MARY'S WOE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Rare is the heart that in its utmost sorrow
Finds not another heart to share its woe,
And presage rainbow colors for the morrow,—
And God above is kind to hearts below!

Alone! Who is alone? The criminal dying,
Though steeped in shameful crimes all through and through,
Will leave some heart that trusted, spite his lying—
Some loving heart that, spite his sins, was true.

The mother from whose sight the cold grave closes
Her sons's fair eyes,—on whose heart falls the clod
That strikes on him, and crushes her life's roses,
Has still her comfort; for she has her God!

But Mary, near the Cross, was of all mothers—
Of all her race, in truth, the most alone:
Her grief, her woe, was not the woe of others,
Nor like to others did she make her moan.

She stood, transfixed, heart pierced and tearless, gazing
Up through the twilight to the thorn-crowned head,
Whose sacred brow was scarred, whose eyes were glazed,
And saw her not; for He, her God, was dead.

What sorrows like to hers, I ask ye, brothers?
What sorrow like to hers, have our hearts known?
Our grief has shares—half is borne by others,—
But Mary bore her crushing woe alone.

—*Ave Maria.*

THE EVIL MAY DAY;

—OR—

A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

A Tale of the Time of Henry VIII.

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

Not only did Master Headley really love his trusty foreman too well to expose him to such chances, but Tibble knew too well that there were brutal young men to whom his contorted visage would be an incitement to contempt and outrage, and that if racked with rheumatism, he would only be an incumbrance. There was nothing for it but to put Kit Smallbones at the head of the party. His imposing presence would keep off wanton insults, but on the other hand, he had not the moral weight of authority possessed by Tibble, and though far from being a drunkard, he was not proof against a carouse, especially when out of reach of his Bet and of his master, and he was not by any means Tib's equal in fine and delicate workmanship But on the other hand, Tib pronounced that Stephen Birkenholt was already well skilled in chasing metal and the difficult art of restoring inlaid work, and he showed some black and silver armor, that was in hand for the King which fully bore out his words.

'And thinkst Kit can rule the lads?' said the alderman, scarce willingly.

'One of them at least can rule himself,' said Tibble. 'They have both been far more discreet since the fright they got on Ill May Day; and as for Stephen, he hath seemed to me to have no eyes nor thought save for his work of late.'

'I have marked him,' said the master, 'and have marvelled what ailed the lad. His merry temper hath left him. I never hear him singing to keep time with his hammer, nor keeping the court in a roar with his gibes. I trust he is not running after the new doctrine of the hawkers and peddlars. His brother was inclined that way.'

'It may be he misseth his brother. The boys will care for this rarce-show more than thou or I, Tib! We've seen enough of them in our day, though verily they say this is to surpass all that ever were beheld.'

The question of who was to go had not been hitherto decided, and Giles and Stephen were both so excited at being chosen that all low spirits and moodiness were dispelled, and the work which went on almost all night was merrily got through. The Dragon court was in a perpetual commotion with knights, squires, and grooms, coming in with orders for new armor, or for old to be furbished, and the tent-makers, lorimers, mercers, and tailors had their hands equally full. These lengthening mornings heard the hammer ringing at sunrise, and in the final rush, Smallbones never went to bed at all. He said he should make it up in the wagon on the way to Dover. Some hinted 'that he preferred the clang of his hammer to the good advice his Bet lavished on him at every leisure moment to forewarn him against French wine pots.

The alderman might be content with the party he sent forth, for Kit had hardly his equal in size, strength and good humor. Giles had developed into a tall, comely young man, who had got rid of his country slouch, and whose tall figure, light locks, and ruddy cheeks looked well in the new suit which gratified his love of finery, soberhued as it needs must be. Stephen was still bound to the old 'prentice garb, though it could not conceal his good mein, the bright, sparkling dark eyes, crisp black hair, healthy brown skin, and lithe, active figure. Giles had a stout roadster to ride on, the others were to travel in their own wagon, furnished with four powerful horses, which, if possible, they were to take to Calais, so as to be independent of hiring. Their needments, clothes, and tools, were packed in the wagon, with store of lances, and other appliances of the journey. A carter and Will Wherry, who was selected as being supposed to be conversant with foreign tongues, were to attend on them; Smallbones, as senior journeyman, had the control of the party, and Giles had sufficiently learnt subordination not to be likely to give himself dangerous airs of mastership.

Bennet was astir early to see them off, and she had a little gift for each. She began with her oldest friend. 'See here, Kit,' she said, 'here's a wallet to hold thy nails and pieces of iron, and thy needles and awls, and what wilt thou say to me for such a piece of stitchery?'

'Say, pretty mistress? Why this!, and he picked her up by the slim waist in his great hands, and kissed her on the forehead. He had done the like many a time nine or ten years ago, and though Master Headley laughed, Dennet was not one bit embarrassed, and turned to the next traveller. 'Thou art no more a 'prentice, Giles, and canst wear this in thy bonnet,' she said, holding out to him a short silver chain and medal of St. George and the Dragon.

'Thanks, gentle maid,' said Giles, taking the handsome gift a little sheepishly. 'My bonnet will make a fair show.'

Stephen was some distance off. He had turned aside when she spoke to Giles, and was asking of Tibble last instructions about the restoration of enamel, when he felt a touch on his arm, and saw Dennet standing by him. She looked up in his face, and held up a crimson silken purse, with S. B. embroidered on it within a wreath of oak and holly leaves.

With the air that ever showed his gentle blood, Stephen put a knee to the ground, and kissed the fingers that held it to him, whereupon Dennet, a sudden burning blush overspreading her face under her little pointed hood, turned suddenly around and ran into the house. She was out again on the steps when the wagon finally got under way, and as her eyes met Stephen's he doffed his flat cap with one hand, and laid the other on his heart, so that she knew where her purse had taken up its abode.

Of the Field of the Cloth of Gold not much need be said. To the end of the lives of the spectators it was a tale of wonder. Indeed, without that, the very sight of the pavilions was a marvel in itself, the blue dome of Francis spangled in imitation of the sky, with sun, moon and stars; and the feudal castle of Henry, a three months' work, each surrounded with tents of every color and pattern which fancy could devise, with the owners' banners or pennons floating from the summits, and every creature, man and horse, within the enchanted precints, equally gorgeous. It was the brightest and the last full display of pseudo chivalry, and to Stephen's dazzled eye, seeing it beneath the slant rays of the setting sun of June, it was a fairy tale come to life. Hal Randall, who was in attendance on the Cardinal, declared that it was a mere surfeit of jewels of gold and silver, and that a frieze jerkin or leathern coat was an absolute refreshment to the sight. He therefore spent all the time he was off duty in the forge far in the rear, where Smallbones and his party had very little but hard work, mending, whetting, furbishing, and even changing devices. Those six days of tilting, when 'every man that stood, showed like a mine,' kept the armorers in full occupation night and day, and only now and then could the youths try to make their way to some spot whence they could see the tournament.

Smallbones was more excited by the report of fountains of good red and white wines of all sorts, flowing perpetually in the court of King Henry's splendid mock castle; but fortunately one gulp was enough for an English palate nurtured on ale and bread, and he was disgusted at the heaps of country folk, men-at-arms, beggars and vagabonds of all kinds, who swilled the liquor continually, and, in loathsome contrast to the external splendors, lay wallowing on the ground so thickly that it was sometimes hardly possible to move without treading on them.

'I stumbled over a dozen,' said the jester, as he strolled into the little staked enclosure that the Dragon party had arranged around their tent for the prosecution of their labors, which were too important to all the champions not to be respected. 'Lance and sword have not laid so many low in the lists as have the doughty Baron Burgundy and the heady knight Messire Sherris Sack.'

'Villian Verjuice and Varlet Vinegas is what Kit there calls them,' said Stephen, looking up from the work he was carrying on over a pan of glowing charcoal.

'Yea,' said Smallbones, intermitting his noisy operations, 'and the more of swine be they that gorge themselves on it. I told Jack and Rob that 'twould be shame for English folk to drown themselves like French frogs or Flemish hogs.'

'Hogs!' returned Randall. 'A decent Hampshire hog would scorn to be lodged as many a knight and squire, and lady, too, is now, pigging it in styes and hovels and haylofts by night, and pranking it by day with the best!'

'Sooth enough,' said Smallbones. 'Yea, we have had two knights and their squires beseeching us for leave to sleep under our wagon. Not an angel had they got among the four of them either, having all their year's income on their backs, and more too. I trow they and their heirs will have good cause to remember this same Field of Gold.'

'And what be'st thou doing, nevvy?' asked the jester. 'Thy trade seems as brisk as though red blood were flowing instead of red wine.'

'I am doing my part towards making the King into Hercules,' said Stephen, 'though verily the tailor hath more part therein than we have; but he must needs have a breastplate of scales of gold, and that by to-morrow's morn. As Ambrose would say, if he will be a pagan god, he should have what's-his-name, the smith of the gods, to work for him.'

'I heard of that freak,' said the jester. 'There be a dozen tailors and and all the Queen's tirewomen frizzling up a good piece of cloth of gold for the lion's name, covering a club with green damask with pricks, cutting out green velvet and grummed silk for his garland. In sooth, these graces have left me so far behind in foolery that I have not a jest in my pouch. So here I be, while my Lord Cardinal is shut up with Madame d'Angouleme in the castle—the real old castle, mind you—doing the work, leaving the kings and queens to do their own fooling.'

'Have you spoken with the French King, Hal?' asked Smallbones, who had become a great crony of his, since the anxieties of May Eve.

'So far as I may when I have no French and he no English. He is a comely fellow, with a blithe tongue and a merry eye, I warrant you a chanticleer who will lose nought for lack of crowing. He'll crow louder than ever now he hath given our Harry a fall.'

'No! hath he?' and Giles, Stephen and Smallbones all suspended their work to listen in concern.

'Aye, marry, hath he! The two took it into their royal noddles to try a fall, and wrestled together on the grass, when by some ill hap, this same Francis tripped up our Harry, so that he was on the sward for a moment. He was up again forthwith, and in full heart for another round, when all the Frenchmen burst in gabbling; and though their King was willing to play the match out fairly, they wouldn't let him, and my Lord Cardinal said something about making ill blood, whereat our King laughed and was content to leave it. As I told him, we have given the French falls enough to let them make much of this one.

'How now, Will? Who's that at the door? We are on His Grace's work, and can touch none other man's, were it the King of France himself, or his constable, who is finer still.

By way of expressing 'No admittance except on business,' Smallbones kept Will Wherry in charge of the door of his little territory, which, having a mud wall on two sides, and a broad brook on a third, had been easily fenced on the fourth, so as to protect tent, wagon, horses and work from the incursions of idlers. Will, however, answered: 'The gentleman saith he hath kindred here.'

'Aye!' and there pushed in past the lad a tall, lean form, with a gay but soiled short cloak over one shoulder, a suit of worn buff, a cap garnished with a dilapidated black and yellow leather, and a pair of gilt spurs. 'If this be as they told me, where Armorer Headley's folk lodge, I have here a sort of cousin. Yea, yonder's the brave lad who had no qualms at the flash of a good Toledo in a knight's fist. How now, my nevvy? Is not my daughter's nevvy mine?

'Save your knighthood!' said Smallbones. 'Who would have looked to see you here, Sir John? Methought as you were in the Emperor's service.'

'A stout man-at-arms is of all services,' returned Fulford. 'I'm here with half Flanders to see this mighty show, and pick up a few more lusty Badgers at this encounter of old comrades. Is old Headley here?

'Nay, he is safe at home, where I would I were,' sighed Kit.

'And you are my young master, his nephew, who knew where to purvey me of good steel,' added Fulford, shaking Giles's hand. 'You are fain, doubtless, you youngsters, to be forth without the old man. Ha! and you're no lack of merry company.'

Harry Randall's first impulse had been to look to the right and left for the means of avoiding this encounter, but there was no escape; and he was, moreover, in most fantastic motley, arrayed in one of the many suits provided for the occasion. It was in imitation of a parrot, brilliant grass-green velvet, touched here and there with scarlet, yellow or blue. He had been only half disguised on the occasion of Fulford's visit to his wife, and he perceived the start of recognition in the eyes of the condottiers, so that he knew it would be vain to try to conceal his identity.

'You sought Stephen Birkenholt,' he said, 'and you've lit on something nearer, if so be you'll acknowledge the paraquito that your Perronel hath mated with.'

The Condottiere burst into a roar of laughter so violent that he had to lean against the mud wall, and hold his sides. 'Ha! ha! that I should be father-in-law to a fool!' and then he set off again. 'That the sober, dainty little wench should have wedded a fool! Ha! ha! ha!'

'Sir,' cried Stephen, hotly, 'I would have you to know that mine uncle here, Master Harry Randall, is a yeoman of good birth, and that he undertook his present part to support your own father and child. Methinks you are the last who should jeer at and insult him.'

'Stephen is right,' said Giles. 'This is my kinsman's tent, and no man shall say a word against Master Harry Randall therein.'

'Well crowed, my young London gamebirds,' returned Fulford, coolly. 'I meant no disrespect to the gentleman in green. Nay, I am mightily beholden to him for acting his part out and taking on himself what would scarce befit a gentleman of a company—*impedimenta*, as we used to say in the grammar school. How does the old man? I must find some token to send him.'

'He is beyond the reach of all tokens from you save prayers and Masses, returned Randall, gravely.

'Aye? You say not so? Old Gaffer dead?' And when the soldier was told how the feeble thread of life had been snapped by the shock of joy on his coming, a fit of compunction seized him. He covered his face with his hands and wept with a loudness of grief that surprised and touched his hearers; and presently began to bemoan himself that he had hardly a mark in his purse to pay for a Mass.

The Badgers, it appeared, were in camp not far from Gravelines, whence the Emperor was watching the conference between his uncle-in-law and his chief enemy; and thence Fulford, who had a good many French acquaintances, having once served under Francis I., had come over to see the sport. Moreover he contrived to attach himself to the armorer's party, in a manner that either Alderman Headley himself, or Tibble Steelman, would effectually have prevented, but which Kit Smallbones had not sufficient moral weight to hinder, even if he had had a greater dislike to being treated as a boon companion by a knight who had seen the world, could appreciate good ale, and tell all manner of tales of his experiences.

So the odd sort of kindred that the captain chose to claim with Stephen Birkenholt was allowed, and in right of it he was permitted to sleep in the wagon, and thereupon his big, raw-boned charger was found sharing the fodder of the plump, broad-backed cart horses, while he himself, whenever sport was not going forward for him, or work for the armorers, sat discussing with Kit the merits or demerits of the liquors of all nations, either in their own yard or in some of the numerous drinking booths that had sprung up around.

To no one was this arrangement so distasteful as to Quipsome Hal, who felt himself in some sort the occasion of the intrusion, and yet was quite unable to prevent it, while everything he said was treated as a joke by his unwelcome father-in-law. It was a coarse time, and Randall had such an affection and respect for the innocence of his sister's young son, that he could not bear to hear him exposed to the company of one habituated to the licentiousness of the mercenary soldier.

At first the jester hoped to remove the lad from the danger, for the brief remainder of their stay, by making double exertion to obtain places for them at any diversion which might be going on when their day's work was ended, and of these, of course, there was a wide choice, subordinate to the magnificent masking of kings and queens. On the last midsummer evening, while their majesties were taking leave of one another, a company of strolling players were exhibiting in an extemporary theatre, and here Hal incited both the youths to obtain seats. The drama was on one of the ordinary and frequent topics of that, as of all other times, and the dumb show and gestures were far more effective than the words, so that even those who did not understand the language of the comedians, who seemed to be Italian's, could enter into it, especially as it was interspersed with very expressive songs.

An old baron insists on betrothing his daughter and heiress to her kinsman freshly knighted. She is reluctant, weeps, and is threatened, singing afterwards her despair (of course she really was a black-eyed boy). That song was followed by a still more despairing one from the baron's squire, and a tender interview between them followed.

Then came discovery, the baron descending as a thunderbolt, the banishment of the squire, the lady driven at last to wed the young knight, her weeping and bewailing herself under his ill-treatment, which extended to pulling her about by the hair, the return of the lover, notified by a song behind the scenes, a dangerously affectionate meeting, interrupted by the husband, a fierce clashing of swords, mutual slaughter by the two gentlemen, and the lady dying of grief.

Such was the argument of this tragedy, which Giles Headley pronounced to be very dreary pastime, indeed he was amusing himself with an exchange of comfits with a youth who sat next him all the time—for he had found Stephen utterly deaf to aught but the tragedy, following every gesture with eager eyes, lips quivering, and eyes filling at the strains of the love songs, though they were in their native Italian, of which he understood not a word. He rose up with a heavy groan when all was over, as if not yet disenchanted, and hardly answered when his uncle spoke to him afterwards. It was to ask whether the Dragon party were to return at once to London, or to accompany the Court to Gravelines, where, it had just been announced, the King intended to pay a visit to his nephew, the Emperor.

Neither Stephen nor Giles knew, but when they reached their own quarters they found that Smallbones had received an intimation that there might be jousts, and that the offices of the armorers would be required. He was very busy packing up his tools, but loudly hilarious, and Sir John Fulford, with a flask of wine beside him, was swaggering and shouting orders to the men as though he were the head of the expedition.

Revelations come in strange ways. Perhaps that Italian play might be called Galeotto to Stephen Birkenholt. It affected him all the more because he was not distracted by the dialogue, but was only powerfully touched by the music, and, in the gestures of the lovers, felt all the force of sympathy. It was to him like a kind of prophetic mirror, revealing to him the true meaning of all he had ever felt for Dennet Headley, and of his vexation and impatience at seeing her bestowed upon a dull and indifferent lout like her kinsman, who not only was not good enough for her, but did not even love her, or accept her as anything but his title to the Dragon court.

Tidings came forth on the parting from the French King that the English Court was about to move to Gravelines to pay a visit to the Emperor and his aunt, the Duchess of Savoy. As it was hoped that jousts might make part of the entertainment, the attendence of the Dragon party was required. Giles was unfeignedly delighted at this extension of holiday. Stephen felt that it deferred the day—would it be of strange joy or pain?—of standing face to face with Dennet; and even Kit had come to tolerate foreign parts more with Sir John Fulford to show him the way to the best Flemish ale!

The knight took upon himself the conduct of the Dragons. He understood how to lead them by routes where all provisions and ale had not been consumed; and he knew how to swagger and threaten so as to obtain the best of liquor and provisions at each *hermesse*—at least so he said, though it might be doubted whether the Flemings might not have been more willing to yield up their stores to Kit's open, honest face and free hand.

However, Fulford seemed to consider himself one with the party; and he beguiled the way by tales of the doings of the Badgers in Italy and Savoy, which were listened to with avidity by the lads, distracting Stephen from the pain at his heart, and filling both with excitement. They were to have the honor of acting the Badgers at Gravelines, where they were encamped outside the city to serve as a guard to the great enclosure that was being made of canvas stretched on the masts of ships to mark out the space for a great banquet and dance.

The weather broke, however, just as Henry, his wife and his sister, entered Gravelines; it rained pertinaciously, a tempestuous wind blew down the erection, and as there was no time to set it up again, the sports necessarily took place in the castle and town hall. There was no occasion for the exercise of the armorer's craft, and as Charles had forbidden the concourse of all save invited guests, everything was comparatively quiet and dull, though the entertainment was on the most liberal scale. Lodgings were provided in the city at the Emperor's expense, and wherever an Englishman was quartered each night, the Imperial officers brought a cast of fine manchet bread, two great silver pots filled with wine, a pound of sugar, white and yellow candles, and a torch. As Randall said: 'Charles gave solid pudding where Francis gave empty praise.'

Smallbones and the two youths had very little to do, save to consume these provisions and accept the hospitality freely offered to them at the camp of the Badgers, where Smallbones and the ancient of the troop sat fraternizing over big flagons of Flemish ale, which did not visibly intoxicate the honest smith, but kept him in that dull and drowsy state, which was his idea of the *dolce far niente* of a holiday. Meanwhile the two youths were made much of by the warriors; Stephen's dexterity with the bow and back-sword were shown off and lauded; Giles' strength was praised, and all manner of new feats were taught them; and the shrinking of well trained young citizens from these lawless men 'full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,' and some very truculent looking, had given way to judicious flattery, and to the attractions of adventure and a free life, where wealth and honor awaited the bold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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JOHN S. MACDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office,

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1888—1y

SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED

At my office, above the Boot and Shoe Store of R. K. Jost, North Side Queen Square.

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Nov. 21, 1888—1m JOHN HIGGINS.