

## THE TWO SHIPS.

BY BRIT HARTK.

The following beautiful lines will rather surprise those who only know Bret Harte as a man of irresistibly comic humour.

As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest,  
Looking over the ultimate sea,  
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,  
And one sails away from the lee.  
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,  
With pennant and sheet blowing free;  
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback—  
The ship that is waiting for me.

But let in the distance the clouds break away,  
The Gate's glowing portals I see,  
And I hear from the outgoing ships in the bay  
The song of the sailors in glee.  
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore  
The comfort of dark Gullies,  
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,  
To the ship that is waiting for me.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## THE

## MYSTERY OF SAINTED GROVE.

BY DION.

The northern coast of New Brunswick, as my readers may observe by a glance at the map of that country, is deeply indented with broad and spacious bays, which might be used as havens for the united navies of the world. The people who inhabit this seaboard, and who are direct descendants of the Acadians who fled at the time when Evangeline set out on her long tramp in search of Gabriel on those two weary feet whose peregrinations have been so poetically recorded in a fourteen-foot measure, are principally occupied in fishing during the summer months. When once the fishing season has set in, the lucrative but somewhat perilous employment engages the attention of the people of all ages. From the hour a child can turn a codfish on the "flakes," (which are low open platforms covered with boughs upon which the fish are laid to be dried,) until the day when he can take his place in the fishing-boat, the principal conversation he hears is connected with the business on which he has entered for life, for rare are the instances of any of those primitive people seeking their fortunes away from the scenes of their early days. Unlike the descendants of almost every other race in America, they cling to the spot familiar to them from their infancy, and remain poor, unambitious and contented "because their fathers were," and allow the star of empire to wend its way westward in peace. The subject of fish, with the exception of stories connected with the supernatural world, have alone expanded their minds, and it is therefore little to be wondered at if their capacity for the marvellous is not of the highest order.

Some years ago, it was my good fortune to reside amongst this simple-minded and contented people. A long and severe illness which left me in this world, but not of it, compelled me to seek the bracing air of the ocean in hope that it would restore my usual vigour. This consideration, coupled with a depleted purse which could ill bear the constant drain it would sustain at any of the fashionable watering-places, led me to seclude myself from society and seek a retreat at a small village called "Carnegiette," on the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs.

After I had resided a fortnight at the village, finding my health rapidly improving, and the time hang heavily on my hands, I used to amuse myself by going out in the fishing-boats to the "banks," the true "baiting place of woe" to the finny tribes, fishing for cod when they are plentiful, and when the weather was unfavourable for piscatorial pursuits, listening to stories which rivalled those of Baron Munchausen. In this way, and by the distribution of small presents to the children of the village, I gradually gained the confidence of a people, who, from their comparative isolation from the outside world, are naturally prone to be jealous of strangers and reserved in their intercourse with them. When once their esteem was gained they became as communicative as they had been reticent at the commencement of our acquaintance, and I soon discovered I was a welcome guest within their thresholds, where, as our social intercourse became more extended, I grew deeply interested in the short and simple annals of their uneventful lives. Among the inhabitants of the village, my especial favourite was a young fellow of the name of Antoine Landry, a marked man as a village beau, and possessing natural gifts superior to any of his countrymen, and who might have risen to the chief place amongst them, but for one obstacle which stood in the way of his practical usefulness and social advancement. The whole bent of his unmistakable energy was directed to the discovery of hidden treasure secreted on different parts of the coast by Captain Kidd and other notable sea robbers. He had "treasure trove" on the brain, and there was scarcely a sequestered cove or bold promontory on the coast about which he had

not some remarkable circumstance to relate in connection with his favourite subject, and the proofs of the existence of such wealth being hidden in those localities were, if the tales connected with them could be credited, as conclusive as if they had been adduced from Holy Writ. Many had been his excursions to the different El Dorados of his imagination, but, as anticipated by all, save himself, fruitless had been their result. Those descendants of the wanderers from Grand Pre are greatly lacking in the speculative faculty, and although the persuasive eloquence of Mr. Antoine on different occasions had fired the latent germs of enterprise in his companions' unimaginative souls, one night of hard digging, without success, on some dreary secluded foreland, combined with the restless anxiety, and perhaps fear, that the novelty of the undertaking was sure to create was amply sufficient to deter those adventurous spirits from again going abroad on the same errand.

The social standing of poor Antoine had thus greatly suffered in the estimation of those by whom he was surrounded. The elder portion of his people, who acknowledged his industrious and otherwise regular habits, shook their heads with patriarchal importance when the subject was alluded to, and lamented the infatuation that led him at times to forsake the daily routine of his duties, and therefore naturally preferred their daughters to be visited by young gallants possessed of less ambition, and whose aspirations went no higher than a successful summer fishing and a well stored cellar for the winter season.

On the other side, the young men who were his rivals for the smiles of the girls of the settlement, conscious of his superiority to themselves, and aware of the partiality shown to Antoine, found ample play for ridicule in the well-known idiosyncrasy of their competitor in the lists of Cupid, and many and ludicrous were the stories told of the "Chercheur de trésors" and his unsuccessful exploits to relieve the earth of the long concealed but abounding richness that lay beneath its surface. As usual, however, in such cases, the prudent lessons of parents and the ridiculous tales of his rivals, were all forgotten at the appearance of Antoine, and it was admitted on all sides that he was the especial favourite of the village maidens. Perhaps had he been less successful with the fair sex, he might gradually have lost sight of his besetting crotchet, and settled down to win their bright smiles instead of yellow dress; but, knowing that that then confidence in himself could not be shaken, and that nothing could destroy his prestige amongst them, he could well afford to brook the covert sneers of his competitors, and pursue in triumph the even tenor of his way. His perseverance in the pursuit of his darling idea, in the face of all obstacles, justly entitled him to be ranked with Bruce the Scottish King, Palissy the Potter, or Goodyear the Indian rubber man. It only needed the one quality of success, to render him in the eyes of the little world in which he moved, a much more famous personage than any of those indomitable heroes whose names I have recorded. No derision could deter him from persistently seeking the only road to fortune that appeared to present itself, and though he fulfilled his daily avocations as faithfully as any of his people, he clung to the belief that he was yet to be enriched by treasures fished from the bowels of mother earth. In this faith he never faltered, and had his motto been written it would have thus read, "The world is my oyster, and with my spade will I open it."

Being thus separated by a dissimilarity of ideas from those who should naturally have been his associates, he gradually attached himself to one who was a willing and interested listener to a subject that was altogether new to him, and as Antoine never tired of dilating on the theme of money digging, I soon grew to have as intimate knowledge as himself, respecting those sections of the coast upon which, in times of necessity, I might be able to draw on the exchequer of defunct corsairs. Had I not been of a sceptical cast of mind on all subjects that partook of a supernatural character, I might have been indoctrinated with the peculiar views of my infatuated friend, for I possessed implicit confidence in his veracity, and was convinced that whatever he imparted to me was firmly believed by himself. Though younger than Antoine, I had fortunately received my earlier lessons in a school in which superstition was unknown, and when I perceived that all hope of reaching the buried coffers was hedged around by a halo of observances relating to the spiritual world, I set myself to the task of teaching Antoine to look at the matter from a practical standpoint. In this mission I signally failed, our ideas running in different grooves, out of which they could not be severed. In vain I tried to persuade him that if treasure was buried in the localities he named, it being material, should be as easily dug in the day as the night; and as for maleficent spirits keeping watch and ward over it for centuries, I scouted such belief with all the force my incredulity could command. Finding it useless to waste logic on a man in whom the belief in spiritual influences was deeply grounded, in

the hope that by some practical lesson I might convince him of his folly, I fell into the humour of my companion, and agreed to become his partner in a predatory excursion on the subterranean vault of a long departed buccaneer. As my leave of absence had now nearly expired, and the time of my departure drew nigh, it was agreed that I should hold myself in readiness to accompany him on the first suitable occasion. Greatly to my surprise the scene of the proposed exhumation was in a thick wood, almost in the centre of the village. For some reason that I failed to discover, it was called "The Sainted Grove," and was probably one of the most beautiful spots along the coast—standing on a point of land jutting out in the bay; from its elevated and projecting position it formed a prominent feature in the surrounding landscape. It was clad with maples of magnificent proportions, whilst the underwood, if any had existed, having been carefully cleared away, the surface presented the appearance of a well kept park. Stretched beneath the spreading boughs that threw a grateful shade around, I had frequently passed hours in gazing idly on the bay, which was always flecked with the sails of the fishing boats, departing from or returning to the shore. The main road leading to the village skirted the wood, near which in previous years a church had been partially erected and then suddenly abandoned. The walls, which had been raised to the height of one story, still stood in precisely the same state as when the workmen had left. The tubs containing the mortar still stood upon the walls, the upper hoops had fallen through long exposure, leaving the staves widely separated, whilst the once plastic material had hardened into a solid mass. On one side, which had been screened from the violence of the wind by the trees, the scaffolding still remained in its original position; on the others, time and storms had done their work, and it lay scattered around. The deserted church threw an air of desolate beauty around the spot which attracted me to its shades by its natural loveliness, as it did others by its deep and solemn solitude, and it had thus become the chosen retreat of lovers, when Sunday and holidays afforded the village beaux and maidens an opportunity of meeting during the busy fishing season. Such was the delightful retreat in which I was to make my first essay as a money digger, and Antoine the great cap that was to thrust us into the lap of opulence. The conditions of success, however, were, to speak the truth, but slightly conducive to reassure a timid person. On all sides I found that the Grove, although belonging to the Church, possessed a doubtful reputation as being a haunted region. Many could vouch to having seen wandering lights, gliding fitfully among the trees, and burning alternately with a blue, yellow and red flame of most unhealthy brilliancy. On dark and tempestuous nights, and especially on nights when the heavens were lit up with lightning and the roar of the ocean was drowned by the crashing of thunder, a black vessel with low hull had been repeatedly seen gliding along the shore, and invariably anchoring opposite the point. Forty years before, the father of one of the most respectable fishermen, had on such a night as the above, when returning to the village, distinctly observed the vessel anchoring, and from her side descend six headless seamen who rowed toward the Grove; on landing they dragged from the stern of their boat, a man who seemed to be shackled; he then lost sight of them amongst the trees, but, after a few moments had elapsed he heard the most dreadful shrieks as if a person in his last moments was pleading for mercy. Strange stories, too, were told of the causes which operated on the good priest's mind, and led him to forsake the site originally selected for the Parish Church, and which had been so mysteriously abandoned in favour of a situation far inferior in beauty to the position so hastily deserted. On particular inquiry, I soon found that such stories had their origin in the ever excited imaginations of the people, and not from anything that had fallen from the lips of their venerable pastor, who was willing, however, to allow his parishioners to account for the change in a way that perfectly reconciled them to an outlay at which they might otherwise have grumbled, the true reason being, as I afterwards learnt, that it was found to be best to erect the church in the heart of the village, where he could better attend to the spiritual necessities of his flock, losing thus the beauty of his church's position, in his desire to accomplish the beatitude of his church-goers' souls.

Having given my assent to accompany Antoine in this financial wild-geese chase, he opened his mind with the utmost confidence and stated his reasons for concluding that money had been buried in the grove. From his earliest years the story was current throughout the village that the point had been the hiding-place of a pirate's ill-gotten wealth. His grandfather before him had believed the story, by whom it was told to his father, who in turn transmitted it to him. But beyond all the hearsay evidence on the subject, to make assurance doubly sure, he had on this occasion possessed himself of documentary evidence, which he deemed of the most conclusive character.

One day in his boat, when as usual he had endeavoured to draw the conversation to the subject of the enterprise in which we had embarked, finding me perhaps more indifferent than usual, he produced from his breast, where it was placed for safety, a package carefully folded in brown paper, and with an air of triumph told me to open it. After removing the cover, I found a parchment document contained within it; near the top of the sheet was a well executed representation of that sad emblem of mortality, a skull and cross bones; beneath this was traced the bold outline of a bay, with the coast extending on both sides of its entrance; in the centre of the sheet was drawn a mariner's compass, the needle to the north, whilst immediately below the compass was the figure of a hand, beautifully finished, with its index finger extended to a point of land that reached out in the bay. Under these figures, written in the most beautiful style of chirography, were these lines in Old English:

"Upon a high headland overlooking a bay,  
Gold, silver, and jewels lie hidden away;  
Upon this high headland a maple grove stands.  
In its midst grows an ash, triple girded with  
bands;  
And he who discovers this three banded tree,  
Hath the clew to the spot where the treasure  
will be.  
To the east thirty feet, to the west thirty feet,  
Then dig where right angles, from such extremes  
meet  
On the brow of the bluff overlooking the sea."

The production was evidently the handiwork of an accomplished penman, the bay represented being a faithful drawing of the body of water on which we were then sailing. On the beautifully sketched outline of the coast stood Shippegan Island, with the lagoon separating it from the mainland, whilst on the other side of the bay, the coast was rounded away into an expanse of water that was clearly intended for the Baie des Chaleurs. The work was so elaborately finished that it commanded my admiration, and when I lifted my eyes to inquire into its history I could plainly perceive in the face of my friend an unmistakable look of exultation, as if he had concluded that all doubts on the subject were now for ever silenced. The statement of Antoine concerning the document was to the effect that he had it from a Mr. Daubrey, a direct descendant in the fourth generation from the first mate of the pirate vessel, and that the parchment had been handed down as an heir-loom to the eldest son of the family through different generations. The reason assigned for the treasure remaining so long unmolested was that the vessel in which his piratical ancestor had sailed being wrecked on the coast of England, whither they had proceeded in search of booty, all his companions in crime had been drowned in a storm, and he thrown ashore where he had been rescued from perishing by some fishermen who came timely to his assistance. That for months he lingered in the hourly expectation of death, during which he experienced a change of heart, and sought the blessed comfort that religion alone can bestow, and finally when he recovered he married the daughter of one of his preservers, who had attended him in his illness, and, embarking in business, he lived to be a prosperous and wealthy man and a warden of the church. That only on his death-bed he divulged the secret of the hidden money after exacting from his son a solemn promise never to seek the treasure unless the estates which he had accumulated were lost to the family.

It had been agreed by Daubrey that in company with Antoine he was to dig the hidden hoard as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, but the expedition was delayed by the sudden death of the former. Fortunately, when communicating the story of the document, he had imparted the conditions required for a successful search. As usual, the conditional requirements were of a superstitious cast. It appeared that the great-grandfather of Daubrey had, in company with the captain, second mate, gunner, and two of the crew, gone ashore in an uninhabited bay on the coast of North America, and selected a spot on a point to secrete the treasure; that before burying it they had entered into a compact with Satan, whereby they agreed that with their own hands, and in his presence, they would murder an innocent man on the spot selected on condition that he would keep guard over it until it was again sought by them, which could only be done between the hours of one and two in the morning, in perfect silence, when no moon could be seen, when lightning lit up the heavens and thunder could be heard. But the most novel of the stipulations was that the digger should be provided with a black cat, in which no single white hair could be found, which was to be handed to His Satanic Majesty as a token that the right parties had returned to redeem it. Failing in this particular covenant, terrible dangers threatened the bold intruder who sought the guarded precincts held in trust for the pirates.

Concluded in our next.

The eldest daughter of Jenny Lind, Miss Virginia Goldschmidt, is reported to have inherited her mother's voice.