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Poetry.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

'Tis home where'er the heart is;
where'er its loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Through haunts or mossy dell;
The heart's a rover ever,
And thus on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is:
Its fairy spells can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert—spring.
There are green isles in each ocean,
'O'er which affection glides;
And a haven on each shore,
When Love's the star that guides.

'Tis free where'er the heart is;
Nor chains nor dungeon dim,
May check the mind's aspirations,
The spirit's pealing hymn!
The heart gives life its power,—
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flower.

Wm. Wreath.

A BAFFLED VENGEANCE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART III.

Lisa looked quickly at Lady Dorothy. Her face was a shade paler.

"Why do you ask such a question?" said she. "If there is another entrance, there are not, any rate two keys to the dead-box, I imagine?"

"There was one lost," once again interrupted the old woman, "twenty years ago."

"A key lost? I never heard of it," said the old lawyer, anxiously, turning to Mrs. Churchill.

"Oh, ay, sir; but it were lady Vere lost it. She never dare tell Sir John; but she did lose it. Sir John had the duplicate, and she took an impression of it in wax, and got another key made in London—twenty years ago it were, and the lost key has never been found."

Mr. Hinton looked disturbed.

"All this you will have to swear to, probably, in court, Mrs. Churchill, remember," said he.

"Maybe sir; I am quite ready," replied the old lady. "I'm getting old now; but thank Heaven, my memory's as good as ever. A James Hill, who made the key for us, may be yet alive—Wells Street he lived in. I mind the house, but I've forgotten the number.

Here followed a long discussion and conversation between the gentlemen, in which Lady Dorothy occasionally took a part. Meanwhile, Lady Vere had the will again in her hand, examining it carefully.

Suddenly she held it up to the light; then cried, in an almost terrified voice, "Francis, this paper is a forgery!"

"You will have to prove that. 'Is your head turned by the prospect of losing your money?'"

"See, Francis, see!" cried Lisa, disregarding. "See! the water-mark is 1860. Sir John died the year before! This will must have been written after his death!"

They all crowded round to examine the paper. There was no doubt of it. There was the water-mark, with the date 1860 on it.

A deep silence fell on the assembled company. "This will have to be sifted to the bottom!" cried Mr. Hinton, angrily. "I don't understand it all—indeed I don't. Lady Dorothy, will must come before a court."

"I know nothing about this mark," Lady Dorothy replied. "I don't comprehend it. I believe this to be a genuine document, and I certainly shall contest Sir John's will leaving the property to Sir Francis!"

"You can certainly take the matter into court if you like, Mr. Hinton," said Mr. Lord, with a half-smile; "but I could hardly take upon myself, as your legal adviser, to recommend you to do so. We must of course, do all in our power to find out from whence this document has proceeded, and by whom it was placed in the dead-chest. It is a most mysterious affair, certainly!"

"Exceedingly so!" conceded Lady Dorothy. "You will find it hard to discover the writer, I should fancy." But she was pale to the lips.

"Let us go and examine the tower!" cried Sir Francis. "Mrs. Churchill, you must be our guide, Mr. Lord, if you will take the ladies to the round room, I will go with the others to find the entrance Mrs. Churchill mentions."

"I decline altogether to go. Come, Mr. Hinton, your arm; we will return to Molton," interrupted Lady Dorothy, angrily.

"Your ladyship can certainly return," said the solicitor; "but if Mr. Hinton will take my advice, he will stay until we have done all we can do, at present,

to clear up this affair!"

"Certainly, certainly," replied Mr. Hinton; and they hurried off, paying no heed to Lady Dorothy who seated herself sullenly by the fire; whilst Lady Vere and Mr. Lord, followed by several of the servants, proceeded to the tower.

They waited and listened for a few minutes, and then the sound of voices and footsteps were heard.

For a moment all was silent, then, with a crash the secret panel was forced open, and Sidney Hinton holding something in his hand white and fluttering, and followed by Sir Francis, entered the room, the lawyer and Mrs. Churchill bringing up in the rear.

"There has been some one there, and that lately," cried Sir Francis. "See if you please, Hinton, is there any mark on that handkerchief, and any writing on that paper."

And they gathered anxiously round the light, "Great heavens!" cried Sir Francis, letting the handkerchief fall. "Don't—don't, Hinton!" as Hinton tried to pick it up.

"Don't? Why not? I will see! What! my wife's monogram!—her writing! How, in Heaven's name, can her handkerchief have come there? What! I cannot believe it!" he cried piteously, as the truth, or a suspicion of it, seemed to break on him.

They all stood silent. A footstep entering the room caused them to look round. Lady Dorothy stood before them. All eyes were turned towards her.

"Why do you look at me so?" she faltered.

"Dorothy, you are a disgrace!" began Hinton, excitedly.

"Hush!" said Sir Francis gravely. "Lady Dorothy, permit me to return your handkerchief and this paper. You must have dropped it in mistake the night you honoured Holm by a secret and unexpected visit."

"I don't understand you," she began. Then, seeing the look of scorn on the faces of all, she was silent; and her husband, in a half supplicating voice, cried, "Dorothy, what is the meaning of all this? Explain, I entreat you!"

Lady Dorothy laughed bitterly. "They find my handkerchief and a letter in the room, and—"

"Not in the room—on those stairs!" interrupted Hinton, angrily.

"Who found them? Sir Francis, perhaps?" retorted she, scornfully.

"No. I found them; and I was first on the stairs. How came they there?"

"I know nothing of them," she replied, doggedly.

"Nor of this, Lady Dorothy?" said the old lawyer, opening wide the second sheet of the forged will; and displaying a tiny piece of pink scented paper, with the half of the signature, "John Vere," in Lady Dorothy's own handwriting.

Below it was the same signature, in the forged handwriting of Sir John Vere.

The tell-tale piece, scarcely a quarter of an inch long, had in some way got fixed beneath the little catch with which the leaves of the document were fastened together, and now bore silent witness to the perfidy of the writer.

"Dorothy! My wife a forger! You—!" groaned Hinton. And he covered his face with his hands.

"Drtveller!" cried Lady Dorothy, fiercely,—"come away! Let them prove all these accusations against me if they can—let them prove I wrote that paper!" and she smote on the table with her clenched hand; "let them prove I put that document into the dead-chest, if they can!"

And she turned wrathfully away, her face pale with rage and baffled revenge.

Hinton said never a word, but shaking hands with Sir Francis, followed her from the room.

He was a weak man, dull, quiet, and far from clever. His wife's talents he had always held in high respect, and in everything he had always acted according to her own will, and by her he had been ruled in every way with a rod of iron.

But now he was thoroughly roused, and there was fearful scene at Molton that night between the miserable husband and wife.

And no one was surprised when, a few days later, Lady Dorothy's sudden departure to Ireland—to visit some distant relations—was announced, and Sidney Hinton prepared to pass the winter season in Paris.

Before he left, he forwarded to Sir Francis the missing key, which he forced Lady Dorothy to give up to him that same evening. It was months before the wretched couple met again, and they never more resided at Molton, for the story of the forged will spread far and wide, spite of all endeavours to keep it quiet, and the reputation of Lady Dorothy was ruined for ever.

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"So we are only to leave Holm Castle for a while, after all; my wife," said Sir Francis, looking fondly at Lisa, as she sat at the breakfast-table, attired for her journey.

"No dearest," she replied. "And how delightful

it will be here when spring returns and we come back again, and the trees covered with leaves once more! I do love this old place!"

"And its master, darling?" said Sir Francis, gently.

"Oh, Francis! you know!" replied Lisa.

"Yes, I think I do! And are you happy?" returned he.

"Happy? Yes, Francis—I am so happy now, for I have gained the only thing I really cared to win—the one thing I longed for in this world—your love!"

THE PROFLIGATE'S DREAM.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

What are dreams? To this question, so often, so earnestly asked, there never yet has, most probably never will be, a satisfactory answer given. It is one which seems most particularly to rouse the inquisitiveness of human nature, and has, accordingly, drawn forth from a thousand minds a thousand speculations and hypotheses. Some clever and ingenious—many more inanely silly than ever was dream of a half-wakened idiot.

To these I have no intention of adding one, good or bad. I am content to observe, that while Judgment sleeps Imagination wakes; and relieved from the surveillance of her staid sister, she revels amidst the inexhaustible stores of ideas which she finds in the mind; and seizing these in heterogenous handfuls, she thrusts them into her kaleidoscope, and then forces the helpless and unresisting soul to gaze at the sometimes gorgeous and bewitching, sometimes hideous and appalling, scenery she has thus created.

Who can wonder if, amidst the interminable combination thus produced, a little truth should sometimes mingle? or if, in the endless wheelings of the phantasmagoria, they should occasionally assume the attitude of the future, as well as of the past? Nay, which of us, whose mental vision is bounded to each successive point of our own existence, shall venture to assert, that these combinations are not at times permitted, if not ordained, by "Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being?"

Whether my readers shall think these ideas confirmed or otherwise by the following dream, I do not know—nor, in very truth, do I much care, since it is not for the purpose of supporting any preconceived theory that I relate it here, but merely as a most uncommon instance of continuity of purpose and of imaginary in a dream, and a graphic force of delineation, that might almost suit it for the subject of a drama; and let my readers rest assured that the dream was dreamt, and that the descendants of the dreamer's relatives are among the most wealthy and respected families in Glasgow.

About ninety years ago, there was in Glasgow a club of gentlemen of the first rank in that city, for the meetings of which card-playing was the ostensible cause and purpose; but the members of which were distinguished by such a fearless and boundless excess of profligacy, especially in the orgies of this Club, as to obtain for it the cognomen of "The Hell Club." They gloried in the name they had given or acquired for themselves, and nothing that the most unrestrained licentiousness could do to merit it was left untried.

Whether the aggregate of vice be greater or less in the present age than in the one gone by, I am not prepared to decide; but of this I am certain, that among the upper and middle ranks of society, it is forced to wear a more decorous disguise; for assuredly, in this our day, habitual drunkenness and shameless license dare not frank themselves forth in the eyes of all beholders as if they thought they derived a glorious distinction from conduct too degrading for the brute creation. Still less would such men be how unhesitatingly received into the best society—that of cultivated, refined, and virtuous women—as if they were indeed the "fine fellows" they chose to call themselves.

Perhaps it may be that vice—those diseases of the soul—run a round, like the diseases of the body; and some rage with a virulence in one age or period, and die away only to give place to others that succeed to their devastating prevalence and energy.

But I have wandered from the Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held a grand annual Saturnalia, at which each member endeavored to "outdo all his former outdoings" in the united forms of drunkenness, blasphemy, and unbridled license. Of all who shone on these occasions, none shone half so brilliant as Archibald Boyle. But, alas! the light that dazzled in him was not "light from heaven," but from that dread abode which gave name and energy to the vile association destined to prove his ruin—ruin for time and eternity!

Archibald Boyle had been at one time a youth of the richest promise—possessed of the most dazzling talents and most fascinating manners. No acquirement was too high for his ability; but unfortunately, there was none to low for his ambition! Educated by a fond, foolishly indulgent mother, he too early

met in society with members of the "Hell Club." His elegance, wit, unbounded *gaieté de cœur*, and versatility of talent, united to the gifts of fortune, made him a most desirable victim to them; and a victim and a slave, glorying in his bondage, he very quickly became. Long ere he could count twenty-five as his years, he was one of the most accomplished blackguards it could number on its lists; even his very talents—those glorious gifts of God—but served to endow him with the power of being more exquisitely wicked! What to him were heaven, hell, or eternity? Words, mere words, that to him served no purpose, but to point his blasphemous wit, or nerve his execrations! What glory to him, the immortal spirit! was there, equal that of hearing himself pronounced the very life of the Club? Alas! there was none; for the moment the immortal spirit so far forgets the Giver of its immortality as to plunge headlong into the midnight of vice, its moral vision becomes so distorted, that its deepest degradation is hailed as its utmost glory, even as the wretched lunatic devours the most revolting filth, and calls it a delicacy.

Yet, strange to say, while all within—all the empire of that heart "out of which are issues of life"—was thus festering in corruption, he retained all his very remarkable beauty of face and person, all his external elegance and fascination of manner; and more extraordinary still, continued an acknowledged favourite in the fairest and purest female society of the day.

One night, or morning, on retiring to sleep, after returning from one of those annual meetings of the Club, to which I have already alluded, Boyle dreamt that, mounted as usual upon his famous black horse, was still riding towards his own house—then a country seat built over by ancient trees, and situated upon a hill now built over by the most fashionable part of Glasgow—and that he was suddenly accosted by some one, whose personal appearance the gloom of light prevented his more than indistinctly discerning, but who, seizing the reins, said, in a voice accustomed to command, "You must go with me." "And who are you?" exclaimed Boyle, with a volly blasphemous execrations, while he struggled to disengage his reins from the intruders grasp: "That you will see by-and-by," replied the same voice, in a cold sneering tone, that thrilled his very heart stream. Boyle plunged the spurs bowels deep into the panting sides of his hitherto unfoiled and unfauling steed. The noble animal reared, staggered, and then suddenly darted forward with a speed that nearly deprived his rider of breath and sensation; but in vain, in vain! fleetier than the wind he flew—the mysterious, half-seen guide, was still before! Agonized, by he knew not what, of indescribable horror and awe, Boyle again furiously spurred the gallant horse.

It fiercely reared and plunged—he lost his seat, and expected at the moment to feel himself dashed to the earth. But not so; for he continued to fall—fall—fall—it appeared to himself with an ever accelerating velocity. At length, this appalling rapidity of motion abated, and to his amazement and horror, he perceived that his mysterious attendant was close by his side. "Where," he exclaimed, with the frantic energy of despair, "where are you taking me—where am I—where am I going?" "To hell," replied the same iron voice, and from the depths below, sullen interminable echoes repeated the sound so familiar to his lips, so stunning now to his scared and conscience-smitten ear.

"To hell," onward, onward, they hurried in darkness, rendered more horribly dark by the conscious presence of his spectral conductor. At length, a glimmering light appeared in the distance, and soon increased to a blaze; but, as they approached it, instead of the hideously discordant groans and yells he expected to hear, his ears were assailed with every imaginable sound of music, mirth, and jollity. They soon reached an arched entrance, of such stupendous magnificence and beauty, that all the grandeur of this world seemed in comparison even as the frail and dingy labours of the poor earth-born mole. Within it, what a scene! No amusement, no employment or pursuit of man, is there to be found on earth, which was not going on there with vehemence which excited his unutterable wonder.

There the young and lovely still swam in the giddy mazes of the midnight dance. There the bounding steed still bore his far more brutal and senseless rider through the excitements of the gaudy race. There the intemperate still drawled, over the midnight bowl the wanton song or maudlin blasphemy. There toiled the slaves of Mammon, and grinding their bitter task of seeking THROUGH ETERNITY useless gold! confessed that there insatiate thirst of it on earth had indeed been but the apprenticeship of hell! And there the gambler plied his endless game; while as if in utter mockery of their unremitting toil, there sparkled and blazed around such a flood of gem-like light, and all that we, poor children of the dust, call magnificence, as for a time quite dazzled and confounded his senses.