

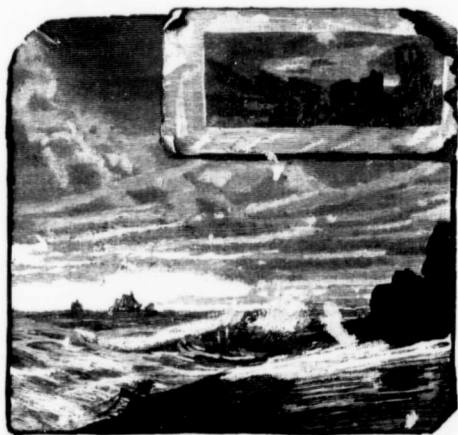
THE GOLDEN LONG AGO.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

DREAMING in the tender twilight
Of my garden, tranquil, sweet,
Not a sound to break the silence,
Save the fall of mine own feet
As I pace the dear old pathways,
To and fro, and to and fro,
Just as we were wont, together,
In the golden long ago

White and saintly stand the lilies,
As they did in days of yore,
Ere my lily had been gathered
To make glad the earth no more.
Fragrant as the breath of roses
Her sweet memory lingers yet,
Dews are heavy on the blossoms,
Mine own eyes are dim and wet.

Dreaming in the hush of twilight,
As the shadows deeper grow,
Dreams the sweetest and the saddest
Of the golden long ago.
Peace and silence reign around me,
Hallowed are those evening hours,
For an angel walketh with me
In my dear old world of flowers.



AN OLD CORNWALL ROMANCE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

CHAPTER I.

"Cornwall is a poore and very barren country of al maner of thinges except Tyn and Fische. Their meate and their drinke is ruin'd and spylt for lacke of good ordering and dressing. Fyres and Turves is their chief Fewel, their Ale is stark, naughty, looking whyte and thynne, as pigges had wrastled in it, smoky and ropy and never a good sope . . . There be many men and women that cannot speke a word of English, but all Cornish."

Dr. Andrew Boyle, 1542.

THERE have been in this paper many commemorations of good women who have left

"Footsteps on the sands of Time,"

to direct and encourage the efforts of those who, young and perhaps inexperienced, are fighting the battle of life; and we have watched in vain for one name, that of a young peasant girl whose strange career, heard by accident, has haunted memory ever since as the melodies of the gods were said to haunt the poets. An old writer says—

"This Wike St. Marie was the birthplace of

that famous minion of fortune and example of charitable benevolence, Thomasine Bonaventura. Whether so called from her success in worldly affairs, or from her ancestors is altogether unknown to me. Most certain it is, she was born of poor parents about the year 1450, tempore Henry VI., but not so poor but that her father had a small flock of sheep that depastured on the wastrell of Wike St. Mary Downs or moors, whereof she was the shepherdess."

So far this old chronicle, founded on the histories of Hall and Tonkin relating to this noble lady, and we add as much of her history as we can gather from old histories and documents of that time. The Rev. R. T. Hawker, of Morwenstow, has written charming sketches on this subject, from which we are allowed to make extracts; but contemporaneous histories, parish registers and MS. have also contributed facts and dates which have often thrown another light on her history and character.

"It was in the old days of Cornwall, a wild desolate country, poor in all material luxuries, rich in mines, in grand ruins of still older times, savage in population, but strong in religious faith, and in superstition and wild legends.

"It boasted among its nobles some of the most honoured names in English history—the Grenvilles of Stowe, the Arundels, the Carews, the Trelawneys, the Godolphins, the Fortescues, the Bassetts, the Trevanions, who had great sway and possessions.

"But the principal domains of the land were mostly expanded into woodland and marsh and moor, with glades or grassy avenues here and there for access to the lair of the red deer, or the wild boar, or other native game, which afforded in that day a principal supply of human food. Yonder in the distance appeared ever and anon a beacon tower which marked the place and word for the warning of hostile advances by night, and for the gathering rest of the hobbelaers or horsemen whose office it was to scour the country and to keep in awe the enemies of God and the king.

"Wheelroads, except in the neighbourhood of cities, or on the line of a royal progress, there were none, and among the bridle-paths men urged their difficult path in companies, for it was seldom safe for an honest or well-to-do man to travel alone. Rivers glided in silence to the sea without a sail or an oar to ruffle their waters, and there were whole regions that now are loud with populous life that might