

sound once more, played at the wedding
the air which he made on shipboard, and
of which he was most inordinately proud,
the Morrice-dance of the Beggars of the
Sea.

Now the mighty hand of old Time, who
brings all things to all; who takes all
things away; who ministers healing and
subtle consolation, purifying remembrance,
concludes, together with the vast and
momentous concerns of the great world,
my tiny, individual enterprise. My tale
is done. Farewell.

THE END.