familiarly call him, a splendid fellow, with a long black mane, and his sides literally shaking with fat, stood a little in front, ever and anon whisking his tail over his back; but made no movement in advance. Barkley, on his part, had no idea of commencing hostilities, and when this mute interview had lasted some minutes, he turned his horse's head round, and rode slowly away. No motion was made in pursuit, and as long as the spot was in sight, he could distinguish the four figures, to all appearance remaining precisely in the same position in which he had left them. On his way back he found the carcase of a quagga, not a quarter of a mile from our tent, recently killed, and bearing evident marks of his late acquaintance's workmanship. We sent the boys for it; the ribs had been picked clean, but the hind quarters gave the poor dogs two or three hearty meals. We congratulated our friend on his escape, which was the more remarkable, as during this month and the next, these animals are especially savage and unapproachable. Lions are indeed something more than mere bugbears in this country. Some time before our arrival, Hans de Lange had a valuable horse destroyed by them in the very market place of Harrismith. His native servant, on rising one morning to set about his daily labors, was suddenly heard to exclaim—"Daar leg een zwart ding!"—(There lies a black thing.) And immediately afterwards—"Keek! daar loop een geel ding! het lyk net zoo als een leeuw."—(Look, there goes a yellow thing. It is very like a lion.) And a lion it was, which, after deliberately contemplating the "black thing," no other than the carcase of De Lange's favorite black horse, turned round and trotted away, as if indifferent about pursuit. Hans, however, did not take the matter quite so coolly; but, burning with rage at his loss, and at the impudence of the old skelm, as he called him, seized his trusty roer, and throwing himself upon the first horse he could find, without waiting for assistance, started off at a speed that soon brought him on the heels of the lion, who, finding himself pressed, bounded up a small zant, and having thus secured a vantage ground, faced his pursuer, and stood at bay. A large dog that was rash enough to venture within his reach, he caught up, and with one light sroke of his paw, swept him under his chest, when the flowing mane completely hid it from sight. Meanwhile Hans had dismounted, and now taking a steady aim, lodged a bullet just behind the shoulder. The lion neither fell nor moved till a second bullet from the same barrel had struck him, and in the same fatal spot. He then sprang forward. One bound would have ended the old Dutchman's history; but another of his faithful dogs throws himself in the way, only to share the instantaneous fate of his comrade. The delay is but for a moment; but Hans, whose self-possession has never failed him, takes advantage of it to reload, and, quick as lightning, the heavy roer is at his shoulder, the unerring ball finds its mark, and the noble beast sinks slowly down and expires without a struggle. The skin was given to Barkley, who has taken it with him to England;

the three holes were so close that they might be easily covered at once with three fingers. The old Boer thinks little of the exploit, but still grieves over his horse, whose bones he pointed out to us, bleaching in the spot where the catastrophe occurred, with the characteristic observation, "Daar leg dertig ponden"—(There lie £30 !)

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## EDITOR'S DOTTINGS.

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There are people in this world who are so intensely interested in themselves and their own affairs, so continually occupied in admiring that most important of all personalities and interests, *Ego et meum*, that they are absolutely incapable of speaking well of anything or anybody. They are of those who "give liking unto nothing, but what is framed by themselves, and hammered on their anvil." The usual practice of such persons, if they can find even a shadow to point at, is to decry, abuse, and throw the mud of slander and vilification in every direction. They remind us of a certain kind of flies, so fond of all nastiness, that they carry defilement wherever they go and taint everything they touch.

Our attention was drawn to this subject by an incident which occurred in our office a short time ago.

The *Scientific American* was lying on our table, and a professional engineer, who had called in on business, took up the number and began to examine and criticise it. Now we had formed our own estimate of both—the man and the publication—previously we had listened for one just charge, for one serious defect, but nothing specific had been stated. So we tried to draw him out as follows :

"Are the drawings defective?"

"Oh no!"

"Is the Journal too dear?"

"No."

"What is your particular objection?"

"I can't say I have any, but it is not the thing, you know; it does not come up to my notion of what a scientific journal should be. But you see it's hard to explain."

"Well, certainly, your fault-finding is very indefinite. You cannot point out what is wrong, nor tell where it is to be improved, and yet you say it does not reach your standard. In other words, Sir, you are not prepared to contradict, by proof, the statement, that—'The *Scientific American* is incomparably the best and cheapest journal of its kind which we can get.'"

800 pages, richly illustrated by wood cuts and diagrams, for \$3 per year.

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Among the illustrated papers which are laid upon our table none is welcomed more than the *Canadian Illustrated News*. It is a noble



effort, an effort which cannot be too highly appreciated, to build up an illustrated literature and love of art among ourselves. To encourage this good work every family in the country that can really afford ought at once to send their names, their address, and \$4 for 52 Nos. Never mind those who croak about paying in advance. Never mind discussing the theory of such payments, for you will find that in practice such objectors are the very persons who do not want to pay at all, and seldom do if they can help it.

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*Harper's Magazine* is an old acquaintance—for more than twenty years we have welcomed its arrival each month.

*Harper's Weekly* we took at its commencement in 1857.

The *Bazaar*, which is a much more recent publication, and intended specially for the ladies, is a fine family paper. To a family who can afford all three the publishers offer this immense mass of reading, and good reading, very richly illustrated, for the small sum of \$10.

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The *Phrenological Journal* is a Magazine in which you may always find suggestive thought, instruction and amusement. In its new dress it has an attractive appearance, and bids well for intelligent support. The terms are \$3 per year.

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*Ballou's Monthly* is another familiar name, and offers a large amount of descriptive and light reading for \$1.50 per year.

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*Wood's Household Magazine* is a small but attractive periodical. It contains short interesting papers on all kinds of subjects. Forty-eight pages for \$1 per year.

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*Scribner's Magazine* is a magnificently illustrated monthly, got up in very superior dress—paper, letterpress, and arrangement. We cannot, at the present, say all we desire of this Magazine. Get a sample number and judge for yourself. \$4 per year.

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*Arthur's, The Queen of the Ladies' Magazines*, is always received at our house with pleasure. It is accompanied by a beautiful little monthly called the *Children's Hour*. The two magazines can be obtained for one year for the small sum of \$2.50.

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*Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine*, may very properly be called a marvel of cheapness, of beautiful illustrations of art, fashion, and embroidery. The terms are \$2 per year.

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We all love music, if we do not there is some radical defect in our mental and physical constitution. Music, as usually published, is rather an expensive luxury, but in *Peters' Musical Monthly*, we hail cheap and good music, in the best form for actual use. Published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, N. Y.