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TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Is it you, dear Ocean? I have felt the presence of sweetness, outside in the arbor, for an hour and more."

"I've been waiting, my Anna, loth to disturb the repose of the bridesmaid, unwilling to break her sweet, sweet sleep."

"I was not sleeping, my own dear Ocean boy, but reckoning the sunbeams gleaming through the roses; waiting and waiting, longing for your coming, and listening to music, far off music, violins and piping away in the woods."

"I, too, heard music, as if out in the woodlands, but thought it only echoes of yesterday lingering in the brain."

"Perhaps so, Ocean; my own giddy head may be echoing sounds of yesterday. Indeed it must be so, for how can the harmonies be adrift on the air, so early? And now I'm ready in walking attire, as you are, for the delightful woodland ramble through sugar maple grove, up the banks of Rama to One Tree Bridge."

"And I to lead you, Anna, my own one. Sister of the dawn of day, outdazzling the summer morning. Of all summers on earth the greenest, freshest, floweriest; skies the loftiest, purest, transcendent in brilliancy; dazling in the fountains, the lakes and rivers of beauty—mirrors of June. Of all Junes, ours the Queen. And Anna, Queen of June."

As they reached the stile, one was met, who inquired:

"Did the musicians lodge in the village last night? Watty Waddel is much wanted at Steadyard's Mills, and is not home. Nor has Clapper Hayvern been to his home. He went to convey the pipers part of the way, Joseph says, and did not return. Think you, they be at the Corners?"

"Think not; they all left Ramasine's house together, to go through the fields."

"Gone on to the town," concluded the inquirer; "most likely to make a night of music and whiskey punch, after the festivities of a temperance wedding."

Ocean Horn did not dispute this conjecture, but added:

"Nothing more likely for fiddlers, pipers, singers, dancers."

As the lovers walked towards the river, conversation, after a few more flights of fancy and poetic imagery, came down to Ocean's first prospects in the medical profession. The ultimate, even early ultimate, rose in perception brightly and grand, but the immediate seemed dimly uncertain.

"I long for opportunities," said he, "demanding at my hands skilful dexterity, delicate manipulation in surgery. Or, in medicine, scientific penetration of obscure diseases. In some distinguished patient, if possible."

"You may be appointed to a public institution."

"I'd prefer distinction in private practice, to make a home for you, Anna. In a large city, as London, or New York."

"An obscure young gentleman might be long in getting practice in a large city."

"Ocean Horn will not go obscurely. I expect admission by special favour, through a friend, to some of the Institutes of the Donna Euryntia of Florida, north or south. Or in the grand summer encampment soon to be in the Thousand Islands. So comprehensive and magnificent as to cover several of the boundary islands, partly in Canada, partly in the States. So unparalleled in luxurious furnishings and world-wide services, as to excel every enterprise of beneficence, every aggregation of gorgeous palaces hitherto imagined in dreams of splendour and sublime utility."

"There you may forget poor Anna Liffey, school-teacher at Ramasine?"

"No, Anna; but there I may find the steps to professional fame and fortune. Euryntia's councillors come from many lands, all of intellectual, or social distinction. Her ladies are princesses, some; of social eminence all. A favourable introduction from one of them is sure beginning of a young professional's fortune. With the Euryntia prestige I obtain success anywhere, but in a city the soonest. And then I marry Anna."

"Stop, listen, dear Ocean! was not that music, violins in harmony, floating on the morning wind?"

"I did not hear it, love, nor do I now. It is but the echo of yesterday lingering in the brain."

"About the musicians, Ocean: the sailor and military pipers, Gordon, and Rotherick McTotherick with the violin players, may be together in dissipation, but not young Clan-

donal. His clear, intelligent features bear no trace of coarse enjoyments."

"They don't, indeed; quite otherwise. Clondonal went away early, and in haste, promising to return. Did he return?"

"Yes, and spoke with Ramasine, privately, quite a time, when you were dancing."

"That mystic Scottish Highlander is in much favour with ladies, Anna; do you think him handsome?"

"Very; second only to one young gentleman."

"And this young gentleman's name is?"

"Ocean Horn, the medical student. You constrain me to confess my love for Ocean very often, don't you?"

"It is sweet to be flattered at Anna Liffey's lips. But you do Clondonal injustice. He is out of all comparison more refined in form, more graceful in motion, more vividly expressive in features than I. But for the moustache, he is exquisitely feminine; I masculine."

"You are a handsome, beautiful boy, my own dear Ocean, nothing more. Nor do I wish you to be more than a boy—not yet, a long while."

"But, of Clondonal; don't you think, without the moustache, and attired as a lady, he would appear feminine, charming?"

"I didn't observe so closely as to note any special prettiness. Ocean Horn was there, his image eclipsing every other."

"Sweet music to the unwearied ear, my too partial, too generous Anna Liffey. Yet of the Flying Piper I must still express poetic, artistic, ethnological admiration, as excelling in beauty of form any male specimen in ethnology hitherto seen."

"Were you in a magnetic condition negative, to take such a positive impression?"

"Probably, Anna. But that which imprinted on my perceptive tablets the apparently feminine gracefulness of Clondonal the more permanently is a resemblance, a fanciful and remote resemblance it must indeed be, yet a likeness in facial features, to the Donna Euryntia of Florida."

"Have you seen that wondrous woman, face to face?"

"But once. I have been in the Casa Euryntia, and in three of the summer encampments several times. I beheld the Donna at a distance in midst of the ladies, or seated in council in the silken tents, with the chancellor, chamberlain, secretaries, ministers, and profound men of science, but only once so closely as to take a mentograph, clear enough to be retained."

"And the Euryntia features are of the style and semblance of Donal Clondonal?"

"Very much of that semblance, indeed; except in the moustache, and a few masculine philibeg attachments."

"Is the Donna known to assume disguises?"

"Oh, dear no. Donna Euryntia is one of the most chastely refined, estimable of women. Incapable of any unfeminine indelicacy. Beautiful in mind as in person. She is also religious; that is—so I was told—religious in the pious humanity and beneficence of the Gospel, as given by the Holy Saviour, apart from the polemics of dogma."

"In what direction is the scope of her beneficence?"

"The Donna is absorbed in numerous schemes of social and moral amelioration. Rebuilding cities is one of the items, to give happy habitations to labour, and networks of car-tracks to carry daughters and sons of toil between sweet, sweet homes and pleasant workshops. Her schemes are to operate progressively, and reach ultimately the entire human race. Beginning—as most appropriately—with emancipation of Negro slaves; to be equitably effected through a systematic, munificent purchase."

"Is such equitable emancipation possible?"

"Any high moral result is possible to effort, if the effort involve the natural instincts and reasoning powers of the human being. And the sooner, if, when operating, it be sustained by illimitable financial powers. Euryntia is mistress of resources so boundless that she chooses her missionaries in any assembly of fashion, in eastern world or western. In any circle of misers, she can, if need were, recruit emissaries. In every arena of science she has choice of genius. In any court of enthroned kings she takes pick of princes or princesses, conditionally that they become pupils of the Casa Euryntia, to return home as propagandists."

"How came one woman in possession of illimitable finances?"

"That is the cardinal secret, not divulged to me by the person who told so much. But some day I may hazard a surmise as to the sources of her treasure. At present, though nearly knowing the wondrous reality, its name and nature if known might mar her enterprises. So don't ask me, Anna, yet a while."

"Ocean, listen! Is not that a distant piping floating down the wind? And now a harmony of violins?"

"I have, indeed, while talking, felt as if my ears dreamt of music. No, it is but the spirituality of the brain vibrating from noises of yesterday."

"Is it a social revolution the Donna aims at?"

"Not in the sense of turning society upside

down. It is the purifying of the composite basement floor of nations, termed labour; and of the moral debris of misfortune underlying labour; whereby the underflooring of society may have moral health, and give stability to all of the structure rearing over it. In densely peopled countries danger of anarchy is chronic. In some American cities the civic evils of the old world already prevail in deep intensity. In all America, as it fills with people, convulsion must be ever imminent if labour be left in dwellings of degrading inferiority. The Donna's science of philanthropy aims to purify the wide basement of nations. She begins where works of vast moral magnitude only can begin, with the exalted in social life. She commences in the arena of the most potent of forces—fashion."

"How may the wealthy and fashionable, the aristocracies and millionaires of finance, be led to surrender grandeur, interest, delights of power, pleasure of grandeur, or joys of avarice, in service of sons and daughters of toil? It seems impossible that wealth and power should ever become voluntarily subjected to a supremacy of poverty and weakness."

"You invert the Euryntian philosophy. The wealthy surrender nothing, but, on the contrary acquire safety, and with it more wealth and more enjoyment of luxurious lives than previously. They may at option remain painfully unemployed, or plunge in revels of luxury only, or become contributory partners in promoting one or more of numberless remunerative schemes of moral and social renovation, earning and enjoying a newer, sweeter happiness; and, by the same actions, consolidating national conservative interests in all the people."

"The mental training to accomplish the grand social reforms, where is that to begin?"

"In the Euryntia Institutes, extending through all the gradations of social life down to the lowliest, elevating all in a rising, widening, still rising, still widening moral vitality."

"List! Eolian harp! There is music."

"Eolian harp there may be, but the sound represented more the scream of a piper, or ruffled tree bending in the wind. Didn't it sound, Anna, as creaking of branches high in the air?"

"I know not if from high in the air or from caves in the cliff, but it was the wail of plaintive music."

"Our ears deceive us, Anna. All is silent but the robins, the cushat, the bobolink, the pretty scarlet tanager, the ventriloquist, chirruper, humming hop-of-my-thumb, and a thousand or two of the rana."

"Proceed with the Euryntian philosophy, Ocean, I am interested, much."

(To be continued.)

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Managing Director.

Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870. 2-21-zz