

The cavalcade began its march, while at a short distance behind came the hunters and the whippers-in.

CHAPTER XXVI.—The Chase.

In the morning mist, which cast a mysterious shadow over the whole landscape, the hunters here and there perceived villages, the huts of which were made of the trunks of trees roughly joined together, half buried in the moving sands, in which grew nothing but wild, resinous, melancholy-looking firs. The rocky hillocks were enlivened by vine leaves. In front of the distant hills, enveloped in fog, rose embattled castles and feudal halls, which were inaccessible resorts from which the lord scanned the heath and the plain, as an eagle from the top of its eyry.

But the sun, soon piercing the veil that had hitherto intercepted it rays, suddenly animated those picturesque heights, and coloured the horizon with a thousand variegated tints.

The hunt had now arrived on the borders of the forest of Larnac. A hundred dark-skinned peasants, young and old, for the most part small and meagre, with naked feet and legs, and bodies wrapped in cloaks of coarse grey cloth, were silently stretched on the slopes of the ditches, awaiting the arrival of the Prince of Wales. For some hours the poor creatures, assembled at the place of rendezvous that had been indicated to them, shivered under the morning breeze, for they had no shelter against the fog, except the grass and damp moss that bordered the forest. As soon as they heard the barking of the dogs they hastily rose, shook off the dew with which they were soaked, and ran to range themselves by the side of the hounds, with which animals they were considered only on a level. At that epoch, in fact, the feudal lord gave the very subsistence of the peasant to wild beasts. The husbandman saw the wolf devour his flock, and the hounds devastate his crops without daring to complain. The baron ranked the wild beast before the common people, because the chase contributed to his pleasures, which were considered so sacred that no one dared attempt to interfere with them; on pain of the rope; and if the peasant sometimes mixed in the chase, it was only to assist the dogs, to supply their place in case of need, and with them to turn the game. The dog that followed but its instinct, and sprang eagerly in pursuit of the quarry, had its reward in the bleeding game. He had his share, as the noble huntsman had his; but the serf went against his will, because he was assisting in his own ruin, for at every step he broke his own vine, trampled his own corn, and ravaged his own fields. Thus, when a hunt was to take place, the serf, in order to avoid the requisition of the huntsmen, would abandon his hut and fly for refuge to some thicket or solitary cave.

The captain of the hunt, after assuring himself that each peasant had brought his spear, placed them on one side of the wood, then gave the signal with his trumpet—the horns resounded and the beating commenced. The Prince of Wales, with the lords and ladies who attended the chase, galloped along the avenues, amid which they soon disappeared, and the green arcades resounded with shouts of joy.

During this time a very different scene was passing at the other extremity of the forest, in one of its most secret and inaccessible retreats. It was a situation at once both wild and charming. A hill, composed of a crumbly sandy earth, had, some years previously, in consequence of a rush of water, fallen half down, and in its fall had formed a sort of deep tunnel.

The tunnel was broken into waves of uneven ground, and little hillocks and shallows, from which sprung young beech trees, whose verdure enlivened the yellow or gray banks of the gulf.

The path, which descended like a steep slope from the top of the hill to the bottom, resembled, by its whitish appearance, the dried bed of a torrent; and the waters, which, after heavy rains and during hurricanes, ran, in fact, through this road, had formed at the bottom of the ravine a greenish pool, hardly concealed under a covering of bullrushes, reeds, and water lilies, over which buzzed a cloud of sparkling insects.

The silence was profound; but it was not the cold, dull, and sinister silence of a city of the middle ages after the curfew—it was not the silence of the cloister, the dungeon, or the tomb. It was that animated silence that seems a solemn hymn, celebrating the praises of God, performed by a thousand different sounds.

Yet human beings, whose hearts were torn with agony, hid themselves in this solitude. Four half-naked peasants, surrounded by women and children, pale and trembling, held their breath and listened to the distant sound of horses borne upon the breeze.

"My father, my father, let us flee! The chase will soon come out into the road," cried one of the children, hugging the legs of a tall man, who, with his neck stretched out, and his ear bent to the ground, seemed listening for the least noise.

"Hush!" said the peasant, in a low voice, stifling the cry of the child with his large hand. "dost thou wish to deliver us all up?"

"Let him speak, Daniel, and may his cries be heard by our persecutors," murmured the voice of a young woman, whose pale, meagre, and tanned countenance, still preserved the traces of beauty, and who, as she lay, extended against a mossy stump, near the pool, shiver-

ing with cold and fright, held in her arms two children wrapped in a brown woollen rag.

"Art thou mad, Joanna?" exclaimed the astonished peasant, casting on her a look of tenderness and pity. "If thou hast no fear of the halter for ourselves, yet think of our children, who, without us, would be friendless."

"Poor Daniel, thou desir'st life," replied Joanna, with a bitter smile, "but the torments that the soneschal reserves for us are surely less cruel than the hunger that now gnaws and pinches us. These poor dear little ones," added she, convulsively pressing them to her icy bosom, "what need have they of a father who cannot maintain them—of a mother who can no longer nourish them?"

"A little courage, wife," resumed Daniel, trying to extinguish the fire of branches and dried leaves that burnt at some paces distant, the smoke of which they feared might betray them; "it may be possible for us to regain the heaths to-night."

"Listen," said a peasant, who, like Daniel, anxiously followed the varying sounds of the chase, "the noise approaches."

"Silence," said another, "I hear some one walking in the underwood that borders the pool."

"Woe to the imprudent huntsman whose evil destiny has led him among us," said Daniel, with a ferocious expression.

"Yes, woe to him—he shall pay for all," added the peasants.

"Not a word," said Daniel, putting his finger to his mouth. "He who comes is but a few steps from us—I hear the rustling of the dry branches he treads under foot—lie down in the grass so as not to give him the alarm—he must not be allowed notice to turn back and inform his companions that he has scented out the cover of the best game." At the same time he laid himself down on the ground, and a bone-handled knife glittered in his hand.

His companions had scarcely time to follow his example when the leaves were removed, and a man with untrimmed beard, stern looks, and tattered clothes appeared among them.

The four peasants suddenly rose up, and the boldest adventurer would have quaked at seeing the savage and implacable expression that inflamed the countenances of these outlawed vassals reduced to despair. Without, however, exhibiting the least disquietude at the sight of the sharpened blades that grazed his breast, the pedestrian who had so imprudently ventured amidst these rough fellows, rested his two hands on his long knotty stick, and began to laugh in so strange a manner that the knives were lowered before him.

"Ill luck attends me," said he; "at the gates of the city a porter threatens me with the whip—in the depths of the forest peasants menace me with the knife. Decidedly this is not a very hospitable country." Then, while the vassals regarded him with fear and astonishment, "put up your weapons, my masters," said he to them, in a bantering tone, "for all the rags that cover me are hardly worth the rope's end that will hang you some day."

In fact, these unhappy men, driven to extremity by their lordly oppressors, were but too ready to commit any crime by which they might avenge themselves, but the appearance of the intruder bore such evidence of his destitution, that they involuntarily lowered their weapons, merely ordering him to retire and leave them to their misery. To his demand for bread they replied bitterly and mockingly, pointing to their famished children; but finding that the stranger, desperate as themselves, was neither likely to betray them, nor willing to depart, they reluctantly seated themselves on the ground, and Daniel soon gave vent to his feelings against the tyranny and oppression which had reduced him to his present state. The intruder, after listening attentively, urged upon them the foolishness of dying with hunger whilst the forest abounded with game, and laughing at their terrors of the severe forest laws, he persuaded Daniel to lend him his bow, promising a speedy repast in return. But a few moments had elapsed ere he returned, with glancing paper on the walls, and torn, dirty matting on the floor; the air she breathed was that of want and vulgarity. Year in and year out she worked at a machine, sewing dresses for servants and shop girls who bullied her, not unreasonably, for she was but a poor seamstress; if the truth must be told. Her husband, a cross-grained, gossiping fellow, tripped this trade and that, became a ward politician, did what he could for his family, but felt that his wife must do her share. He had been used to raw-boned, stout Connecticut farm women, beside whom she doubtless appeared insufficient enough.

If others remembered how tenderly nurtured she had been as a girl, and that the fortune she had brought him he had flung away, he never did, nor did she. They were wretchedly poor, and it was but just and proper she should work. So she worked, stopping now and then to give birth to another child, to be nursed at the tired breast, and watched and prayed over with the blind, idolatrous devotion she gave to the others. Certain logical moralists lay down as axioms that there can be no tragedy without crime, and that no woman, with love, a husband and children, ought to ask for more. This woman never did ask for more. The loud bragging politician remained her hero to the last. If her life slowly dried and withered away, as a tree might, tapped of all its juices at the root, she thought it was herself that was to blame. This poor lady was cursed with as finely wrought an organization

as any favorite of fortune; both body and mind required companions of her own caste, and that nutriment which Nature and Art give but to few, but which few must have or die. Besides, not even the strongest woman can furnish bread and butter for a household of children, make their clothes, keep their souls pure and their manners refined, and add to their number every year. She was not strong in any sense; so she stitched, and nursed and trained them, with the dirty walls about her, and the torn matting under foot, and the crowd of children grew shabbier and coarser and more vulgar day by day. One day an old accomplishment of her girlhood recurred to her—flower painting, moulding in clay, designing—it does not matter what; work however, in which her real nature would have found food and expression, and the pay for which would have been comparative affluence. (She sent a specimen of her work for trial, which was approved; but—men were employed who were used to the business. Only the machine was left; and the work for her children's bodies and souls that she could not do. It grew and grew before her sight until the day came when she dropped as under an intolerable burden. As she lay on the bed day after day slowly dying, husband and children were loud in sorrow and astonishment. "How had she come by such manifold diseases? Machine work and want of air? It was incredible." She struggled with her work yet, sewed as she lay on her back, drew her children close to her with a hungry, unsatisfied love in her eyes that they could not understand. But as the hour came for her to quit the world that had been so niggardly of its comfort or bounty to her, she was beset with restless fancies, which to her husband seemed scarcely sane. "She thinks if she could see and smell a thorny rose that used to grow wild about the farms down there in Maryland where she was born, she would be well again. Now what good could there be in a rose?" He could not see why she would make them put the children out of the room, and turn out the gas that she could not see the machine, and so lie looking up at the patch of sky above the brick walls. When she was dead, he cried, "I did what I could; I am not to blame." And it was true; no man can go beyond his nature.

What was to blame? Not poverty; not the working for bread; not the unequal marriage. Since the world began, King Cophetua has married beggar girls untitled, and clothed them royally in their own fames; and Titanias have rejoiced to worship an ass. But if she had been taught practically the one occupation for which her taste and ability fitted her? If all women were so thoroughly taught such occupations that employment would be open to them as men? The answer matters nothing to her now. A day or two ago the worn-out body was laid back in the earth, to which it had been drawn by such subtle kinship. To what rest or recompense the soul of the gentle lady passed, only He knows who took it hence. Her work remains unfinished. But it is because there are so many thousands of over-worked women around us on every side, staring blankly at their unconquerable work, and lives wasted at noon-day, that we have told her story, and reverently held back her memory, for this brief moment, out of the eternal silence.—N. Y. Tribune.

French smugglers are clever sometimes. They sent word to the officials that at a certain hour a wagon load of straw would pass in a given direction, among which a quantity of tobacco would be concealed. The wagon arrived at the time and place indicated, and was stopped by the officer, when a strict examination was commenced. When they were in the midst of the operation, a funeral came up, preceded by little boys carrying incense and tapers, the cross, and the priests chanting psalms, accompanied by the sound of the serpent. The employees hastened to make room for the funeral to pass, when they set to work again, undoing the bundles of straw, and examining them one by one. They discovered nothing until the next day, when it was made known that the funeral cortege was composed entirely of smugglers—the player on the serpent, the incense boys, and all the cortege, were laden with tobacco, as well as the hearse and coffin.

After contemplating the odd scene that the

dog at that moment presented, he dismounted, and bent his steps towards the group, composed of the whipper-in, the wanderer, and the hounds.

The culprit had not made a complaint, had not uttered a cry of fear, had not pleaded for pardon. The Prince of Wales, who was a great admirer of courage, approached him, saying, "Thou art a very bold fellow to have dared to kill the beast thy master was pursuing, and that his huntsmen had started; and it was very indiscreet also, for thou couldst not escape being detected; but thou art, I see, too proud to implore pity."

The poacher raised his head, and fixed his blue eyes on Edward. "You are not my lord!" answered he, with a proud smile. "I killed the deer because I was sure you would interrogate him who had spoiled your hunt. I do not ask grace, because I have committed the crime they accuse me of, and for which, according to the custom of England, I deserve death."

The Black Prince regarded him with profound surprise. "Have you, then, nothing to ask of Edward of Wales?" said he to the dauntless offender.

"One thing only," replied the wanderer, carelessly shaking his long light hair over his shoulders; "before they pass the leash round my neck, permit me to commend my soul to God."

Edward, more and more astonished at this extraordinary self-possession, made a sign with his hand that time should be granted him to say his prayers.

"Does not the worthy Bishop of Segovia accompany you, Sir Prince?" asked the wanderer, darting his fiery looks around.

"What connection can a fellow like thee have with the Bishop of Segovia?" said the prince.

"It was I, sir, who held the stirrup for him yesterday, at the moment he entered Bordeaux, and I could wish that he might assist me at the moment I am going to be launched into eternity," he replied.

"Thou must of necessity do without his pious offices," answered Edward; "for the bishop did not consider it consistent with his duty to take part in an amusement so worldly as the chase."

"Let us not be inconvenienced by that, sir," said the wanderer, coolly, "not feeling the necessity of being hung immediately, I am willing to wait until to-morrow."

"Thou art a cunning fellow," said the Black Prince, smiling; "but thy courage pleases me, and I grant thy request." Then ordering the varlets to lead the poacher away with his hands tied, "Remember," he added, "it is a spectacle deferred, and that to-morrow, at this hour, thou wilt be hanged."

"It may be so," answered the wanderer, with his strange laugh. "But," he murmured to himself, "you have lost the right track, and those unfortunate serfs are saved." In fact, the hunters, the hounds, and the varlets, re-ascended to the road, without disturbing even the leaves of the thicket.

(To be Continued.)

AN EVERY DAY STORY.

Last week a woman died of whom we wish to say a word here. It does not matter how or where she died. She was so obscure, belonged to so common and poor a class, that no notice of her death found a place in even the cheapest paper, and no one who knew her will read these words. Only one of those thousands of those ordinary lives that, day by day, and unnoticed, no more missed by the world than so many burned-out candles. This woman had neither beauty, nor wit, nor large culture; she brought no gift with her when she was born to make her greatly welcome to the world; never could sing a song or write a poem; was not even fitted to reign in a drawing-room. She was only a sweet-voiced, gentle lady, full of womanly affection and eager tenderness, who had kept her pure childish beliefs unchanged to middle age. She was little, sickly, shabbily clothed; she lived in a tawdry house, with glaring paper on the walls, and torn, dirty matting on the floor; the air she breathed was that of want and vulgarity. Year in and year out she worked at a machine, sewing dresses for servants and shop girls who bullied her, not unreasonably, for she was but a poor seamstress; if the truth must be told. Her husband, a cross-grained, gossiping fellow, tripped this trade and that, became a ward politician, did what he could for his family, but felt that his wife must do her share. He had been used to raw-boned, stout Connecticut farm women, beside whom she doubtless appeared insufficient enough.

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TRAVELLERS GUIDE, TORONTO

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Suspension Br.	7.00	12.40	4.40	9.50	1.20
Hamilton	7.20	9.00	2.10	6.20	11.30
					2.55
Paris	0.00	10.25	3.23	7.50	12.57
London	6.45	12.50	5.25	0.00	2.45
					5.45
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50	0.00	5.05
Windsor	4.20	5.15	9.20	0.00	6.45
					9.25

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Windsor	4.20	7.45	8.25	11.30	7.45
Chatham	6.05	11.20	9.55	1.10	9.10
London	6.00	8.40	0.80	12.35	3.55
					11.25
Paris	7.40	10.20	0.00	2.10	6.05
Hamilton	9.10	11.35	0.00	3.35	7.35
Sus'n Br	10.55	1.00	p.m.	5.35	9.30
					4.00

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Leave	7.00	11.50	4.00	8.10
Hamilton - Arrive	8.45	1.40	p.m.	6.00
				9.50

HAMILTON TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Hamilton - Leave	9.10	11.30	3.35	7.40
Toronto - Arrive	11.00	1.15	p.m.	5.30
				9.20

GRAND TRUNK EAST.
DETROIT TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Detroit - Leave	6.50	4.00	6.30	0.00
Port Huron	9.25	7.00	9.00	0.00
Sarnia	10.20	0.00	9.45	0.00
London - Leave	11.20	7.30	a.m.	2.45
				p.m.

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto	6.22	0.00	5.37	1.05
Whitby	8.00	0.00	7.07	8.55
Oshawa	0.00	0.00	7.15	9.07
Bowmanville	0.00	0.00	7.35	9.35
Port Hope	9.25	0.00	8.30	10.30
Cobourg - Arrive	9.40	0.00	8.55	10.45
	9.55	0.00	9.15	11.00
				a.m.
Belleville	11.30	0.00	11.15	1.00
				p.m.
Napanee	12.15	0.00	12.00	2.05
Kingston	1.10	0.00	1.35	3.15
Brockville	3.00	0.00	3.35	5.15
Ottawa - Arrive	10.00	0.00	12.00	noon

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Montreal - Leave	8.00	5.00	5.00	9.00
Cornwall	11.00	0.00	9.15	11.40
				a.m.
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25	1.30
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00	6.15

TORONTO TO DETROIT.

	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Toronto - Lve	11.30	3.45	7.30	11.45
				5.30
Guelph	1.50	5.28	9.25	1.55
Stratford	3.30	7.45	12 n.n.	3.45
London - Arrive	0.00	9.10	2.10	10.45
				a.m.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.
Moving North. Moving South.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto	7.00	4.00	Collingwood	5.05
Newmarket	8.50	5.30	Barrie	6.50
Barrie	10.30	7.35	Newmarket	8.50
Collingwood	12.20	9.20	Toronto	10.35
				9.30
				City Hall

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.
GOING NORTH.

	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto	7.05	3.50
Markham	8.30	5.10
Uxbridge	9.45	6.35
Midland Junction	11.35	8.25

GOING SOUTH.

	a.m.	p.m.
Midland Junction	6.30	2.00
Uxbridge	8.05	3.35
Markham	9.20	5.10
Toronto	10.45	6.40

ST. LAWRENCE & OTTAWA RAILWAY
The Shortest and Quickest route from Toronto to Ottawa.

	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Prescott Wharf, depart	1.15	6.30	4.10	2.00
Prescott Junction	1.30	6.40	4.20	2.20
Ottawa arrive	3.50	9.20	6.50	6.15

CANADA CENTRAL AND BROCKVILLE AND OTTAWA RAILWAYS.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Leave Brockville	8.30	2.15	3.20
Leave Ottawa	7.00	10.00	4.20
			6.00
			p.m.
Arrive at Sand Point	12.50	8.00	8.20
			a.m.
Leave Sand Point	6.00	9.10	3.45

Connections made at Sand Point with steamers to and from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.