

hour, and the narrow views of mere party, they cherish that enlightened and intelligent patriotism which delights not in depreciating the merits of others, but in promoting the highest and best interests of their country, and advancing it in the path of progress.

Newfoundland has reason to be proud that the name of Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, appears in the pages of her history. Soon after the departure of Whitbourne, on the last day of the year 1622, Sir George Calvert obtained from James I. a patent constituting him proprietor of the whole southern peninsula of Newfoundland, together with all the islands lying within ten leagues of the eastern shores, and giving him the right of fishing in the surrounding waters, all English subjects having, as before, free liberty of fishing. This Sir George Calvert was one of the most distinguished men of the day, and respected by men of all parties for his moderation, liberality of sentiment, fidelity and capacity for business. Foreign travel had enlarged his mind and liberalized his ideas. He was a native of Yorkshire, educated at Oxford, and was chosen by an immense majority to represent his native county in Parliament. Honours were heaped upon him. He was Clerk to the Privy Council, knighted in 1617, and a year after was appointed Secretary of State, with an allowance of £1,000 a year besides his salary. With such brilliant prospects before him, it is surprising to find him contemplating expatriation and settlement on the rude shores of Newfoundland. The explanation is found in a change which his religious opinions had undergone. He had become a Roman Catholic, and no one has ever questioned the sincerity of those convictions which led to a change of his faith, and the sacrifice of his worldly prospects. He openly professed his conversion, and at once resigned his office and its emoluments. The King, however, with whom he was a favourite, persuaded him to continue in the Privy Council, granted him large estates in Ireland, and at length raised him to the peerage under the title of Lord Baltimore. It is supposed, however, that he found himself slighted among his own class on account of his change of faith, and he resolved to retire to some distant spot, where he could practice his religion without molestation, and provide an asylum for his co-religionists who were suffering from the intolerant spirit of the times. He fixed on Newfoundland as his retreat, where already there were several settlements of Puritans who had left England to escape the rigour of episcopal government. In fact, Newfoundland was one of the earliest resorts of the victims of religious persecution in those days. The immense tract, granted by royal patent to Lord Baltimore, in Newfoundland, lies between Piacentia and Trinity Bays, and is joined to the main body of the island by a narrow isthmus, not more than three miles wide. Lord Baltimore named his new possession Avalon, from the ancient name of Glastonbury, where, according to tradition, Christianity was first preached in Britain. It is curious to find, in Newfoundland, this trace of one of the myths of the middle ages, in the name of Avalon. The tradition ran that Joseph of Arimathea took refuge in Britain, from the persecution of the Jews, carrying with him the *Holy Grail*—"the cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord drank at the last sad supper with his own,"—and that he arrived at Avalon, afterwards Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, and there founded a church, on the site of which the great Abbey of St. Albans was afterwards erected. Here stood the ancient Roman town of Verulam. To perpetuate the memory of these events, in the New World, Lord Baltimore called his Newfoundland province Avalon, and his first settlement Verulam. The latter name became corrupted, first into Ferulam, and then into the modern Ferryland.

In 1623 Lord Baltimore despatched a body of colonists to his new possessions, under the command of Captain Edward Wynne, who established himself at Ferryland, forty miles north of Cape Race, a bleak and barren part of the coast, very unfavourable for agricultural pursuits, and only desirable as a fishing station. Had a site for this new colony been selected on the western coast of the island, in the Bay of St. George, or Bay of Islands, in all probability the misfortunes which followed would have been averted, and in the fertile valleys of those bays, thriving towns would have grown up, the coal beds would have been worked, and the fine lands of the interior cultivated, and the history of Newfoundland might have been different from what it is to-day. But it was not so to be. Captain Wynne chose Ferryland, built a house, granaries and store-houses, and set to work vigorously to cultivate the soil. The accounts he sent home were so encouraging that Lord Baltimore removed to Ferryland with his family, built a spacious and handsome house, as well as a strong fort. He spared neither money nor labour on his new settlement, selecting emigrants with the greatest care and using every effort to promote habits of industry and domestic order. The high expectations thus awakened were, unfortunately, doomed to disappointment. The colony did not prosper. The ungrateful soil gave but a scanty return to their labours. The French men-of-war ravaged the coast and reduced the fishermen to great extremity; and although Lord Baltimore gallantly manned two ships at his own expense and drove them away, taking sixty prisoners, yet the French never ceased to harass and threaten his stronghold and cut off his supplies. Sickness too invaded his men and his own health began to fail. Wearied out in contending with these difficulties, and finding too that he had no security here for the free exercise of his religion, Lord Baltimore, after a hopeless struggle of six or seven years, at length petitioned the King for a grant of land in New England. In reply King Charles wrote a kind, sympathetic letter, and advised him to turn his steps homeward, and desist from further attempts at Plantations, for which men of his breeding and culture were not well fitted, and assured him of all honour and respect in the land of his birth. Baltimore, however, could not make up his mind to return home a broken, disappointed man; and renewed his request. Whereupon the King made him a grant of the Province of Maryland. His days, however, were numbered, and before the patent could be drawn up and signed he died, "leaving a name against which the breath of calumny has hardly whispered a reproach."

Before his death he drew up the charter for the Province of Maryland, which was, in 1632, signed and issued for the benefit of his son, Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore; and under its provisions the colony was established. This charter, which has been so highly and deservedly eulogized, showed that in wisdom, liberality and statesmanship, Lord Baltimore was far in advance of his age. The Catholic nobleman was the first to establish in Maryland a constitution which embodied the principle of complete liberty of conscience, and

the equality of all christian sects, together with popular institutions on the broadest basis of freedom. The historian Bancroft says of him: "He deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first, in the history of the christian world, to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all christian sects. The asylum of papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state."

Newfoundland may well glory in being able to enrol among her worthies the honoured name of the wise and good Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore.

POISON AND POISONERS.

The first mention in history of anything like wholesale poisoning dates from 142 B.C. The scene of it was Rome, even then sunk deep in the vices and debaucheries which ended in her final downfall. At the outcome of this state of things, a number of ladies of the patrician class—the nobility, as we should say—entered into a conspiracy for getting rid of their husbands by poison. How many they managed to kill before detection must ever remain a mystery. The fact stands that 170 wives were convicted and publicly executed by Consul Fabius Maximus. From that time down to the 16th century, we hear little more of the crime; but in the 17th century it became absolutely epidemic, especially in Italy and France. England seems to have been afflicted by it in the reign of Henry VIII.; for we find an act of Parliament passed, on the instigation of that amiable monarch, decreeing that persons found guilty of it should be boiled alive. Two persons only were so boiled, we believe—a cook of the Bishop of Rochester, who poisoned 19 persons, of whom two died; and a young woman named Margaret Davy, who poisoned her widowed mother and brother, in order that she might marry the man of her choice and bring him a farm to live on. In Italy, meanwhile, poisoning was being reduced to a science. Half the old stories about conveying death in a kiss, or by the pressure of a hand ornamented with a poisoned ring, are doubtless to be relegated to the regions of romance; but there is, nevertheless, a very tragical substratum of truth to them. So universal did the crime become in Rome, so extremely plentiful were the young widows of three or four husbands, that even the seal of the confessional was not sacred enough to restrain the priesthood from divulging the terrible facts to Pope Alexander VII. The result was a searching investigation, and the discovery of a secret society of husband-poisoners similar to that which existed in ancient Rome, and far more numerous. They met at the house of an old witch named Spara, who supplied them, as it appears from the evidence given subsequently, with "a slow poison, tasteless and limpid, and of a graduated strength which would destroy life either in a day, a week, a month, or a number of months, as the purchaser desired." The secret was kept so well that it was only after years of murder, that it was discovered. When at last the truth did come out, La Spara and 13 of her companions in crime were hanged, many others were whipped half-naked through the streets, and a select few—of the highest rank, need we say—were banished. If we do not mention the notorious Borgia family, it is only because they were no worse—perhaps, notwithstanding the evil name they bear, a little better—than hundreds of their contemporaries in the same rank of life. The next case we come to is that of the old hag Toffania, who, notwithstanding the fate of her predecessor, Spara, was the means, a half century later, of supplying women with poisons which were known to have resulted in the death of 600 persons. How many others may, by her agency, have been killed of whom history knows nothing, must ever remain matter for conjecture. It is supposed, however, that you might quadruple the figures without being wide of the mark. Signora Toffania was garrotted for her crimes, after a lengthy trial, in 1713, and from that time poisoning as an art died out in Italy. In the meantime, however, it had found refuge in France, where the Marquise de Brinvilliers speedily became its high priestess. In order to marry her paramour, St. Croix, she poisoned her husband, who most assuredly would have died, it is said, had not St. Croix, who was in the secret, administered antidotes, being afraid to become himself the lawful partner of so deadly a hand at murder. Her father, to prevent scandal to the family, interfered in her amours. She tried to kiss him to death for eight months, and, this failing, administered a dose which killed him, and wrought the double purpose of removing a troublesome old man and bringing her a handsome legacy. This spent in extravagance with St. Croix, she poisoned her two brothers and her sisters in order to obtain other fortunes to squander. Does the reader wonder how she acquired her murderous skill? In the guise of a sister of charity she "practised" upon the patients in the Hotel Dieu. Does he know how her iniquity came to light? St. Croix fell dead while mixing poisons for her, and left such evidence as compelled her, under the influence of torture, to a full confession. She was beheaded in 1676, a female accomplice having been previously broken upon the wheel for participation in her crimes. She had not only the ingenuity and callousness of a fiend in her, this Brinvilliers, but she had a grim, diabolic humour too. She called her poison "the succession powder;" and by that name it became so popular in France that Louis XIV. had to establish a special, secret, and terrible tribunal to put down the use of it. There is no need to carry the hideous record further. Poisoning as an epidemic has long died out, and the few isolated cases of later date have happened for the most part in our own time, and we are sorry to say, in our own country. There is the same moral to them all. Sooner or later the poisoner is certain to be found out. The crime seems to have a fascination for those who commit it, which leads them on from one assassination to another, till they stand self-convicted in the eyes of the whole world. Science, moreover, has made advances which render the trade an extremely risky one, even in the case of a single murder. Let there be but one taint of suspicion, and dissection and poison tests will do the rest. Neither the "manna of St. Nicola of Bari" of La Spara, the "acquetta" of Toffania, nor the "succession powder" of Brinvilliers, can escape the keen investigation of the modern analyst.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Miscellaneous.

The *Presse*, in remarking on the death of Djemil Pacha, observes that of the fourteen diplomatists who sat in the Congress of Paris in 1856, only two are now alive—those are Lord Cowley and Baron de Brunnow.

The construction of ovens heated by gas for the purpose of hatching eggs is now so perfect in France that the gas flame regulates its own rate of combustion, and keeps the variations of temperature in the oven within one degree.

"Howling Repentants" is the name adopted by the last new religious sect. These industrious religionists, whose headquarters are in the English metropolis, howl at convenient periods of the day and at two periods in the night.

From a census recently taken in Paris, it appears that there are in the city 1,732,529 Catholics, 30,421 Jews, 17,281 Calvinists, 14,940 Lutherans, 9,432 Anglicans, Methodists and Quakers; 422 Mohammedans, Buddhists and Brahmins; 2,500 persons who declared that they belonged to no religious sect; and two only who had the courage to confess that they were free-thinkers.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—The total number of men actually under arms at the present moment in European and Asiatic Russia is 1,173,879, distributed as follows:—European Russia, 873,467; the Caucasus, 163,759; the Orenburg district, 6,248; Turkestan, 22,294; Western Siberia, 11,044; Eastern Siberia, 14,810; reserve, 82,217. In the event of a war, the army is to be raised to an effective strength of 50,275 officers and 1,771,387 rank and file.

It is stated—we should imagine as a bad joke—that the new Audit Office at Berlin find fault with Marshal Moltke for consuming so much snuff and charging it to the *Regiment's expenses*, were it even by mistake. An item of 48. for one pound of snuff delivered to the marshal during the campaign has been mercilessly condemned, and the inveterate *prince* ordered to refund the amount to the Prussian treasury. After this Lowe and Cardwell must yield the palm of meanness.

A correspondent of the *Toronto Leader* tells a story of Lord Dufferin which we cannot resist the pleasure of repeating. On Saturday week, between five and six in the evening, three children, the eldest seven, who had been sent out to purchase a newspaper, were standing outside the window admiring the dolls, when two gentlemen passing heard their remarks, and, to the delight of the children, went into the store and bought each of them a nice doll. They came running home delighted to their parents; the two youngest were boys, aged three and a half and five years. Those kind gentlemen were Lord Dufferin and Sir Hastings Doyle.

Touching incidents often occur in the police courts of the city. A few days ago a woman, grossly intoxicated, was picked up in the streets, and taken to Jefferson Market, New York, and locked up. It was ascertained that both she and her husband were confirmed drunkards. They have two children, a girl aged ten and a boy aged eight years, who support them. The boy makes pen-wipers, and the little girl sells them in the evenings. The next morning the girl went to Jefferson Market, and going up to the bench, said, in pathetic tones, "Judge, my mother is locked up, and I have no money to pay to get her out; this is all I have" (handing him a pen-wiper), "and if you take it, and let my mother out, I will bring you a bundle of wipers as soon as we, George and I, can afford them." The Justice, touched by the appeal of the little one, took the wiper, gave her a bill with which to buy something to eat, and then discharged the mother. With tears in her eyes, the little girl thanked him, and led her mother away. The mother of such a child should lead better life.

How people's "personal" relations change with time is shown in the following incident, in which one of the parties is at this moment a member of the British cabinet. Many years ago, as Lady Clementina Davies was posting from Leamington to London, she was intrusted with the purchase of one of the long purses which were then in fashion, and which a young lady friend desired to present to a young gentleman to whom she was engaged, and who was at college at Oxford. One day the young lady and Lady Clementina went to luncheon at his college, and found him a most agreeable and clever man. The purse was presented. "He was," says Lady Clementina, "delighted with it, and every word he said convinced me of his attachment to my pretty young friend. It was, therefore, with much regret that I heard some time afterward that their engagement had been broken off on account of the insufficiency of his fortune." Subsequently the gentleman went to Australia, made a fortune, returned to England, and is now the Right Honourable Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The lady married a parson.

AUTHENTICATED LONGEVITY.—A most remarkable case of longevity is furnished to the *Globe* by a correspondent in Glengarry. The case in question is that of a woman named Ann Campbell, who died in Kenyon, County of Glengarry, on the 18th ult., at the patriarchal age of 130 years. She was born in Scotland, in the parish of Braconald in Skye, in the year 1742, not long before the defeat of Prince Charles Stuart and his army on the famous field of Culloden Moor. When she was thirty years of age, she engaged as chief dairy-maid with John Murray, Esq., Grishornish, and remained in that family for a period of fifty years. When her services were no longer required by Captain D. Murray, who succeeded his father to the estate of Grishornish, she left the Murray family, and engaged with Mr. Nicholson, Ardmore, in the same employment, and continued in his family for the following seven years. She was then in the eighty-seventh year of her age, but was very active and lively. At this advanced age she emigrated to Canada, where she passed the remaining forty-three years of her life. The correspondent relates that of late years she became the wonder of the section of country in which she lived. As might naturally be expected, she was constantly visited by the curiously disposed of her adopted country, as well as from the neighbouring Republic. He also asserts that she was never sick until her death; never tasted medicine of any kind; was quite active and lively till within two days of her decease. She was in the full possession of her faculties to the last. In proof of her activity he states that she milked twelve cows every day last summer. Her illness at the time of her death was short, and seemingly without pain. Her speech left her only twenty-four hours before death. She died without a struggle. It would appear difficult to find a parallel case.