MARITIME MONTHLY.

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THE GAL STREET DESIGNED IN THE SECTION STREET STREET

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THE VALLEY AND RIVER PLATTE. BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

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(Dis) advantages of a written character—The "grave" as a place of amusement—Where the Missionaries (don't) go.

HERE is something about a written character which at once commends it to universal favor. There is no beating about the bush in its assertions : its directness fairly reaches the senses of the most obtuse or incredulous. When it says that John Smith has built up for himself a character for integrity as unblemished as that of any of the patriarchs, it evidently means it; though, probably, the man who wrote it did not mean any such thing, and when it says that the same party excels all others in his vocation, it may mean all this or anything else down to mediocrity. If it says J. S. is an arrant rogue and scoundrel, it is generally taken at its word; but if the aforesaid gentleman can read it, it is not likely to do him much harm. We like to see a man present one of these documents. We have a criterion of our own by which to go in estimating the truth of the assertions contained therein, though, be it understood, we do not by any means attempt to say that such a thing is altogether unreliable and useless. The man who comes up to us with an air of irresistible self-importance, who gazes at as with an air intensely patronizing, and a benignity which is calculated to make us feel our inferiority, and then presents to us paper containing a list of his manifold virtues, at the same time oliciting our good offices, we at once put down as considerably

over-estimated. On the other hand, the one who is quiet and diffident, who seems to feel within himself that the writer of the paper has greatly over-estimated his good qualities, has in fact given him a character much better than he has deserved, will generally be found to exceed anything which may be written of him. These things were brought to mind by the frequency with which these papers were presented to our notice by the red man. He had in some way found out the advantage of a written character. if that character was good. We suppose, in the first instance, that some trader or traveller, wishing to benefit an Indian whom he had found to be trustworthy and accommodating, had, by way of recompense, given him a written character. The red brethren were quick to see the advantages conferred on the possessors of these mysterious papers, who were greatly envied. Every possible means were used to secure that, which on presentation to the traveller, never failed to secure a quantity of flour, bacon and tobacco, according to his means. All who kept a journal, and their names was legion, were pertinaciously pestered with gutturals, signs and bad English for this, the most desirable of Indian worldly goods. Under these circumstances, it is not in the least surprising that the issue of this kind of paper was enormous, and the depreciation greater than was suffered by Uncle Sam's greenbacks during the most gloomy period of the rebellion. Evidently the issue of a paper currency was something new to the "noble red man." He could not understand why the paper failed to bring forth the quantity of provisions that it used to. Travellers were certainly as plentiful as ever; they were, in fact, more so, and the papers in many cases much larger. How then did it come that the white brother had grown so contracted in his views in regard to quantity? It never for once entered the savage comprehension that to give daily to the possessors of from twenty or more papers, a magazine would soon be emptied, to say nothing of a prairie wagon. Some of these papers do not give to the owner the character which he, in his ignorance, supposes. We remember of having one presented to us by a big fellow with a chest like a working ox. The look of ineffable satisfaction with which it was presented was supremely ridiculous when contrasted with the contents of this rather novel written character. It ran something like the following :

The Bearer of this paper-Wah-he-hum-is the biggest murderer, thief and scoundrel out of hell, and the most notorious liar west of the Missouri, so don't believe a word he says ISAAC LANGSHANKS.

It is] somethin when the does not utter disi to be tha was willi self in t punishm from hin was all t voluntari to somet his breth altogethe much, so might b anticipat brother v without expended would fa however, nature. and edil set the s motion. of beggin through to say n often vis why, the which se and mea emigran soon get the bigas if he connecte the sign

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It is plain to be seen by the above that Mr. Langshanks was something of a wag, for the last caution was simply unnecessary when the Indian could not speak a solitary word of English. He does not even condescend to tell us how he found out the savage's utter disregard of the great staple-truth. The probability appears to be that the savage would have a character whether Langshanks was willing or not, and the latter being thus forced, revenged himself in the diabolical manner which we have shown. Truly the punishment far exceeded the offence. We gazed at the Indian and from him to the paper, while he indicated by many signs that it was all true. We pitied the unfortunate wretch in being thus voluntarily tied (we know of no other expression which will suit) to something which was daily sinking him in the estimation of his brethren, and forcing him to an amount of exercise which was altogether foreign to his nature. Perseverance will accomplish much, so says the old proverb, but in this case anything which might be accomplished, would be just the reverse to what was anticipated. It is wonderful what hardship and toil the red brother will endure, if by it he can secure necessaries or luxuries without pay. The same amount of bodily strength and vitality expended in the chase would furnish him a quantity of furs that would far exceed anything which he can procure in this way. It, however, seems to be a kind of life peculiarly suited to his wild nature. He can indulge his rambling propensities to the utmost, and edibles are in this way secured, the bare thoughts of which set the savage palate and all its attendant machinery in violent motion. In one sense this can hardly be called by the harsh name of begging. He is simply levying contributions on those who pass through his possessions, scaring his game from their usual haunts, to say nothing of what they destroy. For the same offence he often visits on the offender the extreme penalty of the law, and why, then, should the white brother grudge a trifle from the store, which seems to be all but inexhaustible. If he proves penurious and mean, he must only take the consequences. The through emigrant, or the miner, whose destination is the Rocky Mountains, soon get tired of looking at these papers, and still more tired of the big-boned, lazy hulk who stands behind it, and does not seem as if he would take no for an answer. As soon as the novelty connected with these curiosities of composition begins to wear off, the signs and gutturals unvaried from day to day, and the beggar

as pertinacious as ever, then the white brother "begin angry," Instead of provisions and tobacco, he receives only sour looks and abusive language, it being about as well that the latter is lost on him. Should he not feel disposed to "take himself off," he is most likely kicked and cuffed from the vicinity of the camping ground, exhibiting in the meantime the most stoical indifference, which, we may safely say, is assumed. This may be borne for a time, provided Uncle Sam's agents in the vicinity are tolerably liberal in the matter of grub, blankets and general supplies; but should this fail or slacken, then the well-beaten "war-path" is travelled over again, and the defenceless settler and ill-armed emigrant ruthlessly murdered. It matters not that game is both abundant and fleshy-the result is the same. These supplies are not taken as an act of bounty, or anything of that kind, thus leaving the Indian in the position of a licensed pauper, and, consequently, destroying any independence of spirit which he may have possessed. We now gladly turn to something else.

In these days when there is so much talk about cremation, and so much trouble and uneasiness as to how the dead shall be disposed of, it may be well to glance at the Sioux and Cheyenne manner of finding a final resting place for their defunct friends. It has none of the lonesome and repulsive features of our barbarous and unrefined mode of sepulture. We really ought to feel ashamed of having allowed the red brother to travel, in this respect, so far in advance of us. The red brothers' grave-yard at first puzzled us considerably. On gazing upward at the limbs of a large and spreading tree, we were completely puzzled to account for the capricious manner in which they seemed to enlarge and diminish, and the facility with which an enlargement, apparently foreign, was localized in this peculiar region. We, wishing to get all the information possible, make enquiries in regard to them. We are coolly told that this tree, like many more of the same species, is used as a place of rest for the dead brother, a kind of intermediate station between this earth and the happy hunting grounds. There is nothing like travelling for information. We ascend the tree and have our reward. There are no less than four of them occupying this one tree. The defunct brother is securely wrapped in buckskin, laid on his back and well fastened to the limb or trunk, as the case may be. That his line of vision may be as extensive as possible, he is laid on his back, this position affording enlarged

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views with little effort. Of course the face is covered, the vultures and other birds of prey not having that respect for the dead which we would naturally suppose a long acquaintance and a sameness, as regards the manner of living, would inspire. Any one would naturally suppose that a fold or two of this buckskin would effectually prevent a use of the eyes; but in this case we are informed that, according to Indian opinion, it does not. We notice many things-articles of utility and amusement-lying around and by the dead, which we, in our ignorance, would suppose of very little use to them. An inventory of the effects of one of these gentlemen figured up as follows :-- One smoking pipe, of a capacity that would cause us great uneasiness, if asked by the owner for a pipeful of tobacco. This pipe was elaborately ornamented by the addition of scenes and hieroglyphics which would take a Daniel of no mean capacity to decipher. We suppose that a proper respect for the dead, and a consideration of the loneliness and helplessness of this gentleman, ought to have caused us to bestow at least a pipeful of tobacco on him. We did not use the article, consequently we did not have it. To be sure, we could have procured it on much better terms than the dead, and would have done so if we could have had the pleasure of seeing him use it. This, we are told, we cannot do; but that he does use it there can be no doubt, else how can we account for its disappearance. It is a well-known fact that, with solitary and very rare exceptions, none of the birds of the air, nor beasts of the field or forest, can be induced to use or cultivate a fondness for this much-coveted luxury. We have heard of a sheep, the father of a large family, who chewed tobacco and scattered its filth around with a gusto that was almost human; but this case is by no means so well authenticated as we could desire. We think, then, that we have satisfactorily established the fact, irrespective of the affirmation of the red brethren, that the defunct Indian does make use of the tobacco which his loving friends, at great cost and sacrifice, provide for him; indeed, he would be an ungrateful wretch if he did not. Either he does, or some of the living steal it from him; but this latter theory we at once discard, as, from our experience among the Indians, and their proverbial honesty, we know they would not take anything which they did not need, or which they imagined they did not. We next notice bows and arrows, than which nothing could be more appropriate. These he is

supposed to use with as good effect as when hunting in the flesh. a fact which speaks well for the vigor of the inhabitants of the spirit land. Some families, with a self-sacrifice which was truly commendable, allowed the spiritual Indian the use of a rifle, but of this he was in some way unaccountably careless. Unlike the tobacco, he could neither smoke, chew nor swallow it. How then did it come to pass that nothing less than a rifle a fortnight or thereabouts would do him. Evidently, the rifle was too heavy to carry after a long and fatiguing chase, or else the spiritual Indian, in opposition to the fleshy one, exhibited a decided preference for the national weapon. Some of these rifles had actually been found many miles away from the resting-place of the dead, where the spirit had thrown them down-by so doing losing his right to the property, which passed to the finder. It is worthy of remark, that the bow and arrows-the weapon which was given directly by the Great Spirit to the Indian-was never used in this contemptuous manner. Our attention is next directed to a pack of cards, which occupy a conspicuous place, and are, whenever they can be procured, an important auxiliary to Indian amusement. They are well thumbed from constant use. It cannot be that he plays a lone game. In the first place, it would be selfish not to invite his fellows, who have not the good fortune to possess these fascinating books; and in the second, playing cards alone is rather poor amusement, should the game even be an Indian one. There is something peculiar about any game which we have seen played by the red brethren. We have sat by for hours studying the game to see wherein its strong points lay, and have given it up in despair. It seemed as if, till played, all the cards were on an equality. An indefinite number were dealt out, and these were played in a manner that, if seen by him, would set Hoyle to revising his work. All the cards seemed to be trumps, and the man who played last seemed, in some mysterious way, to have the best of it. Beside the cards, we see many articles of ornament, such as beads and rings, some knives, and several strings of jerked beefthis latter picked and frayed by the birds. It might be supposed that bodies thus disposed of would speedily become offensive, but such is not the case. Like the jerked meat on which he lives, the body speedily dries up, and thus it remains for years. We have seen, where trees are not available, a kind of a platform, much after the pattern of a fish-flake, and six by eight feet, erected for

the accor answer et sociality from an much mo dead frie annoyand spiritual the gam the livin labor thu as dead, kindly of far bette Chevenn my frien Talkir missiona remarks, importan the case. endure j themselv connecte benefit missiona and mis means co and tear of the h verting distance which s seemed cannot i at vast Eroman heathen settleme numeron

the accommodation of the defunct gentleman. This seemed to answer every purpose, only the important element of company and sociality was wanting-no mean one we should suppose, viewed from an Indian stand-point. The Indian belief in this respect is much more cheering than that of the generality of savages. His dead friends are ever before him without appearing to cause him any annovance from untimely intrusion of body or spirit, nor does the spiritual brother's labors on the hunting-grounds appear to lessen the game or to clash in any way with the rights or prejudices of the living. There is also something beautiful in the care and labor thus bestowed on the dead, who appear not to be considered as dead, but "only gone before." The nature which prompts these kindly offices to the dead is, under proper cultivation, capable of far better things. We may say that only among the Sioux and Chevennes in Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado have we seen what my friend Mr. O'Dwyer would call "these kind of burying-grounds."

Talking about the dead leads us on quite naturally to speak of missionaries and missionary enterprise. From the tenor of our remarks, some persons may consider that we undervalue this very important branch of Christian economy. Such is far from being the case. All honor to the brave men who risk life and limb, who endure privation such as is hardly dreamed of, and who separate themselves from all the endearing and much-prized associations connected with civilization, that they may serve their Maker and benefit their fellow-man. We only think that the channel of missionary enterprise at present followed is devious, uncertain and misdirected, and that the benefits flowing from it are by no means commensurate with the expenditure of money and the wear and tear of human life. There is something about this conversion of the heathen which always puzzled us. The importance of converting him seemed to increase in a wonderful manner with the distance which he was from any civilized place, and the dangers which surrounded the intrepid proclaimer of the gospel only seemed to act as an additional incentive to martyrdom. We cannot for the life of us see the utility of sending missionaries, at vast cost, to India, China, Formosa, the Fiji Islands and Eromanga, when there is so much to do nearer home. The heathens of our great cities are nearly neglected; many isolated settlements in our own land are totally overlooked, while the numerous tribes of Western Indians, who have no prejudices to

break down, and are easily approached, have, in sharing the gospel portion, been left out of the calculations. There is no better field for missionary enterprise than among these Indians-the only drawback being that they are too close to populous centres. It may be urged that, in this case, a dollar would be the means of doing as much good as a pound in the case of more remote regions. and we readily grant that this is so. We may then be asked, why are not these advantages, apparent and real, made available, or, at least, some attempt made to do so? This question, apparently simple and easy, is what we cannot even attempt to answer. It seemed to us like some of the inscrutable ways of Providencepast finding out. We have travelled through the lands of some eight to ten tribes; we have been in many of their villages; we have been in communication with them daily; but, in this instance, the generally ubiquitous missionary has failed to put in an appearance. In all that great western region we even failed to hear of him. We can see no reason for this. The Indian is naturally of a religious turn of mind, without any of the degrading superstitions of the Hindoo or Chinese, or the intense love of human flesh which is characteristic of the inhabitants of many of the Polynesian Islands. The rights of hospitality are rigidly respected by him, and he has also sense enough to see that the safety of those who seek to benefit him in any way must be insured. We are glad to be able candidly to say this much for him. Bearing all the facts which we have stated, in regard to the Indian, in mind, let us now turn to the report of an Eastern Missionary Society which lies before us. We do not give it verbatim, but the gist of the tract will average something approaching to what follows :-- From a a station which we will call Banglewhaugwhurr, far towards the source of the Irrawady, the "news is most cheering." A school is established, and, after a short residence of seven or eight years, there are actually some five or six native children attending the school at fitful intervals. From some incidental remarks of the good missionary, we can see that it is the calico and rice which is distributed, and not the desire for information, which has been the means of bringing these young heathens within range of his gospel fire, and that, without a judicious withholding of the supplies at the proper time, his benches would speedily become empty. We now come to something which is more satisfactory. An adult convert has been made, who appears to be steadfast in the faith in

a wonderfi expected, vainly inv take the thing tang the missic clothe and the "full humanity We have a sider it to victim of to procure has conver lusty fello undertook and their not count read how birds' nest were spent and much the people any one no ber were h as the chil probably a washed, " balance, m of their 1 natives of less. Fro plished in pursuits a these state barbarous the whole. disposition induced th yet how 1

a wonderful degree. Even this has its drawbacks. As might be expected, his friends are greatly enraged at his apostacy, and after vainly invoking their ugly gods to slay him, have determined to take the matter in their own hands. This soon produces something tangible. The regenerated disciple of Vishnu has to fly to the missionary for protection, who, as a matter of course, has to clothe and feed him. This, we would consider, is about paying the "full price" for him, unless he is a much better specimen of humanity than the generality of his vitiated and depraved brethren. We have an ugly presentiment concerning this fellow. We consider it to be more than likely that the good missionary is the victim of one who is incurably lazy, and who has taken this means to procure a living without the necessity of labor. One good man has converted a "Sutee" while another has baptized about a dozen lusty fellows, and afterwards finds it the toughest job he ever undertook to make them see the difference between this ceremony and their annual dip in the Ganges. Evidently, this baptism will not count for much. Turning to the Celestial Empire, China, we read how the missionaries shaved their heads, eat paddy, rats and birds' nests, and all but smoked opium. Many thousands of pounds were spent in establishing Missions wherever such was practicable, and much endured in the way of personal violence and insult from the people. The meagreness of the results obtained would astonish any one not conversant with the Chinese character. Quite a number were baptized, with about as much knowledge of the ceremony as the child of six months old, and, if not a lover of water, with probably as much disgust. Many of these, like the sow that was washed, "have returned to their wallowing in the mire," and the balance, mostly represented by the symbol O, live in constant dread of their lives. From our intimate personal knowledge of the natives of the flowery kingdom, we would expect nothing more or less. From the South Sea Islands we read of much good accomplished in the way of reclaiming the savage from his degrading pursuits and, in many instances, his conversion to the true faiththese statements losing much of their force by the relation of the barbarous murder of one of these good men (Mr. Gordon). On the whole, the report is eminently unsatisfactory. The sanguine disposition of these hardworking, uncomplaining men has evidently induced them to show everything in the most favorable light, and yet how meagre the result. One half of the energy, men and

means, would ensure the conversion of these western nomads into staid, respectable and law-abiding citizens, which would be an incalculable advantage to themselves and a boon to the frontier settlers not easily estimated. It is not yet too late. We can see what has been done in the case of our own, Indians. Where proper encouragement has been given, and adequate means placed at his disposal, he has, considering his previous life, settled down in a manner that is creditable to him. True, he has a love for certain of his roving habits which induces him to leave his home for a certain portion of the year, and to regard with special favor the time-honored bark camp, with all its attendant freedom of movement. This is, in a manner, creditable to him. The habits and hereditary tendencies of a people cannot be thrown away like an old suit of clothes, and there is something praiseworthy in having a moderate regard to the customs and traditions of our fathers. We might as well expect the wild and untamed colt to draw in harness like a steady and well-trained horse; the young scholar to take unto himself the grave air and steady demeanour of the elderly student; or the newly hatched chicken to hold up its tiny wings, inviting its mother to repose beneath, as for the newly reclaimed savage to regard with favor all the appliances of civilized life. To those interested in missionary labor we would say, look nearer home, and when you have trampled out any vestiges of heathenism and irreligion which may flourish there, then look further. Do not hanker after the conversion of unknown and distant tribes while those who have a positive claim on you are allowed to wander on in darkness and barbarism. Don't send a man to far away lands when his passage-money would keep him a year or more in a station where he might accomplish ten times the amount of good. Don't allow the Indian to continue on in habits which clash with the interests of civilization, and which will ultimately cause his extermination. Without trying all proper means, the sin will certainly lie at our door, and when we consider their numbers, such is not to be contemplated without a shudder. The hardships which the missionary would have to endure is as nothing compared with many eastern lands. He need not assume the savage garb; his communication with his civilized brethren is not entirely cut off; he can have an ample supply of provisions at a moderate cost, and as long as he refrains from meddling with the internal affairs of the community, his life is as

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Threnody.

safe as in his own house. Should he aim to govern, as many wellmeaning men will do, he must take the chances of the turn of the political wheel, which may mean death or banishment. Our Indians, the original owners of the entire soil, are fast becoming a thing of the past, which, to every well-thinking person, must be a subject of profound regret, and ought to lead to some reform by which he may be preserved as a citizen, untainted as much as possible by the vices of civilization.

(To be continued.)

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Now the rose blushes that above his head

Opens its petals to the dews of heaven, But from my buried rose the blush is fled, minuter abused in out H And unto marble my sweet rose is wed,--How dost thou slumber in thy clay-cold bed,

Rose, from my bosom rudely, rudely riven?

II.

Tell me, O rose! Is it of happiness

Thy blushes are conceived? Is it of sorrow? Tell me, O rose! Methinks the answer is, "I blush to feel the South-wind's ardent kiss, But I shall die and be forgot I wis-

But I shall die and be forgot to-morrow !" Load Sighter and

office the product is said III. I all deputies deputies in

To-morrow? ah, to-morrow! For this consuming sorrow, What nepenthe can I borrow

From to-day or from the days to be?

For laughing give me crying:

For living give me dying: From the light, O, let me hide me in the cloud that mantles thee!

TO IND ARCHER

IV.

Like a mirror the breast of the sea is, Yet in the dark caverns below

Are boiling and seething the caldrons Of wo, of unspeakable wo !

As deep is the sky as thine eye was, As sweet as the wind was thy breath,

But who will resolve to me why 'twas That one smiled and one laughed at thy death ?

v.

We are but atoms in this world of sense-

We are but leaves upon the winds of Time-Dust is our kinsman-we are hurried hence

By blasts untoward—and the pantomime— The mocking pantomime of our existence ends. —Around the world a funeral train extends Whose march began when Time its first fruit bore— Whose march will end when Time shall be no more.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

CAST ADRIFT.

"IT seems dreadfully hard to be cast adrift at our age," I said. "At our age!" said mother laughing, "you talk as if you were just over sixty instead of just over thirty, Mary. And as to being cast adrift, I have my eye upon a very comfortable haven for us to drift into."

Mother was sitting in the bow-window of our dear old sittingroom that we must soon leave, and as she looked out of the window r nd along the street as she spoke, I knew she spoke literally, and followed the direction of her eyes.

Facing the end of our street was a house that had once been a very grand gentleman's residence, but was now the principal drapery establishment in Deepford, owned by John Barclay and his sister Viney. The entrance hall and one of the front parlours had been thrown into one and made into a shop. At the back of it the wide oak staircase with beautiful carved balustrades led to the upper hall hall was a his sister, Mrs. Irvin of the two the house the Barch pleasant a house wit with both fellow, ab older, and the deares and alway

" Mrs. said moth looked at the gain. must give She says with thos and then much Ma help the 1 This c

grieved m inaction. had lost a course m whatever millinery myself at what I co face poss Two of th If we cou Mothe "Perhap shall see would fet upper hall which was used as a warehouse. On each side of this hall was a handsome suite of rooms. In one suite lived John and his sister, and in the other, a dear old widowed friend of mother's, Mrs. Irvine, and her two daughters. Mary Ann Irvine, the elder of the two, helped in the shop, and the other, Abby, did most of the housework and spent her spare hours in millinery, for which the Barclay's had fitted up a room adjoining the shop. Many a pleasant afternoon and evening mother and I had spent in the old house with one family or the other, for we were equally friendly with both. John Barclay was an honest, intelligent, good humoured fellow, about my own age; Miss Viney was more than ten years older, and a sensible business-like body. Mrs. Irvine was one of the dearest, sunniest little women in the world, always full of spirit, and always finding a bright side to everything.

"Mrs. Irvine was in here last night while you were at church," said mother, "and we had a nice cosy talk. She says we have looked at the loss long enough and now we must begin to look at the gain. And when I told her the extent of our loss, and that we must give up this house so soon, she settled it all in her usual way. She says we must come down and see if we can manage for awhile with those rooms that are not in use, at the back of the warehouse, and then we can look about us. And if you didn't mind very much Mary,—as we must do something—I thought we might help the Barclays or Abby."

This came out very hesitatingly, and the thought of how it grieved mother to have to say it, made me feel ashamed of my inaction. It was true enough that we must do something, for we had lost all but what would make a bare living for one, and of course mother must have that, and I must go and do the work whatever it was, but I could think of nothing but the drapery or millinery, and to tell the truth, I hated both. However, I told myself at last, it was no good to consult likings now, I must take what I could get and be thankful, so I put on the most cheerful face possible and said, "Well mother, that's a very good plan. Two of the rooms are large and pleasant and there's a small one. If we could only take some of our nice furniture."

Mother's face cleared up at my hopeful tone, and she said, "Perhaps we can manage to save some of the furniture dear, we shall see. There are many things that would be useful to us that would fetch nothing."

Cast Adrift.

That evening we both went down to see the rooms and hold a consultation with our friends, and it was decided that we should move there as soon as possible, and I began to pack up our clothes and the things that we could justly claim as our own, the very next morning. I had not done much, however, before I was called down to the parlour, and there I found uncle John and cousin Nellie. I had not seen Nellie before, since the news came of our loss of fortune, and she sprang up and clasped both arms round my neck to lovingly when I went in, that it brought the tears to my eyes. "Well, Mary," said my uncle, "your mother tells me you are moving, or preparing to. It must be hard to leave your old home. My poor brother was so fond of it."

Mother's eyes went up to the portrait over the mantlepiece at once, and her quiet sigh told that she hadn't forgotten that.

"Well, what are you thinking of doing, Mary?" asked uncle after a pause.

"I haven't quite decided yet, uncle," I said. This was true, but at the same time, I said it partly because I knew he would not like the idea of my serving in the Barclay's shop.

"You have hardly had time yet," he said kindly, "but what do you think you would like to do?" I hesitated and looked at mother. I didn't like to say it before her but I must. "I should like, best of all, to get a situation as housekeeper, or something of that sort, if I could, uncle."

Uncle John looked at Nellie, who clapped her hands.

"Well, Mary," he said, turning to me again, "I know of a situation that, I think, will suit you admirably. Nellie and I want you to come and live with us. Nellie wants a companion, and I want a housekeeper who isn't an artist."

He went on and said a great deal, and then Nellie took up the word and said a great deal, too, that I couldn't write without appearing the vainest creature in the world. There was one good thing about it, though: it pleased mother, and I listened to it for her sake; but when it was finished, and they waited for my answer, I said quietly: "Thank you very much, Uncle John, but I couldn't go so far from mother;" for it hurt me to think they wanted me so much, and didn't want her at all.

"Mary, that's nonsense," said mother sharply, before they could speak a word; "You can't expect to be tied to my apron-strings always. Don't be so silly, child."

"I am to her, "a to Bentha ing you; relatives." "No, si if I must if it is on quite re-e told him house, lea already d stupid, in I wanted and live i " Mary. down on t

against yo to be crow rate I won Crowde but the H Only I kr same hou there was them. W rooms. J agreed to which wou still have pleasantly ture. It it was ver half of it the top of present. the inmat together, away to 1

Priory, an

"I am glad you side with us, Mrs. Pindar," said uncle, turning to her, "and you don't need to be told how welcome you will be to Benthall. I should never for a moment have suggested separating you; but I had an idea that you were going to some of your relatives."

"No, sir; I have had a home of my own so long that I feel as if I must still have a place to call by that name as long as I live, if it is only one room," said mother so cheerfully, that uncle was quite re-established in his own good opinion at once, and then she told him of her plan of going to live in part of John Barclay's house, leaving me out of the question altogether, as if it were already decided that I should go to Benthall, and I sat there, stupid, insensible block that I was, and let them decide, because I wanted to go, and hadn't resolution enough to stay with mother, and live in two rooms and a half, and do the work that I hated.

"Mary," said mother, the same evening, when I went and sat down on the rug at her feet, "you mustn't have any hard feelings against your uncle for not wanting me. You know he doesn't like to be crowded, only he is fond of you, and so is Nellie, and at any rate I would rather stay in Deepford."

Crowded in Benthall Priory! Well, mother was right, I know, but the Barclays and Irvines didn't feel that we crowded them. Only I knew that mother would have been crowded, too, in the same house with Uncle John, for, I don't know how it was, but there was always a great deal of stiffness and formality between them. Well, I didn't go until mother was established in her cosy rooms. When it was decided that I should leave her, she readily agreed to Mrs. Irvine's proposal that she should board with her, which would save her so much unnecessary trouble, and she would still have her own private rooms. One thing happened very pleasantly; we were kindly allowed to keep nearly all the furniture. It was old-fashioned, and wouldn't have fetched much, but it was very good, and valuable to us. Of course, we didn't want half of it in two rooms, but John Barclay let us have a place at the top of the house to pack away what we were not using for the present. Then I stayed one night with mother, and we had all the inmates of the house in to tea, and spent a cheerful evening together, and the next day uncle's carriage came and fetched me away to my new life. It was nearly dark when I reached the Priory, and Nellie met me at the door, looking so sweet in her

light, lustrous evening silk and pretty jewellery, and after giving me a warm welcome, conducted me at once to my room, and playfully presented me with the keys.

"I am so glad you are come, Mary," she said. "It was so good of you, for I don't think I could leave my mother, if I had one."

Good of me! Dear child, she didn't know what she was talking about. It made my cheeks burn to hear her praise me when I knew how wickedly selfish I was.

What an easy, luxurious life that was at the Priory. It was such a lovely old place, with its great arched door-ways and corridors, and stained glass windows. There was the stone porch at the entrance, looking so ancient, with its deep-set windows and seats, opening into a long arched corridor, lined with pictures and statuary, and the curtained arch that led to the library, with its French windows opening to the lawn, and the great drawing-room, with its beautiful pictures and bronzes, and Chinese and Japanese ornaments, and rare vases and inlaid cabinets. And the Oak Parlor, with its dark cornice, covered with Latin inscriptions in old English letters; and the breakfast-room, with its broad windows and carved oak fire-place, and panelled walls all hung with Nellie's beautiful paintings. Then my room, half way up the stairs, had a queer little cupboard in the wall, with a carved door, and in every room in the house there was something to remind one of the old monks who used to live there, and some relic of their artistic tastes and industries. It was a good atmosphere for a young artist to thrive in, and Nellie throve. My room was soon made beautiful by the work of her brush and pencil, and some found their way to mother's after a while.

My duties were very light and pleasant. The staid, middle aged servants gave me little to do. I had just to run round in the morning, with my keys jingling a merry tune at my side, and see that everything up-stairs and down was in order, and look into pantries and cupboards (and didn't those old monks know how to build good cupboards), and give orders, or sometimes prepare any dainty that uncle or Nellie particularly liked, and make delicious jellies and preserves and syrups from fruit brought in to me, with all its delicate bloom on. That done, I was free to take my sewing or book, in fine weather, out to the arbor by the lake, or to the stone summer-house on the terrace overlooking the great , croquet lawn, where Nellie and some of her friends often amused themselves they were demand for only played delighting this gift to it gave m twilight to leaned base at his fee But still, Mrs. Irvin shakes and And th

into Dee business i when unc sat in Mr little cak both decl And the v the Priory break-nec sang, all 1 panied by and basks his good t years that He always quieter, r allowance a silk dre birthdays. Nellie's, b had dress those that home, to But th a flower t

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themselves in the afternoon. And the evenings-how delightful they were. Uncle was with us then, and there was always a demand for music. He was passionately fond of it, and Nellie only played a little, and did not sing at all, so I did my very best, delighting uncle with my songs and hymns. I was glad I had this gift to please him with, for I loved my uncle very much, and it gave me as much pleasure as it did him, to sit in the summer twilight or winter firelight, singing song after song, while he leaned back in his easy-chair, with Nellie in her pretty light dress at his feet, or close beside him, with her arm round his neck. But still, sometimes I half thought I would rather be listening to Mrs. Irvine chirping her sweet, old-fashioned songs with the little shakes and trills in them that seem to belong to a time gone by. And then there were the happy, happy days, when we drove into Deepford shopping, and while Nellie was transacting her business in the shop, I slipped up stairs to mother, or sometimes, when uncle had a great deal to do in town, we both went up and , sat in Mrs. Irvine's sunny rooms, and she brought out delicate little cakes, and preserved fruits, and home-made wine, that we both declared were nicer than anything we ever had at Benthall. And the visits that mother and Mrs. Irvine and the girls made to the Priory, when we roved the fields and lanes, and climbed the break-neck Cotswold Hills, and played croquet, and laughed and sang, all like larks for gaiety, and they always went home accompanied by great hampers of fruit and game and country delicacies, and baskets of flowers; for uncle knew how to be generous with his good things. I had cause to know that, for during those three years that I spent there, he treated me in all respects as a daughter. He always liked to see me as well dressed as Nellie was, only in a quieter, richer style, as became my age, and besides the generous allowance he gave me for the purpose, he was always bringing me a silk dress, or shawl, or a set of furs, and he remembered my birthdays, and celebrated them, and other gift days, as he did Nellie's, by gifts of jewellery, or elegant presents of some kind. I had dresses enough to last me for years after I left him, out of those that I had put away in my drawers, when he brought them home, to keep until I needed to have them made.

But there had to be an end of all that. Nellie was too sweet a flower to be left there to fade. She had to go and bloom in another home, and there was a pretty wedding in the old village

Cast Adrift.

church, and uncle and I were left alone. If it was dreary for me, what must it have been for him? I pitied him from my very heart when I heard his lonely sigh, and saw the look he cast at the place she had always occupied, close beside him. After awhile he began to be away from home a good deal, and often started when I spoke to him, and then I began to have suspicions and to hear rumours; and one day, scarcely six months after Nellie's marriage, he said to me suddenly, "Mary I am thinking of going abroad. Would you like to travel for a few months?"

I was very much astonished, for I had expected a very different communication, but after a few minutes thought I said, "Thank you uncle, I should like it, but I think, if you have no objection, I would rather go and visit mother for a little while."

"Oh yes, to be sure," he said with a sudden look of intelligence, "I never thought of that. Couldn't you take her away somewhere for a trip, Mary? I should think a change would do you both good."

I thanked him, and we said no more for that time; but I had been thinking a good deal lately, and I thought more and more, that a change must come to my life. A few weeks later I went into town. John Barclay and Miss Viney were very busy, and looked tired and flushed. Half way along the shop I met Mary Ann Irvine with her arms full of rolls of flannel.

"Why Mary Anne, you look tired," I said.

"I'm nearly dead," she said laughing, and then more seriously, and lowering her voice, she added, "we are nearly worked to death all of us, Mary. Do talk to John about it. I do all I can but still he and Miss Viney work too hard."

I stopped at the foot of the stairs until Miss Viney was disengaged and came back to speak to me. While we were chatting John came up to ask his sister something, and I arrested him by saying, "I should think you had a vacancy for an assistant now?"

"Well yes, we have," he said hesitatingly, "but you see we've had it to ourselves so long that we don't like taking a stranger in among us."

"Will you take me?" I asked.

"Yes indeed," he said laughing, evidently thinking it was a joke. But Miss Viney looked at me sharply and said, "There isn't anything the matter is there, Mary?" "Oh no," I said as I ran upstairs.

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Mother and said s She jur "With pl then I we The dear l but she ga making to out the tes while I we stay.

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Mother was sitting with Mrs. Irvine. I went up behind her and said suddenly, "Well mother, here's your child come home.". She jumped up and threw her arms around me exclaiming, "With pleasure," for it was sometime since I had been in, and then I went over to Mrs. Irvine's chair and stooped to kiss her. The dear little woman was suffering martyrdom with rheumatism, but she gave me her usual cheery smile and welcome. Abby was making toast for tea, and I took off my bonnet and cloak and put out the tea-things on the table and cut the bread and butter; and while I was doing it, I quietly told them I was coming home to stay.

Mother dropped her knitting and cried out, "Why Mary, what's wrong?"

"Nothing now," I said, "there was a great deal in my going away from you at all, mother, but I'm coming back. Uncle John is going abroad, and when he comes home again I think he is going to be married. He doesn't know that I intend to leave him altogether, and he needn't know it until he comes back, and then I know he won't need me."

Well, there was a talk, you may depend, and the end of it was that in a week or two I and all my "portable property," as Wenwick would have called it, were established in High Street

The Barclays had intended for some time to make a show-room of the warehouse, and when the new spring things came, Abby and Mary Ann and I arranged it; Abby opened a case of London bonnets and trimmings; and then I put on one of my handsomest dark silk dresses and made my first appearance as a sales-woman.

It was a little trying at first to wait on some of the ladies I had associated with at Benthall, though, as a general thing, they were very kind to me; but I knew that some hard things were said of me, and of uncle too. Uncle was very much displeased when he came home, and he and his new wife were both a little haughty to me for a long time, but dear, sweet Nellie was always the same, and it was through my shop-tending that we got back our dear old home again; for one day when a gentleman and some ladies were in the show-room, on some one addressing me as "Miss Pindar," the gentleman turned round suddenly and said, "Excuse me, but are you the daughter of William Pindar, late of the firm of Pindar & Hare?"

I told him I was, and he said "I thought so from the resemblance. Didn't you lose by that Wright affair?" "Yes," I said, "we lost nearly all we possessed."

"Well," he said, "if you put in your claim now you might recover something."

And we did,-enough to buy back the dear old house in Cross Street, and to live on in a quiet way with what I had saved; so we moved back there, mother and I, and Mrs. Irvine and Mary Ann and Miss Viney went with us. But before we left the old house we all went to church one morning, and Abby Irvine came home Mrs. John Barclay; and they set up housekeeping in the old place, and turned our rooms into ware-rooms, for the business had increased so much that they needed them, and we should have had to turn out even if our good fortune hadn't come.

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HYMN TO EROS.

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Yo! for the Never-aging, the boy of the bow of pearl! Come Hours! put on your sandals: Air, gather all your voices, Brown daughter of king Pandion, trill: coo, dove; and whistle, merle: . .

A seal total

And sigh, sweet breeze that is never away when Nature's heart rejoices.

Sing, small contented humming bee, and every sweet-toned thing, Come loud-laughed maids of Dian, with noise of rattling quivers, With chirp of trees and lisp of seas, and rhyme of running rivers, And choir around the spot in which are sly-eyed satyrs peeping, Where bends, above the cradle bed wherein young Love is sleeping,

Cytherea the beautiful, singing songs of his father the king, (The son of ox-eyed Juno, and lord of the spear and glaive,)

And telling the boy in the bassinet how his most royal sire When captive ta en by the Mother of Love, became her lord and slave,

And suffered his levin shafts to rust and let out his forge of fire In the winey isle of Cyprus-that gem in the milk-white ring Of foam that rims the shelly sands of the Ægean wave.

Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!

Eros! Eros! is young!

Let the hair be loosed, be loosed, and harp be strung. With you lose by that Wright allow failed

0 summer And car And O ye : Where t In the pen To launch Yes! yes Trip on ing

In ruddy h And dee And fondle And wat slip Or see him To pleas the His warm

Touch the Beat a Young me Chaunt He with a She like (Fairest He with o

She with a With h sta Their hue fla As the fire So her bei

And he For she fe O summer Winds ! bring the roses, at the touch of your flying feet, And carpet with blushing petals the floor of his bower of boughs, And O ye rays of the sunlight ! illumine the summer seat

Where the lad delights to linger, or, frolicsome, to house In the pendant sprays of linden limbs, or in nests of birds on high, To launch his spark-tipped arrows at the maidens passing by,---

Yes! yes! ye balmy-breathing Hours, with all your roses blowing, Trip on the primrose sprinkled mead and see Child Eros growing,

And fondle his round limbs beneath his curt and white cymar, And watch his gambols rushing forth like greyhounds from the

slips; for a head of me some former for and and the

Or see him climb demurely on a knee-triumphal car,-

To please the budding, brown-browed girls with Young Love on their laps,

His warm hands paddling in their necks, and kisses on their lips; Chaunt in numbers mild,

Eros! Eros! the Child,

For the love of the child is undefiled.

Touch the rebeck gently; breath the soft Æolian flute;

Beat a gladsome ruffle on the tightened kidskin drum;

Young men! join your voices in, let not singing girls be mute,— Chaunt epithalamium, for the Bride and Bridegroom come! He with all the port and bearing of his gallant father, Mars,

She like Venus Aphrodité when she rose up from the waters-

(Fairest child of fairest mother in the court of Saturn's daughters,) He with odic forces breathing, seething from each beating vein, She with all her heart responsive throbbing to his heart again,

With her fine eyes fitful blazing like the gleams of mist-swept stars,-

Their hue the hue of happiness, their light the light of chastened flame.

As the orient noontide drinks draughts of sunlight's quickening fire.

So her being, soft, receptive, all his bolder feelings tame,

And her love is glorified by the warmth of chaste desire, For she feels her vestal angel's hand is letting down the bars And a tremor shakes, like leaves, the fibres of her delicate frame. Room for the Bridal 1 room ! on addio atar or GEA

Eros! Eros! the groom,-

Let citron blossoms blow; and torches lume.

Who comes along the highway, girt by guards in gilt cuirasses And lances shedding rainbows from their tips of diamond flame, Heralded by braying trumpets and the clash of smitten brasses?

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Love, the Lord and the Avenger! Young Love changed, and yet the same.

Spotted panthers, in the harness of his falchion-axled car, Stealthily, and velvet-footed, march along and champ their i series in the series and t tushes

Till from their ensanguined jaws out the blood in red gouts rushes, Which they lick up,-askance looking at the crowd of frightened

faces :- diamatan have a sold garithud will His own eyes are fierce and cruel as the beasts' that pulls the

Full of stern suspicion, as dictators' glances are;

Woe! to think that out of love jealously should rise-and scorn! Woe! for shallow passion sated! Woe! for disappointed hopes! Woe! the unattainable, that leaves the spirit crushed and torn!

Woe! that heart in wilful bonds should perish tugging at the ropes!

That beneath the masque of love there should lie so deep a scar! And bitter hate from ashes of rejected love be born !

It needeth much to convince

This is Eros! the Prince,-

Child in his cot a handful of years since.

Falleth the snow in summer? Doth the young beard turn to grey? Is it not the autumn time when ripes the yellow rye? Love that is of woman born cannot hope to live for aye,

Though it live in summer time with the winter it must die. And as winter with ice-lances from the arctic land advances,

Eros wraps him in a mantle of the feathers of the eider,

And the dame bride feels the chill, though she have her Love beside her,

For the maiden's blooming freshness with the summer goeth south, And her sweets of love have melted with the kisses of her mouth;

For the da Chilleth to Till the up Note the Praise t for Truer tha rol Is the l

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Hymn to Eros.

For the lava stream of passion in young veins that boils and dances.

Chilleth to a tepid current, and love grows subdued and kind,

Till the mocking mimes of Bacche, with quick eyes and pricked up ears,

Note the change, and scoffing say: "Love he groweth blind !"

Praise to Love the quiet,-constant; praise to Love that loves for years;

Truer than the warmth of passion, warmer far than youth's romances

Is the love that feeds on fondness; and a quiet, loving mind: Yet must the truth be told :

Eros is growing old,-

For his hair is snowy and his heart is cold.

On the altar wanes the flame, once that made the heart a shrine : Dims the roseate aureole; Hymen stoops with torch depressed; All the joys of vanished passion range them in funereal line ;

Flamens like the ghosts of mem'ries, all in weeds of violet dressed.

Or the lonesome shades that wait attendant on the unburied slain ; And the Cupids, fluttering wildly, all dejectedly are crying,

With their piping voices; "Aï, aï, Eros lies a-dying," For his form is' waxing dimmer, till it goes out in the glimmer And a young Boy Love is lying 'mong the roses in the shimmer

Of the shifting scenes that ope the temple of the heart again;---Till rejuvenate the glory,-till a flush of roseate hue

Limns upon life's vivid curtain all the pageant of the past, And in radiant youthful prime, Love the Strong, the Brave, the

True.

Stands as central figure grandly, and so very like the last That the warm blood throbs the question fiercely through each

beating vein :---

"Is this the old love or another? Is it the Old or New?"

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Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!

Eros is ever-young!

For from the old dead Love new Loves have sprung.

HUNTER DUVAR.

A TRIO OF FORGOTTEN WORTHIES.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

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THE general impression regarding Newfoundland is, that there is nothing to interest the world either in its present condition or past history. It is not suspected that a poor colony of fishermen, clinging to the grim rocks on which the wild waves of the Atlantic are ever beating, outside the pale of civilization, and having no share in those great events that stir the pulses of the world and form its history, could have produced any great men, or have been associated, in any way, with those who have moulded the ages, and left " their footprints on the sands of time." It is true regarding England that—

"Half its soil has walked the rest In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages"—

But what glory, it may be asked, has blended with the dust of this poor isle, or what noble or heroic men have made it the scene of their labors? Brief, uninteresting and barren, it is supposed, must be the annals of a few thousand toilers of the sea, and very flat and homely the story of their fortunes. All this, I humbly submit, is a misapprehension. Human nature is the same everywhere, and human toil and endeavor substantially the same in the first and nineteenth century—

"From regions where Peruvian billows roar, To the bleak coast of savage Labrador."

The same passions and emotions, the same hopes and fears, have been bounding and billowing here, beneath the rough jacket of the fisherman, as under the gaudy attire of wealth "in the marble courts of kings." Here has been substantially the same struggle between good and evil as elsewhere,—the same commingling of human nobleness and baseness which, when transacted on wider spheres, history gathers into her golden urn, and preserves forevermore, as part of the precious records of the race. Even in the humble hut of the fisherman, traits of human heroism, pathos, tenderness and unselfish love have been exhibited, such as have furnished themes for the noblest poems, in other lands, and would do so here, had we poets to sing them, and they render their country famous. Who knew or cared anything about Scotland till Walte own asto nations w tain and Scott for superstiti laden sea and com weave th shall win In the Newfound and atten for Engli Most And Before Q Mississip menced. island. Great an and the be lost si place in movemen whose na The early as bright States, v and had selfish le province wonderfu before th aware th are essen phical p World a natural a develope is empha till Walter Scott lifted the veil and revealed her, not only to her own astonished and delighted inhabitants, but also to other nations who had hitherto despised or derided "the land of mountain and of flood." The future will no doubt produce a Walter Scott for Newfoundland, who will gather up its traditions and superstitions, its tales of peril and heroic daring among its iceladen seas, the oddities and humors of its fisher-folk, the tragedy and comedy of human existence as here developed, and perhaps weave them into such charming romances, poems and dramas as shall win the ear of the world.

In the olden time some of England's best and bravest men made Newfoundland the scene of their labors, hoped great things of it and attempted great things in connection with it, as a new home for Englishmen. Newfoundland claims the honor of being "The Most Ancient British Colony," and is proud of the distinction. Before Quebec or Boston was founded, or the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi discovered, the modern history of Newfoundland commenced. The first North American land was sighted on this island. Here the first-Anglo-Saxon Colonist planted his foot. Great and heroic men took part in the colonization of the island, and the glory which their names shed on its history should never be lost sight of. In former days, Newfoundland occupied a large place in the thoughts of men who were leaders in those great movements which have shaped the destinies of the world, and whose names hold a distinguished place in the pages of history. The early history of the colony shows that its prospects were once as bright and fair as those of any of the neighboring Provinces and States, which have since grown into prosperity and greatness, and had not that hopeful promise been blighted by unjust and selfish legislation, it would to-day be fully abreast of its sisterprovinces. Time, the great redresser of wrongs, has brought about wonderful revolutions; and brighter prospects are now opening before the colony. Most intelligent and thoughtful men are now aware that the island is rich in all those natural resources which are essential to national greatness, and that its commanding geographical position marks it as the connecting link between the Old World and the New. To that New World, by position, it has natural affinities, and more and more, will westward proclivities be developed. The Western Continent, close to which it is anchored, is emphatically the land of the future, on which the wearied eyes

of humanity are fixed with hope. To it men of all languages, of every country, are bringing the most various elements, and preparing the germs of future growth. No one can doubt that it is destined to be the great seed-field of the world, and that its boundless resources fit it to become the home of the most energetie and powerful community that has ever held the sceptre of dominion. Labor will here find its richest reward and triumphs; and human energies will here achieve a prosperity without example. In this prosperity Newfoundland cannot fail to have her share, if her sons are true to themselves, and if, rising above the petty conflicts of the hour, 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.

There is one Worthy of the olden time, whose name is now almost forgotten, to whom Newfoundland is deeply indebted. I allude to Captain Richard Whitbourne, mariner, of Exmouth, Devonshire. He belonged to that bold race of seamen who in the days of 'Elizabeth and James laid the foundation of England's maritime supremacy, and discovered those distant lands which are now homes of industrious and thriving millions. For forty years Captain Whitbourne traded to Newfoundland, so that he acquired an accurate acquaintance with the country and people, and formed almost a romantic affection for the island and all connected with it. Having done what he could, during the active part of his life, to promote its interests, he returned to England in his advanced years; and the brave old sailor, to whom the use of the pen must have been rather irksome, sat down and wrote an account of the island, with the view of promoting its colonization by Englishmen. Captain Whitbourne's book on Newfoundland is an honest and truthful one; and making due allowance for the state of knowledge in these days, and the inaccuracies into which such plain, simple men naturally fall, it may be affirmed to contain nothing regarding the island which has not been borne out by after experience. The shrewdness, honesty and good sense of the writer are apparent on every page. A brave man was Captain Whitbourne; one who could fight in extremity as well as write a book and sail a ship. When the Spanish Armada was approaching the shores of England, he fitted out a ship at his own cost for the defence of his native land, and when the invader appeared off Berry Head, he was one of Elizabe Torbay in by their s till the I and won. "her righ stout-hean he tells us of the isl flag of E favorable men the g

Captain and must Island an think of parish in York issu emigratio ago, New The Islan men, and Whitbou soil of N carrots, ti that it yi and mult (whence cious ber them too among w ravens, ci a goose." islands ro reckless of single spe lence of waxing e world yie here? I

of Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon Captains who dashed out of Torbay into the very thick of the Spanish galleons, undismayed by their size and numbers; and harassed and kept the foe at bay till the London fleet came up, and Britain's Salamis was fought and won. No wonder that Elizabeth called the men of Devon "her right hand;" and among these patriotic worthies was our stout-hearted Captain Whitbourne. He was present in St. John's, he tells us in his book, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of the island; and his voice helped to swell the cheer when the flag of England was first unfurled. He was the first to say a favorable word for Newfoundland, and to make known to Englishmen the great natural capabilities of the country.

Captain Richard Whitbourne's book made a great impression, and must have given a strong impulse in favour of settling the Island and working its fisheries. So highly did King James think of the volume that he ordered a copy to be sent to every parish in the kingdom; and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York issued a letter recommending it, with the view of promoting emigration to these shores. Thus, two hundred and fifty years ago, Newfoundland was a name on the lips of most Englishmen. The Island then loomed large and important in the eyes of statesmen, and was much more generally known than at the present day. Whitbourne, in his little book, told the people very truly that the soil of Newfoundland would grow abundantly "corn, cabbage, carrots, turnips, lettuce, and such like," when duly cultivated, and that it yielded spontaneously "fair strawberries and raspberries," and multitudes of bilberries which are by some called "whortes," (whence our modern corruption "hurtz") "and many other delicious berries, which I cannot name, in great abundance." He told them too of the hares, foxes, beavers, deer, bears and wolves, and among wild fowl enumerated our plump "partridges, hawks, ravens, crows and thrushes, but above all, the penguin, as big as a goose." This was the Great Auk, then abundant on all the islands round the coast, but which has been exterminated by the reckless cupidity of man, so that for the last seventy years, not a single specimen of it has been seen. Of the abundance and excellence of the fish, Whitbourne wrote in rapturous terms. Then, waxing enthusiastic and eloquent, he exclaims, "What can the world yield to the sustentation of man which is not to be gotten here? Desire you wholesome air, the very food of life? It is

there. Shall any land pour in abundant heaps of nourishments and necessaries before you? There you have them. What seas so abundant in fish! What shores so replenished with fresh and sweet waters! How much is Spain, France, Portugal, Italy and other places beholding to this noble part of the world for fish and other commodities! Let the Dutch report what sweetness they have sucked from thence by trade! The voices of them are as trumpets, loud enough to make England fall more and more in love with such a sister land. I am loath to weary thee, good reader, in acquainting thee of those famous, fair and profitable rivers; and likewise those delightful, large and inestimable woods, and also with those fruitful and enticing hills and delightful valleys, there to hawk and hunt, where is neither savage people nor ravenous beasts to hinder their sports."

It is only of late that we are getting to understand how true are these representations of the shrewd, observant old captain in regard to our soil, given to the world two hundred and fifty years ago. We must not laugh at good old Richard Whitbourne's enthusiasm. Perhaps, in his love for the country, he went a little too far at times. So tender was his regard for Newfoundland, that he tried hard to apologize even for our blood-thirsty mosquitoes, representing them as a kind of police-force, very serviceable in driving lazy loiterers to their work. Here is what the delightful old skipper wrote of our mosquitoes :-- "Neither are there any snakes, toads, serpents, or any other venomous worms that were ever known to hurt any man in that country; but only a very little, nimble fly (the least of all flies), which is called a miskieto. Those flies seem to have great power and authority over all loitering and idle people that come to Newfoundland; for they have this property, that when they find any such lying lazily, or sleeping in the woods, they will presently be more nimble to seize on them than any sergeant will be to arrest a man for debt. Neither will they leave stinging or sucking out the blood of such sluggards until, like a beadle, they bring him to his master, where he should labor, in which time of loitering, those flies will so brand such idle persons in their faces that they may be known from others, as the Turks do their slaves." This fine old sea-rover must have had a quaint, dry humor of his own. It is very clear, from his exposition, why mosquitoes are so "rough" on all who go trouting. They regard such intruders into their domains as idle scamps, who

are tryin on the fa Our d but he h escape h John's. account nymphs, designed merman a discon Head, w to be wa creature his face. in face, admire of this f did not evidentl thing h like, tu intentio claim hi and saw in a de at him, these de ing of early ye few wil mariner mermai generat the adv large se tion fill mysteri and sta Our maids are trying to shirk their work, and they send them home branded on the face as "lazy loiterers."

Our dear old captain was not afraid of the devil or of Spaniards, but he had a sailor's dread of mermaids, especially after a narrow escape he had from being carried off by one in the harbor of St. John's. He has left to posterity, in his book, a full and faithful account of his interview with one of these bold, unscrupulous seanymphs, who, in the exercise of "woman's rights," evidently designed to hurry him off to her sea-caves, there to make a merman of our stout Devonshire captain, leaving Mrs. Whitbourne a disconsolate widow. The event, he tells us, took place at River Head, where, in the grey dawn of the morning, the captain chanced to be wandering along the beach. Suddenly he beheld "a strange creature swimming swiftly towards him, looking cheerfully into his face, as it had been a woman," and very beautiful and graceful in face, neck and forehead. The soft-hearted sailor could not but admire the fair proportions and well-rounded bust and shoulders of this fascinating female of the deep. But when he saw that she did not pause for an introduction, but came straight towards him, evidently intending to spring ashore to him, he did the very wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances, and, Josephlike, turned and ran for it. How was he to know whether her intentions were honorable or otherwise, or whether she meant to claim him as her "affinity?" When at a safe distance, he turned and saw her gambolling in the water, showing her white shoulders in a decidedly coquettish way, and throwing reproachful glances at him, for his want of gallantry, from her soft, brown eyes. In these degenerate, sceptical days, when William Tell and the shooting of the apple on his son's head, and poor dog Gelert of our early years, are scoffed at as myths even by youngsters, I am afraid few will be got to believe that Captain Richard Whitbourne, mariner, of Exmouth, Devon, actually "interviewed" a living mermaid in the harbor of St. John's, N. F. An unbelieving generation will heartlessly take all the poetry and romance out of the adventure, by saying that the simple captain merely saw a large seal disporting in the harbor, and that his excited imagination filled up the picture. All true lovers of the marvellous and mysterious will, however, scout such a theory with indignation, and stand up stoutly for the mermaid.

Our braze captain had, however, dangers more real than mermaids to encounter. He tells us that in the year 1612, being

again on his favorite coast, he fell in with "that famous archpirate, Peter Easton, who had with him ten sail of good ships, well furnished and very rich,"-an arch-pirate, indeed! Peter appears to have treated our captain very kindly. He had realized a handsome fortune by piracy, and wished now to retire honorably from the profession. After keeping Whitbourne a prisoner for eleven weeks, the prudent Peter dispatched him to England, with a message to the authorities, to the effect, that he was open to accept a pardon. It showed what the spirit of the times was in those days, when we find that a pardon was at once sent to this bold pirate. Before it reached him, however, Easton got weary of waiting, and "sailed for the Straits of Gibraltar and was afterwards entertained by the Duke of Savoy, under whom he lived rich." Wealth in those days, as in our own, covered a multitude of sins, and when a pirate became rich, and had ten good ships and stores of gold, arms and fighting men, even sovereign princes took him by the hand. traling his seathering

In 1615 Whitbourne sailed for Newfoundland on official business, carrying with him a commission under the seal of the High Court of Admiralty, authorising him to empanel juries and reform disorders on the coast. He did his work well, but got only " barren honor" as his reward. In the following year his ship of one hundred tons, laden from Newfoundland to Lisbon, was rifled by a Rochelle pirate, whereby he suffered loss to the extent of £860a large sum in those days. Once more he made the attempt to colonize the country, and sailed for Newfoundland in a ship of his own, victualled by a joint stock company. Again he fell into the hands of pirates, and his project came to nothing. Then it was that finding his individual efforts futile, he sat down, in his declining years, and penned the appeal referred to above, addressed to the King and people, urging earnestly the settlement of the Island, and this for the curious reason, that it would afford an outlet for the superabundant population. "Considering how your Majesty's kingdom do abound and overflow with people." If this reason held good in the days of James the First, as agjustification, how much more would it apply in our days!

In the conclusion of his quaint book, Whitbourne thanks God that although he had often suffered great losses by pirates and sea-rovers, no casuality had ever happened to any ship in which he himself sailed; and he takes this comfort that if, after more

to extender. He tells as that in the year 1612, being

than fort peace of had ever the comf to any do of his he honorabl "gathere breast," 1 Newfo George (land, app ture of V Calvert o of the w all the in giving h English Sir Geor day, and liberality travel ha native of immense Honors v knighted State, wi such bri contemp Newfoun religious Catholic convictio his world once resi with who Privy Co raised h is suppo own clas

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than forty years of naval life, he had reaped little other than the peace of a good conscience, he has at least the knowledge that he had ever been a loyal subject to his prince, whilst he has enjoyed the comfort of never yet, in all his time, having been "beholding to any doctor's counsel or apothecaries' drugs" for the preservation of his health. After all the buffeting of fortune, he enjoyed an honorable and tranquil old age in the land of his birth and was "gathered to his fathers" in peace. "Light be the turf on thy breast," brave, honest Richard Whitbourne!

Newfoundland has also reason to be proud that the name of Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, appeared 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. Honors 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 fayorite, 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 practise 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 rigor of Episcopal government. In fact, Newfoundland was one of the earliest resorts of the victims of religious persecutions in those days. The immense tract, granted by royal patent to Lord Baltimore, in Newfoundland, lies between Placentia 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 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 unfavorable 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

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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 labor in 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 labors. 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 honor 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 old 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 honored name of the wise and good Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore.

I come now to the honored name of Sir David Kirke, of whom hardly anything is known in connection with Newfoundland. He is scarcely named in any history of the country. Sir Richard Bonnycastle, in his historical sketch, passes him over almost in silence. He is barely named in Pedley's "History of Newfoundland," as having introduced a body of settlers, " with the sanction of Parliament," the latter part of the statement being incorrect; and the author does not seem to have been aware that for twenty years he was Governor of the colony with plenary powers during that long period. Yet it is true that this brave man, who first conquered Canada and Nova Scotia, and wrested it from the grasp of France, labored heroically to plant a colony here, and may be truly said to have laid the foundation of whatever prosperity has fallen to the lot of Newfoundland. To none of her early rulers is she more deeply indebted than to Sir David Kirke, though, perhaps not one in a thousand has ever heard his name.

A few years after the death of Lord Baltimore, Sir David Kirke arrived in Newfoundland, in the good ship *Abigail*, bringing with him one hundred men as the nucleus of a colony. He landed in the spring of 1638, and at once took up his abode in Ferryland, in the house built there by Lord Baltimore. In those days, sovereigns were wonderfully free and easy in assigning to their favorite subjects unlimited rights over vast territories, unmeasured, save in the imagination of those whose liberality was so boundless. Sir David Kirke came to Newfoundland armed with the powers of a Count Palatine over the Island, having obtained from Charles the First a grant of the whole. In this patent there

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was neither restriction nor reservation ; everything and every right were made over to Sir David as absolute possessor. The royal granter knew very little of the value of his gift; but Sir David Kirke, who had for years been sailing in the neighboring seas, trading, and fighting the French, was familiar with much of that region now known as the Dominion of Canada, and quite aware of its vast natural resources and military importance. In particular, he had formed a high idea of the value of Newfoundland, chiefly from the rich sea-harvest which awaited the ingathering around its shores. Accordingly, he came to Newfoundland, determined to make it his home, and to establish there a colony of Englishmen. Before leaving his native land, he formed a company to carry on fishing operations in his newly-acquired territory, in which several of the most patriotic and public-spirited noblemen of the day, such as the Earl of Holland and the Marquis of Hamilton, took a part, and aided him with money.

The previous career of Sir David Kirke proved him to be a man of courage and energy, as well as of superior practical talent. He had already done a stroke of work for England in capturing the stronghold of Quebec, and gaining possession of Canada, which was destined to have far-reaching consequences, and to lead ultimately to the establishment of British power on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Descended from an old family of Anglo-Danish freeholders in the county of Derby, he had the blood of the ancient, fighting sea-rovers in his veins. His father, Gervase Kirke, had settled in London, and by his superior business talents, had risen to the position of a wealthy and influential merchant. In those days the passion for maritime discovery and commercial enterprise fired the hearts of Englishmen. Although the discovery of North America was made by Cabot in 1497, yet it was not till the latter half of the sixteenth century, or more than seventy years after, that any attempt was made by Englishmen to turn it to account. At length the news of the rich harvest Spain was reaping in America began to spread, and all England awoke to a perception of the importance of the prize that lay within their reach. During Elizabeth's reign the spirit of commercial enterprize, and the passion for maritime adventure and discovery pervaded all classes. Trading companies were organized, expeditions planned, and projects of "plantations" in distant lands were eagerly discussed. The nobility and gentry took an active part in these enterprises,

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not regarding trade as disreputable, and risked vast sums of money in all kinds of commercial adventures. The younger sons of the country gentry flocked to London, and many a rich and noble family was founded then by these traders who had gentle blood in their veins. The father of Sir David Kirke belonged to this class; and with Sir William Alexander and others formed a company in 1627, to trade with Canada and establish a settlement there. His ships were engaged in the fish and fur trade of America; and his eldest son David, born in 1597, had made several voyages at an early age in his father's vessels.

Led by the brave Jacques Cartier, the French early planted themselves in Canada, and under DeMonts and Pontrincourt secured possession of Acadia, and established settlements at Port Royal and elsewhere. The distinguished French navigator, Champlain, explored the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and built a fort on a commanding promontory on the former river, which he called Quebec. Flushed with the success of their colonizing plans, the French, in 1627, formed the "Company of New France," to which a royal charter granted the whole of North America. Immense enthusiasm was awakened in France; twenty ships were fitted out, the decks of which were crowded with emigrants, to convey food, building materials, guns and ammunition to the new settlements. All looked hopeful, and the French seemed in a fair way of securing an impregnable position in Canada.

At this critical moment war broke out between England and France, and the opportunity seemed favorable for crushing the infant French settlements in America. Without delay a small but well-equipped armament, consisting of three ships, was despatched under the command of Captain Kirke. The result is well known. At Gaspé, Kirke fell in with the French squadron already referred to, under De Roquement, consisting of twenty ships on their way to Quebec. He attacked and captured the whole fleet, set fire to ten of the smaller vessels, and having filled the remainder with the most valuable stores, he sent them to Newfoundland. In a second expedition he made a clean sweep of the French settlements in Canada and Nova Scotia; Champlain surrendered to him the strong fortress of Quebec, and the whole of these vast possessions were thus, by the bravery and skill of Captain Kirke, annexed to the British Crown. But the imbecility of Charles I. rendered these advantages of no avail. He hastily concluded a peace with France, and anxious to secure his wife's dowry and keep on good terms with conquest we Canadian pe of blood and later. Kirk honors of k After son

grievances and finding asked for an it is that, find him se of the island His efforts as he felt c island when successfully every facili from pirate and building order to re countrymen Island, he j country. his governn hundred an island; and wards adopt away settle the colony resources w we find the Sir Davi and under however, th great confli tion to New the whole a foundland f fort at Ferr king's army

A Trio of Forgotten Worthies.

terms with the French king, he agreed to surrender the whole conquest won by Kirke. The French were reinstated in all their Canadian possessions, Quebec included; and at an immense expense of blood and treasure England had to reconquer Canada a century later. Kirke got no remuneration for his losses except the barren honors of knighthood.

After some years spent fruitlessly in endeavoring to have his grievances redressed, Sir David Kirke grew weary of inactivity. and finding that Lord Baltimore had abandoned Newfoundland, he asked for and obtained from the king a grant of the whole. Thus it is that, after the disappointments of his chequered career, we find him settled at Ferryland in the spring of 1638, virtually king of the island, in virtue of the extensive rights conferred by his grant. His efforts were mainly directed to the development of the fisheries, as he felt convinced that on the bleak and barren portion of the island where he had settled agriculture could not be prosecuted successfully. Both to British and foreign fishermen he offered every facility for prosecuting their calling, by protecting them from pirates, erecting stages for the purpose of drying their fish, and building houses for their shelter during their sojourn. In order to remove injurious impressions from the minds of his countrymen which might operate against the settlement of the Island, he published a long and highly interesting account of the country. So well did he manage matters, and such confidence did his government inspire, that before the year 1650, more than three hundred and fifty families had settled in different parts of the island; and had it not been for the narrow, selfish policy afterwards adopted, of prohibiting settlement and endeavoring to drive away settlers, so as to make the country a mere fishing station, the colony would have kept abreast of the sister provinces, and its resources would not have been in the undeveloped state in which we find them to-day.

Sir David continued to rule his principality wisely and justly, and under his guidance its prosperity was very decided. Soon, however, the civil war broke out in England; and during the great conflict neither king nor parliament could give any attention to Newfoundland. Kirke was a staunch loyalist, and during the whole stormy period he considered himself as holding Newfoundland for the king, and kept the royal standard flying on his fort at Ferryland. His two younger brothers were officers in the king's army, and one of them was knighted for his bravery. When

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the cause of Charles became hopeless, Sir David wrote offering his majesty a safe asylum in Newfoundland; but the imprisonment and death of the king frustrated these good intentions. When the Commonwealth obtained supreme power, his estates in Newfoundland were all confiscated, and a warrant was issued to Captain Thomas Thoroughgood, commander of the Crescent, to sail to Newfoundland and bring Sir David Kirke to England to answer the charges made against him. The final decision of his judges was "that he had no authority in Newfoundland under the grant of Charles Stuart; and all forts, houses, stages, and other appurtenances relating to the fishing trade, and established on the Island by Kirke and his fellow-adventurers, should be forfeited to the Government, as the property of delinquents; that Kirke's own private effects should be secured to him, and he be at liberty to send over his wife and servants to take care of his estate." These were the hard terms meted out to the gallant sailor who had fought so bravely for his country.

He was not the man, however, to sit down hopeless under his troubles. What justice could not accomplish for his case, interest secured. He obtained the powerful aid of Claypole, Cromwell's son-in-law, "by making him a present of a large estate in Newfoundland, and promising him a share of the fishery duties." Little "jobs" of this kind were just as rife under the Commonwealth as under the Monarchy, and "lobbying" was practised then under the very nose of the stern Lord Protector. By Colonel Claypole's assistance, Kirke obtained the removal of the sequestration upon his property. With the exception of the ordnance and forts, all was restored to him; and once more he returned to the Island he loved so well to spend the remainder of his days in peace in his house at Ferryland.

But the great sequestrator, Death, was at hand with his resistless claim. Sir David Kirke had been blessed with a most affectionate, devoted wife, and fair daughters and brave sons graced his house at Ferryland. By these he had been cheered and sustained through all the cloud and sunshine of his career; and in the bosom of his family, it might have been hoped, he would spend a tranquil old age. It was not, however, so to be. Two years after his return to Newfoundland he died suddenly, in the winter of 1655-6, being only fifty-six years of age. His dust found a resting-place at Ferryland, near the remains of his predecessor, Lord Baltimore.

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DEAD, dead before my gaze she lies, Closed her once animated eyes, And when I breathe her name, All vainly I the silence break, She will not answer nor awake, But sleeps, still sleeps the same.

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Her hands are folded on her breast, As tranquilly she lies at rest With face serene and fair; Nor could there saint or angel he More sweetly beautiful than she, While lying silent there.

III.

I weep not, love, that thou art dead, Mine eyes no tears of sorrow shed, My lips have made no moan, But grief and anguish have their part In the deep caverns of my heart, Altho' they be not shown.

IV.

I know that it were all in vain That I should murmur and complain, That thou art snatched away: And so I strive amidst my woe To patiently support the blow, Which rendered dark my day.

O let me gaze upon thee still, Look on thy well loved face at will, While yet the chance be mine, Ere mingled with the earth and mould, To the grim grave-yard dark and cold Thy being I resign. Rest, rest in peace thou spotless saint, Thou who wert free from sin or taint, Dear love 'tis better so— Better, tho' hard to part with thee, That to fit scenes of purity Thy guileless soul should go.

JAMES YOUNG.

THE ARCHIPELAGO OF THE PHILLIPINES.

[Translated from the French by F. A. Bernard, Professor of Modern Languages at St. John, N. B.]

BEFORE leaving with regret the delightful Archipelago of the Phillipines, where I had resided for ten years, I resolved to make an excursion as far as the village of Butuan.

It was in this place, at that time unknown to the world, (128° 44" E. Longitude, and 8° 4" N. Latitude), situated at the eastern extremity of the island of Mindanao, that in the year 1521, on Palm Sunday, Magellan hoisted for the first time the standard of Castile.

In leaving Butuan behind me, and following as far as possible, step by step, the track of the celebrated navigator, I ought to reach the small island of Mactan, situated opposite Cebu. It was there that, victim of an imaginary point of honour, Magellan mortally wounded by an arrow expired in the midst of his terrorstricken companions. He was buried on a point of the island that I desired to explore; I hoped to obtain there, thanks to its local traditions, some fresh information as to his discoveries and his tragical end.

My friends at Manilla maintained that the scientific interest of such a pilgrimage would not compensate for the dangers which I should be obliged to encounter in order to reach Mindanao. They did not cease repeating to me that I was going to pass through territories infested by pirates and seldom visited by Europeans. If I in reply told them that I carried with me a letter of introduction from the English Consul to an Englishman of the name of Dickson, and if I asserted to them that his protection could not fail me in Pirates, the boat had in the ver interprete He had h sickly star thousand paid to san Creole, aff kept prise ransom ha

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fail me in such a sad case as falling alive into the hands of the Pirates, they recalled to my memory that the crew of a French boat had been massacred quite recently at Basilan, that is to say in the very place inhabited by this man Dickson. The Dutch interpreter who accompanied the party being the only one spared. He had himself related to me that he owed his safety only to his sickly state of health, his extreme youth, and to a ransom of two thousand doubloons which the Spanish government generously paid to save him. Again, some years later, a young and beautiful Creole, affianced to a magistrate of the province of Misamis, was kept prisoner by these pirates, every sum of money offered for her ransom having been refused.

Now I must admit that there was some truth in the apprehensions expressed for my safety, but can there be any pleasure more exciting than the strange incidents of these far away explorations, with which are connected historic recollections. I was thirsting after such delights, and consequently I set out.

The season of the great rains had just come to an end. Favoured by the north monsoon, which was now blowing in its regular course, we could cross over in ten days, the distance which separates the island of Lucow, of which Manilla is the Capital. from Mandauas, which latter place I wished to visit. Two monsoons blow alternately on the eastern and western slopes of the Archipelago of the Phillipines. The one brings six months of incessant rain, the other six months of the finest weather.

The first monsoon from the south-west begins at Manilla in May and only ceases blowing in October. It is difficult to imagine a more lowering sky, or swollen and more angry torrents. On land, when the storm reaches that terrible pitch of violence known as the Typhoon, the crops are ruined, the dwellings all levelled with the earth; rivers transformed into torrents, carry away, destroy, and uproot all that comes in their course. The Indians of the mountains, superstitious, very simple hearted and simple minded, content themselves, when they hear and see coming from afar the avalanche of waters, by ascending the nearest heights. There, squatting themselves sadly down with hanging heads, they roll between their fingers, with their usual indolence, the never failing cigarette.

Nothing can be more strange than to see them following, with a careless eye, the muddy waves which bear towards the sea their

buffaloes, their crops, their houses, their entire possessions. And yet others are to be found still more unfortunate. The Indians who inhabit the plains, can only escape the danger by climbing like monkeys to the top of the bamboo canes: clinging to these frail and smooth supports, they wait until the waters subside; but often the Typhoon rages during many long hours. Chilled through, by the rain and the night cold, their hands let go their hold, and they fall to the inundated earth like the fruit from a tree too violently shaken. For these poor wretches there is no burial, which is one of the greatest sorrows those whom they leave behind can experience. If they are not suffocated by the mud, they are carried to the mouths of the rivers, where thousands of sharks await them, and fight for their bodies. In the roadstead where nothing can stop the fury of the cyclone, the shipping get entangled and are thrown against each other, crushing those who are found on board. In vain do ships of large tonuage throw out the sheet anchor, and fire minute guns of distress : nothing can prevent them from going to wreck on the sands, or backing up on the rocks. The danger out at sea is not so great, provided the captain is prudent and consults carefully his barometer. But should the ships be caught outside whilst under full sail, there is no hope for them. A few years ago between Formosa and Hong Kong, the ship Evening Star saw a Dutch vessel disappear in this manner in a kind of leaden coloured whirlwind from which came forth thunder and lightning, and this before the English ship could hoist the red flag, the signal of danger.

The second monsoon, called the *Nortadas*, begins at the period that I had chosen for my departure, that is to say in October, in order to finish by May. It is the period of fine weather; but a sun which shines perpetually during six months, becomes a very tiresome planet. In China, as in Europe, *ennui* arises from monotony of existence. One sighs for the appearance of a cloud, as after six months of rain one asks in despair for a single sunbeam to rejoice the weary heart and relieve the satiated eye.

The Captain of the brig Nuestra Senora De la Merced, on board of which I had taken my passage, answered to the pretentious name of "Perpetuo Illustre" (forever illustrious). He was an Indian, sufficient excuse to keep from his ship the Spanish Creoles, much more particular than myself about race and color. He belonged to that wonderful "tangale race" from the Island of Lucon, re at the ti shown by was only "Ananite troops wi them, at becomes oneself fr

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Lucon, recruits from which were the emulators of our own soldiers at the time of the conquest of Cochin China. The resignation shown by these brave men when fevers decimated the expedition, was only surpassed by the courage which they displayed when the "Ananites" came to Saigon in order to assail the Hispano French troops with a force four times superior to ours. Many amongst them, attracted by the cordiality of our French gaiety,—one becomes the more light-hearted out of France, because one feels oneself freer—have asked to remain with us.

The very morning of the day on which we were to set sail, it was rumoured in the roadstead, that a great number of *pancos* or in other words, pirate boats, had shown themselves in the Straits that we had to go through in order to reach Mindanao.

People assured us that they had even come within sight of "Corregidor," such is the name of a small grassy island placed like a look-out some miles outside of the roadstead of Manilla. Now this certainly was exaggeration, as for an example of similar audacity, it was necessary to go as far back as the days of the Spanish Conquest. However, these rumors were so often repeated that the Captain of our brig took alarm at them. Our departure was put off for a day, in order to reinforce the crew. Old-fashioned blunderbusses were put in a fit state for use, frightfully rusty culverins were loaded to the muzzle with grapeshot, and finally sixteen old flint-lock guns, much more dangerous for those who had to use them, than for the pirates who might present themselves, were bought from some Chinese gunsmiths and carried on board with much loud boasting and warlike gesticulations. These preparations ended, the crew received orders to watch narrowly all suspicious crafts that might approach us during the night.

I had so often heard of the depredations committed by these pirates, that far from fearing to meet them, I found myself wishing such an event most earnestly. "Perpetuo Illustre" appeared to share with me this instinctive desire to fight them, and though a government steamer was to set sail in a few days, in order to clear the Straits, "Perpetuo" put boldly to sea without waiting for it.

He felt himself perfectly capable of holding his own against the pirates, with his crew of sixteen men, and his rusty old fire-locks. Brandishing his *bolo*, or large bladed knife, with which the Indians are always armed, he assured me that he wished for nothing better

than to have a downright good brush with the traditional enemies of his race. Nor would this be his first experience : he had already had some skirmishes with them. He knew intuitively that his ancestors, the aborigines of the Phillipines, had seen, as far back as the ninth century, nearly the whole of their territory invaded by these powerful freebooters. At that period the followers of Mahomet, landing from Malasia, overran the territory near the Soudan. The first islands which they met with-Borneo, the Soulva group, and Mindanao-became subjected to them : they have remained so to this day. The Archipelago of the Phillipines was also under their control; but the Fagales and the Cebuanos, having embraced Christianity, drove them back towards their possessions in the south, and from that time an implacable hatred existed between them. Notwithstanding the presence of the Dutch at Celebes, at the Moluccas, and at Borneo, and in spite of the Spanish merchants of Mindanao and of Balabac, war is still kept up between the descendants of the Malays and the native race.

Living in small huts, concealed in the woods, the "Moros"such is the name given to them by the Spaniards, most probably in remembrance of their everlasting enemies, the Moors of Africa -commit frightful depredations upon those who have submitted to the Europeans. Swooping down like birds of prey upon the Christian villages, they, like their Moorish co-religionists before the year 1830, live only by plunder, peopling their Seraglios with the most beautiful Indian women, whose husbands they likewise very often reduce to slavery. It is even said that frequently a fair captive has been known to avenge herself for old conjugal quarrels, upon her former better half, who, a captive like herself, has been obliged by her to perform those household drudgeries, which are never supposed to be done by the husband. In ordinary circumstances, the Indians of the Phillipines prefer slavery to the shame of repudiating their faith. Lands, liberty, wives are offered to them if they will become Mohamadans; but the converts are very few. On the other hand, the descendants of the Malays have not the same strong religious feeling, and as a general rule, when any of them are to be shot for piracy, they ask to be baptized, persuaded that such apostacy will cause them to be spared. The Spanish missionaries, not very particular how they make converts, are in the habit of keeping those that are con-

demned to death buoyed up with the flattering hope of a free pardon, provided they embrace Christianity; but an Indian, strong in the primitive purity of his faith, resolutely suffers death rather than forsake his religion.

Pirates such as we were expecting to meet with, frequently attack in numbers of two and three hundred any craft of the tonnage of our brig. The Indian sailors who are perfectly well aware that they have no quarter to expect unless they surrender at discretion, fight with desperation. They nearly always succeed in beating them off if they have time to prepare for their defense. But if they should unluckily be surprised during the night their massacre is certain. Throwing into their canoes every valuable object which they find on board, the Moros withdraw after setting fire to the pillaged vessel, and this is not done with the intention of concealing any trace of their piracy but simply through a wanton spirit of destruction. Our first days at sea were uneventful, the absence of danger and the indolent life of an Indian crew would have quickly brought on a fit of ennui, if at each moment our voyage had not been relieved by some new development of scenery. We also frequently discovered Coral Islands of recent creation. These small islands are formed of Polypos, which united to branching corals become in time formidable reefs. And these reefs in their turn, after many years, become islands covered with a thousand remnants of wrecks carried thither by the waves and with the aid of birds and winds, they soon become covered with vegetation.

Graceful clusters of cocoa-nut trees, with their quivering leaves, shoot up round a lake, whose waters rival the brilliant hue of the sapphire, indicating to us reefs, which after the struggles of many years, have finally gained a triumph over the briny element. I always obtained from "Perpetuo" whenever I desired it the liberty of visiting these "Ocean Oases," and I reached them carried on the shoulders of our Indians, who for their part asked no better fun than to be up to their waists in water. I found the shores of these little islets covered with an infinite quantity of shell fish and microscopic crustacea. I used to gather a most abundant harvest of the most beautiful sea-shells, and seldom have I found any insect, reptile or bird, in places where vegetation had sprung up. My chief amusement consisted in giving to these islands the names of my friends in Europe. For instance, I used to write on a thick piece of cardboard the beloved name with which I wished to

christen my island, I then nailed it to the first cocoa-nut tree I came to, and I returned on board happy with sweet remembrance left in these ocean solitudes. Oh! ye navigators, should it ever be your lot to land on the islands "Susan" and "George Sand," let your kindness respect and preserve these names so dear to me.

Night in the tropics is something never to be forgotten. The constellation of the Southern Cross shines with the purest light, and the phosphoresence of the waves is at times so bright, and more especially so before a storm, that one appeared to be sailing in the middle of a luminous cloud. A great surprise to the traveller, is to see how full of life the night becomes when drawing near the coast, or sailing up the Straits.

In every direction is to be seen the bright glare of numberless torches which the fishermen light in the stern of their boats, as soon as the sun goes down. The fish, inquisitive and fascinated by the blaze, hasten to disport themselves within the reflection of the bright flame, and are speared with the greatest ease. It is owing to the great number of lights visible along the shores of the Straits which bear his name, that Magellan, according to report, gave the picturesque name of the Land of Fire to the western part of this passage. I had continued smoking one evening until a rather late hour, upon the poop of the brig. The weak light of my cigar alone lit up now and again the darkness caused by the overhanging shade of a point of "Negro Island" and which a contrary wind prevented us from doubling. All at once I saw a light appear as if from the very midst of the precipice just above me. Under some rocks, whose whiteness equalled that of marble, and which projected over the abyss, reddish flames appeared. I was soon able to distinguish round some burning logs, a crowd of Black men, very small of stature, totally naked, and with large hands and slender crooked limbs. Some of them were engaging each other in sham combats, others armed with bamboo lances were menacing each other from behind long pointed bucklers of which one end was stuck in the ground.

My worthy captain woke up by the sudden light of the fires, came to my side on the poop, and informed me that we had before us some real savages known by the name of "Negritos" at the Phillipines. The burning logs around which I beheld them amusing themselves, not only protected them against the night damp, but also supplied them with the thick coat of ashes w remarke dances a petuo ha were en curtain. of the e

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ashes which protects them against the mosquitoes. In fact I remarked that at any spot where the fire became extinguished the dances and the mock combats ceased, and without doubt, as Perpetuo had mentioned, they had rolled themselves in the ashes, and were enjoying rest under the shelter of this singular mosquito curtain. The "Anthropologists place these savages in the class of the endemical branch."

In the course of my travels, I have seen several of them, and have always found them to be of very small size, with short hair, less woolly than that of the common negro, flat noses, thick lips, and the same shade as the blacks of Semaar. They live on the almost inaccessible mountains of the Polynesian high lands, and principally at the Moluccas and the Phillipine Islands. They are most probably aboriginals of Oceanica; the Asiatics, by intermarriage with them, have supplied the different races which occupy the sea coasts of the Spanish possessions, and they are known under the names of Tagales, Illanos, Pampangos and Cebuanos. Several Spanish monks, sent as missionaries to these Lilliputian negroes, have assured me that they could never find among them the slightest trace of any form of worship, or knowledge of a Supreme Being.

Up to the present century they have refused all attempts at civilization. Although their nature is very gentle, they are extremely distrustful, and they never sleep twice in the same encampment, through fear of being surprised. They are ignorant of the use of fire arms, the explosion of which fills them with fear, and on seeing us bring down a bird on the wing, they imagine that we command the thunder. In order to kill the wild deer and wild boars, which are very plentiful in their forests, they use only bows and arrows whose points are harpoon shaped and they never go wide of their aim.

The most singular feature in the character of these savages, and which has always distinguished them from the other Polynesian tribes, is their unconquerable love of freedom. Their resistance against everything likely to restrict their liberty, or change their manners of life, will always render them interesting objects to travellers.

Here is an example of their love of freedom. In a battle held in the island of Lucon, by native soldiers, under command of a Spanish officer, for the purpose of capturing some Negritos who

had plundered certain sugar plantations, they took prisoner a little negro about three years old. They found him trembling with fright, close by a grave, not very deep, and newly dug. When Negritos are pursued too hotly, they abandon all children at the breast, or too weak to follow them. The mothers declare to the leaders, that they can no longer carry them, and with bitter tears and averted face, they place them on the ground. But as the wailing of these poor abandoned little ones would point out the direction taken by the fugitives, they are sacrificed for the general welfare: a grave hastly dug receives the living victims.

The one whose life was saved by the Spanish officer, continued for a long time restless and silent, and avoided the eyes of its deliverer, as might be done by a young monkey just carried off from the forest. The young Negrito was taken to Manilla. An American gentleman living there, and who wished to adopt it, obtained the child from the governor, and the young savage was christened under the name of Pedrito. As soon as he was old enough to be taught, every effort was made to impart to him all such instruction as could be obtained in these far away countries. The old residents of the island, thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Negritos, would laugh to themselves on seeing the attempts made to civilize the latter. They foretold that sooner, or later, the young savage would return to his mountains. His adopted father, who was well aware of the jeering remarks at the expense of the object of his solicitude, felt hurt and informed all his friends that he was going to take him to Europe. Together, they visited New York, Paris and London, and at the end of two years travels, he brought him back to the Phillipines.

With that talent for the acquirement of languages with which the black race is gifted, Pedrito, on his return, could speak Spanish, French and English: he would only wear the very finest of French patent leather shoes, and to this very day every one at Manilla remembers the gentlemanly dignity, with which he received the advances of persons to whom he had not been introduced.

Two years had hardly gone by since his return from Europe, when he disappeared from the dwelling of his patron. The sceptics were triumphant. Most probably, nothing would ever have been heard of the adopted child of the philanthropic Yankee, but for a singular meeting, between the young man and a European, which afterwards occurred. A Prus made up flanks the inhabited proximity already al plants, ac suddenly It was a to in number ried under their barm inclined. European

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sheltered fire, with body, his Europe, 1 marvels y regret his my reader can easily the highe tain hom existence

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A Prussian naturalist—related to the celebrated Humboldt made up his mind to climb the Marivelés, a mountain which flanks the Bay, into which the river Pasig flows, and which is inhabited by numerous tribes of Negritos, notwithstanding the proximity of the Capitol of the Phillipines. The naturalist had already almost reached the summit of the peak, and was gathering plants, accompanied by some Indians carrying his luggage, when suddenly he saw/himself surrounded by a swarm of little Blacks. It was a tribe of Negritos, who feeling themselves sufficiently strong in numbers had not feared to approach them. Their bows being carried under their arms, as hunters carry their guns when at rest, and their bamboo quivers slung at their backs, they appeared peacefully inclined. They seemed struck with surprise at sight of the first European, bold enough to trust himself in their forests.

The Prussian, at first rather astonished, soon recovered from his surprise, and taking his pencils, he prepared to sketch some portraits, when all at once, one of the savages coming up to him with a smile, asked him in good English if he was acquainted with an American of the name of Graham, and behold, this was the lost Pedrito. He related his history, and when he had finished, the young botanist tried in vain to induce him to return with him to Manilla. However, the young savage kindly offered to help him in his botanical researches, and even gave him some very valuable specimens of shells, fossils etc., after which, at night time, he departed with the rest of his tribe. At long intervals, the Prussian and his guides heard afar off among the mountains the echo of a shrill cry. It was the warning signal uttered by the Negritos, when they believe themselves threatened by any danger. This occurred in the year 1860.

Doubtless, at this moment, at the very summit of the Marivelés, sheltered by some huge crags, and basking in the warmth of a fire, with the ashes of which he will at length cover his naked body, his eye perhaps fixed upon some distant vessel, bound for Europe, Pedrito is describing to his wondering companions the marvels which he has met with in other latitudes. Should we regret his repugnance to adopt our modes of living? Let each of my readers reply in accordance with or unto his own ideas, but it can easily be credited that many who enjoy all the advantages of the highest civilization would envy him the free air of his mountain home, and that he most certainly would not envy their existence in the tainted atmosphere of our populous towns.

(Conclusion next month.)

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ARACHNE.

BY MARY BARRY.

ARACHNE boasted of her skill in spinning, And great Minerva to the spinner came, In lowly guise, as of an ancient dame,

To view the work that all men's praise was winning. And then these two, the goddess and the woman,"

Did straight contend which should most skilful be, And the Immortal yielded to the Human

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The palm of victory!

Yielded, but not with grace, for goddess fashion, She heaped upon her rival scorn and spite,

And with the wrath of an unhallowed might, Broke the fair spinner's distaff in her passion, And changed her to a spider. Now she spins

Threads that she never could have spun before; From ruined spindle and marred life, begins The web of gossamer!

Read ye the lesson of the mythic story?

Who will excel, must face the frowns of hate;

Who will excel, shall pluck from darkest fate

other has not the new black outsaid to the

An added glory ! Saint John, N. B.

THE HUNCHBACK.

AM a misshapen hunchback ; my head sits almost neckless on my shoulders ; "reason's mintage" is with me distorted and unlovely ; by a full foot does my stature come below the average ; and, withal, I walk with a limping gait. What is this but saying that I am despised, and mocked, and downtrodden ? What is it but saying that I am unhappy, and an outcast from the world ? Most men are enamoured of the abstract virtue of kindness, and, in positions not peculiarly disadvantageous, it can be practised too. But how passing seldom is unmistakable beneficence exhibited when, in order to its exercise, unreasoning chronic hostility

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has to be overcome? You already half love and pity an unfortunate who comes invested with circumstances commendatory to your taste. Had the adverse fates less hideously endowed me, the tender-hearted, might in my behalf, effect a compromise between their prejudices and their humanity. As it stands with me, however, I am quite out of the pale of human sympathy; I am shut up in the lazar-house of a hopeless isolation. In the lazar-house? The figure was absurdly misapplied. Even poor lepers have some society: they enjoy the melancholy companionship of their stricken fellows. But under what sky do dwarfish hunchbacks consort? Being universal eyesores, they should be as gregarious as the sheep, and as secluded as the bittern. In such a community, existence might be tolerably enjoyable; nay, there I might command those honors which are merit's due; for he would be a strange fish indeed who should carry off the palm of ugliness from me.

Even amid the only partially developed repulsiveness of boyhood (my years now count nine-and-twenty), I was cut off from all friendly communion with the species. Even then I saw that I had no business to be in the world at all. By the popular voice I was pronounced a nuisance. First, there was my aunt, to whose tender mercies, in consequence of the untimely death of my parents, I was early consigned. The only conceivable end that, in the estimation of this relative, my presence beneath the sun in any degree served, was to furnish a mark for the full brunt of her violently and capriciously explosive temper; as well as to contribute to the warming her far from torpid fancy whenever some luckless neighbour became sufficiently obnoxious to demand a special effort of scornful eloquence. Were it for nothing else, however, than the aid afforded after this latter fashion, some little credit (as, with the grim humor of despair, I more than once only remarked) might well be vouchsafed me. So long (and, alas, it was long to incessance) as I occupied a space in aunt's bodily or mental vision, unslumberingly vigilant would he be who should detect her marring her oratory by hiatus or insipidity. Whether the particular role was sparkling badinage, or pungent sarcasm, or fiery, clangorous declamation (in which she shone resplendent) exquisitely could she appropriate images borrowed from my multiplex defects-now a flashing simile, now a felicitous analogy, and anon a pat allusion-to point and to adorn. The person of the "odious, misbegotten varlet" (her favorite designation of me)

was in truth a sort of quiver containing shafts suited to every imaginable modification of malevolence. However, the "whirligig of time" at last brought round its revenges. By the tardy effusion of my weary nonage, I was not only constituted my own uncontrolled warder, but by coming unto the possession of a moderate yet adequate patrimony (but for which life's grief fever would soon be extinguished in the cold, dark, narrow house-for how should I earn my bread? who would employ me ?---and the hunchback was much too proud to beg or steal), I was enabled to vield my aunt, as, poverty-struck and desolate, she lay on a bed of death, the substantial aid so sorely needed. Men of a certain mental idiosyncrasy might feel disposed to square accounts with aunt ; but, for myself, when I heard my high spirited relative humbly mingle thanks for my kindness to such a "pagan undeserver" with bitter self-reproaches for past misdemeanours. my Nemesis was satisfied, and satisfied to repletion.

I have said that not even the insignificance of early youth could yield me immunity from the iron heel of oppression. Unreservedly and invariably true was the affirmation respecting people of ordinary flesh and blood ; they of course acted characteristically: it was no new thing under the sun to mistake misfortune for crime. But there was, nevertheless, one noble being whom I. not unseldom, in the fervor of my gratitude and admiration, felt constrained to regard as of ethereal mould, as belonging to another sphere, who shed a solitary yet indemnifying ray-a ray that was sunbright-through the moral gloom, darkness Egyptian, that environed me. Were I the beautiful Adonis, or Apollo the graceful, and possessor of all the virtues as well, Dick Redton could not have more affected my society. I was fairly beset by him. Day and night he waited upon me like my shadow. Never squire was more faithful to his lord. It was not that Dick suffered from the infirmity of blindness. But upon his nose there sat the spectacles of ardent affection: and how those transfigured and transmuted every thing pertaining to the hunchback! Frequently indeed has the thought glided through my mind that my friend accounted me rather handsome than otherwise. Much too careful of unwittingly wounding the feelings, and withal (young though he was) too well bred to allow of his making my bodily shortcomings a subject of familiar talk, he, notwithstanding, from time to time could not refrain from essaying to enhearten me by excogitating 1 alas, fal those, i had all marvell than n sented Perkine Of c Dick's rected. greetin too, ha kingly occasion lucky v undecei though counter med's l out the him ye of the the ent their to tion th such an would of pena No 1 Dick. of the Yet th hottest

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tating resemblances—questionless conscientiously conceived, but, alas, fallaciously—between sundry of my physical peculiarities and those, imagined or real, of the *elite* of his acquaintance. Now, he had all the morning been impatient to tell me that my nose was a marvellous *fac simile* of the organ olfactory of no less a grandee than my neighbor the church-warden; now, my forehead presented an unmistakable likeness to the learned sinciput of Mr. Perkins the attorney.

Of course, amid the wide-spread hostility that attended me, Dick's distorted judgment was occasionally somewhat rudely corrected. Painfully disenchanting, especially, were the many-voiced greetings of the rabble whenever I appeared in the streets-for I, too, had, after a certain sort, "the pomp and circumstance" of a kingly "progress." He might generously feign ignorance of the occasion of the display, or even the existence of the ovation, but lucky was it if a shower of heterogeneous missiles did not sensibly undeceive. At such a too common conjuncture, my trusty friend, though ordinarily one of the most unwarlike, appeared the very counterpart of the youthful Ali when offering himself as Mohammed's lieutenant : "he would rip up their bellies, he would tear out their eyes." With what expressive vehemence have I heard him yearn, in his fierce devotion, for twenty-four hours' tenancy of the power of an Alexander or a Cæsar, that he might subject the entire population to a lengthened exposure on the pillory for their treatment of me-blinking, dear soul, the cardinal consideration that, not to speak of the mutual countenance derived from such an enlarged community of suffering, the absence of spectators would not exactly answer the end of that particular development of penal legislation.

No longer in the roll of the living appears the name of poor Dick. During fifteen years has he slept under the "watery floor" of the Pacific, for his was the not uncommon fate of the emigrant. Yet throughout that sombre period, even under persecution's hottest fire, my friend, canonized by memory, has never failed to whisper to me the old true-hearted words of hope and courage.

Has fifteen years' subjection to buffetings, literal and figurative, blunted my original sensitiveness to insult? Do I now take kindly to oppression? Ah, no! There have been men philosophic enough to grow merry over their own infirmities—men who could forestall the sallies of malignity by complacent self-ridicule. I should be

one of those. I should be as impassable as a statue. But, on the contrary, the plastic wax is not more impressible; I wear my heart on my sleeve if ever man did. Yet is there nothing of wounded vanity in this? I simply long for sympathy-long, as the parched traveller pines for the fountain. I possess a heart that overflows with unappropriated benevolence, affections loudly demanding employment, but no one seems to credit the hunchback with a heart, or charity, or anything good. Yet can it be that there are no harassed spirits to soothe? No moral sores that need mollifying with the ointment of kindness? Do all perplexed ones enjoy an overplus of loving counsellors? How proud should I be to become the confidant of the lowliest! No new-fledged statesman ever stepped so trippingly to his first cabinet session as I should hurry to the presence-chamber of the unwashed artificer. On two occasions, and on two occasions alone, since I could write myself a man, have individuals with eyes, with judgments, seemingly with all the accessories of rational beings, saluted me as they passed on their ways. The precise words were-"Good morrow, sir!" No very perilous confidence in sooth-scant argument for rejoicingas all besides would deem it. But to one whom undeviating usage had virtually adjudged a place with the ox and mule, even that was much. A crumb it was, but a crumb in which I have found much good honey.

As is natural in my circumstances, I thrust myself but little on people's notice. Night is with me the season consecrated to going abroad. The great flaring sun commands about as much of my regard as it gets from the owl or the thief. Let those that will expatiate on the amenities of days of polar length; the winter solstice has most of my love-though it is love qualified, inasmuch as then night's "ebon throne" begins anew to lose dominion. Town and country ways alike resound to my nocturnal saunterings. Except, however, as it may speak of other hearts knowing their own bitterness, the populous hive possesses small interest for me. It is when hobbling through an unfrequented rural districtmusing till the fire burns-that my tastes are best answered. And to what brave lengths do I sometimes venture on such occasions! More than once has it been midnight's "iron tongue" tolling the solemn hour from village steeple that arrested my persevering steps and turned me homewards; and the matin stave of the early laborer has sounded shrill and startling ere "blessed sleep" enwrapped me in its friendly cloak.

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with my spirit wo besides, shipful, be symn bors in in this p Here I a not mar philosop with equ beats hi immorta example of an A denied Here I] exterior. an army droop, a in this seers; a of the r

How the overwhelming sense of my great misfortune warps my estimate of the orders and divisions of society! Conventional usage distinguishes men by such designations as rich and poor, learned and illiterate, polite and vulgar. According to my private classification, all mankind are resolved into two parties, persecuting and tolerant. I am selfishly unconscious of any other. An enormous actual dissimilarity in verity there is between gay apparel and rags, between affluence and penury. But the discrepancy is after all imperceptibly insignificant compared with the stupendous difference between both and such as I. Peaceful Lazarus traversing the streets enjoys about the same exemption from affront as inoffensive Dives. The most despised, woe-begone mendicant can afford to smirk at, and hoot, and dog the steps of the hunchback. And, be it said to their lasting shame, many and many a time have the staring eyes and gaping mouth of quality itself confessed to the piquancy of the sensation.

Though, however, thus hopelessly shut out from all intercourse with my fellows, there is, nevertheless, one grand community-the spirit world of books-to which I am ever welcome, and which. besides, I unfeignedly relish. The company here are all right worshipful, yet they make not a condition of friendship that my limbs be symmetrical or my mien majestic. The lowliest among neighbors in the flesh persistently load me with obloquy and derision : in this presence, I unreservedly converse with kings and warriors. Here I am admitted into the secrets of diplomacy. Cleopatra does not mar her charms by the scowl of ungenerous abhorrence. The philosopher here is free from inconsistencies; deformity is treated with equal consideration with beauty's nonpareil; and my heart beats high as he discourses even to me of life, death, judgment, immortality. In this society, I am apprized of illustrichs examples of wisdom and uncouthness in unison; nor do the maxims of an Æsop or a Pope strike me with less force because nature denied the preacher his due complement of bodily endowments. Here I learn of one Tyrtæus who, within an ungainly, blemished exterior, possessed a soul of martial daring that could infuse into an army an energy irresistible, after the banner had began to droop, and the sword arm to grow nerveless. But more than all, in this spiritual commerce, I am conversant with apostles and seers; associated with such, much of life's mystery is unriddled; of the marvels of futurity, I obtain enravishing glimpses; and I

Love's Welcome.

am taught to believe that as respects myself, the uncomeliness of the present moment is perfectly compatible with an existence hereafter of spotless beauty and perennial youth.

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WALTER GRAHAM.

Toronto.

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LOVE'S WELCOME.

BY S. IRENE ELDER.

Blow summer winds from Orient Isles, Through summer days prolong Your incense breathing choruses, In fullest tide of song, For Love has come.

Bloom summer flowers in summer fields, Empty each perfume cup Upon the bosom of the winds, Let glad hearts drink it up, duran could assoched a For Love has come.

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Gleam Eastern skies with rosy light, Flash out your golden beams Across the zenith, to where dips The Western Isle of dreams, For Love has come.

> Shine bright upon us, stars of night-From azure field afar Build up to Heaven a shining track For life's triumphal car,

For Love has come.

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IMILDA; OR THE FATAL FOUNTAIN.

A SICILIAN TALE.

O thou pervading power of love! Thou art to some, sweet as the bubbling fountain of freshness to the burning brow of the desert-worn traveller ;---but to others, terrible as the fiery pestilence, or the breath of the unmerciful Simoon.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCENE-THE HEROINE.

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THE room was small, but what it wanted in size, it amply made up for in luxury, being furnished in a splendid and almost oriental style of magnificence. The walls of crimson velvet; the velvet settees—the frames of which were elaborately carved and richly gilt—the low, broad-backed velvet chairs, with deep gold fringe round the seats; the large mirror, the splendid pictures, whose style bespoke them from no less masters than Titian and Paul Veronese, all told of wealth, taste and elegance. The floor of the apartment was of the purest white marble, and in the middle stood, on a table of *lapis lazuli*, a rich porcelain vase filled with a profusion of the rarest and most luxuriant exotics, which lent their perfume to the boudoir.

Books and engravings strewed the table, but they lay intouched and unopened—and on a small ebony and ivory table, lay a mandolin, but several of the strings were broken, and by its side was placed a splendid illuminated missal, cased in all the luxury of the most costly filagree. On a beautifully arranged toilette table (which with the frame of the looking-glass, was composed of richly embossed gold, inlaid with precious stones) among other rich and sparkling gems, appeared within an open casket, a long string of large sized oriental pearls. A Greek lamp of gold, filled with perfumed naptha, stood upon the table.

Beside a Venetian window, opening into a marble balcony which imitated a garden in its profusion of rare and exquisite flowers, on a low ottoman, sat, or rather half reclined, a fair being who might have been thought as inanimate as the objects around her, but for the gentle heaving of her bosom.

Though gazing out at the scene beyond, her thoughts were otherwise employed than in admiring its beauty, though it seemed a perfect paradise, where even the unsatisfied spirit of man could do nought but bask in the sunshine of enjoyment; and it was the hour, when the heart, if ever, must be replete with benevolence to all mankind.

The lingering twilight that had clothed the surrounding heavens with the varied tints, and romantic beauty so peculiar to Italy, was giving place to the rose-colored clouds, which threw a sort of vapory mantle, of rich, vivid violet color over the distant hills; the stars were coming into view, one by one, seeming to take their stations in the cloudless vault, as the guardians of the night over the lonely world. The moon, slowly emerging from a grove of Spanish chestnuts that crowned the neighboring hill, poured its silvery flood upon the polished lake. A row of citron trees skirted the margin of this tranquil sheet of water, and a beautiful pleasance (the vivid green of whose velvet sward looked as though it had never been pressed by anything heavier than fairy footsteps) rising gradually from its edge, extended to the building. The musical trill of the distant waterfall, the chirping of the cicala, even the humble lowing of the cattle combined to form a sceneone of enchantment, so sweet, so placid, so fairy-like it seemed.

Turn, however, from this scene and behold the occupant of the apartment, and say if happiness necessarily dwells with wealth and splendor. Sorrow and anxiety were depicted on her countenance, but even in her sorrow she was an exquisitely beautiful creature; the infant-like delicacy, yet affluent bloom of her countenance, the head of Grecian-like dignity, the profusion of hair—

> "Whose glossy black to shame might bring The plumage of the raven's wing"-

which overshadowed without concealing the intellectual loveliness of her face, confined simply by a pearl bandeau, was parted on a forehead of dazzling whiteness.

Her dress was of blue velvet, flowered with silver, confined at the wrists and waist by bracelets, and a girdle of emeralds and brilliants. The girdle clasped a waist as slender and symmetrical as that once held, according to fable, by the cestus of Venus. A rich twisted necklace, pendants of diamonds, and blue velvet slippers constituted the costume of the bright and lovely being who adorned and wore it. The whole figure was pre-eminently beautiful, but it was the countenance that rivetted and entranced the attention, exemplifying the transcendant style of ideal beauty, which "deifies

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the canvas" of the great master Titian : the features, the outlines, and complexion of the individual were as faultless and striking, the expression as vivid and bewitching. Above all, in the large, clear and lustrous dark eyes, lurked the spell of resistless fascination, by turns melting with tender languishment and lighting with all the fervent passion of love, or sparkling " with a volley of rays that seemed to say a thousand things at once." Still, in their wild and ærial glance, an accurate observer might detect, at times, somewhat of the impetuous and fiery spirit which harbors in the breasts of the Italians. But, in the present aspect, there was nothing ominous betrayed; the whole countenance was overshadowed by a cast of deep and pensive thought, amounting to absolute melancholy, which added to its sweetness and purity, by softening its natural glow, like the gentle twilight, throwing its vapory mantle over the brilliant hues which emblazon heaven and earth, in the glorious sunset hour of a summer's eve, in her own fair and sunny land-the Helen of nations.

Imilda di Gieremei was a Sicilian by birth, and the only child of the Conte di Gieremei, who had extensive dominions by right of his wife, a lady distinguished for personal attractions, but of grave temper and retiring manners. The father-proud, worldly and ambitious-doted on the beautiful child, who, reversing the ordinary attachment of girls, repaid his love with interest, while towards her mother, whose melancholy turn and religious exercises, acted as repellants on Imilda's affections, she was much less warmly disposed. His charming and cherished child, under his tutelage, became the pride and admiration of his country. The celebrated Cecelia was scarcely more deified and idolized, and the fond parent beheld, with a feeling of gratified pride, the reception she everywhere met with. Beautiful, daughter of one of the richest and highest nobles in Sicily, and allied to many aristocratic families of the land, it was not to be wondered at that Imilda was courted by many noble lovers, who poured into her ear the incense of exalted admiration. From amongst these her father would gladly have permitted her to select a suitable companion. But her affections were inalienably engaged to one who had, ever since her recollection, been the companion of her childhood, but whose birth and fortune could not entitle him to the honor of so high an alliance.

The Conte having no son to succeed him in his rank, his pos-

sessions, and his ancient name, it became doubly important, that Imilda, who inherited them all, should wed early and splendidly. He immersed her in gaiety, and spared no expense to encircle her with the pleasures of art and appliances of luxury. She visited gay ladies and courts, with a view to the finest and most expensive cultivation of her favorite tastes. She entered into the fashionable world, for which she was formed to be, if not its brightest, at least an unusual ornament—into these scenes she has so often entered in her waking as well as midnight dreams. The fickle breath of popular applause and admiration, she sighed not after, for though inexperienced in the language of the world, her discriminating judgment and true delicacy of sentiment easily distinguished the difference between the outpourings of the heart, and vain and senseless adulation.

Perhaps in no country does the master passion visit girls so early as in Italy. At the early age of fifteen, Imilda knew, what first love—passionate love—was, but as before mentioned, the person who had inspired the tender passion, unfortunately had not, she supposed, the pure and rich blood of aristocracy flowing in his veins.

It was at a marked festival at the palace of her father, that Imilda leaned upon the arm of a youth, who during the evening had poured into her ear all the "tongue's utterance of love." The graceful pair had wandered almost unconsciously into a garden, breathing with the freshness of the midnight air, and rendered still more enchanting by the odoriferous scents of innumerable flowers.

All was silence and deep repose. The moon was climbing the blue depths of the starry heavens, and pouring down upon them a flood of mild and soul subduing radiance. Every object—above, below and around them, was calculated to awaken the most intense and rapturous enthusiasm. The hearts of the youthful pair yielded to the melting influences of the hour.

Presently there comes floating on the air the soft breathings of a lute, and then followed a full but mellow voice, uttering in song, an avowal of passion couched in the honied tones of a first and soul absorbing love. The youth was fair to profit by so sweet, so auspicious an opportunity. He unmasked his face, and kneeling down, avowed his passion with all the fervor and enthusiasm of which a youthful heart is capable. How mournfully delicious were Imilda's sensations when she discovered in her suitor, the long treasured hood, the com had haunted night. Not t told her but t pity at her fe dependant of cheek, yet had test, and fame brave cavalier

That moonl heart was irres surpassingly lo her beauty, he and trembling Their passion the Persian flo

Days, and v frequency of lovers glided rapturous blis realities of tim

IMILDA was her own thou was not sorry mind is much turn to our re past, and drea wandered to t The eve one. to send for lig keeping watch enabled her t She rose, and open, and Ber "Bernardo and hurried m

long treasured divinity of her bosom—the playmate of her childhood, the companion of her daily walks, one, in fact whose form had haunted her by day, and visited her pillow in her dreams by night. Not that she was surprised at the discovery, her heart had told her but too truly, that he who was then sueing for pardon and pity at her feet, could be no other than Bernardo Vernaldi, the dependant of her father. Manhood had scarcely darkened his cheek, yet had his prowess in the fight been frequently put to the test, and fame had already blazoned forth his name as a bold and brave cavalier.

That moonlight hour was to him the fatal Rubicon of life; his heart was irretrievably lost. Never had she appeared to him so surpassingly lovely, never had he before felt the united force of her beauty, her wit, and her gentleness. Nor was the blushing and trembling maiden insensible to the noble bearing of Bernardo. Their passion was reciprocal: they loved, but their love was like the Persian flowers, redolent with poison and with death.

Days, and weeks, and months fled in rapid succession. In the frequency of their delightful intercourse, the lives of the young lovers glided away in one uninterrupted dream of wild and rapturous bliss, but they were fated to be awakened to the sad realities of time.

· CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS.

IMILDA was sitting alone beside the Venetian window, busy with her own thoughts, and they all centered at one point. She was not sorry to be alone; no one is sorry to be alone when the mind is much occupied, though solitude always gives a melancholy turn to our reflections. She sat at the open window recalling the past, and dreaming over bygone moments. Sometimes her eyes wandered to the door, as though she expected the entrance of some one. The evening was drawing to its close, yet she did not choose to send for lights; she preferred remaining by the open window, keeping watch over the retiring day. The solitude she was in, enabled her to distinguish easily the tread of hasty footsteps. She rose, and the next moment the door of the apartment flew open, and Bernardo Vernaldi appeared before her.

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"Bernardo!" exclaimed Imilda in astonishment, at his sudden and hurried manner.

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"Yes Imilda, I am come to see you; perhaps for the last time," answered Bernardo as he advanced into the room.

His form was finely proportioned, his features marked and regular, rather than extraordinary, but his finely chiselled short upper lip, in its full and exquisite' curve, reminded one of the bewitching graces playing about the mouth of a Grecian statue; his forehead was broad and high, his hair dark, thick and glossy, and his full dark eye could one moment flash forth the lightnings of its wrath, and the next melt with all the tender languishment of love.

The evening was gradually obscuring the apartment, and to Vernaldi, the only visible object in it was Imilda di Gieremei, standing, and uncertain how to act. Extreme pleasure was the most natural feeling at first beholding her lover, and it prevented her reflecting upon the impropriety of his visit at that hour, and when she was alone. Yet, had she been expecting him, and more, anticipated the recital of unpleasant, if not painful news.

Imilda did not ask him to sit down, and she was yet bewildered by his presence, when Bernardo, hurriedly addressed her; his manner passionate and eager, and his face flushed, although he seemed fatigued.

"Do I offend you," he said, in subdued accents, "by being here? But if I do, you will forgive me, dearest Imilda, for I am here to bid you farewell, and for a long time; perhaps forever."

"Bernardo," said Imilda, reproachfully, but turning pale at the same time; "what means this jesting?"

"Dearest girl, I wish that it were but a jest," he replied, sorrowfully. "I am speaking in sad and sober earnest; so Imilda, you will forgive my abrupt intrusion, will you not?" continued he, with gentleness.

Drawing a heavy respiration, he informed her that her father had that day haughtily remonstrated with him for his audacity in looking up to his daughter, at the same time bitterly animadverting on the ingratitude and treachery of dependants. The young man's proud spirit was instantly aroused: he returned an angry reply, words "flew fast and furious," and the quarrel terminated in the Count's expelling him the palace.

The announcement overpowered Imilda: she burst into tears. In vain she tried to speak: she sat down and hid her face in her hands, and sobbed convulsively. "Deare grieve. I too, and I little han ming the the drops But even her boson

"Going lips. He in common and stifli throes.

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"Dearest!" said Vernaldi, while he knelt at her feet, "do not grieve. I cannot bear to see those tears: if you do, I shall weep too, and I shall suffer more than you do. Imilda, give me that little hand;" and Bernardo forced away the fingers that were stemming the flow of Imilda's tears; he took the hand and kissed away the drops.

But even this action passed unheeded by the unhappy girl, and her bosom seemed bursting with its anguish.

"Going!" she murmured, and a wild scream hovered upon her lips. Her heart swelled with a degree of sorrow which has nothing in common with words or with tears; her utterance was choked, and stifling sobs were heaving her bosom with their bursting throes.

It was such a helpless, hopeless sorrow—to see no more the cherished object of her deep affection. For well she knew once the door was closed upon her lover, never, never would he be permitted to repass the threshold. The darkness of a grave would have seemed less appalling than this curtain of woe cast over all that so feeling a heart held most dear.

To live but for one, to dream of him, to speak of him with rapture, to thrill when the music of his name is heard, to know what heaven is in his presence; to exist by his remembrance, to listen for his very breath, because his breathing is more to your existence than your own; to devote your life, your future, your aspiration, your whole soul to one object, and that object be withdrawn from you—oh! reader, if you have escaped this, think not that your burden has been great;—be not misled, overrate not your afflictions, nor rashly compare them with such as these. Was the passion of Bernardo sincere?

Aye, he loved her with a depth of devotion that is rarely equalled, and which being restrained from public expression, was rendered more intense. There had dwelt in the unstirred depths of his breast, a fond and energetic attachment—a fund of impassioned feeling, which tranquilly reposed as the waters of a sealed fountain, but like them burst forth in a pure bright stream at the liberating touch that brought it into motion. That breast had been touched, the fountain poured forth its living waters, and the warmth and sensibility of his nature made him the enthusiastic votary of his Sicilian divinity. It was not alone because she was the gifted heiress of a noble house—the beautiful,

the brilliant, the admired, the adored, that entranced his soul, whose magic spell claimed omnipotent rule; no, it was the kind and sympathetic manner, the charms of her mind, and the delicacy which had studiously avoided any allusion to his unknown origin.

What was his origin, or who were his parents, no one could tell, if the father of his beloved be excepted, but if he knew, he maintained a profound silence on the subject. All that was generally known, was that at the early age of four years, the boy had been brought to the Count's princely residence, and though in his boyhood he was nurtured and all his wants amply supplied, still he was only regarded as a new appendage to nobility. Hints and surmises were naturally whispered about, but none dared openly to give vent to their thoughts, or venture to enquire of the haughty Seigneur who the child might be.

Arrived at the proper age, he received his education along with his beloved daughter, shared in her studies and pleasures, and eventually became a sort of private secretary to the Conte, but with this seeming generosity and happiness were blended mortifying truths. The Conte ever treated him haughtily: his superiors, on account of the position he maintained in the establishment of his patron, were in a manner reconciled to his handsome person and fascinating address, though many and bitter were the insults he received and apparently endured from the young Sicilian nobles-while his inferiors, though not openly expressing their envy, contrived in various indirect ways to wound his feelings. The only redeeming feature in this life, in fact that rendered it supportable, was the knowledge of his being beloved by the beautiful and high born Imilda. Indeed, had it not been for this knowledge, his proud spirit, shrinking from such underserved treatment, would long since have rebelled, and he would have sought another home-another clime-where, if the sphere he might move in would not be as high, his feelings would not be subjected to unmerited persecution.

CHAPTER III.

THE SEPARATION.

BUT to return. Bernardo, after taking the maiden's hand, and kissing away the drops, waited till she was calmer, and it was not till the violence of her grief was exhausted that she spoke.

"Is it true, Bernardo, what you have told me? Has my father

discovere presence, Vernal and in sa "But "No," "Is th anger.

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discovered our secret, and in consequence banished you from his presence, and—and from me—forever.

Vernaldi, in reply to this interrogatory, without circumlocution, and in sad accents repeated what he had previously told her.

"But you will return ?"

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"No," he replied staking his head sorrowfully, "why should I?" "Is this, then your affection?" asked Imilda, almost with anger.

"Listen to me," answered Bernardo, as he still knelt at her feet. "Your father has vowed to wash out the supposed stain upon the honor of his house with my blood, should I ever again put foot upon his land. Depend upon it, he will redeem the pledge. His threats I value not—they pass by me as the idle wind, but it is too evident he is determined to remove me, to banish me for ever from a spot, where enchained by early associations, and excited by the continual presence of my beloved, there could be no probability of my overcoming what he denounces as a degrading and —."

"Say no more—say no more," she said piteously, interrupting him. After a silence of a few seconds. "I am going to leave you, dearest," he said, mournfully; "and the bitterness of my despair will ever be unknown to you—your mind cannot comprehend the wretchedness of mine now. Your single regret at my absence will be as nothing, Imilda, compared to my endless sorrow, which will live while I live—for life itself is old with me—and you are all to me—all—my youth—my hope—my every joy—the only thing my soul desires—the only being that I rejoice in. I cannot look forward—the world possesses no charm for me—only you are my world—not this one, Imilda, but a better one, and—and I must resign you. Do you hear me, dearest? oh! look at me, and speak to me with your eyes at least!"

The maiden looked at her lover, and his mournful countenance seemed to give assurance to his words.

"You have broken my heart," was her earnest and sad reply.

"Rather say, your cruel father has brought this dire misery on you—this despair on me. But ——." He hesitated.

"But what?" inquired Imilda, tremblingly, as though seemingly afraid to ask the question.

"There is a way to escape this tyranny," he answered quickly. "Fly with me!" he exclaimed, with sudden fire; "fly with meyou shall not repent it. I will adore you while I live, and if I die, I think my spirit would break its bonds to watch over you! Fly with me, and in the universe—which will be a chaos without you —you will be all in all to me. I could not have another hope; I could not know another happiness. Fly with me, dearest, and I will teach you the boundlessness of my affection. Oh! fly with me, and be worshipped by a heart that owns you for its very religion. My own Imilda, dearest, dearest one! do you hear me; have you listened to my ——"

"For the Virgin's sake, have pity on me, and tempt me not," exclaimed Imilda, interrupting him.

The agitation of her voice denoted the intense pain of mind that she was enduring; and her beautiful face—beautiful still with its streaming tears—was bent over Bernardo's, with the expression of an angel, pleading for compassion. He went on imploringly, and he spoke but the truth; and its powerful evidence carried conviction to the unfortunate girl.

"Imilda, I would resign my existence to call you mine; you cannot doubt I would do it gladly; say you know it to be so, my beloved, or I shall think you never have appreciated my affection, and are incapable of probing the depths of my devotion."

There was a deep silence for some time, broken at length by his saying, with a faltering voice :

"To-morrow, dearest, I depart, but you must go too; indeed you must—you would not abandon me. Imilda, I ask, I beseech you for your pity. Oh! forsake me not," cried Bernardo imploringly, and he buried his face in the lap of Imilda, while his quick drawn breath and broken sentences betrayed his agitation.

"Leave me alone, I entreat you, Bernardo; you are breaking my heart," said Imilda, and with her slender hands she tried to raise her lover from his kneeling posture.

What a world of misery was tearing the hearts of these two young persons. Oh! who that has a heart will not lament over the grief of such moments—the parting of those whose existence is each bound up in the other's; for, at this moment, it seems so, and to feel they may not meet again.

Vernaldi pleaded all that passion urged him to-he prayed, he wept, he adjured her to accompany him-what did he not say.

The feelings may be rent, but the very nature of a man's violence in such cases, alarms the timidity and delicacy of a pure highminded girl, and gives the power, as well as the desire to resist such undutiful entreaties.

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"Bernardo, I love you so. I would brave all—the world's contempt—I would encounter disgrace—I would leave my home— I would beg for you—I would forget that I am heiress of a noble house; but Bernardo," and the quivering of her lip evinced the intensity of her suffering, "my father, my dear father and his misery, his deep affection—to know I had rewarded it by leaving him alone and desolate;—the upbraidings of my conscience—I would stifle them. But would my God ever forgive me if I deserted my dear, dear father. Bernardo, do you hear me?" The unhappy girl appealed to her lover in a tone of anguish that obliged him to turn towards her. He beheld in her countenance the nature of her feelings, he once more flung himself on her generosity.

"Do you think my love can do nothing for your happiness? Think, how am I to believe you care for me, if you place so little faith in my affection? Oh, Imilda, dearest Imilda, can you not conceive some happiness in having me ever devoted to you, and anxious to save you from all evil. Bound to you by the holiest of ties—by gratitude—and a passion that has not its equal, can you picture nothing to yourself but misery if you go through life with me—my dearest one—my love—my only joy—oh! listen to me, and think how I have loved—how I do love."

Bernardo seized the hands of the maiden, and covered them with convulsive kisses. "Be mine, and fame shall blazon forth my name amongst the noblest of Italian chivalry. Oh! by what prayer shall I adjure thee."

By this last appeal Imilda's heart was almost vanquished; but she was still checked by the feminine delicacy which ruled her character so conspiciously, and which made her feel that independently of the laws of duty, the eloping with her lover was an open act of impropriety that her nature shrank from.

When Bernardo perceived that she persisted, mildly, but firmly in her refusal to accompany him, he changed his tone, and reproached her with selfishness and with deception.

"Yes," he exclaimed "you have deceived me. I put your affection to the test, and what has become of it? Where is your boasted love for me? You prefer your father to me. What has he done for you more than the laws of nature have forced upon him? You say he loves you—do not all parents love their children? You say your absence would grieve him. Do you think for a moment,

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that when he loses you, his sorrow will come up to the tenth part of my despair when I am alone, with my memory of you for my only pleasure, and your abandonment for the solace of my unhappiness? Oh! that I could despise the heartlessness that mocks my anguish !"

And Bernardo, striking his clinched hand against his brow. paced the room with a tempest in his bosom.

Suddenly he was restored to calmness. Approaching her he said "My darling love, forgive me. When you think of me hereafter. it must not be in anger. Perhaps it will be better not to think of me. I do not ask it-do not deserve it, love. Be happy if you can, it will render me less wretched."

He tried to smile, as pressing her convulsively to him, he imprinted on her lips, a long lingering kiss, then before she was aware of his intention he darted from the room.

Oh! what a burden life seemed to her at that moment, and how frantic was that wretchedness unable to struggle with such an excess of grief.

The evening of the following day found the banished Bernardo many miles from the abode of his childhood-the home of his beloved, on the road to Spain, with the determination of entering the army; having always had a predilection for a military life, besides enjoying thus an opportunity of seeing the world after his own way; he knew, for an adventurer, it was the quickest road to preferment. 如此是这些"是不能没有意义的意思"。

CHAPTER IV.

BING ADDAL CHIA , SALL A SACRIFICE-THE INTERVIEW.

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Two years flew rapidly round. During this time Imilda had never heard from her lover. Conjecturing from his long and premeditated silence, his vows of eternal fidelity were forgotten, or remembered only as an idle dream, she consented in an evil hour to become the bride of the noble Conte Borgia Lambertazzi. This cavalier, who was remarkable for his wealth, his accomplishments, and his handsome person, though still in the flower of life, was of an age that nearly doubled that of his intended bride. His family and wealth sufficiently recommended him to the father of Imilda, but having prevented his daughter from choosing the object of her affections, he resolved at least not to force on a match disagreeable to herself; and therefore while he testified his own readiness to accept final ansv

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to accept the offer, referred the cavalier to his daughter for a final answer.

Though time and absence had not obliterated from her heart the impression made on it by Vernaldi, yet seeing the apparent impossibility of being united to her early love, and reflecting that Conte Borgia had long been one of her most impassioned admirers when he pressed his suit, as one smitten by a passion consuming and uncontrollable, and with an importunity that removed all difficulties, she finally promised to be his wife, but that the marriage was to be postponed for six months.

Imilda felt that, though she might wed the Conte, she could never give him the affection already bestowed on Bernardo, but true to her character, she considered it a duty to obey her father; and to gratify him was sufficent to induce this high-minded girl with a generous self devotion, not unworthy the Grecian daughter, to surrender the dearest privilege of her sex.

Alas! how many pure, lovely beings, are daily sacrificed to gratify the sordid desire of avarice, indomitable pride, or inordinate ambition; how many guileless hearts that beat with the joyous anticipation of life, which the truth can never realize, have lingered through a hopeless existence !

The happiness of two human beings, united by the most indissoluble tie, can never bloom with that resplendency so essential to conjugal felicity when the affection is not reciprocal. Would but parents, who are sacrificing their daughters at the altar of avarice or ambition, reflect on this important truth, then innocent offspring would not so often sink into an untimely grave! They would not so often see "Consumption, like a worm, feed on the damask cheek," and cut off in the spring of life, the beauteous flowers.

Imilda had parted with her lover at that period when woman may be said to be predisposed to love—at that happy age when girlhood is opening into the more matured bloom of womanhood, and the idea of being banished from his remembrance at such a period, gave rise to a feeling of disappointment, in which chagrin was deeply mingled.

But when she thought of their parting—his solemn vows of unalterable attachment: his speechless agony as, pressing her to his breast, he imprinted on her lips a long, lingering kiss—an undefined sensation stole over her—a something whispered she

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was guilty of profanation in consenting to become the bride of another. But she could not conceal from herself that she was forgotten; and to think of one who had deserted her, to say the least of it, was unpardonable. Moreover, supposing the sentiments he had professed remained unchanged, an insuperable obstacle intervened to the accomplishment of her wishes. Of this one fact she was certain—her father, the ambitious, proud patrician, would never consent to his daughter's becoming the wife of a plebeian, of an unknown, nameless adventurer.

It wanted but two months when her marriage with the Cavalier was to be celebrated, when to her astonishment, joy and dismay, she received a letter from Bernardo, briefly containing expressions of fervent affection, and earnestly soliciting an interview. The agony she experienced whilst perusing this epistle amply atoned for her thoughtless haste in permitting herself to suppose her image was obliterated from her lover's memory, and had it depended on her will, at that moment, she would have renounced Count Borgia; but, unhappily, she had gone too far to recede; she had placed her fate beyond her own control.

After long and anxious consideration she acceded to his request. The silent hour of night, when all nature would be wrapped "in blest repose," was fixed for the interview; and cold, though not motionless, as a statue, Imilda di Gieremei reclined on the ottoman in her boudoir, awaiting Bernardo's approach.

Every one has doubtless experienced how utterly impossible, at times, it is to dismiss from the mind presentiments of evil. At such periods, the most insignificant external circumstances possess the power of casting shadows over the mind. So forcibly did this fear possess her excited imagination, that at one period she had risen from her seat with the intention of calling her tire-woman, when the almost inaudible sound of approaching footsteps beneath her window rivetted her attention. The next instant Bernardo Vernaldi, dressed in the handsome uniform of the Spanish Guard, stood on the balcony before the casement.

Though expecting, even wishing him every moment to appear, her agitation was in nowise diminished, as springing through the open casement, and falling on one knee, he seized her trembling hand.

"Dearest Imilda !" were the first and only words which, for some minutes, he could utter. Cold an of though attributin at length "Is it

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Cold and immovable remained the unhappy girl. All power of thought, action or utterance she seemed deprived of. Not attributing it to its legitimate cause, sorrowfully rising to his feet, at length he said:

" Is it thus you receive your faithful, devoted Bernardo ?"

"Oh! Bernardo, would that you never had loved me!" sighed Imilda.

"Nay, dearest, say not so," interrupted her lover. "That love has been my guiding star; that love has buoyed up my spirit in trouble, in affliction, in danger—has been my shield in the day of hattle, my solace in the hours of solitude and sorrow. Do you grieve, then, that I have loved thee with a love that can have no equal. Answer me, dearest," he continued, as he encircled her waist with his arm.

Involuntarily she shrank from him as she sighed "'Tis too true."

"Oh! heavens!" exclaimed the young man, in a deep tremulous tone; "then I am to believe the report that greeted my ears on my arrival here. Keep me not in this awful suspense—tell me let me know—and at once, the utmost of my misery; are you are you—___"

The sentence remained unfinished. The words appeared to choke him in the attempt to utter them.

"'Tis the will of my unhappy destiny, combined with the wishes of my father," said the unhappy girl.

I fondly dreamed that you loved me, Imilda—that nothing could alienate that love—that like mine it would be unalterable," said Bernardo, in a tone in which disappointment and reproach were strongly blended, "but I now see that I have been deceived."

"Blame me not, Vernaldi. Could I imagine—could I hope your heart retained its faith, its fondness, after your long, long silence," returned Imilda.

These words seemed to petrify him with astonishment.

Suffice it to say, an explanation immediately took place, whence it appeared he had repeatedly written according to promise to Imilda, but received no answer. In fact, his letters had been intercepted. It happened that the attendant who had countenanced and promoted the stolen interviews of Imilda and Bernardo, was herself engaged in an intrigue with one of the attendants, who was no friend to Vernaldi. In the weakness of her heart she divulged the secret intrusted to her fidelity to her

paramour. He lost no time in communicating the intelligence he had thus acquired to the maiden's father, taking care at the same time to make his story susceptible of the worst possible construction. Through this man's instrumentality the letters had been intercepted.

Again, and again had Vernaldi written, but always, of course, with the like success, until his pride forbade him to write again. But his love had survived, notwithstanding, the apparent neglect and coldness of Imilda, and he had determined to see her once more, and learn the truth, from her own lips.

Long and eloquently, as love ever does, pleaded Vernaldi after the explanation. He conjured her to recall those dear, precious moments, they had spent together, when their young hearts beat in unison with the music of all nature. Finally, he conjured her to fly with him.

"Do not remain and enter into union with a man whom you do not love," continued Vernaldi with earnestness. "Had any action of my life rendered me unworthy of you, I would not urge you to elope. Could I gain your father's esteem, and convince him of his error respecting me, the step I propose would be unnecessary, but a plebian—an adventurer—without rank or riches, 'twould be madness to ask, or expect his consent. And yet," he said proudly, "the orphan-boy has gained a name—an honorable name, even from his bitterest enemies."

"Remember, my duty to my dear father, and is his request to go for nothing," murmured Imilda.

"But what does that father request? what would he do?" said Bernardo, somewhat bitterly. "Sacrifice the happiness of his only child—for what—because I am not, or rather because I am poor and lowly. Imilda, you well know I ask not, I do not want your fortune. "Tis true I *am* poor, but if faithful to me, and the constant endeavor on my part to make you happy, can compensate for the luxuries, the splendor of your home, then consent my own love, to be mine."

"You know not what you ask," she cried in anguish. "Tis horrible to brave the world's contempt—the scorn of your equals, above all the malediction of a parent. Wealth, power, luxury, fortune—all these I could willingly forego. I could forget I am the daughter of the proudest noble in Sicily, but I cannot brave a father's curse. I cannot forget his kindness. Do you think an hour' presence on the p reduced n shewn th est whim its last g

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an hour's happiness would ever be his, if I robbed him of my presence; and would you feel no compunction, when you looked on the poor miserable, broken-hearted being to which you had reduced my once haughty, but noble-minded father. Had he ever shewn the slightest unkindness,—had he ever thwarted my slightest whim, there would be some excuse for stripping the old tree of its last green leaf."

After a pause, she continued in a firmer voice.

"Besides, you forget the dangers we should incur. Think how we should bear and brave, the cold, bitter, scornful world, when once the fiat of the podesta had been issued against us—for assuredly it would be."

Young and inexperienced, yet were the maiden's words—words of truth, sad, sober truth. Yes! the world exercises a command over those who live in it, which it never relinquishes. We may hate it, despise it; we often do, but unhappily, though we would abandon it, the world will still cling tenaciously to us, and with an iron sway, and often, perhaps a wholesome one, it grapples with our best and our worst feelings. We fear its irony, we so dread its pity, we dare not be unlike all others, for, who is exempt from yearning to seem as he sees all others are.

But at that moment, the world and its belongings was swept away, or forgotten, in the one vivid, overpowering devotion, which raged and devoured the springs of life itself in his bosom.

"With thee, dearest, at my side, I could brave ten thousand dangers," he said with ardour.

"But the Council of Ten, Bernardo—or the assassin's stilletto, for there is nothing the hot anger, the devouring jealousy of Conte Borgia would not attempt."

And the beautiful girl shuddered as she contemplated the gulf into which he would precipitate himself.

"Fear not for me," replied Vernaldi, confidently, while yielding to the soft delusion of hope. "Ere the vengeance of a vindictive nature could reach us, we might be far away."

The lovely Italian maiden answered not,-a violent struggle was going on in her young heart.

It has been said that a woman's generosity is never appealed to in vain, when she loves. This may be true generally speaking, but a noble-minded girl will not seek the gratification of her own feelings, or her own individual happiness, when by so doing she

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entails misery on those most near and dear to her, and who moreover, have a paramount claim on her affections and duty. Imilda loved Vernaldi, and that love urged her to quit the parental roof; but several reasons, which if taken separately might not have been powerful enough to conquer the first resolution, combined, were sufficient to counterbalance it.

Affection to her kind, indulgent father seemed to her excited feelings more potent at that critical moment than ever, and the bare idea that she might never behold him again, made a strong an impression on her mind. Then, to leave Sicily, from which she but too well knew she would be forever banished, and the love of country, with an Italian, was, in those days, a sacred feeling, scarcely eradicated but with life; to leave that country-the old palace walls (the home of her childhood) that had contained so much glory and so much honor and renown. And though last, not least, to entrust her happiness to one who, though of a noble and generous nature-when the sunny hours of life had fled, when the frowns of stern, unbending penury stared them in the facemight droop beneath the storm, and, destroying the illusions of love's most hallowed mysteries, tear away the veil and leave her, when his vows and her heart were alike broken, to awaken from the halcyon dream to bitter reality! This last thought overpowered her.

Exhausted by her emotions, she sunk back on the ottoman and burst into tears. Bernardo attempted not to restrain this fit of weeping. In it he fancied he saw signs of hope. He interpreted the tears that flowed so fast—to regret only at leaving her father, her home, her all, to unite her destiny with his. But how fearfully was he deceived. The burst of feeling had gone by; with her tears vanished all traces of weakness; filial affection prevailed over love.

"Leave me! leave me!" she said, rising from the ottoman, "It is a sacrifice I appeal to your honor to make. I have gone too far; I am pledged too deeply to retreat; I cannot go with you, or I would; therefore, in mercy, leave me—leave me, I conjure you."

Vernaldi, who had risen mechanically with Imilda, stood as if he had suddenly looked upon a Medusa, and had been turned to stone. As soon as his paralyzed blood began to flow, his muscles to lose the its office never low my tongo would th "I has heaven of pity's sale wretched Farewell "and if mind, the than breas she again "Thin

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to lose their spell-bound rigidity, and his tongue able to perform its office: "Imilda," he cried in bitterness of spirit, "you have never loved me. Oh! if my heart could speak to you instead of my tongue, you would not, you could not resist its appeal—for you would then know--it has but one feeling-love-for you."

"I have loved you," she replied passionately, "I do love you, heaven only knows how much, but I cannot fly with you. In pity's sake leave me to my unhappy fate; and do not increase my wretchedness by entreating what I cannot, dare not accede to. Farewell! Strive to forget me," the tears again stood in her eyes, "and if memory should ever recall Imilda di Gieremei to your mind, think of her as one who sacrificed her own happiness, sooner than break her father's heart." And overpowered by her feelings, she again sunk on the ottoman, and hid her face in her hands.

"Think of her as one who ruthlessly destroyed my peace of mind," frantically returned Vernaldi; "who blasted my hopes of happiness, turned the current of my soul, and converted the love I had for one beloved being into universal hate! But oh! pardon me, pardon me," continued he, throwing himself on his knees, and again seizing the hands of the trembling girl. "I know not what I say—I am mad—mad. Your cruel words have driven reason from her empire. Imilda, you do not, you cannot mean what you but now said."

Finding that the afflicted maiden was still silent, he continued vehemently: "Let me not leave you with the worst passion of human nature aroused. Tortured by the pangs of an unrequited love and a devouring jealousy; your favored lover, or husband, will become the object of a hatred too deadly to be depicted by language."

Silence succeeded this terrific outburst of the bad passions which raged, with such irresistible sway for the moment, in his lacerated breast.

Again he cast his eyes on the tearful face of his beloved, and again all his feelings underwent a revulsion. Again he was bending over her, hardly less pale and cold than she herself was. He was not the same creature he had been while lately raving in the delirium of passion; and if his feelings were as deep, they appeared to have assumed another form.

"Imilda," he pleaded in the gentlest accents, "say you will be

mine, even years hence, when there may be none to control you, and I will bless you to the latest moment of my existence."

"Bernardo," she replied sorrowfully, shaking her head, "it cannot be. Why wish me to raise hopes that can never be realized."

"Oh! merciful heavens! why was I not spared this trying hour! Why was I not slain on the bloody field!" and he struck his hand violently on his forehead.

"Farewell!" was sobbed out by the agonized girl.

"Farewell, then, and forever!" was echoed with tearful emphasis by Bernardo, as he rose from his kneeling posture.

How mysterious and inexplicable the feelings of the human heart! In one short moment, a hasty word, a scornful tone, or an averted look, can convert the love that has endured for years into the most inextinguishable hate! What unkindness, what neglect will it not unflinchingly endure; and yet, in one critical moment, its softest yearnings may be changed into adamantine hardness!

The last words of Imilda fell on Bernardo's heart like the bolt of death. He felt conscious of a mighty and painful revulsion of feeling taking place within him. The hope that had buoyed him up for the last two years, and like the light of the god of day, whose beams warm and invigorate all nature, cheered and rendered him happy under its inspiring influence, was suddenly destroyed. A thunder cloud had passed over his heart. Indignation, agony and despair usurped the place of love!

"If," said he addressing her with extreme bitterness of tone and words, "If I become dispised, scorned, hated, who will have been the cause of it? You! If I become a vagabond,—a villain—a misanthrope, who will have been the cause of it? You! If my maddened brain leads me to commit deeds of violence, to spurn all laws; but my own will, who will have been the cause of it? You! If my end be miserable and ignominious, as my life will be wretched and inglorious, who may I thank for it? You!—the high, born immaculate Imilda di Geiremei!

A deadly pallor overspread his manly countenance. In his eyes was a fixed, cold, unearthly glare. A moment he stood as though forming a portion of the marble floor, then striking his forehead violently with his clenched hand, he darted through the casement, and vanished from her sight.

"Vernaldi, Vernaldi, return and I'll consent. I'll consent," almost screamed Imilda, as she rushed to the open casement.

> Creeps up to reverent touch ber feet, And lingers there in deep content.

It was too late: he was far beyond her hearing.

Paral Property

"Oh! Holy Virgin! have mercy on me; my heart will break," and overpowered by the anguish of her mind, and the high wrought spell, that her lover had employed to induce her to fly with him, she sunk senseless on the floor.

Her tire-woman entering soon after, found her mistress pale, cold and senseless, and she surmised, but too truly, who had stamped those features with the hue of death, and so bruised an angelic spirit, that it had sunk beneath his violence.

The attendant employed herself immediately in restoring Imilda to consciousness. She recovered slowly, and began to remember the cause of her over-excitement; but from that moment strove to banish the dread remembrance from her mind.

(Conclusion next month.)

AT EVEN-TIDE.

O lonely rock with shadow crowned, Sea-weed and shingle round your feet; A water round with The tide is out; you hear afar The fickle heart of ocean beat.

For morn lights up the eastern sands-The shimmering sands, that warmly glow, Run out to meet the breaker's kiss, And sparkle brightly through their flow.

Ah! lonely rock ! against your pride, Such love might spend itself in vain; What hope that you, so dark and chill, May ever win it back again? Static. P.

The sunset-colors fill the west, The eastern sands are pale and cold; But all the rock is clothed in light, Her crown of shadow turned to gold.

While o'er the shingle, softly, slow, The wearied tide, all passion-spent, Creeps up to reverent touch her feet, And lingers there in deep content.

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O steadfast rock with shadow crowned! O lonely heart with longing tried! We'll patient wait throughout the day, For love's return at even-tide.

St. John, N. B.

THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

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THE Rev. Francis Partridge, M. A., Rector of Rothesay, has "published by request," a sermon upon "The Apostolic Origin of the Church of England." It is inscribed by "His Lordship's permission" to JOHN, Lord Bishop of Fredericton. This discourse purports to have been "preached in Trinity Church, St. John, N. B., on the anniversary of the Diocesan Church Society, July 2nd, 1874." It, therefore, comes before the public, possessing not only the weight of the author's name (whatever that may be), but also the high sanction of Episcopal authority. Had this sermon merely been delivered from the pulpit for the especial edification of the adherents of the particular Church convened on the occasion of the above-mentioned anniversary, it might, perhaps, be overlooked as an excusable "glorification" on the part of an enthusiastic young clergyman. But when it dons the dress of printer's ink, and that, too, "by request," under the sanction of the Bishop, and parades itself upon the counters of book-dealers for promiscuous sale, it becomes public property, and a fair subject of public criticism. Its publication under such circumstances is tantamount to an open challenge for discussion.

In attempting to discuss a few of the most prominent topics in Mr. Partridge's sermon, we desire to do so in a spirit of candor and impartiality. And we sincerely hope those of our readers, who are adherents of the Church of England, so-called, will acquit us of any intention of reflecting upon that Church or its general membership. We do not intend to dip our pen in the gall of theological controversy. There is no occasion for such a course. We even yet cherish a warm regard for the Church of our forefathers, although frequently shocked at her many and increasing ritualistic extravagances of recent years. Theological discussion is an absorbing theme, and not always characterized by the best of

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temper. Disputants are very apt to be blinded by their particular creeds. Instead of candidly searching after truth, and squaring theological tenets in accordance therewith, men are too liable, through the prejudice of education, or design, Procrustis-like, to strive to bind truth and historical facts within the limits of their little couch of dogmatism and narrowness. We may remark in passing, that the tendency of religious thought to-day, is to run into extremes. We see men on the one hand, abjectly bowing down to an infallible prelacy; and on the other, blindly worshipping at the shrine of an imperial materialism. We need not remind our readers that either of these courses is most disastrous to healthy social, intellectual and religious life. The one exalts "a class" to a lofty position, and surrounds it with the continual presence of a divine afflatus, only to subject mankind to the degradation of mental and moral slavery-the other cuts loose from the "old moorings," dethrones Deity, and deifies matter. The first course, logically carried out, would revive the days of Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition-the latter would land us in the horrors of the French Revolution.

Fortunately for our present purpose, we have no occasion to enter either of these fertile fields of controversy. Nor does dogmatic theology necessarily require our consideration. Historical data will be amply sufficient to settle the entire question. We may summarize the sermon into three propositions as follows: lst. That Christianity was firmly established in Britain long before the arrival of Augustine and the Romish Missionaries; 2nd. That under its three forms it became the *National Church* of Britain about the middle of the second century; 3rd. That the Church or form of Christianity existing in Britain prior to the arrival of Augustine, *is identical* with the Church of England of the present day. At page 6 he says :—

"Now it can be shown, that the Church of Britain was a distinct national Church, having her own Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, her own rites, customs, ceremonies, and institutions, hundreds of years before the Roman Missionaries ever thought of going there. That when at the end of the 6th century Roman priests were sent by Gregory the Great, Bishop of Rome, to evangelize the Saxons (not the Britons, the ancient inhabitants of the island, but the Saxons, who were themselves usurpers in the country,) they found there a regularly organized Church and hierarchy, who would not and did not submit to the demands and the innovations of their newly arrived and arrogant teachers. That, looking back further still, British Bishops were present at many of the councils which took place in those early periods, at Arles, A. D. 314; at Sardica,² A. D. 347; and again, probably, at Ariminum³ A. D. 359: and others whose names could be given and whose records have come down to our times. That Constantine himself, well named the greatest of Roman Emperors, and the first to make Christianity the religion of the Empire, was not only himself a British Prince,⁴ but by direct descent, on his mother Helen's side, immediate heir to that kingdom which nourished and fostered the Christian religion when first preached in Britain.⁵ That he was elected Emperor while in Britain, and was supported in his subsequent career of victory by British troops."

And again on page 7, we are told: "He (Augustine) required them to conform to the Romish customs generally, and especially in the matter of the keeping of Easter. This they flatly rufused to do." Of course, according to all the rules of evidence, the onus of proof rises upon him affirming. We therefore must hold Mr. Partridge to the strict observance of this rule in proving these three propositions. He begins from early Apostolic times, and assures us that St. Paul was the one who superintended the introduction of Christianity into Britain. At page 12, he says:—

"Just at the time S. Paul was set free, Caràdoc was liberated on condition of not again bearing arms against the Romans. Six years of S. Paul's life remain unaccounted for between this time and his second imprisonment and death. He now accompanied Caràdoc, his son in the faith, to his island home, and set things in order in the Churches of Britain. Writings of S. Paul are extant in the ancient British tongue, ³⁵ which attest his presence in Britain, to say nothing of other testimony to the same effect. The chain of evidence is now complete."

A "chain of evidence," like one of metal, however strong, is no stronger than its weakest link. If, then, but one link in this chain is defective or missing, the chain itself, for the purpose in hand, is no better than a rope of sand. We can easily understand why persons of High Church notions—defenders of prelatical pretentions, are eagerly desirous of having us believe that St. Paul visited Britain. It is but an indirect mode of countenancing that oft exploded and mythical dogma of Apostolical succession jure divino. Our reply to the positions assumed is—1st. There is no evidence whatever that St. Paul ever visited Britain; 2nd. It is historically incorrect that Christianity became the National Church of Britain about the middle of the second century; and 3rd. That the Christian Church in Britain, shortly after the

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coming of Augustine, became subject to the Pope of Rome, and continued so for centuries, and is not identical with the Church of England of to-day.

We do not desire to be captious, but certainly the statements and references, in the first quotation, to Constantine and his mother Helen are of very doubtful authority. The point is of no great magnitude, although great stress has been laid upon it as of great significance. Although Mr. Partridge makes his statements concerning these personages with much of dogmatic assurance, yet our readers must not be astonished when we tell them that the best historical authority assigns to Helen the rank-not of a British Princess-but that of the daughter of an humble inn-keeper of Drepanum; and that Constantine, instead of being a native of Britain, first saw the light of day at Naissus, in Dacia. But what proof is there that Paul ever visited Britain? There is no positive proof whatever. Clement Romanus, writing about the year 70, says that St. Paul "travelled to the utmost bounds of the West." This certainly is slim evidence to shew that the Apostle of the Gentiles ever set foot on British soil. To prove that "the utmost bounds of the West" means Britain, we are referred by High Church divines to Theodoret. But he lived in the fifth centuryonly about four hundred years after Clement wrote, and his opinion, that such expression meant Britain, must be taken just for what it is worth. It is assuredly no positive proof on the subject. And if, as Mr. Partridge states at page 11, "at this period Britain was in everybody's mouth," it is passing strange there is no positive evidence that St. Paul went there. How could it be possible for St. Paul, the active servant of God, the keen logician, the polished orator and the ready writer, to accompany "Caràdoc, his son in the faith, to his island home," and to spend there six years of his life, without acquainting the world of the fact? The deduction that Paul must have been in Britain, because of a certain inscription over the gateway of the Abbey of Bangor, is, to say the least, original and novel. There is a tradition that St. Thomas at one time visited the ancient Mexicans, dwelt among them for some time, and taught them the mysteries of religion. Ruins of massive temples, stately and grand in their decay, meet the eye of the traveller in these tropic lands. Inscriptions upon some of these crumbling ruins, and forms of invocation, still extant, strongly point to a Christian origin. Would it be quite and that the Christian Church in Britain, the 00, after C

logical, however, to assume from these suggestive facts that the doubting Apostle had actually, at some period of his life, resided among the subjects of Montezuma? Such a conclusion would be quite as logical as that arrived at by Mr. Partridge. There is no reliable evidence of the time or mode of the introduction of Christianity into Britain. It may be that missionaries from Spain first dropped the seeds of Gospel truth among the rude and savage tribes of Britain; but there is no certainty in this or any other conjecture. The lapse of centuries has thrown so great an uncertainty about the subject, that, in the language of Stillingfleet, "it is as muddy as the Tiber." Archbishop Whatley says, "There is not a minister in all Christendom who is able to trace up with any degree of certainty his own spiritual pedigree." Bishop Stillingfleet says that " by the loss of the records of the British Churches, we cannot draw down the succession of Bishops from the Apostolic times." These men, notwithstanding their erudition and eminent abilities, are all wrong in their views, if we may believe the Rector of Rothesay. Those who can sincerely believe, from such vague conjecture, that St. Paul ever visited Britain, are easily satisfied with infinitesimal doses, and may not inaptly be denominated homeopathic believers. This great uncertainty about early British Christianity has arisen from a variety of causes. The Diocletian persecution, early in the fourth century, nearly, if not quite, exterminated Christianity in Britain. The Saxons, enemies of the Christian faith, about the middle of the fifth century entered Britain, and established idolatrous worship there. This continued for at least a century and a half, and during that time ecclesiastics fled the country to save their lives.

"Beyond this wide and dark chasm," says an able writer, "the present Anglican Church cannot trace the time of *its existence*, any more than the line of its Apostolical descent." And as to the second point, we would like to become acquainted with those "authorities" that fix "the *national* establishment of Christianity in Britain somewhere about the middle of the second century." Under what ruler did it take place? Where shall we find the Act of Parliament establishing it? Who was the first Bishop, and by whom was he consecrated? The reference to Joseph of Arimathcea we can afford to pass by with a smile. Admitting, however, that Christianity was the "*national establishment*" about the middle of the second century, it proves nothing, for it was swept away by

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which s such, h This sta for an source. appeal. the invasion of the Saxons, and idolatry was established upon its ruins. We dismiss this point, therefore, as one of no importance for the purpose of our present discussion. The third and last proposition is really the most important. It asserts the *identity* of the Church of England of to-day with the form of Christianity in Britain prior to the time of Augustine. At page 12 it is written :—

"My brethren and fellow churchmen, do you at all appreciate the importance of this historical position of our beloved Church? It is a very strong one. Thoroughly Catholic in the true sense of the word, thoroughly anti-fanatical, thoroughly anti-papal. The historic monuments on which it rests withstand all criticism. 'Around the ancient faith,' says an eloquent writer, 'rose hoary Cathedrals, Churches, Abbeys, Colleges, imperishable stones of witness that this Church was the primitive apostolical Church of Britain; that the papacy, with all its claims, was a novelty, an intrusion, an invention, a fable. That there never was a time when the eyes of the Christian pilgrim did not rest, in that island, on vast evidences bespeaking a Church subject to no other Church on earth, built on its own apostolic foundations, and recognizing the apostolic scriptures alone for its rule of faith.' What if this pure and scriptural and apostolic faith, handed down to us in our creeds, and which, please God, we will hand down, untouched, unimpaired, as the most precious heritage we can leave to our posterity, did succumb to the pressure of the Romish power in the middle ages? That is no disgrace to us. Tell me if you can, the institution or the race that did not bend beneath its yoke? If the national Church of Britain yielded to the storm, it was because she had indifference and sin among her members, and traitors in those who had sworn to defend her. And yet to the thoughtful student of history, those very occasions which are usually decried as usurpations of the State power over the Church, present a very different appearance. They are, and they ought to be regarded as, the vigorous protests of the old British spirit, on behalf of their ancient faith and Church, against a domineering and grasping foreign power, to which they owe neither their origin nor their allegiance."

Those sentences mean—if they mean anything—that the Church of England is not a *Protestant* and Reformed Church, but one which sprang into existence before the Church of Rome, and, as such, has continued from Apostolic times down to the present. This statement of the case is imperative upon those who contend for an "unbroken succession," not derived through the Papal source. The question is an historical one, and to the facts we appeal. The fact that Augustine reproached the converts of

Britain with heterodoxy in the manner and time of observing Easter, and that they shortly after conformed to the Romish view, is strong evidence of the supremacy of Rome.

The Irish stood out against the Papal observance of Easter longer than the English, but it is almost unnecessary to add that both, in a short time, accepted the views of the Papal authority. We cannot forget the famous debate between the Irish Bishop Colman and the celebrated Wilfrid, before King Oswy, in which judgment was given in favor of the latter, and according to the Romish view. Even in the time of Bede, the Britons had accepted Romish authority in this matter. And strange to say, Theodorethe successor of Augustine -- was consecrated at Rome A. D. 668. and became Archbishop of Canterbury-a strong proof of absorption by Rome. In Johnson's Clergyman's Vade Mecum, Vol. I., p. 34, 4th ed. 1715, it is recorded : "It had been much better if the English had received Christianity from the Britons, if it had not been below conquerors to be taught by those whom they had subdued. For they would have delivered this Religion to us without making us slaves to the Pope, whose CREATURE AUSTIN WAS: and the British were aware of this, and therefore opposed him, and adhered to their old customs of keeping Easter, and Baptizing in a manner somewhat different from that of Rome, and they continued their former practice in the year 731, when Bede finished his History; but in a short time after, the Welsh as well as the English became ENTIRELY ROMANISTS."

A reference to Bishop Godwin's Lives of the English Bishops will further confirm the entire supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. From the time of Theodore, the successor of Augustine to the Reformation, seventeen Archbishops of Canterbury and twelve Archbishops of York were ordained by the Pope or his legates. The custom was for the Archbishop of Canterbury to ordain the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of his Province. The Pope, as we see, as supreme Head, frequently intervened, and consecrated the incumbent of York.

What then becomes of this independent Church, "subject to no other Church on earth?" How could a Church be more thoroughly subject to the papacy than the British Church, from Theodore to the Reformation? She received her ordinations of Bishops from Rome for centuries, and they ordained the Priests who ministered at her altars. To talk of a Church, under such San Ing Serie Serie And

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circums and a fl As well or the r ocean. Wilfrid just the appeal : that tin should his aid in the s tunate f has fail convene Clarend certain civil co even the in these Archbis bled by between ments 1 Crown "that (civil co Becket Pope, a country usurpati aware t to the Alexand sented Bishops there do the old . Fancy a II., prot

circumstances distinct from Rome, is an insult to common sense, and a flat contradiction of historical facts known to any school boy. As well might we affirm that the dew-drop absorbed in the cloud, or the river merged in the ocean, is distinct from the cloud or the ocean. We are told in note 36, page 17 that Egfrid imprisoned Wilfrid for "appealing to Rome." If that proves anything, it is just the opposite intended. Why should a British ecclesiastic appeal from the secular power to Rome, if the British Church at that time were not part and parcel of the Romish Church? Why should a British Prelate, independent of the Roman Pontiff, ask his aid in either secular or ecclesiastical concerns? The allusion in the same note to the Constitutions of Clarendon is quite unfortunate for the view sought to be upheld. The reverend gentleman has failed to comprehend intelligently the circumstances which convened the Council that promulgated the Constitutions of Clarendon. At that time-A. D. 1164-the clergy, not unlike certain classes of modern clergy, claimed "immunities" from all civil control. They claimed exemption from civil prosecutions, even though charged with the commission of heinous crimes, and in these ultramontane pretensions they were upheld by Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Council of Clarendon was assembled by Henry II. for the express purpose of deciding the struggle between the civil and ecclesiastical powers. The priestly encroachments became so menacing, that the civil prerogatives of the Crown were endangered. Among other things, it was decreed "that Churchmen, accused of any crime, should be tried in the civil courts." This was one of the great objects sought after. Becket and his clergy were, at that time, submissive tools of the Pope, and were quite willing, nay anxious, to sacrifice their country and its civil liberties to the arrogant demands of papal usurpation. The merest tyro in historical knowledge is fully aware that the Bishops participating in this Council were averse to the promulgation of its edicts. We also know that Pope Alexander III, annulled the anti-clerical ordinances when presented to him by the King for ratification, and absolved the Bishops from their engagements. In this transaction assuredly, there does not appear to have been much of a "vigorous protest of the old British spirit on behalf of their ancient faith and Church." Fancy a British king, and one as bold and enterprising as Henry II., protesting on behalf of an ancient faith and Church, by asking

His Holiness to ratify what he had done? This was a peculiar way of protesting, certainly. England was then, and continued until the Reformation, ecclesiastically subservient to the See of Rome. A very extraordinary judgment was delivered a few weeks ago by Judge Routhier, of the Province of Quebec, in an action for damages, brought by a parishioner, against the *Curé* of the Parish for defamation of character. Judge Routhier held that ecclesiastics enjoyed "immunities" in such cases which placed them beyond the reach of the civil authority. The judgment was but a reproduction of the pretensions of Becket and his clergy in the time of Henry II.

This judgment, redolent with the ecclesiastical absolutism of the middle ages, was reversed on appeal a few days since by a Court composed of Catholic Judges. Judge Mondelet dissented from the opinions of his brother Routhier, which he said "would make society go back and dip into the absolutism of a bygone age, which cannot be revived." "These principles," he further said, "or rather these pretensions, are moreover in contradiction to the jurisprudence of the country, and are no more, nor should be any longer, the subject of discussion." The Court of Appeal gave judgment against the curé, and pronounced against the existence of the ecclesiastical immunities contended for. Can it be maintained that this judgment on Appeal of these Catholic Judges, is a "vigorous protest" against the Church of Rome on behalf of an ancient faith and another Church? The general public do not, we fancy, look upon it in that light, but such must be the conclusion according to the Canons of construction adopted by the Rector of Rothesay.

From what we have said, how can it be truthfully affirmed that the British Church "never consulted the See of Rome, nor any foreign power in its rites, discipline, government, or consecration of Bishops and Archbishops?" What astounding truths these assertions are! The world has been studying history for the last one thousand years in vain. What we had considered unquestioned historical facts, have, by the dash of the Rector's pen, become myths, nay, perversions of history! We feel some little consolation, however, in the knowledge that Dr. Hook, a celebrated High Church divine, and the advocate *par excellence* of prelatical pretensions, does not entirely coincide with the views of the last quotation. He says, Peter and Paul " successively ordained Linus, Cletus, a sion was and Cler Patrick, English ordinat churches

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Cletus, and Clement, Bishops of Rome; and the Apostolic Succession was regularly continued from them " (i. e., from Linus, Cletus, and Clement) " to Celestine, Gregory, and Vitalianus, who ordained Patrick, Bishop for the Irish, and Augustine and Theodore for the English. And from these times an uninterrupted series of valid ordinations has carried down the Apostolic Succession in our churches, to the present day."

Dr. Hook evidently thinks the ordinations in the Church of England came through Rome, by Augustine and Theodore, and apparently boasts of the fact. And if so, there must have been some consultation with the See of Rome as to "rites, discipline, government and consecration." We now have Dr. Hook on one side of the question and Mr. Partridge on the other. As they both pull in the same boat, but in opposite directions, we leave this point for their further consideration, hoping a more thorough knowledge of this question will bring their theological oars into greater harmony. There are many other considerations which show that this claim of "identity" is a creation of the imagination. The opinion of Dr. Hook clearly shews that. The Church sketched by Mr. Partridge has three distinct orders-Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons. Such was not the case in early Apostolic times. Wickliffe says: "I boldly assert one thing, viz.: that in the primitive church, or in the time of St. Paul, two orders of the clergy were sufficient, that is, a Priest and a Deacon. In like manner I affirm that in the time of Paul the Presbyter and the Bishop were names of the same office. This appears from the third chapter of the first Epistle of Timothy, and in the first chapter of the Epistle of Titus. And the same is testified by that profound Theologian, Jerome." The same views were entertained by Erasmus, Cranmer, Grotius, Mosheim, Lord King, the Latin Fathers, and a host of other eminent divines. What identity then can there be between the early British Church and the Church of England of to-day? None whatever.

Dr. Holland, King's Professor of Divinity at Oxford says, "that to affirm the office of Bishop to be different from that of Presbyter, and superior to it is most false." We readily admit the office of Bishop, as now existing, to be of great antiquity, but one called into being as a matter of convenience for Church government, and not by *divine right*. The modern Anglican Bishop of the High Church type holds himself, not only in degree, but in *order*,

higher than his Clergy. Not only so, but in the plenitude of gospel charity, denies the validity of the ordinations of the clergy of the other Protestant Churches. He looks upon Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist clergymen, as no clergymen at all, in whom it is sacrilege to administer the sacrament and to celebrate marriage. Some of them-notably the Bishop of Lincolnwould strip these men of the prefix "Rev.," even though the occasion of its use were the erection of a marble slab in a rural churchyard to mark the last resting place of a loved and favorite daughter. The Bishop of Fredericton, in opposing a temperance resolution, introduced at the last session of the Diocesan Synod. took occasion to remark that the besetting sin of the present age is-FRAUD. We cordially agree with his Lordship, and add that its twin brother is-SHAM. Is it not about time that Christian men awoke to the necessity of grappling with the verities of our religion, instead of frittering away valuable time discussing the cut and color of a vestment, the swing of the incense, and the proper angles of adoration. Gymnastics, millinery, and scent bottles have but little to do with the salvation of immortal souls. These are all-SHAMS. Chief Justice Ritchie struck a key-note the other day at Montreal, before the Provincial Synod, when in his incisive way he substantially said, "that it mattered but little what were the clauses of the statute of Henry VIII .- the great question was, what was best for the interests of the Church to-day." The great question is-not who can lay claim to the occult influences of this unfounded, "unbroken succession"-not, who can pronounce this or that party Shibboleth ; but who is trying to lessen evil in the world-who is striving to imitate his blessed Redeemer by going about doing good-who is faithfully endeavoring to bring the world to Christ? That we understand to be the true succession.

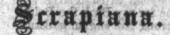
Space forbids that we should linger longer over this subject. We have glanced hastily at all the topics discussed, but we feel assured, in a manner to show the unstable positions assumed by Mr. Partridge. We have shown the total want of evidence that St. Paul ever visited Britain; and as to the assertion, that Christianity was the *national* religion of that country about the middle of the second century, the impartial reader must record the verdict "not proven." The third and last point we have discussed, but imperfectly. In truth, it needs but little discussion. If the world could forget a thousand years of its history—if we could successfully ignore Protestantia till then, c centuries su of Lethe, a seventeen A York had | the consecr and Clergy centuries, w of England as the Prin clergyman altars he m choice-her protest aga supercilious Christian C platforms of

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fully ignore or deny well established historical facts-if English Protestantism could forget the fire and the fagot-then, but not till then, could we admit that the Romish Church had not for centuries supremacy in Britain. If we could wash in the waters of Lethe, and forget that down to the time of the Reformation, seventeen Archbishops of Canterbury and twelve Archbishops of York had been consecrated by the Pope or his legates; and that the consecrations and ordinations of the entire body of Bishops and Clergy had proceeded from this source and authority for centuries, we might then, but not till then, claim that the Church of England is not a Reformed Church, but identically the same as the Primitive Church of Britain. We find no fault with a clergyman exhibiting a strong affection for the Church at whose altars he ministers. We think he should love the Church of his choice-her doctrines-her economy-her discipline. We do not protest against these things; but we do protest against those supercilious claims of superiority over the clergymen of other Christian Churches-against Christian pulpits being turned into platforms of arrogant assumption.



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Marthan Martin Barrister Constrained

THE CAVE OF SILVER.

Seek me the cave of silver 1

Seek me the cave of silver i Find me the cave of silver ! Rifle the cave of silver ! Said Ilda to Brok the Bold : So you may kiss me often : So you may ring my finger ; So you may bind my true love In the round hoop of gold !

Bring me no skins of Foxes : Bring me no beds of eider ; Boast not your fifty vessels That fish in the Northern Sea ;

For I would lie upon velvet, And sail in a golden galley, And naught but the cave of silver

Will win my true love for thee.

Beens, the witch, hath told me That up in the wild Lapp mountains There lieth a cave of silver, Down deep in a valley-side ;

So gather your lance and rifle, And speed to the purple pastures, And seek ye the cave of silver As you seek me for your bride.

I go, said Brok, right proudly; I go to the purple pastures, To seek for the cave of silver So long as my life shall hold; But when the keen Lapp arrows Are fleshed in the heart that loves you,

I'll leave my curse on the woman Who slaughtered Brok the Bold !

But IIda laughed as she shifted The Bergen scarf on her shoulder, And pointed her small white finger Right up at the mountain gate; And cried, O my gallant sailor, You're brave enough to the fishes, But the Lappish arrow is keener Than the back of the thorny skate !

The Summer passed, and the Winter Came down from the icy ocean : But back from the cave of silver Returned not Brok the Bold ; And Ilda waited and waited, And sat at the door till sunset, And gazed at the wild Lapp mountains That blackened the skies of gold.

I want not a cave of silver ! I care for no cave of silver ! O far beyond caves of silver

I pine for my Brok the Bold ! O ye strong Norwegian gallants, Go seek for my lovely lover, And bring him to ring my finger With the round hoop of gold !

But the brave Norwegian gallants, They laughed at the cruel maiden, And left her sitting in sorrow,

Till her heart and her face grew old ; While she moaned of the cave of silver, And moaned of the wild Lapp mountains, And him who never will ring her With the round hoop of gold !

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FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

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JOHNSON was probably in every tavern and coffee-house in Fleet Street. There is one which has taken his name, being styled, par excellence, "Doctor Johnson's Coffee-house." But the house he most frequented was the Mitre tavern, on the other side of the street, in a passage leading to the Temple. This same place was the first of the supper," says then sometime all fermented church sound Samuel John versation, and his companie elevation of sat till betwee that `period afternoon, a took the lib and not to m a bad habit.

The next a remark wh knowledge i se was an o perhaps, he One of his m of Campbell Boswell ma Johnson, " is been in the : a church wit principles." think he wa jealous for 1 Milton coul I cannot."

It was at Ogilvie, a S famous joke has a great of sir, you have and Lapland But, sir, let ever sees is unexpected the first of the kind in which Boswell met him. "We had a good supper," says the happy biographer, "and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle." (At intervals he abstained from all fermented liquors for a long time.) "The orthodox, highchurch sound of the Mitre, the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had before experienced." They sat till between one and two in the morning. He told Boswell at that period that "he generally went abroad at about four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not to make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit."

The next time, Goldsmith was with them, when Johnson made a remark which comes home to everybody, namely, that granting knowledge in some cases to produce unhappiness, "knowledge per se was an object which every one would wish to attain, though, perhaps, he might not take the trouble necessary for attaining it." One of his most curious remarks followed, occasioned by the mention of Campbell, the author of the Hermippus Redivivus, on which Boswell makes a no less curious comment. "Campbell," said Johnson, "is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles." On which, says Boswell in a note, "I am inclined to think he was misinformed as to this circumstance. I own I am jealous for my worthy friend Dr. John Campbell. For though Milton could without remorse absent himself from public worship, I cannot."

It was at their next sitting in this house, at which the Rev. Dr. Ogilvie, a Scotch writer, was present, that Johnson made his famous joke, in answer to that gentleman's remark, that Scotland has a great many "noble wild prospects." Johnson. "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious, noble, wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England!" "This unexpected and pointed sally," says Boswell, "produced a roar of

applause. After all, however" (he adds), "those who admire the rude grandeur of nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia."

Johnson had the highest opinion of a tavern, as a place in which a man might be comfortable, if he could anywhere. Indeed, he said that the man who could not enjoy himself in a tavern, could be comfortable nowhere. This, however, is not to be taken to the letter. Extremes meet; and Johnson's uneasiness of temper led him into the gayer necessities of Falstaff. However, it is assuredly no honour to a man, not to be able to "take his ease at his inn." "There is no private house," said Johnson, talking on this subject. " in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great a plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everbody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests ; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated with great emotion Shenstone's lines :-Mar Darmas

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round, Where'er his stages may have been, May sigh to think he still has found The warmest welcome at an inn."

"Sir John Hawkins," says Boswell in a note on this passage, "has preserved very few memorabilia of Johnson." There is, however, to be found in his bulky tome, a very excellent one upon this subject. "In contradiction to those who, having a wife and children, prefer domestic enjoyments to those which a taven affords, I have heard him assert, that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity. 'As soon' (said he), 'as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude: when I am seated, I find the master courteous,

and the serv to supply prompts me with those and in this The follo worthy of rigidly atte common co with exact principle ar truth of e doubted if mention an him one n 'begged I v street, which shilling, sup people, wou Johnson, it seen what p

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and the servants obsequious to my call, anxious to know and ready to supply my wants: wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatise, and am contradicted; and in this conflict of opinion and sentiment I find delight."

The following anecdote is highly to Johnson's credit, and equally worthy of every one's attention. "Johnson was known to be so rigidly attentive to the truth," says Boswell, "that even in his common conversation the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision. The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of everything that he told, however it might have been doubted if told by many others. As an instance of this I may mention an odd incident, which he related as having happened to him one night in Fleet Street. 'A gentlewoman' (said he) 'begged I would give her my arm to assist her in crossing the street, which I accordingly did; upon which she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be the watchman.' This, if told by most people, would have been thought an invention; when told by Johnson, it was believed by his friends, as much as if they had seen what passed."

Davies, the bookseller, said, that he "laughed like a rhinoceros." It may be added he walked like a whale; for it was rolling rather "I met him in Fleet Street," says Boswell, than walking. "walking, or rather, indeed, moving along; for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short life of him published very soon after his death :--- 'When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion independent of his feet.' That he was often much stared at," continues Boswell, "while he advanced in this manner, may be easily believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forwards briskly, without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be satisfied and take up his burden again."

The progress of knowledge, even since Johnson's time, has enabled us to say, without presumption, that we differ with this

extraordinary person on many important points, without ceasing to have the highest regard for his character. His faults were the result of temperament; perhaps his good qualities and his powers of reflection were, in some measure, so too; but this must be the case with all men. Intellect and beneficence, from whatever causes, will always command respect; and we may gladly compound, for their sakes, with foibles which belong to the common chances of humanity. If Johnson has added nothing very new to the general stock, he has contributed (especially by the help of his biographer) a great deal that is striking and entertaining. He was an admirable critic, if not of the highest things, yet of such as could be determined by the exercise of a masculine good sense: and one thing he did, perhaps beyond any man in England, before or since-he advanced, by the powers of his conversation, the strictness of his veracity, and the respect he exacted towards his presence, what may be called the personal dignity of literature. The consequence has been, not exactly what he expected, but certainly what the great interests of knowledge require; and Johnson has assisted men, with whom he little thought of co-operating, in setting the claims of truth and beneficence above all others.

TOO LATE.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, In the old likeness that I knew, I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas : Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

Never a scornful word should grieve ye : I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do— Sweet as your smile on me shone ever, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

O ! to call back the days that are not ! My eyes were blinded, your words were few; Do you know the truth now, up in Heaven, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas, Not half worthy the like of you ! Now all men beside seem to me like shadows ; I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas; Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew, As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas: Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MARIA MULOCE.

Not Irish -but a Ju "Maritime, spelled in t accept the c "Maritime, portions or entirely of from a whol one eighteen Che-hsien's been, he won here was C seventeen st whole horse the rest wit required the assistance, a legatees, giv mighty dolla Dominion r \$1700 had b

Cut in ro

Now divide (tion and add as horses or t consider this

A SOLUTION OF "NAUTES" CHINESE PUZZLE. BY A NEWFOUNDLAND CYPHER.

Not Irish-nor a Judge of Reprobates-nor of naughty writers -but a Judge of Nautes; not of the writer so styled in the last "Maritime," but of the arithmetical cypher, though not usually spelled in that way; this, however, is nought to the purpose. I accept the challenge of "Nautes," addressed to the readers of the "Maritime," and answer his query. "How is that ?" The parts, portions or fractions-one half, third, and ninth-do not dispose entirely of any whole number; after deducting those portions from a whole number, whatever it may be; there is a remainder of one eighteenth. Had the General Postman left eighteen steeds, Che-hsien's task would have been easy, and easy as it would have been, he would have had the eighteenth horse for his trouble; but here was Che-hsien's difficulty, under the legal distribution of seventeen steeds he was entitled to 17-18ths of one-almost a whole horse; but how to make it a whole one, and how to divide the rest without the loss of an ounce of flesh or drop of blood, required the aid of Shylock. Here Koon-fu-tsze comes to his assistance, and by dividing Che-hsien's commission among the legatees, gives whole horses to each. Let me illustrate by the mighty dollar, which will commend itself to the sense of your Dominion readers. Suppose, instead of seventeen horses, that \$1700 had been left to be divided in the same proportions.

Cut in round hundreds to each, the widow's half would have been 850 +50 900 Eldest son's third 566.66 2-3+33.33 1-3-600 Youngest son's ninth 188.88 8-9 + 11.11 1-9-200 Che-hsien's Com. 5.55 p. ct. 94.44 8-8

\$1700.00 94.44 4-9 1700

Now divide Che-hsien's Com. among the three in the same proportion and add as above, the result is the same whether considered as horses or their equivalent at \$100 each. I hope "Nautes" will consider this satisfactory, and remain, A CYPHER.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose That opens to the morning sky, But, ere the shades of evening close,

Is scattered on the ground—to die; Yet on the rose's humble bed The sweetest dews of night are shed, As if she wept the waste to see. But none shall weep a tear for me! My life is like the autumn leaf That trembles in the moon's pale ray ; Its hold is frail, its date is brief :

Restless—and soon to pass away; Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade The parent tree will mourn its shade, The winds bewail the leafiess tree. But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet Have left on Tampa's desert strand : Soon as the rising tide shall beat, All trace will vanish from the sand ; Yet, as if grieving to efface All vestige of the human race, On that lone shore loud moans the sea. But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

WE have received the October number of the MARITIM MONTHLY, published at St. John, N. B., under the editorial man agement of H. L. Spencer, Esq., a gentleman whose establishe literary reputation is in itself a sufficient guarantee for its success The number opens with an interesting paper on "The Discovere of North America, and the First Colonizer of Newfoundland," h Rev. M. Harvey; Geo. J. Forbes contributes an article on "Th Valley and River Platte;" "Notes of a Run through Italy," an "The Voyage of Magellan," are both readable productions; an the narrative of "Travels and Adventures in the South" present a vivid picture of the condition of matters in the "blockade-run ning" ports, growing out of the exigencies of the war of Secession The poems and lighter articles in the number are excellent; an we have no hesitation in recommending the MARITIME MONTHE to the patronage of our intelligent readers, as an everyway ab and high-toned publication .- Yarmouth Tribune.

WE expect in a short time to announce the publication of the essays and poems of the late Alexander Rae Gamvie. The MS which he left will shortly be placed in the hands of a publishe and we hope to welcome their appearance in a volume at a distant day.

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