

hands and pulled him out of the pit, the bears all the while giving vent to the most unearthly growls. The injured man's wounds were speedily dressed, and it is not probable that he will be compelled to abstain from work, although he suffers great pain. Strange to say, he did not see fit to shoot the bear afterwards.

IMMIGRANTS EX SS. "SARDINIAN."—The station at the Tanneries was a scene of bustle and excitement the other day on the arrival of the special train from Levis with the immigrants ex SS. Sardinian, numbering in all 512 souls. From Levis they were under charge of Mr. John Sumner, Dominion Immigration Agent, and on arrival were received by Mr. Daly, Dominion Agent, Montreal, and his assistants. The train reached the station at 8.15 p. m., and halted alongside the immigration shed, where a substantial and inviting dinner was laid out by the enterprising and worthy caterer, Mr. Carslake, of the Mansion House. The appearance of the interior of the shed, with long rows of tables stretching its full length, covered with table-cloths of snowy whiteness, glittering with delf, and adorned with bouquets of flowers, was suggestive of the heartiest of welcomes and must have been regarded as a bright augury by the hardy children of toil, and combined with the savory whiffs from the culinary department which greeted the nostrils, would have excited an appetite in the most fastidious epicurean. Soon the immigrants placed themselves in their seats, Miss Rye's children coming trooping in first, their faces beaming with pleasurable excitement at the novelty of the situation, the wee ones of all wearing little red riding hoods which made them look like elfins as they emerged from the outer darkness into the shed, and occupying a separate table. The greatest order existed, the transfer from the cars to the shed having been effected without any confusion, under the direction of Mr. Daly, and the intending settlers being waited on with the utmost celerity by the attendants under the direction of Mr. Carslake. Previous to commencing their meal, Miss Rye's *protégés* sang very prettily grace before meat; and then the manner in which knife and fork were plied on all sides not only indicated a keen relish for the good things which the worthy caterer had provided, but showed that the bonny and shrew being imported into the Dominion was of a character fitted to build up a new country. The men were, as a rule, sturdy, netting-out-looking fellows and all had great faith in the future. They are principally, if not entirely, laborers or farmers. One man named Harris, from South Wales, has a family of twelve children, four daughters and eight boys. He intends settling down to farming in Palestine, the Atlas settlement on the forks of the Saskatchewan, Manitoba, where he has secured a reservation. Having had two years' experience as a farm bailiff, and possessing a good knowledge of market gardening, his success he considers to be but a question of time. He is a man of considerable intelligence, and is well educated, having at one time run a printing office, of which his eldest son was foreman. The majority are bound for Ontario, and all seem to be impressed with the laudable desire of settling on land.

Grace after meat having been sung by the children, Mr. M. H. Gault kindly stepped forward to address a few words of welcome and advice to the new comers; addressing the children more especially, he expressed a hope that they would be happy in their new "Home," and pray to Almighty God to aid them in all times of trouble and danger, so that in after-life they might be enabled to thank Him for a merciful deliverance from the terrible scenes of wickedness and poverty from which they had been rescued by the timely arrival of good Miss Rye. Miss Rye made a suitable and feeling reply, refusing, however, to take the credit to herself, and awarding a due share of praise to her assistants and faithful secretary. After several new songs and hymns had been sung, orders were given to get on board about 10 p. m., which was successfully accomplished under the vigilant superintendence of Mr. J. J. Daly, and his deputies, Messrs. McNicholls and Quinn. The children each had a bunch of white blossoms presented to them by the worthy caterer.

The immigrants then left under the direction of Mr. E. M. Persse, the travelling agent of the Ontario Government, carrying with them the hearty good wishes of all present for their future prosperity in the "Great Lone Land," a wish which we are sure will be cordially echoed by all our readers.

Our artist has given some very faithful sketches of a few of the incidents alluded to, likewise a view of Mr. Carslake's Hostelry in Bonaventure street, where such of the immigrants as fall under his charge during the winter months will be regaled after their long and dreary ride from Halifax to Montreal, over the snow bound roads of the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk Railways.

WHAT glorious fun the small boy has about these times, as he splashes and dives about in the pond! The only drawback seems to be that a good deal of time has to be wasted in stirring up his dripping hair with a little stick to dry, lest it should give him away to the old lady when he sneaks into the backdoor to steal a doughnut.

THEATRE tickets in ancient times were in very odd shapes. In Rome we are informed the theatre-goer purchased at the box office a slender little walking stick of ivory or bronze which he carried in his hand and delivered to the doorkeeper. These old Romans knew a thing or two. In modern days the young man is compelled to go out between nets and rush into a saloon to get his "stick"—in a glass of lemonade or something.

THE LOVER'S TALE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

The original preface to "The Lover's Tale" states that it was composed in my nineteenth year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who boy-like admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation and marred by many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—work of my mature life—"The Golden Supper"?

May, 1879.

ARGUMENT.

Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavours to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He speaks (in Parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

I.

Here far away, seen from the topmost cliff,
Filling with purple gloom the vacancies
Between the tufted hills, the sloping seas
Hung in mid heaven; and half way down rare sails,
White as white clouds, floated from sky to sky.
Oh! pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,
Like to a quiet mind in the lone world,
Where the chafed breakers of the outer sea
Sank powerless, as anger falls aside,
And withered on the breast of peaceful love;
Thou didst receive the growth of pines that fledged
The hills that watched thee, as Love watcheth Love,
In thine own essence, and delight thyself
To make it wholly thine on sunny days.
Keep thou the name of "Lover's Bay." See, sir,
Even now the Goddess of the Past, that takes
The heart, and sometimes touches but one string
That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes
Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd chords
To some old melody, begins to play
That air which pleased her first. I feel thy breath;
I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye;
Thy breath is of the pinewood; and thy years
Have hollow'd out a deep and stormy strait
Betwixt the native land of Love and me,
Breathes but a little on me, and the sail
Will draw me to the rising of the sun,
The lucid chambers of the morning star,
And East of Life.

Permit me, friend, I prithee,
To pass my hand across my brows, and muse
On those dear hills, that never more will meet
The sight that throbs and aches beneath my touch,
As tho' there beat a heart in either eye;
For when the outer lights are darkened thus,
The memory's vision hatches a keener edge.
It grows upon me now—the semicircle
Of dark blue waters and the narrow fringe
Of curving beach—its wreaths of dripping green—
Its pale pink shells—the summer-house aloft
That opened on the pines with doors of glass,
A mountain nest—the pleasure boat that rock'd,
Like green with its own shadow, keel to keel,
Upon the dappled dimplings of the wave,
That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Hope!
They come, they crowd upon me all at once—
Moved from the cloud of forgotten things,
That sometimes on the horizon of the mind
Lies faded, often sweeps athwart in storm—
Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me—days
Of dewy dawning and the amber eyes
When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I
Were borne about the bay or safely moor'd
Beneath a low brow'd cavern, where the tide
Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs; and all without
The slowly-rising rollers on the cliffs
Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro' the arch
Down those loud waters, like a setting star,
Mixt with the gorgeous west the light-house shone,
And silver sailing Venuis ere she fell
Would often loiter in her balmy blue,
To crown it with herself.

Here, too, my love
Waver'd at anchor with me, when day hung
From his mid-dome in Heaven's airy halls;
Gleams of the water-circles as they broke,
Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her lips,
Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair,
Leap'd like a passing thought across her eyes;
And mine with one that will not pass, till earth
And heaven pass too, dwell on my heaven, a face
Most starry-fair, but kindled from within
As 'twere with dawn. She was dark-haired, dark-eyed;
Oh, such dark eyes! a single glance of them
Will govern a whole life from birth to death,
Careless of all things else, led on with light
In trances and in visions; look at them,
You lose yourself in utter ignorance;
You can not find their depth; for they go back,
And further back, and still withdraw themselves
Quite into the deep soul, that evermore
Fresh springing from her fountains to the brain,
Still pouring thro' floods with redundant life
Her narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago
I should have died, if it were possible
To die in gazing on that perfectness
Which I do bear within me; I had died,
But from my furthest lapse, my latest ebb,
Thine image, like a charm of light and strength
Upon the waters, push'd me back again
On these deserted sands of barren life.
Thou' from the deep vault where the heart of Hope
Fell into dust, and crumbled in the dark—
Forgetting how to render beautiful
Her countenance with quick and healthful blood—
Thou didst not sway me upward; could I perish
While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,
Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's quiet urn
Forever! He, that saith it, bath'd o'erstep
The slippery footing of his narrow wit,
And fall'n away from judgement. Thou art light,
To which my spirit leant all her flowers,
And length of days, and immortality
Of thought, and freshness ever self-renew'd.
For Time and Grief abode too long with Life,
And, like all other friends 't the world, at last

They grew weary of her fellowship:
So Time and Grief did beckon unto Death,
And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of Life;
But thou didst sit alone in the inner house,
A wakeful portress, and didst parley with Death—
"This is a charmed dwelling which I hold;"
So Death gave back, and would no further come.
Yet is my life nor in the present time,
Nor in the present place. To me alone,
Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,
The Present is the vassal of the Past:
So that, in that I have lived, do I live,
And can not die, and am, in having been—
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
Thrust forward on to-day and out of place;
A body journeying onward, sick with toil,
The weight as if of age upon my limbs,
The grasp of hopeless grief about my heart,
And all the senses weaken'd, save in that,
Which long ago they had gleam'd and garner'd up
Into the granaries of memory—
The clear brow, bulwark of the precious brain,
Chink'd as you see, and seam'd—and all the while
The light soul twines and mingles with the growths
Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,
Married, made one with, molten into all
The beautiful in Past or act or place,
And like the all-enduring camel, driven
Far from the diamond fountain by the palms,
Who toils across the middle moon-lit nights,
Or when the white heats of the blinding noons
Beat from the concave sand; yet in him keeps
A draught of that sweet fountain that he loves,
To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit
From bitterness of death.

When I began to love. How should I tell you
Or from the after-fulness of my heart.
Flow back again unto my slender spring
And first of love, tho' every tender and depth
Between is clearer in my life than all
Its present flow. You know not what ye ask.
How should the broad and open flower tell
What sort of bud it was, when, prest together
In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken folds,
It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself.
Yet was not the less sweet for that it seem'd!
For young Life knows not when young Life was born,
But takes it all for granted: neither Love,
Warm in the heart, his cradle, can remember
Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied,
Looking on her that brought him to the light:
Or as men know not when they fall asleep
Into delicious dreams, our other life,
So know I not when I began to love.
This is my sum of knowledge—that my love
Grew with myself—say, rather, was my growth.
My ward sap, the hold I have on earth,
My outward circling air wherewith I breathe,
Which yet upholds my life, and evermore
Is to me daily life and daily death:
For how should I have lived and not have loved!
Can ye take off the sweetness from the flower,
The color and the sweetness from the rose,
And place them by themselves; or set apart
Their motions and their brightness from the stars,
And then point out the flower or the star?
Or build a wall betwixt my life and love,
And tell me where I am? "Thy even thus:
In that I live I love; because I love
I live; where'er is fountain to the one
Is fountain to the other; and where'er
Our God unkinks the riddle of the one,
There is no shade or fold of mystery
Swathing the other.

Many, many years
(For they seem many and my most of life,
And well I could have linger'd in that porch,
So unproportion'd to the dwelling-place),
In the May dews of childhood, opposite
The flush and dawn of youth, we lived together,
Apart, alone together on those hills.

Before he saw my day my father died,
And he was happy that he saw it not;
But I and the first daisy on his grave
From the same clay came into light at once.
As Love and I do number equal years,
So she, my love, is of an age with me.
How like each other was the birth of each!
On the same morning, almost the same hour,
Under the selfsame aspect of the stars
(O falsehood of all starcraft!) we were born.
How like each other was the birth of each!
The sister of my mother—she that bore
Camilla close beneath her beating heart,
Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child,
With its true-touched pulses in the flow
And hourly visitation of the blood,
Sent notes of preparation manifold.
And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—
My mother's sister, mother of my love,
Who had a twofold claim upon my heart,
One twofold mightier than the other was,
In giving so much beauty to the world.
And so much wealth as God had charged her with—
Leaving to put it from herself forever,
Left her own life with it; and dying thus,
Crown'd with her highest net the placid face
And breathless body of her good deeds past.

So were we born, so orphan'd. She was motherless
And I without a father. So from each
Of those two pillars which from earth uphold
Our childhood, one had fallen away, and all
The careful burden of our tender years
Trembled upon the other. He that gave
Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd
All loving-kindnesses, all offices
Of watchful care and trembling tenderness.
He walked for both; he pray'd for both; he slept
Dreaming of both; nor was his love the less
Because it was divided, and shot forth
Boughs on each side, laden with wholesome shade,
Wherein we nestled sleeping or awake,
And sang about the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister, on one arm
The flaxen ringlets of our infancies
Wander'd, the while we rested; one soft lap
Pillow'd us both; a common light of eyes
Was on us as we lay; our baby lips,
Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence
The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood.
One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large,
Still larger moulding all the house of thought,
Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps—
All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,
Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoe'er
Our general mother meant for me alone,
Our mutual mother dealt to both of us:
So what was earliest mine in earliest life,
I shared with her in whom myself remains.

As was our childhood, so our infancy,
They tell me, was a very miracle
Of fellow-feeling and communion.
They tell me that we would not be alone—
We cried when we were putted; when I wept,
Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,
Staid on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved
The sound of one another's voices more
Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learnt
To slip in tune together; that we slept
In the same cradle always, face to face,
Heard beating time to heart, lip pressing lip,
Folding each other, breathing on each other,
Dreaming together (dreaming of each other

They should have added), till the morning light
Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy pane
Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke
To gaze upon each other. If this be true,
At thought of which my whole soul languishes
And faints, and bath no pulse, no breath—as tho'
A man in some still garden should infuse
Rich star in the bosom of the rose,
Till, drunk with its own wine, and overflow
Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,
It fall on its own thorns—if this be true—
And that way my wish leads me evermore
Still to believe it—'tis so sweet a thought,
Why in the utter stillness of the soul
Doth question'd memory answer not, nor tell
Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn,
Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest harmony!
O blossom'd portal of the lonely house,
Green prelude, April promise, glad new-year
Of Being, which with earliest violets
And lavish carol of clear-throated larks
Fill'd all the March of life!—I will not speak of thee;
These have not seen thee, these can never know thee,
They can not understand me. Pass we then
A term of eighteen years. Ye would but laugh,
If I should tell you how I heard in thought
The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient crones,
Gray relics of the nurseries of the world,
Which are as gems set in my memory,
Because she learnt them with me; or what use
To know her father left us just before
The dowry was blown? or how we found
The dead man cast upon the snow? All this
Seems to the quiet day-light of your mind
But cloud and smoke; and in the dark of mine
Is traced with flame. Move with me to the event.
There came a glorious morning, such a one
As dawns but once a season. Mercury
On such a morning would have dunc'd himself
From cloud to cloud, and strut with balanced wings
To some tall mountain; when I said to her,
"A day for Gods to stoop," she answered, "Ay,
And men to soar!" for as that other gazed,
Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud,
The prophet and the chariot and the steeds,
Suck'd into oneness like a little star
Were drunk into the inmost blue, we stood,
When first we came from out the pines at noon,
With hands for eyes, up-looking and almost
Waiting to see some blessed shape in heaven,
So bathed we were in brilliance. Never yet
Before or after have I known the spring
Pour with such sudden deluges of light
Into the middle summer; for that day
Love, rising, shook his wings, and charged the winds
With speed May-sweets from bound to bound, and blow
Fresh fire into the sun, and from within
Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent his soul
Into the songs of birds, and touch'd far off
His mountain-altars, his high hills, with flame
Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we wound:
The great pine shook with lonely sounds of joy
That came on the sea-wind. As mountain streams
Our bloods ran free; the sunshine seem'd to brood
More warmly on the heart than on the brow.
We often paused, and, looking back, we saw
The clefts and openings in the mountains fill'd
With the blue valley and the glistening brooks,
And all the low dark groves, a land of love!
A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise, flowing with the milk
And honey of delicious memories!
And down to sea, and far as eye could ken,
Each way from verge to verge a Holy Land,
Still growing holier as you near'd the bay,
For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd
The grassy platform on some hill, I stoop'd,
I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her brows
And mine made garlands of the selfsame flower,
Which she took smiling, and with my work thus
Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or twice she told me
(For I remember all things) to let grow
The flowers that run poison in their veins.
She said, "The evil flourish in the world."
Then playfully she gave herself the lie—
"Nothing in nature is unbecomful!"
So, brother, pluck, and spare not." So I wore
Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy-stem, "whose flower,
Hued with the scarlet of a fierce surprise,
Like to the wild youth of an evil prince,
Is without sweetness, but who crowns himself
Above the secret poisons of his heart
In his old age." A graceful thought of hers
Gave'n on my fancy! And oh, how like a nymph,
A stately mountain nymph she look'd! how native
Unto the hills she trod on! While I gazed,
My coronal slowly disintegrated itself,
And fell between us both; and while I gazed
My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of bliss
That strike across the soul in prayer, and show us
That we are surely heard. Methought a light
Burst from the garland I had worn, and stood
A solid glory on her bright black hair;
A light methought broke from her dark, dark eye, and
And shot into the singing winds:
A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her white robe
As from a glass in the sun, and fell about
My footsteps on the mountains.

"Last we came
To what our people call 'The Hill of Woe.'
A bridge is there, that look'd at from beneath,
Seems but a cobweb filament to link
The yawning of an earthquake-cloven chasm,
And there ce one night, when all the winds were loud,
A woeful man (for so the story went)
Had thrust his wife and child, and dash'd himself
Into the dizzy depth below. Below,
Fierce in the strength of far descent, a stream
Flies with a shattered team along the chasm.
The path was perilous, loosely strewn with crags:
We mounted slowly; yet to both there came
The joy of life in steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had look'd down on us; and joy
In breathing nearer heaven; and joy to me,
High over all the azure-circled earth,
To breath with her as if in heaven itself;
And more than joy that I to her became
Her guardian and her angel, raising her
Still higher, past all peril, until she saw
Beneath her feet the region far away.
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky brows,
Burst in open prospect—health and hill,
And hollow-tined and wooded to the lips,
And steep down walls of battlemented rock
Gilded with broom or shatter'd into spires,
And glory of broad waters interflow'd,
Whence rose as it were breath and steam of gold,
And over all the great world floating,
And climbing, streak'd or star'd at intervals
With falling brook or blossom'd bush—and last
Framing the mighty landscape to the west,
A purple range of mountain-cones, between
Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts
The incorporate blaze of sun and sea."

At length
Descending from the point and standing both,
There on the tremulous bridge, that from beneath
Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in air,
We paused amid the splendour. All the west
And ev'n unto the middle south was ribb'd
And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The sun below,
Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave, shower'd down