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# TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

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## LILLYMERE.

### CHAPTER VII.

EMILY INKLE OF CONWAY.

ONE morning in early summer, when the lost Heir of Lillymere had been nearly two years searching for himself in the States and in British America, with no clue discovered, he awaited the arrival of a train by Great Western Railway, at Hamilton, Canada West. A young lady was expected. He stood on a green headland overlooking Burlington Bay near the knoll where lightning in some thunder-storm of old fused the sand, leaving in it vertical cords of glass.

Truest of poetry, the charms of the real. Privileged to revel in visional splendours the poet of the real, albeit he writes no verse, may be partaker in a drama day by day, performed all the twenty-four hours of night and day within the amphitheatre of hills now open. A dramatic poem panoramically unfolding, hourly varying and glorifying in acts and accessories the present age of high achievements. Triumph of the industrial utilities. Subjugation of matter by mind. Conquests enriching thought, filling treasuries of enjoyment, enlarging capacities to mentally enjoy.

Burlington Bay, five miles long, one, two, three miles wide, where in deep clear water, ever cool and pure, the fair young city bathes its feet. Bathes its feet with head reposing in flowery summer gardens and winter conservatories along the lower mountain slopes. Sweet recess of blue-eyed Ontario, lake of the sun's love. Beauty and joy all the day. Unsatisfied sun at the lips of unlimited loving Ontario. Embracing all the long summer day. Dew and rain, fruit of the dazzling love, nourishing the forest and the farm; yielding strength, health, rural joys. Sparkling Bay of Burlington within the circling hills.

A mile of trains and engines at rest; two-fold, three-fold, four-fold lines of trains. Incomprehensible mystery of matter and motion—telegraphy—silently threading the continent, carrying human desires on the pulses of the universe, in service of him made at first only a little lower than the angels. In service of her no lower than the angels and as beautiful, if not degraded by him for whom she was made.

Engines cold and at rest. Engines hot and hissing in suppressed thundery impetuosity, impatient to be away. Obedient in servitude to a touch of the master's hand, yet rebels always on verge of revolt. Engines departing on the long, the rapid, the wondrous journey, and proclaiming their intent to go in the ears of the echoing mountains—"Who! who!" Away.

Canada trains, and American through trains from Eastern to Western, from Western to Eastern States of the Union, refreshing watery fiery appetites of the panting locomotives. Refreshing the parched, the sleepless enginemen. Most heroic of employments under the sun. Approached in courage and endurance, in torrid heats, in fierce frigid icy storms, snow-drifts, or floods, by none so continuously except the sailor, and hardly by him. Unshrinking, unwinking vigilant railway engine-man. Refresh. Precious is the life committed to you every day. Some of it very precious this day, and to-morrow.

Canada trains, arriving, and departing to east, to west, to north. By Toronto to north, and all communications near or remote down to the ocean Provinces and American Atlantic States. Passenger Express, or heavy freight trains, sweeping around the curve of three miles at foot of the rocks by margin of the laughing, dimpling dancing water. Curve of a C to Toronto. Of S to the west.

A mile of depôt, offices, stores, workshops. Grain depository elevators form and capacity of churches. Lake or ocean shipping at the wharves. Palatial steamers of inland navigation, two and three storied. Colour of doves, varied by tier upon tier of green, or brown, or blue Venetian windows. Gay sight to see. The interior? A succession of chambers, drawing-rooms gilded and mirrored resonant with music.

As in the steamship palace, so in the railway palace cars. Sumptuous saloons with rows of cushioned seats, central alleys between the rows. End platforms to step on from car to car. Drawing-room and hotel appurtenances. Chambers of nightly repose enclosed in curtains of beauty. Mirrors of brilliancy: furniture of richest woods, carved, polished, gilded. Heating appliances in winter. Iced water fountains in summer. Polite attendants. Lofty roofs. Dust absorbed by science. Internal air pure always. Window lights brilliant or shaded at will. Company of passengers a study; charming mostly.

Trains ascending the steep Flamboro gradient of nine miles on face of a fractured continent, upheaval of an old ocean floor. Trains coming down in rolls of thunder. Long white feathery tails of comets flashing through tops of the forest trees. Blasts of steam trumpets echoing in the rocks two and three and four hundred feet high. Homes of the eagles once, home of the eagle no more. Precipices severed by ravines overlooking Dundas in its valley, its mills and manufactories. Lovely to look upon, fairest of the forest towns, diligent Dundas.

On the projecting brow of a grassy headland at foot of Bay street, Tobias enjoys the ecstasy which waiting for a train inspires. A train carrying a young lady of—not quite his own age.

True to time it arrives, and she is there, he on the platform handing her out. They drive to the "Golden" to breakfast. Then on foot ascend the Mountain to look down and over the city. Over the city and bay northerly to the green Flamboro forest heights. East to the glittering silvery blue Ontario lake. West to the clustering groups of lesser greenwood hills enclosed within the ramparts of the greater.

This is Emily Inkle of Conway, a girl not so faultless in every feature as some in Canada, or as certain American beauties seen lately by Tobias in York State and in Michigan; nor so rosiely freshly delicate in complexion as Agnes Schoolar—Agnes of England. But Emily has dark eyes and long eyelashes with language in both. As the beautiful curtains of the eye rise or fall the soul looks through. There is a pretty dimple on the chin. She has pearly teeth, loveable lips, nose a little too short, lively manners, graceful figure. With money to procure dresses as wanted, silks, muslins, moire antiques, satins, or any other; laces, bonnets, shawls—oh such Parisian bonnets! such shawls of Cashmere! prettiest poetry of silken hose, slippers and gaiter boots ever made by hand of artist—with money for dress at her will Emily knows like the Catechism, if not better, all the London, New York, and Paris books of the fashions.

An ambitious indulgent mother supplies demands, guiding with silken reins the wealthy financiering father, a man always hungry for food, and for gold, and for land, hungry for land.

As Tobias reads Emily's footsteps they have affinity to birds, to flowers, to thoughts poetic. In accomplishments she is all that the Seminary professors could make her in face of personal waywardness. A fine dowry may attach. Her father says, "conditionally." She is to marry some gentleman of "good" English family if possible. Or gentleman of "good" Canadian family if possible. Or an American gentleman of "good" family if possible. These to be judged by the mother. Or failing early appearance of such the father may accept or select for Emily one doing well in trade, British or American or Canadian, if not buying and selling otherwise than at per ton, at per gross, at per million feet. A retailing man may not marry within the Conway upper circles. One owning Ottawa timber limits may. Or one with beams and a cove at Quebec. He may be an army or naval officer. If with a title or being heir to a title the dowry might be doubled, conditionally, always conditionally. It may be money down; or land money and plank roads mixed; or plank roads and land, the land cleared and under culture; or wild bush all to clear, conditionally.

Who may Emily's father be? Formerly he was Tommy of Owdham, hand-loom weaver and Blanketeer. Next, one of the crown lands allottees. Then, in succession, a pedlar, a store-keeper, a usurer, a mortgagee on houses and lands, with an aptitude to foreclose mortgages 't short notice. A banker and financier in Conway now, Mr. Thomas Inkle, claiming kinship to that Inkle of London, who sold Yarico to the Barbadian merchant, as printed by the Essayists long ago.

"Would like to see my Tommy Inkle try to sell his Yarico, his Tilda Clegg, to a Barbadian merchant," cosily, coaxingly, said Mrs. Inkle from Owdham in their dark wood-chopping, log-rolling days. Red Indians looming around—Barbadian merchants for aught she knew.

And in their ambrosial drawing-rooms in this day of prosperous high finance, Tilda still governs in this gentle, tender way, except when Tommy is absurdly obstinate, once in a year or in two years. Then endearments failing, and tears failing, the energy of the Cleggs of Oldham speaks: "The blood of the treacherous Inkles runs in your veins, Tom, and in your son's veins, Tom, and in your heart; but, be praised the better fortune, Emily inherits from me the blood and the beauty of the Cleggs of Oldham, except the nose; may be that is yours."

On the latest of such occasions Mrs. Inkle carried her point. She got the new chariot, the new liveries, and that superb span of bay horses in silver-mounted harness. Not now do any hear the cry from Mr. Thomas Inkle: "Demolish banks, liberate gold, liberate gold," as once upon a time.

Tobias and Emily walk and exchange thoughts—light and airy thoughts—mostly in whispers, reading each other's eyes. The

youth, in soft impassioned tones, quotes from another youth, one Robert Burns:

"Oh, happy love, where love like this is found:  
Oh, heart-felt rapture, bliss beyond compare!  
I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare."

He gets no farther. Emily's happy laughter interposes. She rallies him on his "sage experience," and they giggle in mutual delight. They walk, they stand, they sit, they rise, and walk and sit again as the fitful glow of sweet delicious converse moves them. Beneath their feet the bending blossom of the wild strawberry yields homage and fragrance. They whisper though no ear but their own could hear the loud laugh a minute before.

Two breathings come as one when eloquent eyes look into eyes not many inches apart, not any inches apart, speaking without words. And the air under the mountain maple trees kisses and wafts away the delectable essence of the breathings. Purer and sweeter the air. Happier, lovelier the fair young city seems to repose on the plain below. Brighter the water of the glittering bay. Whiter the sails of the fleet of pleasure yachts. More playful and pretty the innocent little lambs in the fields of pasture. Gayer the blue bird and the scarlet tanager. The instinctive bees come on faster humming wing to flowers around the lovers, gathering a truer honey. Magic of eyes, lips, hearts, souls enchanted!

And thus they dream, the oblivious happy pair, while the moments fly, and fly from morning to the afternoon. As it was with Juliet and Romeo—with Highland Mary and Robert Burns, so it hath been and is: "the course of true love never doth run smooth." Why is Emily Inkle pretending to visit young lady friends at Ancaster, when no attraction brought her from Conway other than the hope of meeting this youth at Hamilton? She is forbidden to correspond or converse with him until his family and personal fortunes be known. Young love cannot doubt his respectability. Emily would rejoice to hear him declare his high social position, his aristocratic family connections, but cannot hazard questions. It is whispered, and by some held true, that he is one of the oldest, highest nobility. But something else is whispered. He has declared to Emily nothing more than happiness in her personal society. This is quite nice to hear and believe, only it does not pass as worth anything at home.

Tobias came to know Emily Inkle in this way. One day in the preceding winter he was in the Parliament House at Toronto. As a young English gentleman of fortune, visiting the States and Canada on a tour of observation, he had many introductions. One was to Samson Steelyard, Esq., M. P. for the County of Conway. The stranger's conversation led to the topic of settlers from England. And immigrants from Lancashire. Markedly to weavers from Irdale. But he carefully concealed the motives for preferring this subject; his compact with Solicitor Solomon Schoolar, of London, imposing that precaution.

Mr. Schoolar continued to remit the stipulated allowance, and Toby made monthly returns, living within his money, dressing well, saving a little.

The Member liking the young gentleman's intelligent conversation invited him home at the Christmas adjournment, and introduced him to Conway society in town and country. Squire Steelyard, once the handloom weaver and Blanketeer, was a Justice of Peace as well as M. P. A bachelor intending to marry sometime, but prone to delay in that matter. The only duty in life he was slow to fulfil.

Aged about forty-two, tall not stout; complexion fresh, hair light in colour, with tinge of red, good whiskers and moustache. With a country mansion, splendid gardens and conservatories, where once stood his log shanty, he might have had no difficulty in getting a wife, if not asking a woman selected by another wooer. He owned two flouring mills with ten run of stones, a saw-mill and woollen cloth factory; a breeding establishment for high class horses,—workers, trotters, racers, and for best cattle and sheep, with about a thousand acres of land. Part of this property, lot Eighteen First Concession of Conway, on which ran some of the water privileges with the mills, consisted of two hundred acres, now yielding, under scientific culture, fifty bushels of wheat the acre, with rich pasturage, valuable quarries, noble old shade trees. That lot was purchased by Tommy Inkle from the original allottee for five dollars, two gallons of whisky, and ten plugs of tobacco. The allottee, Abel Renshaw, preferring a Republic to a Monarchy, said he would go live in a free country, and feebly styered away in the woods in search of it, with but little of the whisky left, one plug of tobacco, no money. Steelyard purchased from Inkle, giving a thousand per cent. profit or more, and cleared the land, enclosed, cultured, and built on it. Renshaw, who sold this free gift of the Crown, was one of the unconditioned allottees. The conditioned could not sell till they had a title deed arising from duties performed.

The Member returning to his parliamentary avocations, left Tobias in Conway, to enjoy the society of the Inkles or whom he chose; to live in the town or country residence as he

preferred; to take any cutter, sleigh, cariole and fast span of horses he might choose, and drive, glide, spin along on the high level snow for amusement. The Inkles also had fast horses, but they were young Tom's or his mother's, and not often trusted to the driving of strangers. Tom, remaining steadily at his desk in the Bank, took only a solitary drive mornings and evenings.

But Emily Inkle, or Gwynce Owen or Lydia Taff—the latter daughter of Squire Taff of Conway Castle, accompanied Toby in his drives. Sometimes all; oftener only one. Latterly only one, and that Emily. Then pretty lips and little tongues prattled in Conway Castle, town and township.

Out on the snow, the smooth sparkling snow, dashing along, dashing along to the music of silver bells. Fast trotting horses, fleet-footed greys yesterday, the chestnuts day before, the span of noble bays to-day—fast pacing trotters running to the music of bells. The bells on the harness musical silver bells. Pryny barking, and little Floss barking, and the two great Newfoundland watch-dogs of the Bank out for a run, one on each side of the swiftly gliding sleigh. Robes of fur under and around, and tails of foxes streaming behind. A cloud of white on Emily's head, the gossamer product of the Farr looms at Hespeler, Canada West—most exquisite of the finer textile woollens known out of Cashmere. Exhilarating atmosphere. Glowing sun in the clear midwinter sky, the blue, the brilliant atmosphere of North America. Lofty sky, beautiful, sublime! So clear, so far, so high, by day, by night; every night and day except in storms, that they seem to have taken out the windows.

In this pure, delicious winter atmosphere, cosily wrapped in furs, glowing in health, all the world faultless, sinless to Emily and Tobias, they ride along, glide along, speed along, to the music of bells. The bells on the shining harness, merrily tinkling silver bells.

And the little-tongues tattled and prattled in Conway Castle, town and township—saying prettily, Emily Inkle and her beau were a lovely, fortunate, happy pair.

When spring came, Squire Steelyard arrived home from Parliament. In March Tobias had seen the trees of the maple groves tapped for sweet sap and sugar made. Now, driving on wheels with the Squire, he saw the leaves budding out. One week, all looked dead and grey, the earth covered with the scum of spent storms, left when winter had folded up suddenly and departed. Next week forest trees, orchards, clover fields and meadow pastures were green. The second week they were in a glow of greenness and blossom. A profusion of foliage and of insect life burst forth in the transition of two weeks, a wonder, a charm, a delight to the stranger, as such weeks of spring had once been a wonder to the poor weaver allottees, now the freehold landed gentry.

The transition had been a wonder once, not now. But it was still a charm to the eye and a joy. "There," said the M. P. P., "in that two-storied Elizabethan villa, surrounded by its apple orchards in blossom, with two hundred acres under skilful culture, and with good dairy cattle, no rent to pay and but small taxes, a ready-money market for wheat at the mills, the face of no man to fear, lives my neighbour Irk, once a despised hand-loom weaver like myself."

And in this way the Squire drove along the several Concession Roads. A thoroughfare at every mile, all running parallel, through the township of twelve miles is termed a Concession Road and known by its number. The lots of two hundred acres also numbered, lie end to end, half a mile long, abutting on the Concession Roads. On a Town Line, which separates two townships.

The Squire drove to other Town Lines, and Concessions, naming the allottees, mostly poor weavers once, or soldiers, or pauper potwall voters from the disfranchised Wiltshire borough of Eccley. Now wealthy, independent landowners, paying no rent and out of debt, with only a few exceptions. Lud was not named. Tobias felt himself on the brink of a social precipice. Name, or enquire about Lud, and so let it appear that he was reputedly the son of Simon who was hanged, what would Emily say? Her father, mother, Tom? Conway Castle, the town and township, and all the pretty tattling, prattling tongues now speaking praises of the handsome, the elegant young scion of English high life, what would they say? And Squire Steelyard himself, what might he think?

Tobias avoided that precipice by silence. But Steelyard, when passing Lot Four, Third Concession of Conway, pointed to the poor dwelling-house thereon, the original log shanty, saying:

"That Lot is now rented by the adjoining proprietor, the owner is a poor woman not at present in Canada. Her husband, a good-natured creature, always ready to assist other people, took the wrong side at time of the rebellion. Innocently in any intent of evil, I believe, but he—nothing could avert his fate. Law, power, newspapers, public clamour, all were against him."

Tobias trembled lest the Squire should say this was Abram Lud. But no one being named, he kept silence, intending to inquire the