

## 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 oft  
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,  
æt. 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*  
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*.