

So the last ceremony was over. "Siccan a thing as five waddins in ae day was never heard o' in Flanders before," said the Squire, with a sigh of relief. Of course, the people ought all to have gone away somewhere, according to all the rules that govern civilized marriage. Mr. Errol went to his lodgings to pack up, and took Mr. Douglas with him. As for the rest of the married people, they simply went on with their ordinary tasks and amusements as if nothing personal had happened. Before these two gentlemen retired, however, they had to take part in a dance in the coach-house, at which old Styles played the fiddle, and the constable called out the figures, while Mr. Pilgrim groaned in the ears of Mrs. Hill over the worldly spirit that was sapping the foundations of spiritual life. When the drawing-room people left the festive coach-house, the ladies divested themselves of the day's finery, and the gentlemen retired to the office, where Mr. Errol smoked three pipes and renewed his youth. Dr. MacPhun told more stories, as did Messrs. Bigglethorpe and Bangs, and at last they all became so happy, that a deputation of the Squire and the minister was sent to produce their new relative Coristine, and make him drink a bumper of champagne to his bride's health. As the relatives crossed arms, and, on this improvised chair, carried the bridegroom round the table in triumph, the Captain roared: "Pour it down his scuppers, boys, for he's the A1 clipper; and that sly dog thought he'd have the old man's niece, with no more fun in his calf's hide than a basswood figure head!"

Next morning early, Messrs. Errol and Douglas appeared to claim their brides at the Dale, and found them packed, and ready to start after breakfast. Mrs. Thomas was left mistress of the house, with directions to hand it over to Sylvanus and Mrs. S. Pilgrim when she wished to return home. Timotheus and Mrs. T. Pilgrim were told to go and take possession of Tillycot, and put in a winter of judicious clearing. Good-bye was said all round. Coristine was lifted into the second seat, between Mrs. Carruthers and his new made wife, who looked her loveliest. Mrs. and Mr. Errol sat by the Squire, and Mr. Bigglethorpe intruded himself as far as the bridge on Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Ben Toner, tired of being haughtily glared at by Mrs. Rigby, offered to drive the trunks in a separate vehicle, but, to the great delight of the junior Pilgrims, the Captain ordered Saul to perform that duty. Nevertheless, Ben accompanied Saul part of the way, and got off with Mr. Bigglethorpe. The patient was tired when Collingwood was reached, but recovered in the parlour car and arrived in Toronto in good condition, and able to introduce his bride to Mrs. Marsh. Mr. Douglas and he got together their portable effects, and Mrs. Douglas increased her travelling impedimenta. The party then left in time to see the glorious fall scenery of the Hudson in the morning, and reached New York in abundance of leisure. Coristine's imperious wife insisted that he should begin at once to spend her fortune, saying that was the only reason for her marrying him; but the invalid, otherwise so biddable, was very firm on this point, and represented that his bank account was far from exhausted. They were hardly on the steamer, when Mrs. Carruthers ran forward and fell into an old man's arms. It was Mr. Terry, who had bidden them an affectionate farewell at Bridesdale, and had then taken the stage in their wake to give them all a grand surprise. The weather was fine, the equinoctials all past, and the sea gently flowing. Rugs and pillows were laid on the deck, between camp chairs and stools, and, while the bearded lawyer lay propped on the former, with the most beautiful woman on board kneeling beside him, the rest of the company occupied the higher seats. The ladies worked away at airy nothings, and the gentlemen, Squire included, smoked cigars and pipes, all talking of the stirring events of the past, and forecasting the pleasures of the near future. Somehow they all seemed to miss little Marjorie, and wondered what sort of time she and the rest of them were having at Bridesdale.

Three months soon passed away. Mrs. Coristine's fortune was secured, and transformed into Canadian securities by her legal husband, half being made over to Mrs. Errol. The minister took his bride to Perth, and introduced her to his friends, who received her as graciously as the Edinburgh people did Mr. Douglas' queenly wife from Canada. On Princess Street many a pedestrian stopped to look at the well-matched pair. Mr. Carruthers looked up his Scotch relations, and then crossed the Irish Sea to inspect the "owld shod," under Mr. Terry's proud guidance. But the great doctors said Mrs. Coristine must take her husband away to the south of France, to the Riviera, perhaps even to Algeria, for the winter. Mr. Douglas, who was like a brother, saw them safely established at Mentone, and returned to England in time to see the Flanders' five on board their steamer at Liverpool, laden with presents for the children and the servants, the Thomases and the Perrownes, not forgetting Mr. Bigglethorpe and Mr. Bangs. Three more months of winter passed at Bridesdale, then the brief spring, and at length summer came round in all its glory. Timotheus and his men had cleared the encampment of its scorched trees, had put many acres into crop, and had built the farm house on the site of the burnt buildings, into which he and his blooming wife had moved, because the Wilkinsons and the Mortons were coming to the chalet in July. The Bridesdale people heard that the former dominie had not been idle, but, by means of his geological knowledge, had discovered iron and lead mines, which were already yielding him a revenue. Mrs. Errol brought

them a letter from Marjorie, saying that Eugene was quite restored, and that they would be home early in July, bringing that dear old lady, Eugene's mother, with them. Correspondence had also been going on between the Wilkinsons and the Coristines on both sides of the houses, and Mr. Terry seemed to be included in the circle. One fine July morning he asked for the loan of the waggone and set off to town, whence he returned in the afternoon, with three ladies and a coloured ladies' maid, attended by a gentleman and his servant on horseback. Strange to say, the Errols, the Perrownes, the newly-married Bangs, and Mr. Bigglethorpe, were at Bridesdale. Marjorie's terrier, a new Muggins given her by Mr. Perrowne, but which she called Guff, ran barking to meet the approaching party, and the animal's mistress, following it, was soon in the arms of long absent friends. "Where is Eugene?" she cried, in a tone of disappointment. "Where is Mr. Wilkinson?" asked Mrs. Carruthers, in concern. "We have lost them for a little while," replied the ladies, cheerfully. So they changed their things, unpacked their trunks, dispensed many gifts, brought through all sorts of custom houses, and assembled in the drawing-room to await the stated six o'clock tea. The clock was on the stroke, when they all heard singing, on the road, of two male voices:—

For, be it early morning,
Or be it late at night,
Cheerily ring our footsteps,
Right, left, right!

Then two jovial pedestrians came swinging through the gate, with the old knapsacks on their backs, and newly cut staves in their hands. They responded heartily to the varied salutations of the company, and, as each bowed himself over the woman he loved best, they said: "God has been very good to us, and has sent us more than a marshal's baton through these two knapsacks."

Pleasant were the two summer months at Bridesdale and Tillycot, with visits to the Manse and Cubbyholes, to Bangslea and the Beaver River. Two little Pilgrim girls and a Toner boy appeared before the visitors went home; and, soon after their arrival at their homes, they learned that Basil primus was marching Basil secundus in his arms, clad in a nocturnal surplice. Mr. Bigglethorpe had had his baby christened Felix Marjoram, regarding the latter botanical word as a masculine equivalent of Marjorie. When, next year, the welcome visitors came to Flanders from Toronto and the far south, they brought each a maid and a warm little bundle. The bundle of Mrs. Coristine was called James Farquhar, and that of Mrs. Wilkinson was Marjorie Carruthers. When they cried, Mr. Coristine, M. P., and Dr. Wilkinson, if they were about, carried them round, singing outlandish songs; when they were good, the parents laid two knapsacks over a rug on the lawn, put pillows on top, and the babies against the pillows, betting quarters as to which would kick the highest.

The culprits were all set free or left unmolested. The two Davis brothers disappeared, evidently across the lines. Old man Newcome is said to have been converted by Father Newberry and to be living a life in keeping with the exalted station of his daughter Serlizer. Reginald Rawdon's son was looked up by Mr. Bangs, and started in business in a new town, as a country store-keeper, on part of his uncle's ill-gotten money. Monty, growing a big lad, has charge of the farm at Bangslea, and, to see him and his grey-haired, but otherwise young-looking, mother, none would think they had ever been deprived of their reason. The character of Nagle, alias Nash, has been amply cleared by his friend, who has erected a suitable memorial to him at Collingwood cemetery. Peskiwanchow is hardly recognizable in its reformed condition, and the Beaver River, like the Flanders' lakes, is safer to visit, though otherwise as delightful as ever, than when the Maple Inn was invaded by two knapsacks. Mr. Bulky is still its hero, and Wilkinson, who does not smoke, has had him up to Tillycot with Mr. Bigglethorpe and without his fishing coat.

THE END.

PARIS LETTER.

THE impression left by the 1792 Centennial fête has been excellent; it was another rivet in the permanent strengthening of the republican constitution. The multitude of one million sightseers laughed at the idea of catching cholera, as heartily as love does at locksmiths. The triumphal cars' procession, symbolical of the birth, development, actual standing and future prospects of the Republic, was a theatrical success. The day was fine too, and admission to witness the spectacle on wheels with vocal and instrumental ambulatory accompaniments free. The railway companies having suppressed the excursion trains—save perhaps for the beggars, who never mustered in greater force—explains why country cousins were so numerous. Perhaps of all the positions for witnessing the march past, from chimney and tree tops, to window sills and lamp-posts, the most original was by some persons on stilts, with backs against the façades of houses; they experienced no crush, occupied but little space, looked calmly over the heads of the crowd, and escaped the boiling point, suffocating temperature, of a sprat-packed multitude.

How did Paris look on 22nd September, 1792? It was a Saturday, and the eva royalty had been abolished

by the newly-elected Convention. Several of the journals came out with stop-press editions with semaphore telegrams, that the conscripts at Valmy had sent the Prussians flying back to the frontiers. The royal family was in the temple prison, and a request to supply curtains for the Dauphin's, Louis XVIIth's, bed was sent back to Clévy, the royal valet, to describe the applicant as "Louis Charles Capet." Marie Antoinette and her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, sat up to repair the frock coat of Louis XVIth. Paris displayed no emotions, save activity in shuffling off the externals of royalty and replacing them by Republican insignia, the citizens ate, drank and were merry as ordinarily. J. P. Reichardt, a Prussian, and a pupil of Kant, visited France in 1792; he states that the Swiss would not permit the aristocrats to share the diligence with them, while the self-exiled royalists, or *émigrés*, were not allowed to reside longer in the Palatinate than 24 hours; at Coblenz, they could obtain nothing if not paid for in advance, and then they were charged double, as a compliment.

In 1792 the rush of foreigners was so great in Paris, that Reichardt could not secure a bed; the streets never were so secure; not a beggar was to be encountered; the citizens were more soberly clad in point of richness of material and lurid colours. Life was very active; there was apparently a theatre in every street, an actor for every house, a musician for every cellar and an author for every attic. The favourite air was the Franklin distorted *Ca-ira*. The Jacobin clubs had not yet run wild, but the Legislative Assembly laid claim "to be the worst club in France." Entrance implied the negotiation of a ticket for 5frs. The deputies were badly dressed, mostly in big boots, with heavy spurs; they were constantly coughing, expectorating and screaming, shaking their canes, waving their hats, and demanding the *clôture*; the galleries were filled with 500 "strangers," who, instead of being invited to withdraw, indulged in a running fire on the discussions.

The socialists of to-day will be glad to learn that in 1792 the bourgeoisie claimed to be "firm as Alpine rocks," were reared as "oaks of Lebanon," and "were as tranquil as a lake." In honour of the abolition of royalty the statues of the saints round the churches had been decorated with phrygian caps, and the crucifixes were ornamented with tri-colour ribbons. Here was a strange morbid craze; on the 10th of August occurred the sack of the Tuilleries, and the massacre of the Swiss Guards; the corpses of the latter lay strewn about the grounds, and ladies formed parties to view the monarchical dead, as if nothing had happened.

The letter of the *Figaro's* special commissioner to study the capital and labour question in Russia cannot be very pleasant reading to the two allies. At the "Window of the West," or St. Petersburg, all was silence. The people with their pensive blue eyes and melancholy looks displayed not the ghost of a smile. When he called for his letters at the post office, he was refused them by the clerk till he removed his hat as a tribute of respect to a chromo-engraving on the wall of the Czar. Of the three French journals admitted into Russia, whole columns of their contents had been "blacked" by the Censor, and where posted up they were dubbed "caviare," not a bad designation in point of colour and "utility for the million, for the general." At Moscow, which is Russia in miniature, the city of "forty forties" of churches has many cotton factories. One mill employs several thousand hands of both sexes. There is no ventilation in the rooms, where the noise and heat recall a pandemonium. The workers have the same sad blue eyes, and features shaded with melancholy. The operatives sleep in large whitewashed halls, on plank beds three line deep, with a mattress four inches thick and a rainbow coloured rug. Their dietary is black bread, buckwheat porridge, and water *ad libitum*.

The moujik or labourer, stated the mill proprietor, is nothing more than a big baby, resigned, apathetic, indifferent to everything and incapable of revolting. There is no workman in Russia in the European sense of the word. He does not know what socialism means or if it exists. He stands in the same position towards universal suffrage. He is a primitive being, a good-natured savage, carrying in his head but two ideas—God and the Czar. He comes to work in the factories from autumn till spring, returning to cultivate his share of his native, or *mir*, freehold. The men earn 10 francs—4 roubles—per week; the women half that sum. The daily working hours vary from thirteen to fifteen, food is very cheap, and the co-operative kitchen enables a man to live on 14 farthings or kopecks per day. Many peasants do not know yet that they are free. They are beaten with sticks if they do not pay their taxes, and a cabby, if whacked, will blubber into tears and wipe them away with his coat sleeve. Should any peasants drift into politics the Government looks after them.

Orleanism does not know how to die with dignity. Comte d'Haussonville is middle man in France for the Comte de Paris, and has just held a meeting in Chambord—an ominous name—Park to galvanize moribund royalism. The owner of the park felt the whole thing to be so hollow that he decamped to join a shooting party. In plotting with Boulangism the Orleanists committed suicide. They have only to display their new flag—the tricolour, with the lilies on the white or Bourbon section of it—and announce themselves at the coming general elections as pure royalists to be swept into oblivion. They accuse the Pope for putting the last nail in their coffin by ordering their friends