

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

(From the Italian of Giacomo Leopardi.)

BY JOHN READE.

O silent Moon that with a grace so queenly
 Movest athwart the sky,
 Rising at thy appointed hour serenely
 Above these wastes, whose saddening gloom
 Thou dost a while illumine.
 Only to leave them drearier by and by;
 Say, gentle Moon, what art thou, or what aim
 Leads thee from month to month to trace the same
 Bright heavenly path anew?
 Art thou content these hills and vales to view
 In endless course, or dost not weary?
 At times thy soul possess?
 Me seems that life of thine
 Is like to this of mine.
 Like thee I rise at dawn of day
 And by the self-same way
 Move with my flocks: the scene
 Is the same to day as ever it has been.
 My scattered sheep, the grass on which they feed,
 The fountains where they quench their thirst,
 These have I daily seen since first
 My life began. Then, as the shades succeed
 Of evening, weary I seek repose.
 No other hope than this the shepherd knows.
 Tell me, of what avail
 Is such a life, O pilgrim pale,
 Or to what purpose is thy wandering career?
 Thou art mine brief and time unceasing be.
 They are both alike in vain, it seems to me.

An old man, hoary and infirm,
 His limbs half-clad and bare his feet,
 With burdens bowed his feeble form.
 O'er hills and valleys travels fleet
 Sharp rocks and sinking sand and briars:
 To wind and frost and scorching fires
 In turn exposed, he still must on;
 What e'er the weather or the season
 It brings to him no reason
 For pause or breathing space.
 The torrent in its headlong race,
 The darksome pool—he crosses all
 At harsh fate's urgency; if he fall,
 He rises as he may, or dies,
 And onward ever flies
 Without a hope of aid.
 Till, torn and blood-bespattered,
 He finds at last the goal
 At once of toil and pain and weary life—
 An awful yawning, bottomless abyss
 Where he forgets the sorrow and the strife.
 O maiden Moon, is not our mortal life like this?

To trouble man is born,
 His very birth brings risk of death,
 And with his earliest breath
 He feels pain's cruel scorn.
 His parents try to assuage
 The sorrow of life's heritage;
 And, as he grows, their cares increase
 By loving act and word
 Some solace to afford
 For that sad gift to which death only brings release.
 And no more grateful task
 Of love can children of their parents ask.
 Then why bestow a boon
 Which brings regret so soon?
 Or, since life's sorrow is so sure,
 Why should it thus endure?
 For such thou knowest, O Moon,
 Our mortal state to be.
 If haply, my poor words are any care to thee.

Ah, yes! I feel, celestial wanderer,
 So pensive-seeing in thy fields of air,
 That thou must understand our earthly lot.
 Our sorrow for what is, our sighs for what is not:
 The life-long shadow of death,
 The falling of the breath,
 The paling of the face
 And vanishing from our place.
 And seeking of lost forms by loving eyes in vain.
 Haply, thou canst explain
 The cause of all our woe—
 For, surely, thou must know,
 Who seest the fruit of morning and of night,
 And time's unceasing, noiseless flight,
 Surely thou knowest why spring
 With loving warmth returns,
 To what end summer burns.
 Why winter marshals forth his hosts of ice and snow,
 This and much more I feel that thou must know,
 Which in my simple breast makes endless wondering.

Oft when I gaze on thee,
 Above this desert plain,
 Conterminous with thy far-off domain,
 Moving so silently
 After my flocks and me,
 As though thy course to mine thou didst attune;
 And when the stars, a brilliant train,
 Stare the ethereal main,
 Pensive within my breast I thus commune:
 "What mean those orbs of light?
 What means that spacious sky?
 And those abysses infinite
 Of ether that beyond it lie?
 This circumambient solitude,
 So vast, so measureless,
 What is it? What am I?"
 The answer who can guess?
 O many untroubled space
 And mighty household of the universe,
 In which each member has its work and place,
 And motions manifold, above, below,
 Of living stars and creatures of this earth,
 What mortal can your destiny rehearse,
 Or tell the reason of your birth?
 Vainly I try the hiding veil to pierce,
 But surely, thou, endowed with endless youth,
 Canst tell me if thou wilt
 This only do I feel
 That, whatever of gain
 Other men may attain
 From all this ceaseless whirl of things that be,
 And this frail life that fate has given to me,
 To me it bringeth ever only ill.

O happy flock, resting without a thought
 Of evil to befall,
 How much I envy thy untroubled lot,
 From human worries free
 And pain and misery,
 And fear of what the coming hour may hide;
 But most because on thee doth never press
 The haunting weight of endless worries.

The title in the Italian is "Canto Notturno di un Pastore Asiatico," but I thought that what I have substituted would be more in congruity with the style and tenor of the poem, especially in an English dress. In the translation, while I have, in the main, closely followed the original, I have endeavoured to make myself master of the spirit rather than of the letter. I have taken more liberty with the first ten or twelve lines than all the rest of the poem. This is one of the most characteristic of Leopardi's productions.

Thou liest on the herbage in the shade,
 So graceful and content;
 And thus thy days are spent
 From budding time till leaves begin to fade.
 But into me there cometh no such peace—
 Though soft my grassy couch and welcome cool
 My shelter 'neath the trees,
 My mind is ill at ease
 And gloomy thoughts are heavy on my soul:
 And racked and torn, my breast
 Can find, alas! no rest.

And yet, I cannot tell for what I yearn,
 Nor, haply, ought I to complain.
 But this I know, O flock, so seeming blest,
 That I feel ever such a strange unrest
 That joy can seldom in my bosom reign.
 But—to lament is vain—
 Only if thou couldst speak, this would I ask,
 Why stretched at comely ease, contented back
 In heaven's eye the cattle of the field,
 While me from black ennui no power can shield?

Mayhap if I had wings
 Above the clouds to soar,
 And one by one the stars to number o'er,
 And watch the lightning glance from rock to rock,
 I might be happier, O my flock
 And thou, fair Moon, thus freed from earthly things.

Ah me! I fear my thought
 Wanders from truth, considering thus the lot
 Of others: for, indeed, it seems to me
 That, in whatever form or state it be,
 To cradled babe amid the homes of men,
 Or suckling whelp in its fierce mother's den,
 The day of birth brings only misery.

THE VICEREGAL RECEPTION AT TORONTO.

Pending our full representation of the Viceroyal festivities at Toronto in the NEWS of next week, we publish to-day an account of the reception of the Governor General and the Princess in the Queen City, on Friday, the 5th inst.

Every thoroughfare in the southern part of the city was literally packed with moving humanity soon after 9 o'clock on that morning. An hour before the time the Viceroyal train was due, thousands of country people and citizens flocked to the great centre of attraction, Lorne Street, where the children had already been placed in position, and the shouting, whistling of passing trains, and the music of many bands and marching militia, combined to make the place a scene of the greatest animation, and in some places the wildest confusion prevailed, especially when the shriek of an approaching engine warned pedestrians to clear the track. As the hour of eleven approached the cloud became denser until there was hardly room for the procession to pass. Lumber piles, fences, houses, hoarding sheds, cars, and in fact everything that could be utilized, excepting, perhaps, telegraph poles, were pressed into service, and cranked beneath thousand anxious and excited spectators who appeared to have gone royalty mad. At 10.30 the Queen's Own Band and Rifles marched along Front Street, and took up a position in front of the Queen's Hotel, being followed by the 10th Royals who formed into line to the east of them. At about the same time the coloured band of St. John's Ward appeared coming down Bay Street, followed by the Fire Department with the hook and ladder apparatus, horse-reels and other paraphernalia, all being neatly and beautifully decorated. They, with the Police Force, took up a position east of Bay Street, the gap being closed by the 10th Royals. Among the spectators were a number of professional thieves, all evidently doing a lively business with unsuspecting country people.

At eleven o'clock the special train bearing the distinguished visitors steamed up the Esplanade, which was lined with an applauding multitude, and stopped, amid deafening cheers, at the foot of Lorne Street, where the members of the Council and the School Board with Lieut.-Colonel Gzowski, the members of the Ontario Government, and others, were assembled on the temporary platform erected for the occasion. As soon as the train was signalled the children commenced to sing "The Campbells are coming," which they finished as the train stopped. The Royal standard was at the same time run up and a salute of 21 guns was fired by the Field Battery located on the Esplanade. The Viceroyal party, who were accompanied by Ald. McMurrick who had gone to Cobourg to meet them last evening, were received by the Mayor, when the ceremony of presenting bouquets and copies of the songs was engaged in by young school girls on behalf of their fellow scholars. The public schools were represented by Miss Lucy Robins, of Richmond Street; Miss Martha Fortune, of Brunswick Avenue; Miss Julia Palmer, of Carleton Street, and Miss Annie Chawn, of Ryerson Street, these four standing highest at the annual combined competitive examination. This ceremony ended, two verses of the song "Canada's Welcome," were sung by the children. The Viceroyal party then proceeded up Lorne Street over a scarlet carpet, laid on sawdust, followed by those on the platform, while the children sang the National Anthem. At the junction of Front Street, the procession was formed and marched to the gardens in the following order:—

Police Force.
 Band of the Queen's Own.
 Firemen.
 National Societies.
 Members of the Corporation.
 Heads of Departments.
 The Sheriff.

His Worship the Mayor and Chairman of the Reception Committee and City Clerk.

Escort.
 His Excellency and Her Royal Highness and all members of the Suite.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor.
 Remainder of the Escort.
 Members of the Ontario Government.
 Members of the High School Board.
 Members of the Public School Board.
 Members of the Separate School Board.
 Citizens in Carriages.

As the procession wended its way along Front, Yonge and Gerrard Streets to the Gardens, immense crowds lined the streets, which were handsomely decorated, while the windows were alive with faces. At the Gardens the carriages containing the Viceroyal party and the Lieutenant-Governor, with the one in which were the Mayor, Ald. McMurrick and the City Clerk, entered the grounds, which were jammed, by the Gerrard Street entrance, while those containing the members of the Corporation and of the Ontario Government, with the School Trustees, were driven up the lane in rear of the Jarvis Street Church, and their occupants gained access to the Gardens by a private entrance made for the purpose. When the Viceroyal party entered the pavilion the Royal standard was run up and the Queen's Own Rifles Band played the National Anthem. The various bodies having disposed themselves all round the dais on which His Excellency and Her Royal Highness stood, the civic address was read by His Worship the Mayor, who received it from the hand of Mr. Roddy, City Clerk. The address was in book form, bound in ruby velvet with cords of yellow silk and tassels. The first page contained the preamble, encircled by a garland of maple leaves intermingled with roses with the city arms on the top. The second page contained the words of the address handsomely engrossed and surrounded by an heraldic border. His Excellency made a brief and appropriate reply, after which the Aldermen present were successively presented by the Mayor. Hon. C. W. Allen, President of the Horticultural Society, then requested H.R.H. the Princess to plant a tree on the spot to the north of the pavilion, which she graciously did, being furnished with a silver spade to perform the ceremony. This being ended the procession was reformed and proceeded along Gerrard, Jarvis and King Streets to the Exhibition Grounds, the streets being lined with spectators. After lunch at the Government House Their Excellencies formally opened the Exhibition.

On the completion of the ceremony at the Horticultural Gardens, the Governor-General and Princess Louise, accompanied by the members of the Corporation and the escort, drove along Gerrard, Jarvis and King Streets to the eastern entrance of the Exhibition Grounds. Passing through the Agricultural Arch into the horse ring, they alighted in front of the grand stand, which was one mass of shouting and cheering humanity, and took their places in the enopied dais, where the presentation of addresses from the Industrial Exhibition and the York County Council took place. His Excellency replied in the usual appropriate terms, thanking the Association for its loyal utterances and for the hearty reception with which he and the Princess had been greeted, and expressing a hope for the success of the Exhibition, the importance of which, as well as of kindred exhibitions, in developing the resources of the country and in spreading a knowledge throughout the country of the particular resources of the various districts, he fully recognized. The address of the County Council was then presented, to which His Excellency having replied, the party re-entered the carriages and were driven up to the main buildings. From a dais erected in the main aisle His Excellency formally declared the Exhibition open. The party then took a brief stroll through the buildings and grounds, and left for town. After a brief rest, the Governor-General, without the Princess, paid an unofficial visit to the Museum, Model and Normal Schools connected with the Educational Department, in company with Col. Gzowski. From the Normal School His Excellency drove to the Government House, where he was joined by the Princess and presented with an address by His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, on behalf of the Diocesan Synod. Having replied, the Governor-General and Princess Louise left. During the evening they drove round to see the brilliant illuminations, and were greeted with enthusiastic cheers at every turn by the immense multitudes on the streets. The illuminations were pronounced even superior to those on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit. Saturday morning Their Excellencies viewed the start of the yachts in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club regatta and took lunch with the Club in the afternoon. They visited the Lacrosse Grounds to see the match between the Montreal and Toronto Clubs.

THE ILLUMINATION.

The illumination on Friday surpassed anything that could possibly have been expected and met with warm praise from Their Excellencies, who drove through the city during the evening, and wherever they were recognized, were enthusiastically greeted. Every public building was brilliantly lit up, and all the buildings occupied by public companies, as well as many wholesale and retail stores. The spectacle was truly magnificent. Crowds thronged the streets from seven p.m. until midnight, when "lights out" was the order, and the city became dark. At the Horticultural Gardens a beautiful display was made, and Professor Hand gave an excellent display of fireworks. First in order

of illuminations was the Normal School building and grounds, which were illuminated under the special direction of Dr. May. On the ground were erected two large arches, covered with evergreens, encircled by white, opaque gas globes, and two smaller arches. There were also four large arches on the grounds composed of globes, except the base, and presenting a very pretty effect. The entrance to the grounds, as well as the flower beds, were decorated with a number of tripod stands surmounted by flags, on which were suspended Chinese lanterns, and the shrubberies were illuminated by large petroleum lamps with reflectors. The Parliament Building presented a magnificent appearance. The roof, the whole length, bore opal lights, and also the first storey and all the windows and doors were arched and circled by variegated glasses. The Crown Lands Department adjoining was brilliantly illuminated. Government House, where the Viceroyal party are staying, was one magnificent blaze of light, and the grounds surrounding were also brilliantly lit up. Osgoode Hall was very artistically illuminated.

VICEREGAL RECEPTION AT ST. MARTIN'S JUNCTION.

On their late return from Quebec to Ottawa the Viceroyal party were officially received, in the most creditable manner, at St. Martin's Junction on the Q. M. O. & O. Railway. The Reeve presented an address, to which His Excellency replied in both English and French. Miss Katie Frances O'Reilly, aged 7 years, who presented flowers to Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin and was so appreciated by Lord Dufferin while on their trip over the Occidental in 1877, was led by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne to the presence of the Princess in her state car, where she offered Her Royal Highness a beautiful bouquet and remained while the Marquis partook of dinner. Mr. C. A. Scott, General Superintendent of the Western Division of the road, deserves much praise for the successful efforts he put forth in decorating the station and making the transit of their Excellencies as enjoyable as possible.

Y. I. L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

A fortnight ago the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association went down to Quebec on a trip which had been postponed owing to the riots. The ancient city was reached on Sunday morning at six o'clock, when the Society fell into line and, headed by the City Band, under the leadership of Mr. E. Lavigne, marched up Palace Street to the strains of "Garryowen"; they stopped at the Albion Hotel, and, after recruiting themselves, attended mass at St. Patrick's Church. After mass the procession was reformed and wended its way through the streets of the city. During the day the Montmorency Falls, and the various historical localities in and around Quebec, were visited by groups of the excursionists, who were everywhere well received. On Monday the whole party went by steamer to the pretty little village of St. Michel, whither Quebecers frequently resort to hold picnics. Dancing and sports were indulged in, and in the evening the Society returned to Quebec, having had an enjoyable time of it. The Knights of St. Patrick, of Quebec, entertained their Montreal friends to supper in the evening, when the two societies mutually toasted one another. Quebec was left at 11 p.m., and Montreal reached on Tuesday morning at six o'clock. The members of the Executive Committee were Messrs. W. P. McNally, T. Mulcair, J. B. Lane and J. J. Durack, and it is mainly due to their intelligence and energy that the excursion was so successful, a result for which they deserve the thanks, not only of the Association, but of the general public as well.

AN HISTORICAL SWORD.—An important historical point will soon be settled. Did Prince Louis Napoleon wear his great-uncle's sword at the Cape? The sword that he did wear has been returned to Lord Chelmsford, and is no doubt now on its way to England. Bishop Colenso brought this about. When the two Zulu messengers, Infunzi and Ukisimane, were at Pietermaritzburg in the early part of June, the Bishop of Natal asked General Chifond's permission to forward through them a message to Cetewayo, requesting him to send in the Prince's sword. The General replied that, whatever his personal feelings might be, he was under orders which would prevent him from allowing the Bishop to see the messengers. In the meanwhile Mr. F. E. Colenso had, without his father's knowledge, employed his native servant to communicate on the subject with the two Zulus; and they readily promised that on their return to Chendi they would ask the King to deliver up the sword without delay. The messengers kept their promise, and on June 4 Cetewayo sent messengers to Lord Chelmsford with the sword, and a letter explaining that he returned it because he understood that it belonged to an English Prince.

NOTICE.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.