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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1879.

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Poetry.

AT NIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM "JUSTE OLLIVER."

At night, when work is done, 'mid shadows gray that darken, And cling about the window, where once the sun was bright, Sweet sounds come back again to which we used to harken,

At night, though we are old, and the gray shadows clinging, Presage to us that shore where there is no more light; Sometimes there come again sweet airs of childhood's singing

At night we two may sit in shadow, open-hearted; Long since the time is passed when hope was all in sight! Softly we sing the songs of happy days departed,

At night the cricket's voice sounds through the shadows dreary; Our songs, alas I like his, have neither charm nor weight; We only rest and sing, hushed hopes and voices weary,

—The Argosy.

A GILDED SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WEDDED AND PARTED," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

(Continued.)

'This is just like Katherine's cheek,' she said laughingly. And she looked so like her mother at that moment that he could have cried aloud in his longing love and pain.

'You have learned to love Katherine, Veronica?' he said gently. 'Better than I love my life,' she said, blushing to find that she no longer said, 'Better than I love any one else in the world.'

'Have you learnt to love me, Veronica?' he asked. 'Yes, just as dearly,' she replied. Then they were silent—he mute with emotion, she wondering that he should speak to her in this strain—he who had always been so distant and so reserved.

'My child, my darling,' he said, 'have I been kind to you?' 'Always, papa,' she replied. 'Have you had a happy life—Katie, tell me—a happy life?'

'Yes,' she answered. 'Papa, you know that I have never had one moment's care or trouble, one moment's sadness, ever since I was a child.'

'Thank Heaven for that!' he said gently. 'If I should die, Katie—die and leave you—would any one ever make you think me unkind—ever make you love me less?'

'No, never, papa,' she said, laughing at the notion—'never.' 'Kiss me. Tell me you love me,' he said. 'Will you remember in the after years that I would have given my life at any time to save you from pain?'

'Yes,' replied Katherine, and, obeying his wish, she clasped her tender arms round his neck. 'I love you very dearly, papa,' she said, 'more than I can tell you, and I am longing for the day to come when you will be strong and well again.'

Later still, when Katherine was going to her room, he called her to him, and, taking the bright young face between his hands, he kissed it. 'Good night, my darling,' he said; 'and may Heaven ever bless you!'

She wondered at the solemnity of the words, little dreaming that she had heard his voice for the last time. 'You are not quite so well to-night, Jasper,' said Lady Brandon. 'No,' he replied. 'There is a strange fluttering in my heart—I feel faint—it will pass away. The day has been so very warm.'

'I wish,' said Lady Brandon, 'that you would consult Sir William Fletcher; they say that he is the cleverest physician in England.'

'I will see about it,' replied Sir Jasper. It was a lovely June night, one of those nights that never seem to grow dark; the

air was rich and heavy with the odour of the sleeping flowers, the dew lay on the white lilies, on the roses, on the purple passion-flowers, the wind stirred ever so faintly the fresh green leaves. It is one of those nights when it seemed impossible to turn from the sweet face of nature. Veronica had stood for more than an hour at the open window of her room, when one of the servants came to say she was wanted in Sir Jasper's room.

'Is Sir Jasper worse?' asked Veronica in alarm. 'The valet said he seemed very ill, miss,' replied the girl; 'but there was nothing said about his being worse.'

Without loss of time Veronica left her room. She had not undressed. She still wore her evening-dress of rich black lace with crimson flowers. She had taken the diamond stars from her hair, and the black shining waves fell in rich profusion over her shoulders. On her neck gleamed a cross of rubies and diamonds. She walked through the long corridors, where the moonlight lay in great silver floods, making everything else darker by contrast.

Sir Jasper could not be worse, she thought; the servants were most of them in bed, and there was no confusion. She went to the door of his room—a room she had never entered. It was ajar, and Lady Brandon stood near it. She looked very pale and anxious. She had on a white dressing-gown, and was toying nervously with the blue ribbons.

'I do not understand it, Veronica,' she whispered. 'Sir Jasper has sent for you and for me—he wants us particularly. No one else is to come near. He looks so strange I am half frightened. Come in.'

Veronica entered the statesman's chamber. It was a large and magnificently-furnished apartment. 'She saw wonders of rosewood and buhl, Sevres china, statuettes, pictures, and books. On the bed with its silken hangings she saw Sir Jasper—Sir Jasper, with a gray look on his face and dark shadows round his eyes. She went up to him, and his eyes, looking into hers, told her that some strange, unrevealed secret was between them.

'Close the door,' he said—'fasten it securely; no one must interrupt me. Marie, my wife, come here. It is you who will have to forgive me. I have sinned against you; but my sin always appeared to me in a better light than that in which I see it now. It is a gilded sin—a sin so shrouded with sentiment, reserve, poetry, sensitiveness, that I hardly know where the wrong begins or ends—a gilded sin, my poor Marie, and the punishment will fall on an innocent head. Veronica, come nearer to me. I have sent for you—I have a story to tell. Kneel here where I may see your face. Keep those eyes—dead Giulia's eyes—fixed on me to the last, that my strength and my courage may not fail me. Marie whom I have wronged, give me your hand—I have a story to tell you.'

The nightlamp was partly shaded; its feeble rays fell on the gray face, on the dark wistful eyes, on the thin white hands—fell on the two kneeling figures, on Veronica's beautiful face and Lady Brandon's troubled features. The wind, when it stirred, sent a great spray of clematis beating against the glass; outside the beautiful, solemn summer night lay brooding over the fair sleeping earth.

Sir Jasper told his story, clearly, plainly, distinctly, describing his motives, blaming his own fastidious, sensitive reserve, blaming his own weakness and folly, which had led him so far wrong—led him into what he truly called 'a gilded sin.' Lady Marie listened with silent, bitter tears.

'So you were married before, Jasper, and never told me,' he sobbed; 'and I always thought that I was the only one you loved. How could you deceive me?'

'I am sorry, Marie, for the past. I can hardly expect you to understand—I can hardly understand myself; it is so difficult looking back. I loved her so well and I lost her so soon. I could not utter her name—it tore my heart. I could not look men and women in the face while I talked of her, my dead love.'

'Then,' said Lady Brandon, 'you have always loved her best, Jasper, living or dead—always the best.'

'You have been a good, true, tender, faithful wife to me, Marie,' he returned, 'but she was my first love.'

Veronica had listened like one in a dream. This was her history then; and the golden-haired sister whom Assunta had never ceased to mourn was her own mother! She was the daughter of the famous statesman Sir Jasper Brandon, who was looking with such wistful eyes into her face.

'You are my own child, Veronica,' he said, while Lady Brandon wept as one who could not be comforted—'my own daughter

—dead Giulia's child! I have longed often to take you in my arms and tell so. I did not love you when evil spirits whispered to me that you had cost your mother her life; but I have learned to love since you have been here, my daughter. Kiss me, Veronica. Say 'Father' to just once.'

She laid her fair face on his, half frightened at its deathly chill. 'My father—my dear father!' she said. 'You love me, Veronica—you forgive me. I love you, and I have nothing to forgive. See, father, I kiss you again.'

Then Sir Jasper took two packets from under his pillow. 'There is another thing yet to be told,' said; 'and this, my poor Marie, I know you will feel. I feel it myself; but I cannot dare not die until I have done justice to Giulia's child. It is the law of our race that I have neither the power nor the right to change—that, failing a male heir, the eldest daughter shall succeed. You, Veronica Brandon, are my eldest daughter, so you are my heiress—the heiress of Queen Chace and the domain of Hurstwood.'

'That cannot be,' cried Lady Brandon. 'That is too cruel; it will kill Katherine.'

'I hope not,' he said faintly. 'It is or—Heaven knows I feel it to be so; but must be done.'

Lady Brandon had drawn her hand from his feeble clasp; her face flushed hotly, her eyes were full of angry fire.

'My child shall not be robbed, she cried. 'I will appeal to all England. It shall be.'

'All England could not prevent it, Marie,' he said sadly. 'My eldest daughter must be my heiress; after my death she Leonora, Baroness Brandon. I am quite powerless the matter.'

'It is wickedly unjust,' she cried. 'wonder at you, Sir Jasper—you who all your life have passed for an honorable man. You must not, you shall not do my child wrong.'

'Hush, Marie!' he said, sadly. 'Do not reproach me, my dear; I have suffered enough. Listen, Veronica. This is my wish in it you will find repeated the story of a first marriage—in it you will find that have made you what you are—my heiress have made handsome provision for Katherine—handsome provision. Marie, for you.'

'You have robbed us!' cried Lady Brandon. 'What am I to say to my friends who they hear of this?'

The Baron continued— 'This second parcel, Veronica, contains all the papers you will need to prove your identity—the certificates of your mother's birth, marriage, and death. There is a certificate of your birth, also, and every other paper which your aunt Assunta thought necessary to prove your claim. Take the Veronica. Kiss me, my daughter; strength fails me. Promise me one thing, your mother's name—will you promise, Veronica?'

With her white lips on his, which were no less white, she whispered— 'I promise.'

'Be kind to my wife and Katherine,' said. 'Promise me.'

'I will,' she replied. Then she raised her head, for a long quivering sigh from frightened her.

'Go and fetch Katherine,' he said—'Katie—my own Kate.'

'Are you worse, Jasper?' cried Lady Brandon, forgetting her anger in her fear. A smile that Veronica never forgot crossed over his face as he turned to her.

'No, not worse—better,' he said. 'I feel it all now.' And the next moment he was dead.

The two horrified spectators stood looking at each other, unable to move. Lady Brandon cried out— 'He is dead—he is dead, Veronica!'

Going up to the bewildered girl, she seized both her hands. 'Veronica,' she cried, 'hide these papers. Promise me, swear me that you will not mention one word of all this until I have spoken to you and sworn it.'

'I promise,' said Veronica. And then Lady Brandon seized the rope and rang a hasty peal. (To be Continued.)

PETERBORO', Oct. 16—A very large, influential, and enthusiastic meeting, including large delegations from Fenelon, Bobcaygeon, Lakeside, Norwood, Trent and the surrounding townships, and members of parliament, and the Wardens both Peterboro and Victoria, was held this afternoon for the purpose of agitating the immediate construction of the Valley Canal. The meeting was a business one, as there was no different opinion as to its feasibility or desirability, the interests of the Dominion. Resolutions were passed appointing a strong committee to prepare a pamphlet setting forth the advantages of the route and memorializing the Dominion Government and Parliament asking for its construction, and for funds not only to carry out the object ready named, but also to send a deputation to Montreal to bring the claims of the scheme before the mercantile community of that city. The meeting evidently did business, and appeared determined to no stone unturned to secure the immediate construction of this long-talked-of—a result which should not be seen as seeing that it can be completed within waters of Lake Ontario to the amount of \$3,000,000, or even less.