### Waiting by Proxy.

John Henry loved sweet Mary Ann,
But he was afraid to swain
As if the love he felt for her could not be
Filled all his heart with pain.
He gazed at her he sighed for her,
Through all the live long day;
He was quite ready to die for her,
But he hadn't the courage to try for her
In the old time-honored way,
And the other swains and mantle tongues
And she was a coquette gay.

He asked his father to tell the tale
Of his love to Mary Ann;
"Be sure you put it strong and sweet,"
He said to the kind old man.
And the father tried to win the bride
For his bashful, bashful son,
And he gave the girl a father's kiss,
And still another, and found it bliss,
And the courtship was begun;
And Mary Ann became John's mother,
And the courtship then was done.

### IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL.

There's a knowing little proverb from the sunny land of Spain,
But in Northland and in Southland it its meaning clear and plain.
Look it up within your heart—and ther lose or find it:
Two it takes to make a quarrel—one can always end it,

Try it well in every way, and still you'll find it true;
In a fight without a foe what would you ever do?
If the wrath is yours alone, soon you would expend it;
Two it takes to make a quarrel—one can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth, and the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for peace, soon it will be done;
If but one shall span the breach, he will quickly mend it;
Two it takes to make a quarrel—one can always end it.

—Sacred Heart Review.

THE

# ROSE OF VENICE;

—A STORY OF—

## Love, Hatred & Remorse.

BY S. CHRISTOPHER

PART I.

### CHAPTER VII.

JOY AND SORROW.

On the fatal evening when Rosalia unexpectedly saw Marco, the latter had accompanied his wife to church. She was in daily expectation of becoming again a mother, and a son was ardently desired by all the three relatives. As her prayers were prolonged beyond the usual time, her husband grew tired of waiting; and having told her she would find him outside the church, had taken to loitering about in order to while away the time.

A few minutes after Rosalia had left him Teresa appeared on the church-steps. Her husband went up to her, and they both returned home.

Instances of man and wife caring so little for each other as Marco Centofoglia and Teresa Zeno did were very rare. The consequence was, the presence of the greatest coldness in their mutual intercourse, an icy coldness which precluded every idea of real happiness. This indifference to each other made them desire each other's company as little as possible, and they would most undoubtedly have carried their wish into effect had not the absolute necessity of keeping up appearances, at least during the first year of their marriage, and Marco's anxiety not to be suspected of having married his cousin's widow from mere interest—we always fear others will suspect what our conscience tells us is the truth—induced them to make a point of being seen together at times, especially at all religious ceremonials.

A few days after that evening Teresa gave birth to a beautiful boy. The joyful news was echoed from mouth to mouth throughout the palace and neighborhood. The old patrician's heart palpitated with gratified pride. There was no fear his hoarded treasures would pass into strange hands; there was another heir to the wealthy house of Centofoglia. The christening took place with all the splendor and pomp pride and vanity could devise. The grandfather stood sponsor to the new-born babe, which was christened Gustavo, after his son.

The delicate health of its namesake, and that of his child, made the whole family most anxious that little Gustavo should grow up as healthy and as robust as possible. A wet-nurse in the house was Teresa's ardent wish, but her father-in-law observed that his grandson had a wet-nurse in the house, and a fever of two days' duration had carried her off. He therefore strongly urged that the child should be sent to the most distant part of the Berici Hills, where he possessed a large estate, and that his wet-nurse should be one of his own peasants. The curate of the parish and his sister would be entrusted with the charge of visiting the baby at least twice a week.

Marco made no objection to this arrangement; he was as utterly passive as if the child were not his own; not from indifference, but out of deference to his uncle's wishes, as he made it a rule never to contradict him. Teresa obeyed; how unwillingly her own poor heart alone could tell. She thought Providence had pity on her, and had given her an object to love, to fondle, to take care of. Her whole soul was centred on her boy. But what could she do? There was no help for her. She had never had a will of her own. She knew or fancied all resistance useless, so she gave her tacit consent, and the nurse came to fetch the child. She was accompanied by the curate's sister. A great number of presents were made to both. Advice, warnings, even threats were profusely showered on them regarding the bringing up of the infant; and finally the little heir quitted his ancestor's superb palace for the peasant's humble cot.

A year passed, during which the fond parents often visited their child, and even passed some months in the country to be near him. The time was approaching for the infant's return home, and all the preparations which affection, fashion and wealth usually had been made in order to receive the little heir. A lady in reduced circumstances had been engaged to teach his mother, as Teresa thought (very) [illegible] that by this means her boy would acquire more polite manners. The prettiest apartment in the palace had been chosen for the nursery. To prevent the infant from being hurt, either when falling or in throwing himself about, the floor was covered with a thick carpet, and the walls hung up to a certain height with the softest hangings. His little bed was so beautifully carved it might have been considered a chef d'œuvre. His little quilts had been embroidered by Teresa's own hands, who in this pleasing occupation had whiled away the long months of separation from her little idol. His clothes were all ready, and were remarkable for their costly elegance. All was fond expectation and joy in the palace Centofoglia.

A week before the long-desired arrival a person hitherto unknown to any of the household arrived in breathless haste, saying he bore a letter for the maggiordomo. Pietro soon appeared, and the individual having put a letter into his hand, disappeared.

Pietro scrutinized the address; he had never seen the handwriting before. He opened it with some trepidation, and saw it was from the curate of the village of——where Gustavo was being nursed. He then read as follows:

"SIGNOR PIETRO,

'I have thought it prudent to address to you the awful news I have to communicate, as I am sure you will contrive to disclose it cautiously to the noble Signor Marco Centofoglia, and to his illustrious and sainted lady. At twilight yesterday the nurse was returning home with the little child in her arms, when she stopped in a field about a quarter of a mile from her cottage to gather some herbs for her supper. She put the infant on the ground, as was her custom, but, unfortunate wretch! she placed him near a wood which borders one side of the field, and went on gathering her herbs. When she had sufficient she returned to the place where she had left the child, but he had disappeared. She looked around, and could see him nowhere. Night was coming on, so she feared to enter the wood, and returned home in a state bordering on madness. In broken accents she related her misfortune. Her husband, all his male relations, and neighbors took lanterns and searched the neighboring fields and the wood. They returned this morning, but instead of the poor child they brought a few fragments of his clothes, which they had found scattered about in the furthest part of the wood. It is supposed a wolf carried the child away and has eaten it up. The nurse declares she heard no cries, but the poor wretch speaks incoherently, and if she continues in this state must be placed in a mad-house.

'Do me the favor, Signor Pietro, to assure your noble masters that I and my sister are not blamable in this sad affair, as we have always faithfully obeyed the injunctions given us, and performed our duty to the utmost of our power.

'I beg you will present my devoted respects to the illustrious Signor Paolo Centofoglia, to the not less illustrious Signor Marco, and to the noble Signora Teresa, for whom I invoke resignation from our glorious saint.

"And believe me your devoted

"DON FRANCESCO PAOLI."

'P.S.—No one in the whole village would carry my letter, fearing to be the bearer of such terrible news. At length I found a bold young man who has undertaken to remit it to you on condition of not waiting for an answer.'

If ever man was placed in a perplexing situation Pietro was that man. He stood there motionless, with the letter in his left hand, grasping his coat tightly with his right, as if he imagined it would fall off his back. At last a happy thought came to his relief.

'I will take the letter to Father Romualdo, and consult with him what I had best do.'

He accordingly went to the neighboring Dominican convent where the friar lived, and giving his name with some importance, asked to speak with the Reverend Father. He was introduced without difficulty into the latter's cell, and at once disclosed his troubles.

Father Romualdo listened attentively, neither evinced great surprise nor grief, and on being pressed by Pietro to give his advice, calmly said:

'For my part, I think the Signor Marco ought to be apprised instantly of this sad occurrence, as the sooner the necessary steps are taken to endeavor to discover something else concerning the poor child, the better chance there is of success.'

'I think so too. Would you, Father, undertake to announce the awful news?'

'Why . . . Pietro . . . you see I am not well. I cannot go to the palace at present, but go yourself and ask to speak privately with the Signor Marco, and tell him all.'

'I don't know how to begin.'

'You need not begin. Ask him to read the letter, telling him beforehand there is bad news, but that the case may not be hopeless. Mind that he is not standing when you tell him, as he might have a fit, for though he has never shown much affection for the child, still he is its father. Should I feel better this evening will not fail to go and endeavor to comfort the Signora Teresa.'

Pietro saw plainly that Father Romualdo made his ill-health a plea in order not to be the bearer of such afflicting news to the family Centofoglia; he therefore took leave, and returned to the palace. He went straight into Marco's apartment; finding him alone, and seated perusing some law papers, he shut the door carefully and approached him.

'Signor, I have a letter to give you which contains sad news, but it is my duty not to hide it from you, as if prompt measures are taken all may yet be well.'

Having said these words he tremblingly put the letter into Marco's hand.

Marco perceived the maggiordomo's agitation, and said:

'Why, man, what is the matter? you tremble.'

Pietro did not answer, and placed himself behind his master's chair.

Marco read the missive; then the letter fell from his hand, and he sank back in his chair, as Teresa thought, fainting.

'Make haste, Pietro; prepare to leave with me for the Berici Hills. I shall tell my wife that the dear child is ill, and we are going to see him. I trust our promptitude will be crowned with success. An hour hence I leave the palace.'

Having assumed a calmer aspect Marco went into his wife's room, and told her he was going to see their child, who was not very well.

'I will go with you, Marco,' said Teresa, turning pale.

'No, my dear, I cannot allow you to expose yourself to the fatigue of a journey.'

'But I will. I have never, Marco, had a will of my own, but now I hear my child is ill I will go, and you shall not prevent it.'

Marco did not answer, but went to apprise his uncle of the sad misfortune, and tell him of Teresa's resolution. The old patrician did not think it a hopeless case; he believed the child could not have been eaten up by wolves, but had been lost in the wood.

'By ordering a proper search we shall find him, Marco. I have no doubt of it, but Teresa must not go. She must obey. What are these airs? She forgets herself. I will go with you to her room, and you will see she will be persuaded.'

The uncle and nephew went to Teresa's room, made use of every argument, had even recourse at last to threats—all proved useless. Teresa defended her cause fearlessly, and ended by saying:

'Make no farther opposition, my dear father; say nothing more, Marco—go I will. I am a mother. I have given up too much, but now my boy is ill,'—Teresa evinced in her voice and manner the resolution of despair,—'and I call St. Mark to witness the truth of what I say—I will either go to my sick child or throw myself into the sea.'

Opposing her will was of no avail, and she was allowed to accompany her husband. He took the precaution of delaying their departure, and in the meantime a messenger was despatched in great haste with orders to apprise the curate that the travelers would alight at his house in order to prevent Teresa's learning the catastrophe until a proper search had been made in the wood, and all the adjacent fields.

The coach with the agitated parents stopped at a small inn at an insignificant place, some miles beyond Mestre, for the purpose of changing horses. They found a traveling coach waiting there for the same purpose. As it had arrived first, Marco and Teresa were obliged to wait their turn, and witness the hurrying to and fro of the postillions, coachmen, servants, and stable-boys, who were endeavoring to be as quick as possible, but only contriving to lose more time by the confusion they made. Inside the coach were a lady, two other women, and a man. One of the women held something that looked like a bundle carefully in her arms. It was a child, so covered up that it no longer possessed its natural form, indeed, it was a wonder it was not suffocated. The curiosity of the lady and her women was excited at seeing another coach, and they looked through the windows at its occupants. The women, however, who held the child soon grew tired of this occupation, and covering and wrapping her hapless charge more carefully, on the plea that stopping so long might cause it to catch cold, she leaned back, turning her face to the opposite side.

Marco foamed at the delay. Both he and Teresa continually put their heads out of the coach-door, anxious to see the party leave. At last they heard the cracking of the whip, and the cry of the postillion. The noise of the wheels came next; then to their great relief, they saw the coach whirl rapidly away.

'Whose was that accursed coach?' said Marco to Pietro, who had come to the coach-door to announce that the horses would now be changed instantly, and they could leave within a few minutes.

'It was the Contessa Sofia Bernardi's, who is going to Lucca for a short time with her little son, his nurse, her lady's-maid, and her agent,' answered Pietro.

'How happy she is with her child by her side!' said poor Teresa, sighing deeply.

Without further interruption they arrived at the curate's dwelling. They had some trouble to persuade Teresa not to run to the nurse's cottage. She was more docile to the good priest's earnest entreaties to take a little rest before going, and in the meantime a troop of men was organized to scour in separate parties the wood, the adjacent fields and villages. Large sums of money were promised to whoever should bring back the child, or his little corpse. Every effort proved useless. Nothing had been seen or heard of the poor infant, and it was unanimously decided that a wild beast had eaten him up.

The sad news was then disclosed to the unhappy mother. She had suspected her child was gone. When she learned its afflicting end she calmly answered:

'I deserve this punishment. I had vowed my life to retirement and devotion in a convent. I had the weakness to break these holy resolutions, and now let the remainder of my days be passed in remorse and sorrow.'

### CHAPTER VIII.

A LEARNED LADY'S OPINION ON A QUESTION ALWAYS NEW.

The coach that carried the Contessa Sofia Bernardi through her very pleasant journey entered the old and interesting town of Lucca. The contessa had traveled by long stages. She was very tired, and thankful to find herself settled in a fine old palace in a quiet street.

The precise reason of her removal to Lucca was not known. She had said she meant to return to her native city shortly, but in her own mind she had fully determined never to see it again.

A deep mystery enveloped the contessa, and was the cause of much that was strange in her conduct. She was an only child, and had inherited the large fortune and title of Count Bernardi, her father. By her own choice she spurned her mother's name. Her husband, no one knew why, married a merchant's mother, quality nor handsome, and had a little boy whom she had confided to a peasant to be nursed on the Berici Hills. Her husband was separated from her. She said he had gone to the East, and had settled there. Whether he had met his death there was not known; but it is certain no one, not even his wife, ever heard anything more about him.

A few days before leaving Venice she sent Rosalia, who had succeeded in becoming a great favorite, to fetch her little boy. It had been arranged that with the infant she should await the contessa's arrival at Mestri, and thence all should start together for Lucca.

When the contessa saw her little boy, it was with paternal pride that she exclaimed:

'How beautiful he is! 'Tis true I never saw him during the whole time he was on the Berici Hills, but I never thought he would have grown so fair, with such lovely blue eyes, and light golden hair. He is not much like me, and is certainly most unlike his father.'

'Children change in a wonderful way, Signora Contessa,' answered Rosalia, timidly.

'That is very true,' replied the contessa; 'but why do you keep him wrapped up in that way, Rosalia? Instead of looking like a child he looks like a huge bundle of clothes.'

'I keep him wrapped up lest he should catch cold. He has been used to much clothing, and is now to traveling. These precautions will not be necessary when we reach Lucca.'

'Very well. I leave you to do as you like. You will take charge of him until he is old enough to have a tutor; I can spare him but little of my time; my books engross it almost entirely.'

As she had not deemed it prudent to travel without a trustworthy manservant, she had asked her agent to accompany her, which he had readily done; and he not only took every possible care of her and her female attendants during the journey, but he also superintended the establishment of her household at Lucca. When he judged his services were no longer required he left for Venice, the contessa having previously charged him to sell her palace there, and forward the proceeds of the sale for investment in a Florentine bank. It was equivalent to saying, 'I do not intend to return,' but we do not know whether such a thought occurred to the worthy man, who, on his arrival in Venice, assiduously applied himself to the task of accomplishing his lady's commission; but some years were destined to elapse before he could conclude the business satisfactorily.

Rosalia noticed that the contessa looked much more cheerful after her arrival at Lucca; she mixed more in society, and held weekly receptions in her own house.

Rosalia's features underwent no change. Always pale and thin, she often sat musing on her misfortunes, alternately sighing and smiling, a sinister smile which did not betoken resignation, but rather a continual brooding on evil thoughts. She avoided going to church as much as possible. Sometimes she could not help going, and in order to elude inquisitive questions from the other members of the household, or observation from her mistress, she used to declare she had attended, or was going to attend divine service, instead of which she would either take a solitary walk on the ramparts or in the country.

Meanwhile, Guido grew up a beautiful little fellow. His mother's fondness increased with his years, and her pride in him augmented daily. When he was too old for female control she had a tutor for him, to whom she gave positive injunctions not to contradict the boy, but to let him have his own way in everything that would not injure his health or beauty.

Though the Contessa Sofia Bernardi did not evince great wisdom in the bringing up of her son, she possessed, nevertheless, a good share of learning, and her opinion on some important questions of the times was much appreciated by men of learning and renown with whom she continued to correspond until the day of her death. The principal subject discussed was the religious state of the country, the efforts of foreigners to propagate their tenets, and the means resorted to by the Papal Courts to suppress any innovation they might introduce.

As the result proved, that on the score of religion the natives of the South were characterized by the same tendencies in the time of the Contessa Sofia Bernardi as they are now, it may not be uninteresting to the English reader to peruse one of the long epistles written about five years after her departure from Venice, by means of which she used to acquaint a celebrated friar of what was going on in the small town of Lucca, which, for a brief period, had made the sincere Catholic fear lest it should become the stronghold of Protestantism in Italy.

"VERY REVEREND FATHER

'I have not answered your welcome letter so soon as I wished, having been prevented from fulfilling that pleasing task by the misfortune which has befallen our friend the Marquis——. As I know your reverence feels great interest in that learned man's fate, I will give you a full account of what has unluckily happened.'

Here follows a long narrative in which the reader would take little interest.

'The religious question is still the chief subject of discussion in some circles, but the Utopia dreamed of by some foreigners, and desired by a few deluded natives, viz., the establishment of Lutheran and Calvinistic doctrines amongst us, is as remote as ever. Though slanderous tongues have avened the contrary, both your reverence and myself are too truly devoted to the interests of our Holy Mother the Church not to rejoice heartily that such is the case.

'What makes me wonder and strengthens my former opinion, that man is apt to fancy either so accomplished, or on the point of being completed, the thing he ardently desires merely because it is his will, is the daily witnessing how distant from the longed-for goal are those very persons who have passed their whole life in endeavoring to attain it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


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Charlottetown, Jan. 31, 1894—3m

Mortgage Sale.

TO be sold by Public Auction on Tuesday the tenth day of April, A. D. 1894, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in Lot or Township number forty, Queens County in Prince Edward Island, bounded as follows, that is to say, commencing on the south boundary of said township at a stake and stones on the shore of Hillsborough River, and in the possession of William Ryan and in the Northern line of Robert Ryan, now in the possession of the said William Ryan and running thence by the said Ryan's mentioned line South six chains and sixty three links to the Northern boundary of land said to be in the possession of Henry Lewis, thence along said Lewis line, East six chains and sixty three links, running into the Hillsborough River, thence Northwest along the said River to aforesaid distance to the first bounding width of six chains and sixty three links or to the contiguous width of the said lot, excepting the same lot of land conveyed to the said William Ryan by the trustees of three acres of quarter acres of land conveyed to James Aylesworth by Wm. Wright by deed of conveyance, containing thirty acres more or less, excepting a little more or less, excepting in a manner the location of said land on the north of a road from the corporation of Public Lands to Mathew Ryan, the younger, the Mortgagor bearing date the 1st day of January, A. D. 1888.

Also all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot 33 in Kings County aforesaid being three acres of Five acres of quarter acres of ground made by Daniel Bishop for the trustees of the late James Bishop, commencing at the north side of the road known as Doctor's Road, the Western boundary of said parcel of land thence running west along said road thirty chains and twenty-five links to the land of Ryan, thence north fifty-four chains and twenty-five links to the boundary of farm, thence east, thence south along said boundary line to the place of commencement, containing twenty-five acres of land a little more or less, subject to the payment of the rent for the same, and being the farm for many years in the occupation of the late Patrick McCormack.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an indenture of mortgage bearing date the tenth day of April, A. D. 1884, and made between Andrew Ryan, the younger, of Lot 40, in Queens County, in Lot or Township number Forty in Kings County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, of the one part, and Jeremiah Ryan, Farmer, of the same place, of the other part, and Patrick Ryan, Farmer, of the same place, of the third part.

For further particulars apply at the office of Messrs. A. A. McDonald, Barristers, Charlottetown.

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DON'T buy low grade, inferior Oil because it is a little cheaper in price than the higher grade. It is false economy as you will find it to be the dearest in the long run.

Poor Oil will not burn nearly as long as the better grades, and beside it will smoke your chimneys and make a very disagreeable odor in the house.

This fall we are selling the BEST AMERICAN WATER WHITE OIL cheaper than ever before, and we guarantee every gallon of OIL we sell TO BE THE BEST AMERICAN WATER WHITE.

Bring in your can and have it refilled at

BEER & GOFF'S.