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P. MURRAY, Orillia, 29th Feb., 1872.

The Home Fireside.

Spring. BY THOMAS HOOD. "Come, gentle Spring! ethereal maidens come!" O Thompson! void of rhyme as well as reason, How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum!

There's no such season. The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name! For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter, And suffer from her blows as if they came From "Spring the Fighter."

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing, And be her tuneful laureates and upholders Who do not feel as if they had a spring Poured down their shoulders.

Let others eulogize her floral shows; From me they cannot win a single stanza; I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's The influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale, Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at, Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale, Are things I sneeze at.

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year! And fair its earthly buddings and its bowings, But just suppose consumption's seeds appear With other sowings!

For me I find, when eastern winds are high, A frigid, not a genial inspiration; Nor can, like Iron-chested Chubb, defy An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague, To me all vernal luxuries are fables; O where's the spring in a rheumatic leg, Stiff as a table's!

I live in agony—I wheeze and cough, And quake with ague, that great agitator; Nor dream, before July, of leaving off My respirator.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie In fulsome odes, too many to be cited, The tenderness of spring is all my eye— And that is blighted!

LADY THORNHURST'S DAUGHTER. BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS, Author of "The Double Life," "Tressilian Court," &c., &c.

(Continued.) "How you have changed, captain!" exclaimed the old woman, involuntarily.

"And not for the better, your looks say," said the captain sneeringly. "No, not for the better," muttered Mrs. Kiggs, "law, when I was servant in your father's house, Mr. Digby, and you were only a lad of eighteen or so, you were as handsome as an angel. Who could have foretold such a change?"

"You imply that I have a look like a devil," remarked Captain Holm, coolly. "What did you expect, Granny Kiggs? and he settled himself easily into the nearest chair.

"I have been knocking about the world a good many years. I have been captain in Her Majesty's service; but I sold my commission about a year after an accident on Lake Ontario that nearly cost me my life twice over—once by drowning, and once by fever consequent upon my exposure. I have been explorer in America, trader in Canada, gambler on the Mississippi, a Colonel in the Confederate States of America, and many things else not worth while to speak of. Such experiences would change any man. It is fourteen years since I went away."

"When did you get back?" asked Mrs. Kiggs. "To-day," I landed at Liverpool this morning. My first visit in England is to you. I came on to Exeter by train, and drove out to Moreton Hampstead in a dogcart. I have walked the remainder of the distance, and more than once thought I should never get to my journey's end. You can hardly imagine my impatience to reach the Pig and Thistle."

The old woman coughed to hide her tremor. Her complexion turned a sickly yellow. "Hav'n't you been home, sir? she asked stammeringly. "Didn't I tell you that I came on to Exeter direct from Liverpool? demanded Captain Holm, eyeing her sharply. "I have seen no one I knew since I set foot upon the English shores. With the exception of your letters, I have not personally heard from England in six or eight years. Of some persons of whom I am most anxious to hear, and a sudden deadly look shot from his eyes, 'I have not heard in ten years. My own relatives discarded me anew, and for all time they said, some six years since. They have not written me a line since then. Do you know anything of them?"

"Nothing," said Granny Kiggs, faltering. "Only I wonder you should have come here first of all, after being away fourteen years. You need not wonder. I have

sent you so many injunctions about the child, that you should know by this time that earth holds for me no treasure like the one I left in your care," said Captain Holm, his eyes glittering. "Often in the wilds of Canada, or in the most reckless gambling scenes upon the Mississippi, or on the bivouac, some starry southern night, I have thought of the child with an unutterable in patience and longing. The thought of her was a shield to me in battle. I have stood hunger and thirst, nervous by the thought that she was here and I must return to her. Oh, the joy of knowing that she was here?"

Mrs. Kiggs was awed. "You loved her so, then? she faltered. 'I wouldn't have believed it. You never seemed to love her.' "Love her?" repeated Holm, hoarsely, a sudden lightning gleam leaping from his eyes, a sudden white heat glowing from his face. "Love her? The child I never saw but once after her earliest infancy; who shrank from me as from a leper; who has her mother's face; who was, or would have been trained to hate me? Love her? No! A thousand times no!"

"But—but you do not hate her—your own flesh and blood?" said the old woman, feebly. "What do I care for my own flesh and blood?" cried Captain Holm, with a fierce, scornful laugh. "I have had my own will through life, and it is my law. I broke my mother's heart, and she died six years ago, my name the last on her lips. Sitting by the side of her coffin, looking upon her hairs gray before their time, and upon her face seamed with wrinkles, my father wrote me that letter cutting me off from his friendship and estates. Unless my brothers die without issue, and I am then heir-at-law, I shall never get a penny of the Holm property. But if you suppose I shed one tear over that old man's tear-blistered letter, you do not know Digby Holm. I have no weakness of the affections. The past is dead, and I would not recall it if I could. My path is strewn with dead, to speak poetically, and again he laughed fiercely, but I have not cared for it. I have lived for but one object—have schemed with but one hope, and his voice sank to a hissing whisper. "That object and that hope were—revenge!"

"Revenge!" echoed Mrs. Kiggs, shrinking from him. The face of the returned wanderer glowed stormily. "Yes," he said, still in that fierce, hissing voice, "I have lived for revenge. It seems as if, now that I stand at last upon the threshold of success, that my soul is on fire. I loved a woman once—I love her still. If she be living, I will wring her heart through her child. I am come back poor, but she shall enrich me. She shall be a mine of wealth to me. But why do I speak all this to you? My excitement deprives me of my usual sense and caution, I think. The child—tell me of her. She lives? She is well?"

The miserly old woman trembled like a leaf in the wind. Her face grew even yellower in its sickly hue. "Yes—she lives!" she faltered. "You have sent me yearly reports of her appearance, disposition, and character," said Holm, eyeing Mrs. Kiggs with a glance that seemed to her full of suspicion.

"I have come here expecting to find an ignorant, uneducated, coarse faced rustic lass. That is what I desired her to be. I should like to present such a girl to her aristocratic, high-bred—Call up the girl!" he added, checking himself abruptly. "I want to see her."

"I can't!" said Mrs. Kiggs, in a whining voice. "It is so late." "Call her up, I say. The hour has nothing to do with it."

"I can't—I can't!" wailed the miserable old woman, in a deadly affliction. Holm took a step nearer to her, his face aflame, an ugly smile on his lips.

"Have you lied to me? he asked, in a terrible voice. 'Is the girl dead?' "Oh, I don't know," moaned the miserly old creature, putting up both hands, as if to protect herself. "It's all your own fault, captain. If you had sent the money as usual I shouldn't have let her go. But you didn't send it that year, and I thought you were dead. It cost so much to take care of her—you've no idea! she used to eat so much, too, and her clothes cost a sight. And I let her go because I did not feel able to support her."

Captain Holm interrupted her by the utterance of an oath so terrible as to elicit from her a shriek of terror. "Fool! witch! he ejaculated. 'The girl is gone! How long has she been gone?'"

"Since the year you forgot to send the money for her at the usual

time," whined Mrs. Kiggs. "Nine years!"

"Nine years!" almost shouted Captain Holm. "Then all your letters concerning her were base fabrications? Then you took my money for her support without earning it? You have cheated and lied to me. Where is she?"

"In London," gasped Mrs. Kiggs, almost beside herself with fear. "With whom is she?"

"A poor clerk, who stopped here as he was passing one day, and fell in love with her beautiful face. He wanted to adopt her, and gave me five pounds for the clothes she had on when she came to me."

The very demons must have trembled at the torrents of oaths that came from Captain Holm's lips. He glared at the wretched inkeeper as if he would kill her, and his fingers bent and unbent themselves with a nervous frenzy, as if eager to catch her withered throat.

"You sold her very clothes, so that they could identify her? he said hoarsely. "Go on! Who is this clerk? You took his address?"

"I asked him for his address, and he gave me a card which I looked at after he had gone. It proved to be the card address of an inn he had stopped at in Plymouth. Oh, Mr. Digby, don't glare at me so! It's all done, and can't be undone! You are not so good that you can afford to kill me! I see murder in your eyes!"

"Fool!" sneered Captain Holm. "Do you think I would endanger the success of all my plans by staining my hands with your miserable blood? Have you no clue to this London clerk? What was his name?"

"I never knew his name. I have no clue to him. He came and went and took little Tess with him, and I've never seen nor heard of either of them since. I supposed he was married and wanted, and wanted her for a servant."

"It is more likely that he was some spy, or detective, or emissary of the Redruths," muttered Captain Holm, in a tone too low for the old woman's ears. "And the girl is gone! And I am balked at the very outset!"

He scowled blackly, looking the incarnation of rage. "Is there anything more to tell me?" he asked, abruptly, after some reflection.

"Nothing more," was the frightened reply. "I presume the girl is in London, the ignorant drudge of that poor clerk's household. It must be easy to find her, to a man of your shrewdness."

"You don't even know what manner of clerk he was—whether banker, or merchant's clerk?"

Granny Kiggs shook her head. "I will defer my settlement with you," said Captain Holm, hoarsely. "For the present I must direct myself to the task of finding the girl. I shall, however, not be likely to forget your hypocrisy and lies."

He lifted his long, dripping cloak, and adjusted it about his person. He picked up his hat and drew it down again over his brows, and then, without another word to the terror-stricken Mrs. Kiggs, he opened the door and stalked out again into the storm and the darkness. At a little distance from the small inn he made a momentary halt and looked back, shaking his clenched fist at the building. Then, folding his cloak closer, he breasted the storm, muttering darkly—

"It is my impression that the clerk who took Tessa away was a detective or person in the employ of the Redruths. While I have been away, and cherishing my schemes, Ignatia may have had possession of the child. The girl may be educated, accomplished, and an acknowledged heiress. By heaven, there's murder in my heart to-night! The girl is my daughter, and I'll have her back if I have to scour the world to find her. From this moment I devote myself to the search for her. I think she is with her mother, and my first movement shall be to find out the whereabouts of Ignatia Redruth, and to visit her."

CHAPTER XV. AN EDEN AND THE SERPENT. Captain Holm made his way back through the wild storm and darkness, after his night visit to Mrs. Kiggs at the Pig and Thistle, to the little village inn at Heathmore, where he had engaged a room and stabled his hired horse at an earlier hour. He aroused a night porter and gained admittance to the house, retiring to his own room. But he did not go to bed. During the few hours that elapsed before the daybreak he crouched before his fire or paced his room, muttering and plotting darkly, his soul tossing with terrible emotions of anger, hatred, baffled schemes, and longings for revenge. The next morning after an early breakfast, he drove back in his dog-cart to Exeter. Delivering up his equipage at the stable at which he had hired it, he sought a bookseller's shop in a principal street, and demanded of the polite shopman a recent copy of Wallard's

"County Families." The book was in stock, and was brought to him. As has been said, or intimated, Captain Holm knew nothing of the second marriage of his divorced young wife. He had heard, many years before, of his wandering life, but owing to his residence in Italy, and owing to his movements or whereabouts since. Therefore he turned over the gilded leaves of the manual with an eager and unsteady hand, averting his face from the shopman, who was presently called away to attend upon a lady. For the first time in all those years that had passed since he had seen her, the fear assailed him that Ignatia might be dead. The perspiration started to his brows, and a mist swam before his sight, and his breath came gaspingly between his parted lips. Recovering himself after a little, he turned to the "Dictionary of the Landed Gentry," and found therein the inscription, which ran as follows:—

REDRUTH, George Powell.—Second son of Thomas Redruth, Esq., b. 1805 s. 1850; m. 1829 Ignatia dau. of M. Harold, Esq. (whom see); ed. at Eton and Ch. Ch. Oxford; Redruth, Wotton, Lancashire; The Larches, Middlesex; Legrave sq., S. W.

"Heir his daughter Ignatia, b. 1830; m. 1st 1846 Captain Digby Holm; m. 2nd 1855 Anthony 9th Marquis of Thornhurst (whom see.)"

A strange, inarticulate sound, like the subdued roar of a dangerous and furious wild beast, escaped from the lips of Digby Holm as he read that second paragraph. In the noise of the entrance of a party of gentlemen the sound was unheard save by his own ears. He clenched his fist unconsciously, and glared at the page, as he muttered under his breath—

"Married! I half expected it, and yet the blow is none the less terrible. Married! She has put between us an unsurmountable barrier. Despite my hopes I can never force her to become my wife on plea of saving her child. Married! Ah, I am an outcast, indeed. I love her still—I love her as only I can love—and I will not recognise that decree of divorce. In the name of God and man I claim that woman as my wife."

He looked around him with a demon glare, as if he would battle with anyone who should gainsay his claims upon his divorced wife. For some moments he stood as if paralyzed. Then, with a ghastly face, he turned to the front of the volume, and examined the portion devoted to the Peerage. He found the name of Thornhurst, and studied the titles and pedigree of Anthony, ninth marquis, and the record of his lordship's marriage to Ignatia Redruth. A spasm of jealous fury seized him as he read a second paragraph to the following effect:—

"Heir, his son, Anthony Redruth, b. 1856."

"His son!" breathed the returned wanderer, hollowly. "His son! And hers also! It is more than I can bear."

The book fell from his nerveless hands upon the counter. He turned and made his way out of the shop with the step of a drunken man.

"I have returned after fourteen years of absence," he muttered, as he proceeded down the street, his head drooping to his breast, "to find myself—what I am! Cast off by my family, forgotten by the woman who was my wife, and whom I love more than ever, balked in my schemes, there does not stand on English soil to-day a man more utterly miserable than I! The woman who used to smile at my coming, who blushed when I caressed her, who was my wife, is now the wife of another man, the mother of that man's children, but wife and marchioness though she be, she belongs to me still! I will not recognize as binding that decree of divorce! I will see her, and— But first to find the child—to know if she has the child with her!"

He proceeded to the railway station, and took the first train for London. He arrived in town near the close of the short December afternoon. A heavy fog prevailed, the mud was thick in the streets, and a mist of rain was falling. A scene more sombre, more comfortless, more utterly dreary, could not be imagined. Omnibuses were crowded within and without; cabs were plodding slowly as drays; the slippery streets were nearly deserted of foot passengers. The street lamps were already lighted, but their pale, watery glow, was like the glimmer of fire-flies, and was scarcely perceptible beyond the distance of a few yards. Accustomed for so many years to the clear, pure atmosphere of America, with its down-right honest rains, and its glorious winter sunshines, Captain Holm, drawing his cloak around him, and putting up an umbrella, bought at a street corner, strode on in the gloom in a savage humour.

"Curse the beastly climate!" he muttered. "It's only fit for savages to live in. I wonder if Ignatia is at Belgrave-square; but, of course, she

is not at this season. I suppose my lord the marquis hunts at his seat in Yorkshire, and comes up to London to take his seat in the House of Lords. And my lady the marchioness is no doubt a belle and a beauty," and he sneered. "She's only four and thirty, in her very prime. I wonder, what my lord will say when he learns that his wife, the mother of his heir, is the wife of two husbands, as I might justly call her?"

He laughed mockingly, as he pursued his journey to Belgrave-square. He had some difficulty in the fog and mist, in finding Redruth House, but found it at last. It was unlighted, and looked a grim though stately pile. He mounted the steps, and plied the knocker vigorously. In due course of time, an old man, whose appearance proclaimed him a servant opened the door, lamp in hand, and peered out at the visitor.

"Is Lady Thornhurst at home?" demanded Captain Holm, in his most imperious manner.

"Yes, sir—at Thornhurst," was the unsatisfactory response, as the worthy old servant surveyed the dripping guest, and mentally determined—judging from Holm's ghastly face and unsteady, reckless manner—that the visitor was some broken down gentleman who had heard of her ladyship's well-known benevolence, and had come to solicit aid.

"At Thornhurst, eh? muttered Holm, irresolutely. "Tell me, fellow, has Lady Thornhurst a daughter?" he added, eagerly. "A young lady by this time, I suppose—a child of her ladyship's first husband?"

The eagerness and the sinister glitter of Holm's eyes impressed the old servant unpleasantly. Holm's brusqueness and peremptoriness also displeased him.

"I know nothing of her ladyship's private affairs, he said, stiffly, "and if I did I should not talk of them with an entire stranger. Good evening, sir."

He closed the door abruptly, and Holm heard him secure the chains on his insider side. The returned wanderer stood upon the stone steps in the rain, angered and disgusted, muttering curses upon the servant, upon Lady Thornhurst and upon Mrs. Kiggs, whose greed for money had brought him to his present unpleasant position.

"If she had kept the child, as she ought, I should have had none of this trouble, he muttered. "As it is I am booked for Yorkshire, that's certain. I'll set out by the earliest morning train. Now for a hotel."

He put up his reeking umbrella, and moved down again into the mist and darkness. He went to a quiet hotel just out of Piccadilly, and secured a room for the night. The next morning at nine o'clock, he left London for Yorkshire. He alighted at Cottingham, and having inquired his way to Thornhurst, set out to complete his journey on foot. The air was keen, and cold, and damp, blowing roughly in from the sea. The sky had a dull, gray, wintry look, and a faint mist still prevailed. The traveller had a long walk over muddy roads before him, but animated as he was by longings for vengeance upon one whom he had terribly wronged, but who had never wronged him, he pressed forward without thinking of fatigue.

(To be continued.)

The Legislative Assembly of Prince Edward Island has repealed the duties on breadstuffs, and increased those on brandy and whiskey seven or eight cents.

As an illustration of the productive capacity of our oil territory it has been stated that from a patch of six acres in the Petrolia district, oil to the value of \$800,000 has been obtained within five years. We hear that \$80,000 has been offered for a well on this territory.

IN THE LAST fiscal year the product of the Dominion fisheries was \$7,373,200, being nearly one million dollars in excess of the previous year. About fifteen millions of capital and 87,000 persons are employed in the business—figures which show that the trade in fish takes a prominent place among the productive industries of the Dominion.

FISHING.—The fishing season has commenced and the finny tribe are being taken in considerable numbers. The Messrs. Port intend to carry on business extensively at Whitefish Point, Lake Superior, this summer. They have already put up docks, and Mr. A. Port will leave next week to superintend operations. It is expected that not less than six or eight tons of fresh fish will be handled by this firm each week. They will be shipped chiefly to Buffalo.—Bulletin.

"MR. SPEAKER" said a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature, in discussing a bill for the regulation of the timber trade, "these timber dealers are a bad lot; they're egregious scoundrels. I know them; I was in the timber line myself more than twelve years."

THE Collingwood Board of Health in taking vigorous measures against small-pox.