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TRINITY.

A Story of Waterloo and Dorset; Oxford University and Trinity, Contd. (Fiction)

A few days later, his mother was surprised and troubled over the receipt of a letter from Robert, so different in several little ways from his letters of the past, and with a request that she send him ten pounds, in addition to her regular remittance. Robert never knew the pain that this request gave to his mother, nor of the terrible suspicion it aroused in her. The ten pounds were sent, in a letter full of loving wishes for her boy, but with a hope, delicately expressed, that he would be on, so careful over it, knowing as he did how limited were her means, and how anxious she was that her boy should not live beyond his means.

Robert's downward course was rapid after this, and had his mother known the circumstances by which he was surrounded and being influenced, it would have broken her heart. As it was—the fact that Robert's letters were fewer and so different from those of the year before, was causing her a grief (all the harder to bear because she kept it to herself) the effects of which were very noticeable to her friends.

Robert had watched his room-mate at gambling, and was impressed with the ease with which he won large sums of money; and upon receipt of the ten pounds from his mother, he decided to try his luck. He knew nothing of the insidiously wicked plans of his fellow gamblers, who had arranged for his initial winning, so as to encourage him to play for greater stakes, and then to be felled. That he had won two or three times in succession, was to him an assurance that he could do it again at will; and he found himself not only without a penny, but also heavily in debt, he was so dazed that he knew not which way to turn.

His new and gay life of the recent past had already broken in upon his systematic studies, and his late hours had deprived him of the sleep that he needed to pursue them. But now, the

realization of the gambling debt that had to be paid within the next forty-eight hours, in order to prevent the bringing about of his dismissal from college, prevented him from sleeping at all that night, and found him entirely unfit for lectures in the morning. He dared not ask his mother for more money, and his room-mate had assumed an attitude of such cold indifference to his condition, that he would not ask him for assistance.

There was but one thing to do, and to do quickly. He had to leave college and to go somewhere where he would not be known and where his gambling creditors could not find him. To do that effectively he had to leave England, and he made preparations to do so at once. He was without a shilling in the world, so he went to a pawn-shop with the gold watch that his father had given to him when he left for Oxford. He pledged the watch for a pound, and his college cap and gown for some rough clothing that would not arouse suspicion of whom or what he was. After some days he found himself in the seaport town of Poole, where he had once been before with his father during his school days. There he found several vessels loading and unloading at the wharves of John B. Garland & Co. He noticed that one vessel was ready for sea, and that a group of boys on the wharf evidently were going by her. Robert approached the Captain and found that he was going to Trinity, Newfoundland, and that the group of boys, were known as "youngsters" and were going with him, to live in Newfoundland.

He asked the captain if he might be included in the list of youngsters, and after a few questions, the answers to which were far from the truth, he was told that he might go, providing he was willing to become a servant to some person in Trinity upon arrival there.

Robert gladly consented to do so, and signed an agreement to that effect over the name of "Henry Slade," it being the first name that came to him at the time. Within twelve hours after that, he was on the ocean suffering from his first attack of sea-sickness; and after fourteen days of such misery of mind and body as he had never

dreamed of—on the 15th day of September, 1817, he landed at Trinity, Newfoundland, and when the roll of youngsters was called he answered to the name of Henry Slade. Though roughly clad there was a refinement of manners about him that could not fail to be noticed by those to whom the youngsters were consigned. The captain had noticed it on the passage to Trinity, and he reported his suspicions in confidence to Mr. Garland in person. The result was—"Henry Slade," being older than the other lads, was taken over by Mr. Garland himself, and given such work as he thought would be congenial to him, until he would show by his daily life what he was best fitted for.

It was evident to all with whom "Henry Slade" came into contact that he was not happy. He, however, kept his own counsel; gave satisfaction to his employer; and was the recipient of many acts of kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Garland and others. He was often at church, where he gave evidence of being intelligently familiar with the services, and showed a deep interest in Parson Clinch's sermons. On Christmas morning he knelt for the first time at the altar-rail and made his Christmas Communion. It brought back hallowed memories of the Christmas before, when he and his mother had knelt side by side at the same holy service in the parish-church of Blandford and as Parson Clinch administered to him the sacred elements, he noticed that Henry's eyes were filled with tears. Parson Clinch decided that on the next day he would invite the young man to the parsonage, and try to get to know more of his past life, and of the sorrow that he felt sure was troubling him.

On Christmas night, however, the man with whom Henry was living came to the parsonage with the message, that Henry was ill, and wished to speak to Parson Clinch.

Upon arrival at the house, it did not take long for Mr. Clinch, who was also a doctor of medicine, to see that Henry Slade was in a dying condition. Henry said—"Parson, I believe that I am dying. On the table by the bedside you will find a note that I have written, and which I shall be glad if you will read. Mr. Clinch did so aloud. It was a statement of Robert's doings within the last two years; together with his real name and his mother's address. In a little envelope was the pawn-ticket necessary for the redemption of his watch. When Mr. Clinch had finished reading the note, Robert asked him if he would kindly send it all to his mother, with an account of his whereabouts, and his actions since he came to Trinity. Mr. Clinch promised to do so. Robert thanked him and said—"Parson, I have sinned against heaven, by thought and word and deed, and I am not worthy to be called my mother's son. I am deeply conscious of my sin in the sight of God, and I am truly sorry for it all. May God forgive me for Jesus Christ's sake." Then it was the Priest's eyes filled with tears, and opening his Prayer Book at the office of the Visitation of the Sick, and after having heard this humble confession of sin (as the service directs) he absolved him, using the beautiful form of absolution as given for the Priest's use in that service.

Robert followed his every word and action consciously, intelligently, and thankfully; and at the close of the commendatory prayer his hands fell apart, and he said—"Robert Stanhope, Mother," smiled, and his soul passed into the presence of his God.

Three days after that, Parson Clinch laid Robert's body to rest in the old Church-yard in Trinity, and made the following entry in the Church Register:—
December 29th, 1817. Interred, Robert Stanhope of Blandford, Dorset, England. ("Henry Slade") a youngster, aged 26 years.

A few happy events of some fifty years ago and those who witnessed them.

MARRIED.

1864. Samuel Pittman and Rachel Fowlow. Witnesses:—William Pittman, Sarah Pittman, John Fowlow, Margaret Pittman, David C. Clun, Elizabeth Fowlow, William Jenkins, Mary Fowlow, Emma Stewart.

1865. John Churchwood Shears and Jessie Elizabeth Bayly. Witnesses:—Robert Bayly, Emily Bayly, Charles Buchanan, S. W. North, Mary R. Buchanan, Andrew Taverner, Mary Ann Bayly.

1866. James Myers and Elizabeth Pinhorn. Witnesses:—Francis Ash, Mary Ann Hunt, Jacob Morris, Jane Hiscock, William Hayter, Emma Jenkins, Mary E. Lucas, John Pinhorn, Frances Morris.

N. B.—Thirty one persons are mentioned in the above three marriages. Only two of those are living to-day, viz: William Jenkins, and Emma Jenkins, (now Mrs. White.)

"Our modern Newfoundland Legislators have earned fame in various ways. Sir W. V. White way has come down to posterity as the introducer and successful promoter of the railway; Sir Robert Thorburn is immortalized by a great road—the Thorburnpike; Sir James Winter for his connection with the Chamberlain-



burn pike; Sir James Winter for his amusing campaign literature; but all these celebrities sink into insignificance compared with the first introducer of the public grindstone, where every man could grind his own axe at the public expense. Skipper John Bartlett and anti-confederate member for Brigus was the prime mover in this great public improvement—a most popular move. Besides the public grindstone at Brigus, there were subsidiary grindstones at Barend, Port de Grave, Clark's Beach, and Pick Eye." (vide Prowse page 495.)

April 23rd.—St. George's Day.—The Knights of old took St. George as their ideal. The Christian Church is the oldest of all the orders of Knighthood. Each of us was pledged at Baptism "to fight manfully under Christ's banner, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier unto his life's end." St. George for Merry England, and—God Save the King.

Some weeks ago, in an article on the Garland, I referred to the fact that James Pointer Garland of Trinity, married a daughter of John Bland, Esq., of Bonavista; and I asked if any one would give me some information as to the position that he (Mr. Bland) held at the time. I knew that he was no ordinary person, as in the old registers of the Church he is always given the title of Esq., and that title in those days meant something, and was limited to those who held a position beyond the ordinary.

I have just found two references to him in Prowse's History of Newfoundland—one in 1892 in a letter on the Seal Fishery in Bonavista, written to Governor Gambler; and another reference, a little earlier, in connection with charges made to the authorities in England, against Chief Justice Tremlett. From those references I find that John Bland Esq. was the High Sheriff. His letter, which is in the form of a detailed report of the Seal Fishery in Bonavista, is deeply interesting, and shows what a wonderful industry it was in Bonavista a hundred and twenty years ago as compared with what it is to-day. (vide Prowse page 419.)

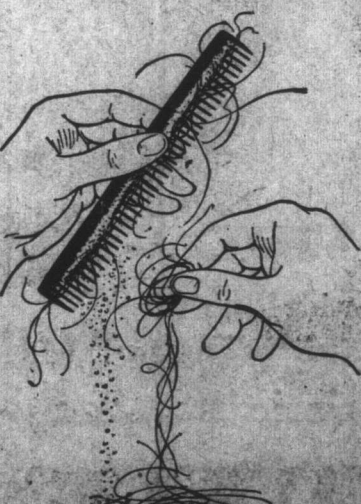
April 23rd.—St. George's Day.—St. George was undoubtedly a real person. During the persecutions, however, the heathen Emperors ordered all Christian writings to be burnt. Some were hidden; but many of them perished altogether, and among them were all true accounts of St. George. We know that he must have been a very faithful martyr, for the early Christians dedicated many Churches by his name. Put up your flag on Sunday, and keep Monday a holiday.

I cannot remember the time when a Church-yard, or a cemetery, or a burial place of any kind, did not attract my reverent attention, and cause me to lift my cap and say a prayer in passing.

We can, I know, get accustomed to almost anything in daily life; and if a person makes up his mind to allow no such feelings to govern his actions, he will find no great difficulty. I presume, either to pass such a hallowed spot without a thought of any kind; or to discountenance a reverent thought or action, if he has ever been in the habit of thus thinking or acting. Any one who gives a

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