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by overcome with emotion, to be able to speak,
he sat beside at her feet. Her golden hair, which
she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly
pushed aside, and fell down over her neck.
Advancing his hand little by little, he took it
and looked at it. 'What is your name, my
gentle angel?' Lucie fell upon her knees before
him and put her hands in his. 'O, sir, at
another time you shall know my name, and
who my mother was, and who my father,
and how I never knew their hard, hard
history.'

But I cannot tell you at this time, and I
cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you
here ~~is~~ now, is, that your agony is over, and
that ~~and~~ I have come here to take from it, and
that we go to England to be at peace and at
rest. I pray to you bless me. O my dear, my
dear father! His cold white head mingled
with her radiant yellow hair, which warmed
and lighted it as though it were the light
of Freedom shining on him. It has shown wealth
wealth.