

WHERE DWELLETH POESY?

THE city's arid ways had tired my soul,
I said, "I am alone"—I chafed at life.
"E'en Poesy hath fled—my once delight,
My sweet companion and my gentle friend—
E'en she hath fled, unable to endure
This heat and drought, these dusty flowerless ways;
And I—I cannot follow, here my path,
And here must I abide—my heart away
Far in the depths of fragrant summer woods
Wand'ring in happy solitude with her
My Queen, sweet Poesy. She who for me
Makes the brook purl and sparkle, and the trout
Dart hither, thither, 'neath the floating weed
That, half-diaph'nous, veils the pebbly bed;
For me sets forest trees in proud array
And fills the bosky boughs with choristers;
For me scatters rare scents upon each breeze,
And gives me glints of heaven through pearly bars;
For me throws out blue lakes in broad expanse
Shining and glorious; for me casts up
High hills, with rifts where many a wild flower hides,
And silver birches topple at the edge;
Where fairy-fountains fling their diamond spray
And chant wild runes that tame the fiercer winds.
"O wherefore, wherefore, art thou flown" I cried
"Me leaving here so lone!" Yet in my heart
I held no blame for her—sweet Poesy—
Who called me follow in enchanting tones,
And yet could I not harken for the bar
Duty had set across my daily path.
And so I fared, painful, at Duty's call,
Performed the tasks she set; while in my heart,
My heart of hearts, a voice I softly heard—
But found not whence it came—that gently said
"Doth Poesy indeed dwell far from Man—
Man, Nature's crown of crowns, scorneth she him?"
Then I "These streets, stifling with human breath,
Where care and woe dog every foot that falls,
Can she abide in such sad company?
I trace her not, I, who her lineaments
Know passing well." And on I went my way.

The streets were long; I hailed a passing car
And found it full of sweating toil-worn men
Of whom one rose for me nor would take nay:
Me-seemed, for all his garb besmirched and coarse,
I saw upon his breast a beauteous flower,
The fragrant flower of human courtesy.
As on we rode, a stalwart healthy man,
Of mien above the rest, yet of them, too,
Drew my regard. His hands were filled with leaves
Dyed by the early frost, and 'mongst them flowers,
Asters of many hues, and golden rod:
And, as I looked, I saw his eyes fell off
With soft regard upon his posy, as
Mem'ries around it hovered. He nor spake,
Nor stirred save as his flowers he scanned,
But held him as if resignation fought
With some strong grief nor had the victory.
"That man," I thought, "has some one sick at home
To whom he takes his flowers, a memory
Belike to them and him of merry days
That may return no more. Is't wife or child?"
Gravely he left the car. His neighbour said
In accents kind and pitying: "Every day
He takes that girl of his a posy home;
I guess next year he'll deck with them her grave."
"Yes," the reply, "it racks his father-heart
To know she's going where the angels are."
And then a silence fell. And men got out,
Some here, some there, until but two were left.
These nearer drew, and one to other said—
Pointing beneath the seat where stood a pail
Full of rich earth, black, soft and promising:—
"Taking home more? How do the flowers get on?"
"Yes, every day I fill the dinner pail,
The earth's so rich just where we're digging now,
All the good washings that the river brings,
And brought long years ago down from the Heights;
'Tis just the thing for flowers."

"Flowers!" thought I,
"Flowers! where can a man like this grow flowers!
Living as I perceive, and judged," for here
The men got out, he with the pail, a bright
And cheery fellow, young, but somewhat pale,
As if hard work and meagre fare had drawn
The colour out of him, yet left content.—
"Living," I mused, "where poor folk congregate,
And rents are high, and back yards very small,
'Tis likely that he dwells in two small rooms
Upstairs, with a flat roof at hand on which
His flower-pots stand; or, perhaps, roof being sound,
He's made a tiny plot where he can turn
And make believe parterre, and here he grows
The bright geranium and a vine or two
That need but sun and air, and a scant inch
Of generous soil, to set them climbing high
And throwing blooms—yellow, or white, or red,—
Canary-creeper, or a bean, or best
A morning-glory, with its wealth of hues,
To shade the wife's window, and to show
The little one that earth is not so dull
As else it might appear."

"Such men are wise
And can't be rude: the soft beneficence
That cultivates a flower has flowers of soul.
And that young wife! how joyed to see him home!
How her eye smiles, though pale and thin the cheek,
And hard the toil-worn hands."—For such men's wives
As well I knew, fill up the busy hours
With other work than their plain household tasks,
And earn their dollar toward the weekly store,
Glad if by such tense lives the wolf be kept
Far enough from their door.

Softly I stepped—
My car-drive over—along the thronging street,
And as I went, musing on many things,
The gentle voice within my heart of hearts
Spake soft again, "Doth Poesy indeed
Avoid the ways of men?"

Ashamed.

And low I bent,

S. A. CURZON.

THE RAMBLER.

I SUPPOSE one dare not consider the announcement
that Lord Tennyson is writing a three-act comedy for
the Daly Company in the light of a joke. There is a part
specially adapted to and written for Miss Ada Rehan and
another for Mr. John Drew. The principals have been stay-
ing with the Laureate in order to combine successfully in
the production of a prose "Princess" or a newer "Garden-
er's Daughter." Might not an amplified "Locksley Hall"
be written, with *personnel* as follows:—

Sir Midas Vere de Vere—a Baronet of the Fine Old
School.

Alfred Percival Pendragon—Nephew to the Squire and
in love with Amy.

Squire Arden—Owner of Locksley Hall. A man who is
up to the times and has "views" for his daughter.

Rev. Edwin Holmes—a Country Parson with antiquarian
tastes.

Ronald Clare } Guardsmen and friends of Alfred.
Walter Vivian }

Mahratta—a Savage Chief.

Torra—His daughter.

Mrs. Arden—No friend to Alfred and a lady whose word
is law.

Amy Arden—fair to look on but not strong enough for
her mother.

Katie Willows—a Village Maiden.

Alice—Amy's old nurse.

Villagers, Soldiers, Savages, etc.

The action is divided between Locksley Hall, the
Crimea and an Island in the Pacific. Synopsis of the
Play:—

Act I.—May day on the green with Locksley Hall in
the distance. The Squire's difficulty. Mortgages on the
old estate. Alfred and Amy discovered. "This will
never do!" Disgust of the Squire. Opportune arrival of
Sir Midas Vere de Vere. Has sprained his ankle fox-
hunting and is conveyed to the Hall. Mrs. Arden has a
Plan. Alfred is sent to London. Amy makes her choice.
"To save the home of my fathers—" The Wedding
Day arrives. Alfred, who has been informed by his
staunch ally, old Alice, arrives also—but too late. Amy
is a wife! Her Lover's Curse!! Old Alice turns proph-
et, and Amy, overcome, sinks at her mother's feet.
Alfred turns and flies! "A long farewell to Locksley
Hall."

Act II.—An Island in the Pacific. Torra, gathering
herbs, reveals her affection for the young Englishman.
Mahratta's Decision. Alfred has to marry Torra. The
Island *en fête* for the occasion. The rite interrupted by
the arrival of a British Man-of-War conveying troops to
the East. Clare and Vivian interfere and rescue Alfred.
Trouble with the "Narrow Foreheads." Escape of the
three Englishmen. Tableau, "Britons never will be
slaves." "Hands all around."

Act III.—Sebastopol. Alfred has enlisted. The Mis-
anthrope of the Corps. He is wounded and nursed back
to health by a gentle hospital nurse—no other than Amy
herself, who has run away from Sir Midas, taking Katie
Willows with her. Upon his recovery he tries to discover
who his nurse has been. Katie informs him, Amy having
been recalled to England by the news of her Mother's
sudden death. Alfred, drawn to England, returns,
attended by Katie and by Walter Vivian, who has taken a
fancy to Katie. Sudden appearance before they embark
of the Country Parson, who has, it appears, been all round
the world after Alfred, having unexpectedly come into
possession of a secret long in old Alice's knowledge, to
the effect that Alfred, and not Sir Midas, is the rightful
heir to the Vere de Vere estates. Rejoicing among the
friends. Confusion to Sir Midas and hope for Alfred!!!

Act IV.—Locksley Hall Again. Its "Ivied Case-
ments" and its roof-tree tall. The Old Squire a wiser and
sadder man. Amy makes her home with him once more.
The true character of Sir Midas known. "Poor child!
Alas, your mother—" Arrival of Parson Holmes,
Vivian and Katie. Sir Midas comes in search of his wife
and is met by Alfred, the Rightful Heir. Old Alice is
led in and makes all things clear. Triumph of Alfred.
Sir Midas falls to the floor and never recovers. At long—
long last the lovers are happy. Startling appearance upon
the scene of Torra, who comes to claim Alfred, but is easily
persuaded to turn her affections over to Holmes, who devotes

himself to educating her and finally making her his wife
and in years to come goes out to the Pacific and converts
Mahratta and his Island. Tableau and epilogue conclud-
ing thus:—

In prose—not rhyme this time—we've tried to tell
A tale (both less than rhyme and more than prose),
A tale so common you must know it well.

For rhyme, but rhyme, is worthless while it flows,
And prose, though less than rhyme, hath still its spell
When the tale woven out of experience grows.

So whether prosed rhyme, or rhyming prose,
Our tale is finished. Have we told it well?
Answer, O answer—to the Bard it goes.

Ten years ago an English writer affirmed that "a Con-
servative Ministry has spent six millions on preparations
for war which happily has not come, and has pledged the
country, whenever the Porte may make the signal, to
spend ten, or twenty, or thirty times as much. This is
the most tangible result of a foreign policy finally approved
by a parliamentary majority of one hundred and forty-
three on the 2nd of August. A chapter of history pro-
claimed full of triumph in its issue to Great Britain is now
written, and its contents may be summed up."

The Park Drives have become the fashion. Several
months ago I drew attention to the fact that not enough
children were seen in the Parks. I hope that sooner or
later it will become equally fashionable (*sic*) to send gov-
ernesses, nurses and children into the Park for a merry
hour or so of romping and ball-playing which shall counter-
act the cramming and the studying, or worse—the dawd-
ling and loafing on the crowded streets between four and
six every afternoon. Once instituted it would become
just as natural and easy and pleasant as the fashionable
drive is now found to be, while it would prove of great
benefit to the school children and their guardians. At
present the Queen's Park is large enough to admit of this,
but it may not always be, so let those who have the daily
charge of children make the most of their opportunity.
The Avenue, too, might be more frequented than it is; at
present it is a lonely impossible artificial kind of place.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF GENERAL WOLFE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Wolfe's character, in your issue of 18th Septem-
ber, was an excellent article. I trust the following will
prove of interest to your readers, as showing that Canada
possesses an *original* portrait of this illustrious character.

Recently, when on a visit to the Principal of the Jacques
Cartier Normal School, of this city, the Rev. Abbé Verreau,
a well-known Canadian Antiquary, I found he had a life-
size, three-quarter bust portrait of our hero. It is in an old-
style gilt frame—on the inner margin of which to the
right, in small black letters, were the words "Gen. Wolfe,
æd. 27," and to the left "Hudson Pinct." The portrait
was purchased in London by its present owner about
1872, at the sale of the effects of the Marquise of Hastings,
and was catalogued as an original. In the Life of Wolfe
(the you previously quoted from, it is said: "Mrs. Wolfe (the
General's mother) judging from her portrait by Hudson—
probably about the time of her marriage—was a very beau-
tiful woman. She had dark hair and dark brown eyes,
with a clear, delicate complexion, and straight, well-shaped
nose. It is strange that her son, who inherited her delicacy
of constitution and some of her mental qualities, did not
partake of her beauty, yet, though every feature of their
faces differed, there was an evident resemblance in general
expression." I find that Thomas Hudson was a famous
English artist, born in 1701, and who for many years
flourished as the chief portrait painter of London. He
died well off in 1779. I think, therefore, it is fair to pre-
sume that he painted this likeness. As Wolfe was born
in 1726, it would place the date of this work as executed
in 1749. In the beginning of this year we find Wolfe was
major of the 20th foot regiment, who were quartered in
Stirling, Scotland. In this painting he appears in a red
military uniform, head slightly turned to the left, and
with different features from the generally-accepted
engraved portraits, as here we see a pleasant, agreeable
face.

Taking these portraits of mother and son together, it
seems reasonable to believe they were executed at the same
time, or nearly so, i.e., 1749. There seems but one
undoubted portrait of the General in Europe, and the one,
in this city, here mentioned. Of the many verses composed
on the death of the General, I think this the best:—

Let no sad tear upon his tomb be shed,
A common tribute to the common dead,
But let the good, the generous and the brave,
With god-like envy sigh for such a grave.

Montreal, Sept., 1891.

JNO. HORN.

MANY men owe the grandeur of their lives to their
tremendous difficulties.—*Spurgeon*.

THE best education in the world is that got by
struggling to get a living.—*Wendell Phillips*.

If thou would'st conquer thy weakness thou must
never gratify it. No man is compelled to evil; his con-
sent only makes it his. It is no sin to be tempted, but to
be overcome.—*William Penn*.