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With Fennel Wreathed & Crowned.

BY MARZYANNA.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

Into our lives some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—THE RAINY DAY.

IT is six o'clock on the lovely evening in May, 1845, when Mr. Joseph Dash signals to his men to cease their work in the fields of the Black Arch Farm on the Little River Road. It is only the third day since the birthday of the fair young Queen, but the season is advanced and the work on the farm is pushing the farmer more than it usually does in the Province of Quebec at that season. As the farmer walked through the turnip fields his eyes are lifted to the blue, misty range of the Laurentian hills, far in the distance, suggesting to his reverent mind thoughts of the Celestial City and the hills of Amethyst. His meditations are interrupted by a girlish voice, saying, "Father, don't you see me?" and a merry laugh directs his eyes to where his only daughter, Annie, stands, her curls depending around a sonsy blue-eyed Scotch face, and a neck "like the swan", whose whiteness is well shown by the fashion of the buff sprigged gown, made low in the shoulders and short in the sleeves, according to the fashion of the time.

"Why, Annie, my dear lass, is it thou?" and the farmer's face lightened up. "Right glad am I to see thee. And how didst thou leave our friend?"

Annie took her father's arm as she answered, "Not very well, father, and I think ma ought to go in to-morrow to see her."

"That she shall, Annie, and we can get one of the Cameron girls to help thee. Let us hasten our steps; thy mother will be waiting for us." And still talking, they reached the old-fashioned, two-leaved door of the farm house. The leaves, studded with brass nails and curious brass hinges and bands, stood open, revealing the tea table set, and the busy housewife hurrying about her task.

"Come awa', Joseph, ye surely maun be weary. Annie, sit into the table; it is good to see ye hame ance mair."

After the blessing and the portion of scripture, "waled with judicious care," Annie answered the questions asked her, and we hear once more the name of Mrs. Boulton. It is evident she is ill again, and Mrs. Dash decides to go in next day to see her.

"Jacques Larieux will stop for thee, Jean," Mr. Dash says. "I would like to go in with thee myself, but the work in the south meadow is pressing me, and I cannot."

Next morning, about nine o'clock, neighbor Larieux called for Mrs. Dash, and she took her little basket, with her caps and aprons, to stay for a few days. As they went along, the polite French *habitant* conversed affably in his broken English, and the little Scotchwoman responded in her broad Argyle dialect, which is so hard to spell.

"He ees a fine man, *cette Monsieur Hambly*; his tannery is employment for many poor men," said he, as they drove through the St. Roch's suburb, up Coto L'Abram (*Cote le Braw*, as commonly pronounced), indicating a large building commonly known as "Hambly's Tannery." Mrs. Dash responded, looking, as she afterwards remembered, at the buildings and yard so full of workmen and leather.

She descended at Mrs. Boulton's door, and was received by the upper maid, Mary O'Shea, a young French-Irish girl, whose mother had not spoken for seven years, owing to a vow made in a fit of passion. Mrs. Dash was a favorite with Mary, whom she had known from childhood, and Mary led her gladly in, telling her of Mrs. Boulton's weak state, and "how swate" the children were, and then announced her to Mrs. Boulton, who had been forced to keep her bed for several days.

Mrs. Dash was startled at the delicacy of her appearance, and the burst of tears which greeted her. Margaret's beauty has become intensified by her sickness, and Mrs. Dash's eyes are full of tears, too, as she took the lovely form in her motherly arms, saying: "There, there, my lamb, dinna fret; cheer up, dearie."

"Oh, Mrs. Dash, I feel so sad to think I am sick and pa never to know of it. He used to be so kind to me. I believe I would be well if I could see him and hear him say he forgave me."

"Weel, weel, ye mauna fret; he will forgie ye, never doot, and Richard will feel bad if he thinks ye are grieving."

"Yes, I know, and so I do not let him see me, and I feel it so much worse then. But get Oliver

and Hortense and let Mrs. Dash see them, Mary," and she dried her tears and smiled at the effusive welcome the children gave Mrs. Dash. Oliver's curly head lay on her breast, and Hortense's darker locks were mingled with her dear "ganma's" cap-strings as she kissed her again and again.

After the little ones had recommenced their sports, Mrs. Dash drew her chair to the bedside and soon found that Mrs. Boulton's case was very serious indeed. She rose to get some medicine, when Mary O'Shea burst into the room, shouting, "Oh, Mrs. Dash, get the missus up, the fire has begun."

"Hush, hush, Mary," said Mrs. Dash, "you have frightened Mrs. Boulton and the children. What do you mean?"

"The fire! the fire! It started in Hambly's Tannery, and the whole street is on fire!" returned Mary earnestly.

"Hambly's Tannery! Nonsense, I came past it fifteen minutes since, and there was no sign o' fire," said Mrs. Dash, running to the window, as a shout reached her. To her horror, not four hundred yards away, rose a sheet of flame, while past the house were crowds hurrying, and shouting.

Mary had helped Mrs. Boulton, and they got

