

A CONFESSION.

(FROM THE POEM, "THE DREAMER OF FLORENCE.")

He ceased to speak, and from his breast withdrew
A jewelled case and held it to my view,
Bidding me mark the glory of the face
That on the ivory, by a painter's grace,
Was drawn with beauty in its every line;
And in the eyes there beamed a look divine—
A look that artists on their canvas place,
When they would paint the Blessed Mary's face.
With strange impatience, hunger-gleaming eyes,
He took from out my hand the cherished prize,
Held it before him for a moment's space,
Ere he consigned it to its resting place,
Then, leaning back upon the marble seat,
Seemed lost in thought, while sounds of pattering feet
Came through the archway, and a motley throng
Passed by with ribald jest and sensuous song;
And seeing us within the corner seated,
With vulgar stare our quiet resting greeted,
While each to each loose words let flow a stream,
And one, more bold, cried out: "He does but dream."
He, hearing the loose words, raised up his head,
Shot fire from his eyes and murmured of the dead;
Spoke of a time, e'er age had made him weak,
When strength was in his arm, and o'er his cheek
There spread the crimson blush that spoke his ire,
And filled his eye with pride-insulted fire.
But such quick blood his ancient veins forsook,
And made him turn, for solace, to the book,
That on his knee, like some inspired page,
Gave peace of heart and cooled his sudden rage.
"I deemed it true, and wise as well," said he,
"That Patience is best tried in our adversity;
But I have borne so much in all these years
Of foul-mouthed insult, that my secret tears
Must be recorded by some angel hand
To bear me witness in that other land;
To plead my cause before the throne of God,
And make excuse for the foul ways I trod."
"Whose face is that within the case?" I asked,
And then across his brow there quickly passed
A shadow of deep pain that made me feel
Had brought to mind some anguish dark and keen,
And as I thought, I wished they had not been.
Ere I had time to change his course of thought,
And recompense the wrong my speech had wrought,
He took my hand and held it in his own,
Looked in mine eyes, and with a sonorous tone
Of trembling voice these words to me addressed:
"What I now tell to you to none have I confessed.
Tomasso da Braganza is my name, and I am of the line
That ever in my country's cause did shine.
Of gentle blood and nature much too weak
Am I possessed, but wherefore should I speak
Of mine own faults, since none do pity give,
But bid me mend my ways and strive to live
Within the bounds that they map out so wise,
Forgetting none exist unblemished 'neath the skies?
I am the only child God to my parents sent,
And in my early days He called them and they went.
Then others came and held the sacred place
That I had loved; but they were of my race
And proved most kind. Yet life can only give
One love that clings, that thro' all trial does live
Unchanging and sincere, as tho' from Him above
It has the essence—it is a mother's love.
Time passed, and I to manhood's years attained,
To find that by experience I had gained
But little of life's ways, for nature does decree
Light hearts to some, though aged they seem to be.
I was so born, and even to this day
I feel the young blood in my veins at play,
Though there are times when my full years attest
That I am near the vale of perfect rest.
For many years in this old town I stayed,
Till fate allured me, and my senses played
Full frolic with love, that like a siren's song
Drew me to doom, and all that I had strong
Turned weak, for I rose up and left my ancient home,
Taking the road that leads you into Rome.
I cannot name the days I idled there,
But they were sweet and of my days most fair,
For in their space I lived a while from earth—
Oh, sweet, glad days that to mad love gave birth!
I close my eyes and see the scene again,
That brought my heart this never ceasing pain.
When my young blood with sudden passion burned;
Wherein I saw the face of which you ask,
And bound myself to sorrow's ceaseless task.
And had I hoped that ever by my side,
Through years of sorrow and through years of joy,
She would remain to share them. But why
Do mortals place their faith in what they dream,
To find that things are ruled by Him and seem
Not as we willed, but by some strange command
Reveal the opposite of what we planned?
Never did bride and bridegroom taste more joy
Than lovely Margherita and myself the day
That we set out for Florence, for all the way
Seemed bright with glory, and a hundred things
Grew fairer for our coming. Birds closed their wings,
And, bursting into song, made melody most sweet:

And e'en the beggars' eyes that we did meet
Cast out their sadness and new light crept in
To give us greeting, whilst the ceaseless din
That from a hundred throats broke on the air,
Told we were welcome back; and everywhere
Hand pressed for hand, and speech gave back to speech,
Such height of pleasure I scarce hoped to reach.
Montreal. B. F. D. DUNN.

CANADIAN APPLES.

As supplementary to the facts and figures given lately by us, in these columns, we think it well to furnish our readers with the following, from Mr. W. N. White, fruit broker, of Covent Garden Market, London, addressed to his Canadian agents in Montreal:—

From various Canadian papers I notice that you are likely to have a large crop of apples, which is good news, as the prospects in this country are very bad indeed—worse than last year. In France the crops are fairly good, but in Belgium and Holland the yield will be light, and as these two countries send the principal part of their growth to this country the shortage must make a great difference in prices. News from Nova Scotia states that crops there will not be so heavy as at first anticipated. As regards the shipment of Canadian fruit, you are aware I handled, last year, nearly 40,000 barrels (the bulk of which came from Canada), and I hope to double these figures this year. For many years I have advocated that all apples be kept away from boats that carry cattle, and then to be shipped in the fore and aft parts of the vessel only. They should never be stowed close to the engine rooms. If a cold blast can be introduced to keep these apples cool, so much the better. We have had some 5,000 cases of apples here this spring and summer from Australia, the bulk of which have been carried in the cool chamber, but they arrived in various conditions, owing to some ships having reduced the temperature so low as to freeze the apples. If the temperature can be kept between 40° and 50° that will enable the apples to be turned out in good condition.

My experience of apples from Canada is quite opposite to what I have seen stated in your papers. Last year I was receiving apples by the Thomson line and the Allan, and also Ross's lines, from Montreal to London, and as these three lines are now competing for this carrying trade, they try their utmost to bring this class of freight in good order. I was receiving a large quantity from the neighbourhood of Hamilton and other points in Ontario, and have very strong reasons to regret some apples coming *via* New York. Just at the finish of last season one of my senders in Ontario, finding our market good, offered 2,000 barrels, shipment of which I advised, knowing that the market would still keep good. At that time there was a question whether they would make the connection with the last boat leaving Montreal, and they were sent *via* New York. They were handled in the usual manner, and those 2,000 barrels came forward and sold at a loss of £300 on account of their bad condition consequent on the fruit being frozen in transit and before being put on board the steamer. Had these apples been forwarded by one of the lines of steamers leaving Montreal, they would have shewn a profit of £400, thus making a total loss on these 2,000 barrels of apples, on account of shipment *via* New York instead of Montreal, of £700. The boats from New York to London are slow boats, and if any one is desirous of shipping from New York to this market, it is advisable to take the fastest boat *via* Liverpool on through bill of lading. Apples sent *via* Liverpool from New York arrive here in three and sometimes six days less than they do by direct boat, and come to hand in much better condition. At the same time I do not advise Canadian fruit being sent *via* New York until the port of Montreal is closed, when the risk of frost must be counted on. Many consignments of fruit arrive here in bad condition through bad packing and careless management before being shipped. This is more often the cause than anything else. Canadian fruit, when tightly packed and put on board the steamer without being chilled, will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, arrive here in good condition.



Natural gas has been struck at Whitby, Ont.

Vancouver Island coal is to be mined at the rate of 2,000 tons a day.

A site for the graving dock at Kingston has been secured within the city limits.

Apples are an enormous crop throughout Western Ontario and the Niagara district.

Montreal's assessment of real estate for 1888 foots up a total of \$109,584,395; of this \$18,460,570 is exempt.

Steam threshers and self-binders are as common amongst the Indians on the Oneida reserve as with the whites and are as well managed.

The total export of goods from the Dominion of Canada during July was as follows: Produce of Canada, \$8,904,222; other countries, \$700,911.

Canadian tobacco is being attacked and seriously damaged this season by an insect that the French newspapers call the *bête à tabac*—tobacco beast.

The experimental farm at Ottawa is preparing a collection of cereals, grasses and potatoes grown during the season for exhibition at the coming fairs in Canada.

It looks as though boat seining by shore fishermen in Prince Edward Island would have to be abandoned altogether for the old and cheaper mode of hook and line.

The old method of mackerel catching off Prince Edward Island by hook and line will come into fashion again, as very few fish have been caught by the seiners, while those using the line have done well.

The fruit crop in Nova Scotia is reported as exceedingly good and a large increase in exports is expected. The exports of apples from Canada to Great Britain has increased from a value of \$44,406 in 1867, to \$649,182 in 1887.

It is estimated that Europe will need to buy from 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, and the United States will not be able to supply a very large proportion of that quantity. Here is Canada's chance.

Prof. A. R. C. Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, has gone to Sudbury with a number of scientists and capitalists to examine the mines in that district. Two more important discoveries of gold were made there, one being exceedingly rich in free gold on the surface of the vein.

The Canadian Coal Colonization Company of London is sending to Alberta a fine shipment of nine hundred rams to be mated, the ewes being purchased in Montana. The number of pedigree animals contained in the shipment is said to never have been equalled in the annals of the export trade.

LITERARY NOTES.

Herbert Spencer is still at work on his autobiography.

Jeff Davis' daughter is an aspirant for literary honours.

Miss Braddon is 50 years old, and she has written just fifty stories.

The life of Sir George Cartier is being written by Mr. J. Tassé, of *La Minerve*.

Sara J. Duncan, known as "Garth Grafton," has left for China and Japan, for literary purposes.

George Iles, lately of Montreal, writes a glowing account of his travels in the Northwest and British Columbia.

Banff *Life*, published in the National Park, is gone, and has been replaced by a bright little paper called *Mountain Echoes*.

The French Academy has given a gold medal to the Queen of Roumania, known to the literary world as "Carmen Silva."

J. K. Foran's Conalcon poem, in our last, is a feat of strength, displaying both originality and a strange mastery over rhyme and rhythm.

The sketches and verses contributed to our columns by distinguished ladies, such as "K. A. C.," Misses Helen Fairbairn, Hattie McLennan and others, have drawn deserved notice.

We have received a booklet, entitled "Souvenir," comprising the early life, pastorates, consecration and other characteristics of Rt. Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron. We shall review it.

The "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" is one of Heinrich Heine's sweetest and simplest ballads, and the English thereof, in the present issue, is another of Mr. George Murray's wonders of literal translation.

Professor Gordon Christie, of the University of Paris, is now visiting Canada. He is a great-grand-nephew of the late General Gabriel Christie, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Canada, 1799; also great-grand-nephew of the Earl Lindsay of Balcarres.

Mr. Henry Lawson, lately connected with the *Star*, has left to assume editorial charge of the *British Colonist*, Victoria, B.C. Mr. Lawson belongs to the good school of Lower Province journalists, who have distinguished themselves in the older provinces.