

THE END.

October 6, 1892.

THE room was dark, where, round the dying bed, Children and children's children watched and wept, Save that the moonlight o'er the pillow swept, And bathed in silver the unmoving head. He did not strive nor cry; his last sigh sped So soft, the watchers knew not that he slept.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XXI—(Continued).

WHEN evening came, the Squire and Mrs. Carmichael mustered courage, and took Coristine's pale-faced nurse away from him with gentle force, the mother taking the daughter's place for a time. After this, Miss Carmichael was allowed no night duty, Wilkinson and the Squire, the clergymen, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Douglas attending to it in turns, while all the ladies, in the same way, relieved her during part of each day. Very slowly, but silently and patiently, the invalid regained his lost strength. He was grateful, sometimes with a few words of thanks, but oftener mutely, with a deprecating look, to all who ministered to his comfort. One day Marjorie was allowed in, and, among other wise remarks, informed her Eugene that "cousin Marjorie wasn't you know what any more." "My little love," he answered, "she's an angel, and always was"; Marjorie was not at all sure of this, but did not like to cross a sick man. During his progress towards health, there were walks and drives, picnics to Tillycot and the Beaver River, expeditions to town, fishing expeditions with Mr. Bigglethorpe, for whom the lawyer had brought a bundle of new flies, which in his anxious state of mind he had forgotten to deliver, and a four days' trip on the *Susan Thomas*, which pleased Miss Graves and Mr. Douglas immensely. Only two days were actually spent on the water, but, as Tryphena was there in the capacity of cook, and a coloured lady of Maguffin's acquaintance was temporarily engaged for Mrs. Du Plessis, the crew and the manservant were in the seventh heaven of delight. Marjorie, of course, was present, and shared the command of the schooner with her father. She also attached herself a good deal to Jim, and, although resenting the attentions he bestowed upon the big girl, carefully abstained from porcine epithets, a result of Eugene's epistolary instructions. The great Mr. Tylor came up to Bridesdale in person to see his junior, and was duly informed of the engagement between him and the heiress, Miss Carmichael. "Ah, Coristine, my dear fellow, we shall be losing you for the law, now, and, the first thing we know, you will be in Parliament. If not, I may say White is going out of the firm, and Woodruff and I had resolved on Tylor, Woodruff and Coristine for the new style. Your servant, Miss Carmichael! I congratulate my friend and partner on a friend and prospective partner, in life as well as law, so infinitely superior, and I trust you will allow an oldish man to congratulate you on being won by as fine a young fellow as ever lived." When the good Q. C. left the room, the patient remarked: "Everybody shows me so much kindness, now, Marjorie, when I have all I want in yours."

"Is it kindness, Eugene, only kindness?"

"No, no, it is love, Marjorie, isn't it, undying love? Would you think me very foolish if I were to go back for once to Wilks' and my habit of reciting all sorts of poetry?"

"I could not stand all sorts, Eugene. There are some that Marjorie quotes which are simply awful. She says she gets them from Guff."

"Oh, this isn't that kind. It is Greek, Modern Greek:—

ὦ ἔρωτ' ἀθηρότατε,
Γλυκέ καὶ ἰλαρότατε,
Τοῦ κόσμου κυβερνήτη.
Ἔσεν ὁ νόος, τὸ σῶμά μου,
Τὸ στήθος, καὶ τὸ στόμα μου,
Δατρῆει καὶ κηρύττει.

"That is very pretty, Eugene, for love in a general kind of way—love in the abstract, as the metaphysical Scotch girl said."

"What! Marjorie, you know Greek?"

"Yes; my father taught me to read the Greek Testament, and I have read some of it with Mr. Errol."

"Oh, you are a treasure! But I mean your love, and my mind and body, heart and voice."

"That will do, you silly boy. Now lie down, and do not excite yourself any more." But she said in her heart that she did not believe Mr. Wilkinson could quote Greek, and, if he did, Cecile, she was sure, could not understand him.

One evening, by general agreement, a committee of the whole sat in the office, the Squire in the chair. The chairman jocularly asked the colonel, as the senior of the meeting, his intentions. "My intentions, Misteh Chaihman, or rather ouah intentions, those of my deah Tehesa and me, are to be mahhied heah, if you will pehmit, by Misteh Pehhowne, whom we also wish to unite in holy matrimony

ouah daughteh Cecile to ouah deah boy Fahquhab. Also, with yoah pehmission, we will place Timotheus and Tryphosa, when mahhied, in chahge of Tillycot and Cecile's fahm heah; and will then jounhey westwahd to the Mississippi, and so southwahd, to show ouah deah childyen theih futuhe inehitance, and save Misteh Wilkinson's ahm the rigouhs of yoah Canadian winteh. That is all, Misteh Chaihman, three weddings, a meeah tyifle, suh." The colonel laughed, took a little imaginary Bourbon, and whiffed his cigar, while Mrs. Du Plessis, her daughter, and the dominie blushed, but also smiled, to think that explanations had been frankly made and the coast was clear. "I suppose," said the Squire, "it will be my turn next to explain for self and freens. The doctor says my nephew that's to be maun tak' a sea voyage for the guid o's health, and Marjorie, wha sud be here by richts to speak for herself, is gaun tae kill twa birds w' anejstane, tak care o' her husband, and spier aifter her graun' fortune. But the meenister's wantin' tae take her mither w' him; sae the gudwife and me, we're thinkin' o' sendin' aa the weans tae Susan at Dromore, and makin' a pairty o't. We canna leave Bridesdale unproteckit, that means Sylvanus and Tryphena 'll be pit in chahge till we're back, and they gang to Sylvanus' ain fairm. Ony mair intentions?" Mr. Perrowne sought the chairman's eye, and addressed him. "Mr. Chairman, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking (derisive cheers), and unwilling as we are to obtrude our private affairs upon what Virgil calls the *ignobile vulgus* (hisses from Messrs. Errol and Bangs and the doctor), nevertheless, on this festive occasion, we owvercome our natural modesty and spirit of self-effacement (more derision) so far as to remark that Cubbyholes (a dig from Miss Halbert) will be ready for our occupation in the second week of September, about which time the Bishop will make a visitation, including the office of howly matrimony. Meanwhile the bride elect will look forward with pleasant expectation to those precious tyings of the nuptial knot, which will enrich her housekeeping account with liberal marriage fees." Here the parson was compelled to stop, since one of the indignant Miss Fanny's hands was over his mouth, and the other actively engaged in boxing his mercenary ears. "Ony mair intentions?" cried the Squire again, warming to his work. "Pahdon me, Misteh Chaihman, foh rising a second time, but I am given to undeestand by Madame Du Plessis that Maguffin, who accompanies us, has matymonial intentions towahds her new maid, Sophronia Ann Trelawny Tollivah; that is all, suh." "I see Maister Bangs has a word for the chair," said the Squire, when the colonel ended. The detective, for the first time in his life, looked uneasy. "I ownly wented to sey, Mr. Chairman, thet, within a year, when you are all beck frem yore visit, Mrs. Metilda Rawdon has promised to bekem Mrs. Bangs. I may also add thet, frem kenversation with Ben Towner, I hev learned thet the priest is soon to selemnize his union with Miss Bridget Sellivan." The company was aghast, and cried out as one man, "What is to become of Serlizer?" Mr. Bangs responded: "The yeng weman, Sarah Eliza Newcome, wes the person who rebbed kenstable Rigby of his prisoners. When he kem to know the fact, he conceived so high a degree of respect fer her kerrage ond skill, thet he et wence propowesd to her, end hes been accepted. Mr. Perrowne hes been asked, I believe, to merry them; is it net sow, Mr. Perrowne?"

"Yes, the corporal bespowke me, as he said; but that wretched Maguffin insists on being married by the Baktis. I'm ashamed of you, colonel, allowing so unhalloed a marriage tie in your household."

"I leave religion, Misteh Pehhowne, to evely man's conscience." The meeting then adjourned.

Two young people had been sitting on the verandah while the matrimonial congress was going on, and were much amused by what they occasionally heard of the proceedings. Next morning, Marjorie carried off one of this pair by the name of Jim to look for crawfish and shiners in the creek. Under her able tuition, Mr. Douglas was making rapid progress in Canadian slang, and treasured in his memory many choice extracts from the words of supposed coloured poets, contributed originally by Guff. The scraps of doleful ballads, taken from the stores of the Pilgrim brothers, Marjorie objected that he did not seem to take stock in. While up to the bared elbows in the crawfishery, the twain heard voices, those of Miss Graves and Mr. Terry, but they kept on turning over stones and shouting all the same. Marjorie had never had the veteran really interested in that creek, so she ran to secure him, while her friend pulled down his sleeves and went to meet the lady. It was a pretty place, the bank of that creek, an ideal spot for a morning stroll, and they were soon out of earshot of the fishers. Mr. Douglas remarked, in allusion to the previous night's committee of the whole, that Bridesdale was going to be Bridesdale indeed, and would soon be no place for single people, like himself and his companion. "But I suppose we will both be gone before then," she answered. "I should have been back a week ago, had not Mr. Tylor kindly lengthened my holiday. It is hard to have to leave this place."

"Very," replied Mr. Douglas, "and harder to leave the people. I haven't known you very long Miss Graves."

"No, only a few weeks, but very pleasant weeks."

"They have been so to me, and the more I see of you, the more I dislike going away."

"Yes, the people gathered here are delightful, almost a unique party."

"I did not mean the people in general. I meant Miss Graves. I hope that blunt speech doesn't offend you."

"Not at all. It is blunt, as you say, but complimentary."

"I don't want to make compliments, Miss Graves, until I have the right. I want you to come home with me to Edinburgh as my wife."

"This is very sudden and very kind, Mr. Douglas. What do you know of me, a poor girl working for my living?"

"I know more than you think, and honour you for your work and independent spirit. I am not going to say I want to take you away from drudgery, and put you in a better position, because I want you to take me for myself, if I am worth taking, as a man."

Miss Graves looked upon his manly honest face with eyes as honest, yet with the merest shade of coquetry in them, and said: "You are worth taking as a man."

"Then, take me, Marion, and all I have."

"You are not a bit like my picture of a Scotch wooer. You give a poor girl no chance to hold you back."

"But I don't want to be held back. Shall we report ourselves to the matrimonial congress?"

"Oh no, not yet, Mr. Douglas; you take wonderful liberties with a new acquaintance."

Some distance off, Mr. Terry was trying to still the voice of Marjorie. "I saw him, granpa, I saw Jim with my very own eyes. Oh, these men will break my heart!"

The first parties to perpetrate matrimony were Ben Toner and Biddy Sullivan. Mr. Toner, to use his own expressive language, was afraid Serlizer might round on him if he delayed. Therefore, Father McNaughton was called in, and, with the aid of Rufus Hill and Barney Sullivan, groomsman, Norah Sullivan and Christie Hislop, bridesmaids, and the Bigglethorpes and Lajeunesses, spectators, the knot was tied. A honeymoon trip of two days to Toronto, where, in their new clothes and white cotton gloves, they were the admired of all beholders, rounded off the affair, and delivered Ben from all fear of the redoubtable Serlizer. Next Sunday morning there was a great commotion in the Church of St. Cuthbert's in the Fields. Miss Newcome, gorgeous of attire, supported by Tryphena in her very best, first marched proudly up the aisle, and then came the corporal, in full uniform, even to his stock, and adorned with medals and clasps which told of his warlike achievements, backed by Mr. Terry in an unostentatious suit of black broadcloth. Shortly before the close of the service, Mr. Perrowne, in his most ecclesiastical manner, called the parties up, and put them through their catechism. The corporal answered with military precision and dignity, and Serlizer, glancing at his martial magnificence, was so proud of the bridegroom that she felt equal to answering a bench of bishops. Mrs. Newcome, who had given her daughter away, remarked, as all the bridal party retired from the vestry to receive their friends' congratulations, that the constable, for a widower, was a very proper man, and Serlizer might have done much worse. To his best man, Mr. Terry, the corporal said: "Sergeant-major, I have got my guard. A prisoner may slip from me, Sergeant-major, but when that strapping woman puts her arms round him, he'll be as helpless as a child. I shall apply to the Council for an increase of pay." Soon afterwards, Maguffin got a holiday, went to Dromore, where Miss Tolliver was sojourning with Mrs. Thomas, took that lady to Collingwood, the coloured Baptist preacher of which united them, and came home triumphantly in the stage with his bride. They received a great ovation in the kitchen, and, Mr. Terry having joined the party, played the geographical game till midnight, as a sober, improving, and semi-religious way of celebrating the event. Mr. Maguffin remarked that the Baktis preacher had promised, out of the two-dollar fee, to insert a notice of the marriage in a leading paper, adding the words, "No Cards," but, said Tobias, "he warn't nebber moah left in all hees life, 'kase here's the keerds and heaps on 'em. Yah! yah! yah!"

The colonel was getting anxious to start for the Mississippi, and begged his deceased wife's sister to confer with her daughter, and name the day. The dominie was also consulted, and, seeing it was vain to hope for his friend's restoration to the extent of performing groomsman's duty, he acquiesced in whatever decision should be reached. Mr. Douglas took Coristine's place, and Miss Graves that of Miss Carmichael, and, for both of them, the Edinburgh lawyer ordered from the city handsome wedding presents to bestow upon the two couples, a little proof of generosity gratifying to the lady whom he now regularly called Marion. The said Marion had definitely resigned her situation with Messrs. Tylor, Woodruff, and White. On Thursday morning, St. Cuthbert's in the Fields was a scene of wonder to the assembled rustics, with flowers and favours and lighted candles. Miss Du Plessis, stately and lace bedight, was led in by her uncle, and followed by Miss Graves and Marjorie, while Wilkinson, in elegant morning dress, preceded Mr. Douglas and Mr. Bangs. The colonel, with much emotion, gave his niece away, and Mr. Perrowne made them one. Then came Mrs. Du Plessis, arm in arm with her former husband's faithful servant, Mr. Terry, and behind her followed Miss Halbert, training for her own approaching celebration. Mr. Errol was the colonel's right hand man. The second couple was united, and, amid the strains of the wedding march on the parlour organ, there went on salutes, congratulations, and hysterical little weepings, until the serious business of affixing signatures in the vestry called the contract-