mas Maguire, Professor Estry and
of the Japanese acrobats, have been
ed on the charge of having violated the
y Law, in giving a Japanese acrobatic
nance, at the Academy of Music, last
y evening.

Pacific Distillery at Black Point was
ly destroyed by fire this morning. It
wned by Schultz & Verman, and was
red.

Nevada.

es W Nye was re-elected U S Senator
e Nevada Legislature, receiving 32
while his competitor, C. E. Delaney,
d but 25. Great enthusiasm is mani-
n Carson City at the result.

San Francisco Markets.

r—The Montana, from Portland this
g, brings the bulk of 200 barrels.
s still considerable inquiry for export;
ne, half sacks, per 196 lbs, $5 50@
qr sks, $5 75@6 00; extra, half sks,
@6 25; qr sks, $6 25@6 50.
at—600 sks; medium, $1 65; 500 sks
1 75; 1000 sks, $1 70 per 100 lbs.
ey—Sales of 500 sks feed at 87½;
g is quoted at 75@79½ per 100 lbs.
—Light to fair $1 20@1 35 per 100

Eastern States.

TING CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

HAVEN, Jan. 8.—The Connecticut
atic Convention adopted resolutions
orth that Congress has violated the
tion, and has struck a fatal blow at
ncial and commerical interests of the
in excluding the Southern States.
es a National Convention, to be held
York on the 4th of March next, to
the great questions of the day, and
against the revolutionary acts of the
of Congress, and announces to con-
n Union men the determination to
every constitutional power the dis-
tion and destruction of States. They
e President for repeated exercises of
e powers in behalf on the Consti-
nd pledge him a continuance of their

Brooks, of New York, delivered a
speech in the House, in which he
Congress with endeavoring to re-
President and change the com-
of the Supreme Court. He said the
not entitled to and could not be
d with the governing power. Simi-
ches were made by Eaton and Sey-
They claimed that Congress has not
entation able enough to attempt im-
ent. They charge the Congress with
ing to subvert the Government to
o itself all national power.

World says regarding the impeach-
the President: Contrary to former
ons, we are inclined to think the
s are in dead earnest, and that the
t will be impeached and put on trial.
r he will be convicted is a point on
here will be no sufficient grounds for
on till the temper of the Senate is
ly disclosed.

Times says the impeachment, let us
at rest for this session. The propo-
hich was to accomplish such wonders
n presented and disposed of, causing
ement and hardly a flurry; Its being
to the Judiciary Committee stript it
y all its danger. Partizanship and
are not permitted to precipitate the
nent into confusion. The President
be removed on an *ex parte* allega-
or acts of which every predecessor,
kson downward, has been equally

Herald reasons as follows: There is
ability that charges of high crimes
demeanors against Johnson sufficient
fy his removal can be established
him. What advantage can accrue
ress or the Republidan party from
position? We apprehend that with-
pensatory good results the conse-
of this procedure, if pursued to trial-
he Senate, will be mischievous if not
s to Congress, the Republican par-
Treasury, and the financial interests
ountry, from the violent clashing and
n of parties, factious and sections
t inevitably attend a prosecution of
eachment, or the atttempt to suspend
cutive from his functions with his
nent as a prisoner.

y, of Ohio, went before the Judiciary
ee to-day in regard to the changes
d in his impeachment resolution.
mittee have decided to proceed
investigation in regular order, and
mber is sworn to secresy. The first
ich will probably be inquired into
he conduct of the President in using
nce with the Governors of the rebel
defeat the Constitutional Admend-

Times Washington special says that
Grant in conversation to-day in re-
his approval of the President's re-
District Suffrage Bill, said he was
by invitation, and took no part in the
When all were through the Presid-
d his views on the subject. He
briefly that the objection urged by
ber that the bill was unconstitution-
se it disfranchised rebels without
in his opinion, the best part of the
th reference to conferring suffrage
olored people of the District, he
ought it inconsistent on the part of
dicals to force this right while they
grant it to the same class in their
es. The arrangements and princi-
n in the message, he expressed no
pon whatever.

ennsylvania Legislature has appoint-
Committee to examine into charges
various times, of improper in-
d corruption, used to secure the
of various persons to the United
nate.

(Continued on Page 7.)

The Weekly British Colonist.
AND CHRONICLE.
Tuesday, January 2 1867.

At no period in the brief history of the British Possessions on the Pacific has a legislative body been convened for the despatch of public business with so weighty a trust on its shoulders as that which will organize to-morrow at the temporary capital of the United Colony. To-morrow will meet in one hall the representatives of two sections heretofore divided in sentiment and rivals in every interest save that conferred by a common nationality and tongue, prepared to legislate for the common good of a people who have passed through a season of adversity and depression almost unparalelled in the experience of British Colonies. We need but allude to the responsibility that attaches to the body. We believe that there is scarcely an elected member of the Council who is not impressed with a sense of the deep importance of the trust that he holds, or who is not possessed of a determination to do his duty by the whole Colony at the sacrifice of personal interests and considerations. But strive as the elected representatives may to bring about retrenchment and reform, to equalize taxation, and codify and amend the laws, their efforts will be put forth in vain and their good intentions go for naught, if they have not the cordial co-operation of the gentlemen who will represent in the Council the Executive. All power is centered in the Government. Without the co-operation of the official members nothing can be done towards improving the country. So long as the representation continues as at present, the representatives of the people will be powerless against the votes of Government members, unless the latter are suffered to express their free and untrammelled opinion upon every public question. The all-absorbing question put by citizens to each other is, will the Governor allow a free expression of opinion by his officers? Should he do so, we feel satisfied that justice will be done to the Island that has sacrificed so much for Union; that good and wholesome laws will be passed; and that the demands of the people will receive a respectful attention, if not a ready acquiescence. Governor Seymour has promised that he will endeavor to rule in accordance with the well understood wishes of the people. The representatives of the people are now prepared to state what those wishes are, and to put that promise to the test. They are prepared to meet His Excellency half-way upon every measure of public utility that may be introduced. All they ask is, that the oft repeated pledges of Governor Seymour shall be fulfilled. We have said that we believe nearly every elective representative is impressed with a deep sense of the responsibility that rests upon him in the present crisis. We shall be glad to know by their course in the Council that that feeling is shared by the official members.

The Impeachment.

Politics in the United States continue to wear a most threatening and alarming aspect, and it requires no soothsayer to predict that, should the President be pushed to the wall by his enemies, he will use the military and naval forces at his command to punish them as they deserve. The position in which Mr Johnson stands is one that commands the sympathy of all unprejudiced persons. At the risk of losing his popularity, he has opposed the efforts of the Radical Congress to denationalize their Southern fellow-countrymen, and endow uneducated blacks with the privilege of citizenship. In all his official acts he has leaned to the side of mercy and moderation, while Congress has attempted to override every consideration of justice and humanity in its treatment of the South. Seizing upon the uneducated blacks, Congress has attempted to convert them into a powerful political weapon, with which to overthrow its opponents and perpetuate the rule of its party. The blacks are to be mere tools in the hands of unprincipled demagogues, to be thrown aside when they shall have served the rascally purpose of setting aside the *written* Constitution of a country professedly the freest on the face of the earth. It is in support of this Constitution that Mr Johnson stands forward. Were he less bold in support of the instrument by virtue of which he holds his office, he would be a traitor to his country and a weak and cowardly man. Telegrams say that remonstrances are pouring in upon Congress, imploring it to suspend action in the matter of impeachment; but that body, wilfully blind to the consequences, is pushing forward the inquiry, and boasts that already it has evidence sufficient to unseat the President, who, amid the storm that is howling about him, and while others tremble with fear as to the result, sits firm and undaunted in the White House, quietly perfecting his plans for a successful resistance to the schemes of the most unprincipled pack of demagogues who have yet cursed the national Capital with their presence. This body may succeed in overturning the Government; but there is a possibility that the country will find that in their President they have the same sort of stuff that carried to a successful issue the famous *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon in 1851.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Municipal Council.

MONDAY, January 21st.

Council met at 7:20 p. m.; Present, His Worship the Mayor, and a full board.

A communication from Mr Seeley of the Australian House complaining of nuisances deposited by the Chain Gang near his premises, was referred to the street committee.

A communication was received from the Secretary of the Tiger Engine Company, informing the Fire Wardens of the result of the last election of officers.

A communication from the Hon. A. N. Birch to the Mayor, deferring an official reply to the application for a temporary loan of $1000, until His Excellency could confer with the Council and learn its position, was read and filed.

The committee of Fire Wardens appointed to confer with the agents of the Fire Insurance Companys on the subject of affording pecuniary aid to the Fire Department, reported that a conference had taken place, and the Agents had withdrawn from the proposition they were considered to have made to contribute $1500 and suggested a public subscription for the purpose. The report was, on motion of Mr Hebbard, received and adopted, the committee discharged, and the clerk was instructed to inform the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of the result of the interview with the Agents of the Insurance Companies, and the Governor's answer to the Council's application, adding that the Council would do its utmost to procure the assistance needed through the medium of the Municipal By-law.

On motion of Mr Layzell, the messenger was instructed to notify parties to remove the green bushes affixed to the side walks during Xmas week.

The Council then went into committee of the whole on the by-law for raising a Municipal Revenue, which was finally passed and adopted, and the Council adjourned until Monday evening next.

CONCERT TO-NIGHT—Mr George F. Wilson has succeeded in placing before his musical friends and patrons a highly attractive programme, and we hope that his efforts to cater for their gratification this evening will meet with a liberal response. The tastes of all are well studied. Madame d'Ormy, a finished artiste, possessing a powerful and flexible voice, and bearing with her high certificates of merit, will delight the lovers of operatic music, while those of less cultivated ears will listen with equal pleasure to the more simple and unpretending warblings of amateurs. The beneficiary himself will execute some of his beautiful solos on the cornet, and the orchestra (Mr D. Palmer presiding at the piano) will be the strongest and most efficient that the city can produce. Let all who possess a soul for music and desire to pass an agreeable evening not fail to attend. For the convenience of the public, the box office will be open to-day from 12 to 3.

FROM NANAIMO—By the schr Black Diamond we have the Nanaimo *Tribune* of Saturday, but it contains no local news of interest. The brig Ann, in tow of the steamer Isabel, arrived on Thursday. The Isabel proceeded to Burrard Inlet, and would return to tow the brig down. The antiquated specimen of engineering, yclept a bridge, crossing the ravine leading to the spring, caved beneath the weight of snow last week, and is now, the *Tribune* says, "of no further utility to the carriers of the limpid fluid, or the wayfarers to the classic region of McGrathville."

LICENSED VICTUALLERS.—At the meeting of Liquor Dealers held at the Bee Hive on Monday evening: Messrs. B. P. Griffin, E. R. Thomas and J. G. McKay were appointed a deputation to proceed this morning to New Westminster, and present the petition signed by upwards of 65 licensed victuallers, praying that the petitioners may be placed upon the same footing as the New Westminster dealers, who pay $200 instead of $300 for their licenses. We hope the Governor will give the petition a favorable consideration.

GOING UP—The Enterprise will leave this morning, at eight o'clock, for the capital, taking up Hon. Colonial Secretary Young and Solicitor General Wood, the members elect for the city and districts. and the nominee members of the Island and mainland now residing in this city, together with our special reporter and many others.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH—As considerable interest will be felt in the vice-regal speech at the opening of the new Legislature, we have made arrangements to have the same telegraphed to this office in detail, and hope to place it before our readers on Saturday morning.

CLOSED.—The 'big' building on Bird Cage Walk has, we learn, been closed, and the officials, with the Government archives, will sail to-day for their temporary abiding place at New Westminster. The Treasury and Land Office will remain open, but Government bills will be paid at New Westminster.

THE ROBBERY CASE.—The evidence of Delanger, the prosecutor, and of Johnson, proprietor of the Lager Beer Cellar, was taken yesterday in the Police Court, and the prisoners Morgan and Kelly were again remanded for three days, to enable the police to obtain further evidence.

VIOLENT CONDUCT.—John Grand was charged yesterday with assaulting John Mechaud and using threatening language, whereby the complainant was in bodily fear. The case was remanded for one week.

THE "NEW WORLD."—This fine steamer will take the place of the Josie McNear on the Puget Sound trade, under the command of Captain Winsor. The latter steamer goes on the Columbia river.

PUGET SOUND SHIPPING—The bark Brontes cleared on the 15th inst.; the bark Buena Vista on the 17th, and the bark Ocean on the 21st for San Francisco. The brig Crimea entered on the 18th, and the ship Dublin on the 21st.

DEAD—Mr Waterman, late Indian Agent of Washington Territory, died on board the steamer Josie McNear, on Friday last, while going from one of the ports on the Sound to Olympia.

THE STEAMER JOSIE MCNEAR arrived last evening from ports on Puget Sound. We are indebted to Captain Winsor for files of Oregon papers to Saturday last.

SUITS FOR TITLE—We understand that purchasers of lots sold by Government for arrears of taxes intend taking legal proceedings to obtain their titles.

☞ The Marsh and Pixley families contemplate visiting the "metropolis" for a brief professional stay.

H. M. S. MALACCA proceeded yesterday morning to Fraser river. The Forward came round to this port.

CHAUDIERE MINES.—The Inspector for this division reports, officially on the 3rd inst, that during September, owing to the heavy rain, but little alluvial mining was carried on. During October more mining was done, about 50 men were at work on lots 16, 17, 18 and 19 in the river Gilbert and a considerable amount of gold was taken out. Holders discontinued their mining during the latter month, owing to the excessive flow of water in the pits and shafts from the provious wet weather, and perferred waiting for the completion when it is supposed that from 2000 to 3000 miners will be at work. In the meantime a newly patented steam pump is about being but in operation. The interval of temporary cessation has been turned to account by the miners erecting log houses over the shafts. Portions of the DeLery company's crushing machine have arrived, and the remainder being expected shortly, the mill will be adjusted and put into operation. Out of the Seigniory of Rigaud Vaudreuil, nothing beyond prospecting for quartz had been done. From private information since received from the Inspector, it appears that the whole of the mail above referred to was expected to be up last week; that the weather was splendid for mining and the roads good.—*Quebec Mercury.*

THE WHITE HOUSE.—Last year the gas for the President's house and the Capitol cost $98,000. The fuel for the President's house cost $12,000; painting of it $8,000; the repairing of the conservatory $10,000; and the refurnishing of the house $66,000—all of which is calculated to give an impressive idea of the size and appointments of the establishment for which so many candidates are in training.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—An able writer gives utterance to the following valuable secret: This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. For what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he his learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for:

[From Dickens' Christmas Story entitled "Mugby Junction."]

The Engineer's Story.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

His name, sir, was Matthew Price; mine is Benjamin Hardy. We were born within a few days of each other; bred up in the same village; taught at the same school. I cannot remember the time when we were not close friends. Even as boys, we never knew what it was to quarrel. We had not a thought, we had not a possession that was not in common. We would have stood by each other, fearlessly, to the death. It was such a friendship as one reads about sometimes in books—fast and firm as the great Tors upon our native moorlands, true as the sun in the heavens.

The name of our village was Chadleigh. Mat was the son of a small farmer, named William Price, and the eldest of a family of seven; I was the only child of Ephraim Hardy, the Chadleigh blacksmith—a well-known man in those parts; whose memory is not forgotten to this day. Just so far as a farmer is supposed to be bigger than a blacksmith, Mat's father might be said to have a better standing than mine: but William Price, with his small holding and his seven boys, was, in fact, as poor as many a day-laborer; whilst the blacksmith, well-to-do, bustling, popular, and open-handed, was a person of some importance in the place. All this, however, had nothing to do with Mat and myself. It never occurred to either of us that his jacket was out at elbows, or that our mutual funds came altogether from my pocket. It was enough for us that we sat on the same school-bench, conned our tasks from the same primer, fought each other's battles, screened each other's faults, fished, nutted, played truant, robbed orchards and birds' nests together, and spent every half-hour, authorized or stolen, in each other's society. It was a happy time; but it could not go on forever. My father, being prosperous, resolved to put me forward in the world. I must know more and do better than himself. The forge was not good enough, the little world of Chadleigh not wide enough, for me. Thus it happened that I was still swinging the satchel when Mat was whistling at the plough, and that at last, when my future course was shaped out, we separated, as it then seemed to us, for life. For, blacksmith's son as I was, furnace and forge, in some form or other, pleased me best, and I chose to be a working engineer. So my father by and by apprenticed me to a Birmingham iron-master; and, having bidden farewell to Mat and Chadleigh, and the gray old Tors in the shadow of which I had spent all the days of my life, I turned my face northward, and went over into 'the Black country.

I am not going to dwell on this part of my story. How I worked out the term of my apprenticeship; how, when I had served my full time and become a skilled workman, I took Mat from the plough and brought him over to the Black country, sharing with him lodging, wages, experience—all, in short, that I had to give; how he, naturally quick to learn and brimful of quiet energy, worked his way up a step at a time, and came by and by to be a 'first hand' in his own department; how, during all these years of change, and trial, and effort, the old boyish affection never wavered or weakened, but went on, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength—are facts which I need do no more than outline in this place.

About this time—it will be remembered that I speak of the days when Mat and I were on the bright side of thirty—it happened that our firm contracted to supply six first-class locomotives to run on the new line, then in process of construction, between Turin and Genoa. It was the first Italian order we had taken. We had had dealings with France, Holland, Belgium, Germany; but never with Italy. The connection, therefore, was new and valuable—all the more valuable because our Transalpine neighbors had but lately begun to lay down the iron roads, and would be safe to need more of our good English work as they went on. So the Birmingham firm set themselves to the contract with a will, lengthened our working hours, increased our wages, took on fresh hands, and determined, if energy and promptitude could do it, to place themselves at the head of the Italian labor-market and stay there. They deserved and achieved success. The six locomotives were not only turned out to time, but were shipped, despatched, and delivered with a promptitude that fairly amazed our Piedmontese consignee. I was not a little proud, you may be sure, when I found myself appointed to superintend the transport of the engines. Being allowed a couple of assistants, I contrived that Mat should be one of them; and thus we enjoyed together the first great holiday of our lives.

It was a wonderful change for two Birmingham operatives fresh from the Black Country. The fairy city, with its crescent background of Alps; the port crowded with strange shipping; the marvellous blue sky and bluer sea; the painted houses on the quays; the quaint cathedral, faced with black and white marble the street of jewelers, like an Arabian Nights' bazaar; the street of palaces, with its Moorish court-yards, its fountains and orange-trees; the women veiled like brides; the galley-slaves chained two and two; the processions of priests and friars; the everlasting clangor of bells; the babble of a strange tongue, the singular lightness and brightness of the climate—made, altogether such a combination of wonders that we wandered about, the first day, in a kind of bewildered dream, like children at a fair. Before that week was ended, being tempted by the beauty of the place and the liberality of the pay, we had agreed to take service with the Turin and Genoa Railway Company, and to turn our backs upon Birmingham forever.

Then began a new life—a life so active and healthy, so steeped in fresh air and sunshine, that we sometimes marvelled how we could have endured the gloom of the Black Country. We were constantly up and down the line—now at Genoa, now at Turin, taking trial trips with the locomotives, and placing our old experiences at the service of our new employers.

In the meantime we made Genoa our head-quarters, and hired a couple of rooms over a small shop in a by-street sloping down to the quays. Such a busy little street—so steep and winding that no vehicles could pass throuh it, and so narrow that the sky looked like a mere strip of deep-blue ribbon overhead! Every house in it, however, was a shop, where the goods encroached on the footway, or were piled about the door, or hung like tapestry from the balconies; and all day long, from dawn to dusk, an incessant stream of passers by poured up and down between the port and the upper quarter of the city.

Our landlady was the widow of a silver-worker, and lived by the sale of filigree ornaments, cheap jewelry, combs, fans, and toys in ivory and jet. She had an only daughter, named Gianetta, who served in the shop, and was simply the most beautiful woman I ever beheld. Looking back across this weary chasm of years, and bringing her image before me (as I can and do) with all the vividness of life, I am unable, even now, to detect a flaw in her beauty. I do not attempt to describe her. I do not believe there is a poet living who could find the words to do it; but I once saw a picture that was somewhat like her (not half so lovely, but still like her,) and, for aught I know, that picture is still hanging where I last looked at it—upon the walls of the Louvre. It represented a woman with brown eyes and golden hair, looking over her shoulder into a circular mirror held by a bearded man in the background. In this man, as I then understood, the artist had painted his own portrait—in her, the portrait of the woman he loved. No picture that I ever saw was half so beautiful, and yet it was not worthy to be named in the same breath with Gianetta Coneglia.

You may be certain the widow's shop did not want for customers. All Genoa knew how fair a face was to be seen behind that dingy little counter; and Gianetta, flirt as she was, had more lovers than she cared to remember, even by name. Gentle and simple, rich and poor, from the redcapped sailor buying his earrings or his amulet, to the nobleman carelessly purchasing half the filagrees in the window, she treated them all alike—encouraged them, laughed at them, led them on and turned them off at her pleasure. She had no more heart than a marble statue, as Mat and I discovered by and by, to our bitter cost.

I cannot tell to this day how it came about, or what first led me to suspect how things were going with us both; but long before the waning of that autumn a coldness had sprung up between my friend and myself. It was nothing that could have been put into words. It was nothing that either of us could have explained or justified, to save his life. We lodged together, ate together, worked together, exactly as before; we even took our long evening's walk together, when the day's labor was ended; and except, perhaps, that we were more silent than of old, no mere looker-on could have detected a shadow of change. Yet there it was, silent and subtle, widening the gulf between us every day.

It was not his fault. He was too true and gentle-hearted to have willingly brought about such a state of things between us. Neither do I believe—fiery as my nature is—that it was mine. It was all hers—hers from first to last—the sin, and the shame, and the sorrow.

If she had shown a fair and open preference for either of us, no real harm could have come of it. I would have put any constraint upon myself, and, Heaven knows! have borne any suffering, to see Mat really happy. I know that he would have done the same, and more if he could, for me. But Gianetta cared not one sou for either. She never meant to choose between us. It gratified her vanity to divide us; it amused her to play with us. It would pass my power to tell how, by a thousand imperceptible shades of coquetry—by the lingering of a glance, the substitution of a word, the flitting of a smile—she contrived to turn our heads, and torture our hearts, and lead us on to love her. She deceived us both. She buoyed us both up with hope; she maddened us with jealousy; she crushed us with despair. For my part, when I seemed to wake to a sudden sense of the ruin that was about our path, and I saw how the truest friendship that ever bound two lives together was drifting on to wreck and ruin, I asked myself whether any woman in the world was worth what Mat had been to me and I to him. But this was not often. I was readier to shut my eyes upon the truth than to face it; and so lived on, wilfully, in a dream.

Thus the autumn passed away, and winter came—the strange, treacherous Genoese winter, green with olive and ilex, brilliant with sunshine, and bitter with storm. Still, rivals at heart and friends on the surface, Mat and I lingered on in our lodging in the Vicolo Balba. Still Gianetta held us with her fatal wiles and her still more fatal beauty. At length there came a day when I felt I could bear the horrible misery and suspicion of it no longer. The sun, I vowed, should not go down before I knew my sentence. She must choose between us. She must either take me or let me go. I was reckless. I was desperate. I was determined to know the worst, or the best. If the worst, I would at once turn my back upon Genoa, upon her, upon all the pursuits and purposes of my past life, and begin the world anew. This I told her, passionately and sternly, standing before her in the little parlor at the back of the shop, one bleak December morning.

'If it's Mat whom you care for most,' I said, 'tell me so in one word, and I will never trouble you again. He is better worth your love. I am jealous and exacting; he is as trusting and and unselfish as a woman. Speak, Gianetta; am I to bid you good-bye for ever and ever, or am I to write home to my mother in England, bidding her pray to God to bless the woman who has promised to be my wife?'

'You plead your friend's cause well,' she replied, haughtily. 'Matteo ought to be grateful. This is more than he ever did for you.'

'Give me my answer, for pity's sake,' I exclaimed, 'and let me go!'

'You are free to go or stay, Signor Inglese,' she replied. 'I am not your jailor.'

'Do you bid me leave you?'

'Beata Madre! not I.'

'Will you marry me if I stay?'

She laughed aloud—such a merry, mocking, musical laugh, like a chime of silver bells!

'You ask too much,' she said.

'Only what you have led me to hope these five or six months past!'

'That is just what Matteo says. How tiresome you both are!'

'O Gianetta,' I said, passionately, 'be serious for one moment! I am a rough fellow, it is true—not half good enough for you; but I love you with my whole heart, and an Emperor could do no more."

'I am glad of it," she replied; 'I do not want you to love me less."

'Then you cannot wish to make me wretched! Will you promise me?'

'I promise nothing,' said she, with another burst of laughter, 'except that I will not marry Matteo!'

Except that she would not marry Matteo! Only that. Not a word of hope for myself. Nothing but my friend's condemnation, I might get comfort, and selfish triumph, and some sort of base assurance out of that, if I could. And so, to my shame, I did. I grasped at the vain encouragement, and, fool that I was! let her put me off again unanswered. From that day, I gave up all effort at self-control, and let myself drift blindly on—to destruction.

At length things became so bad between Mat and myself that it seemed as if an open rupture must be at hand. We avoided each other, scarcely exchanged a dozen sentences in a day, and fell away from old familiar habits. At this time—I shudder to remember it!—there were moments when I felt that I hated him.

Thus, with the trouble deepening and widening between us day by day, another month or five weeks went by; and February came; and, with February, the Carnival. They said in Genoa that it was a particularly dull carnival; and so it must have been; for, save a flag or two hung out in some of the principal streets, and a sort of festa look about the women, there were no special indications of the season. It was, I think, the second day, when, having been on the line all the morning, I returned to Genoa at dusk, and, to my surprise, found Mat Price on the platform. He came up to me, and laid his hand on my arm,