

## SHE SANG SWEET LAYS.

GENTLE FELICIA HEMANS' WORDS  
THAT WILL NOT DIE.

Pastor Felix Tells Again of Haunted  
Place—The Charm of Her Words—  
The Haunts and Scenes a Poet Chooses—A  
Life of Domestic Sorrows.

After all your epics, and rhymed roman-  
ces, what is better or dearer than a song?  
What is it that one would covet more to  
have written than a heart-lyric—the inter-  
pretation of human love and longing in  
its most perfect that all the world cries, it  
is done! He who does this abides more  
surely in the heart and memory of mankind  
than the makers of mightier things. What  
is dew? What is starlight? What is the  
distant magic of a purpling hill? What is  
the shimmer on a flowing stream? What  
is the evening voice of a woodland brook?  
All are hidden in the perfect song. The  
songs of "Annie Laurie" and of "Bonnie  
Doon," bring with us always, makes life  
sweeter, and love sadder and holier; like  
the scent escaping from the folds of some  
letter written by dear hands long folded in  
death; and even "The Old Folks at Home,"  
or "Do They Miss Me," will sometimes  
please us better than the utmost pomp and  
circumstance of the muse.

This is one reflection that our present  
subject suggests. She is secure in the uni-  
versal heart who sang "The Graves of a  
Household," "The Better Land," "The  
Stately Homes of England," and other  
throbbing lyrics, that carry tears and smiles  
in sweetest solution. While the heart of  
man holds a haunted chamber, these æolian  
breathings cannot cease; and while names  
are held in that sympathetic and tender  
regard the loving wish for, that of Felicia  
Hemans will signify something better than  
empty fame.

She was a beautiful, precocious child,  
who lisped in numbers, and who first saw  
the light of this world through windows  
of a home in Duke street, Liverpool,  
September 25th, 1793; and who bore the  
name of Felicia Dorothea Browne.  
Mingled in her veins with Saxon blood,  
ran a stream of the Sunny South, in which  
was that ardent and subtle emotion that de-  
termined her temperament, and entered into  
her poetry. It awakens a curious  
fancy, remembering the genius of "Tann-  
hauser's" Creator, to read that her  
mother's name was Wagner, and that she  
was of mingled Austrian and Tuscan  
parentage. That mother was a daughter  
of a consul resident in the city, who was  
married to George Browne, a son of Erin,  
and a not very flourishing merchant, who  
failed and retired from the city, not long  
after the birth of his most illustrious child.

There were seven children in the family,  
of whom Felicia was the fifth; and it would  
appear that they clung together with a  
warmth and constancy of fraternal affection  
not always manifest, certainly after the  
members of a household have been separated  
by time and distance. All—save the one  
taken in infancy—continued to strengthen  
and endear the natural tie that bound them,  
by renewed acts and deeds of tender con-  
cern.

It seemed as if Providence had conspired  
with nature to rear their poetic, beauty-  
loving offspring, amid the loveliest of  
scenery; for her father on his retirement  
made his home at Gwrych, near Abergele,  
in Denbighshire—a place of the wildest,  
most romantic seclusion in North Wales.  
There, shut in by a wall of rude mountain,  
with rocky steep on steep rising behind;  
and before them the sea, "moaning with  
many voices," stood the romantic old  
house; the very beams and timbers of which  
and the foundation stones seemed speaking  
with legendary tongues in the ear of the  
sensitive child, who here abandoned herself  
to nature and poetry. Beautiful it is to  
see, in our fancy, this maiden of fourteen  
summers, reclining in her dower of inward  
and outward loveliness,—her mind already  
a sanctuary in which the graces dwelt,—

"Her memory a dwelling-place,  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies."

and her person "in the full glow of that  
radiant beauty which is destined to fade  
so early;" now roving the shore to see the  
white-caps break and listen to the ceaseless  
roar of the waves; her profuse "ringlets of  
rich golden brown" blown back by the  
winds; climbing the hills, while the "man-  
tling bloom of her cheeks" deepened in  
color, and gave additional lustre to the  
"brilliant eyes," that, with their "ever-  
varying expression" gave such a changeful  
play to her countenance." Beautiful to  
see her ranging the apartments of that old  
house; lingering in the library, hovering  
from book to book, like a bee from flower  
to flower; prying over her Shakespeare  
among the boughs of the old apple-tree;  
ranging the nut-wood; sitting in the arbor  
where the swing was; passing by the pool  
where the children sailed their mimic ships,  
or going to the post-office tree in the  
rotten hollow of which they put letters for  
each other. What a childhood's elysium  
it was! And then she tells us of "the  
strange evening awe with which the soli-  
tude and stillness of Gwrych inspired her"  
with its haunting reputation, and the tradi-  
tion of the fairy greyhound keeping watch  
at the end of the avenue, a sight of which  
she coveted and used to sally forth by the  
moonlight to obtain. But no resort had  
quite the charm of the one which the shore  
possessed; a charm that called the child  
up on a summer night to sit in hearing of  
the waves; and brought her when wild  
storms piled the coast with ruin, or when  
the glorious creature smiled and dimpled  
and lisped in melody, till her inmost soul  
drank the spell.

"A sound and gleam of the moonlight sea."

She went in her eleventh year, with her  
parents to London,—the only visit to that  
city she ever made; but all the winter her  
heart sighed for the shore and the moun-  
tains. Then her eldest sister died; and,  
in her sorrow, she leaned to the younger,  
the army, and their lives gave to her  
thought a martial tone and hue. Her  
noble-minded accomplished mother en-  
couraged her access to books, and devoted  
herself to all the children, in the promotion

of their temporal welfare and the superin-  
tendence of their education.

Then late stole into her garden, in the  
shape of a sailor, who brought over her  
spirit in future years unexampled shadows.  
In this radiant dawn of genius and beauty,  
when "she was one of the most lovely and  
fascinating creatures imaginable, at once  
beautiful, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic,"  
with dreams of chivalry and noble endeavor  
in arms—her two elder brothers in the  
army, one fighting in Spain, under Sir  
John Moore,—Captain Hemans came.  
One wishes that he might have visited  
some other neighbourhood; but he entered  
in to become the hero of her dreams. He  
went away, but returned again, to  
make her his wife in an ill-starred marriage.  
She had passed the period of childish  
verses and their publication; she was filled  
with romance and old poetry, of her own  
and other lands; she had imbibed the  
passion of the musician, as well as of the  
poet, and practised with harp and piano,  
giving her preference to simple melodies,  
the tender and pathetic, the heroic and  
patriotic; she had already tasted the  
sweets of praise and the bitter of criticism,  
and was now producing verses which should  
arrest public attention. But she was no  
more a child, changes were rapidly coming.  
They left her happy romantic Gwrych,  
and went to Brownlie near St. Asaph, in  
Flintshire, when she was seventeen. No  
more rambles by shore or mountain glen,  
nor brooding amid old scenes over pages  
of Froissart or Shakespeare, in careless  
ease; life's sterner cares, and burdensome  
responsibilities are at hand. Capt. Hemans  
returned, she was made his wife—he who  
did not know and could not prize the jewel-  
soul that had entrusted herself to his care.

Upon their marriage, in 1812, they went  
to reside at Davenry, but soon returned to  
Brownlie, which was afterward their home  
as long as they continued together,—about  
six years. When he knew her first she  
rejoiced as poet and amid her rapidly-  
growing cares, she did not neglect her  
studies, but took upon herself, to too great  
an extent, the burden she best loved of  
reading and composition. Thus, with chil-  
dren about her and a home to superintend,  
her "Domestic Affections and Other Poems"  
and shortly after, her "Poems and Historic  
Scenes," were ushered to the public. Then  
the separation came, of those who, being  
"one flesh," were not one in soul. One  
wonders what sort of being this military  
officer was, and with what eyes he looked  
upon her who was the mother of his five  
boys, delicate in health, and fragile in  
form, with a girl-like beauty. Why  
could he not prize her and abide by her,  
and learn love and esteem,—even if he had  
never felt it before? Alas! but God only  
knoweth the secrets of human hearts; and,  
maybe, it was the utmost he could do to  
repair the wrong he had done, when he  
turned away his face toward Italy.

Through all her years of struggle and sor-  
row, mingled with triumph, saw her face  
no more.  
Now her children and kinsmen, and the  
beloved muse were her solace and divided  
her attention. Her fame was in bud and  
growing thriftily, and she ministered to  
growth and return from the city, not long  
after the birth of his most illustrious child.  
The poetical world "watched her way," and  
at every step she won some fresh laurel.  
Dr. Luxmore, of St. Asaph, and Heber, of  
saintly fame, were close friends; the touch  
of the German genius had awakened new  
fountains of inspiration in her, breaking  
forth in the poetry of "The Vespers of  
Palermo," which not even the genius of  
Keble could redeem on the stage at  
Covent Garden. But failure on the Lon-  
don stage, and critical abuse, were in some  
measure compensated by liberal returns  
from the copy-right; and her triumph was  
coming! Edinburgh should redeem her  
fame, when, in April of the following year,  
she was to say that "The Vespers" could  
be listened to. Kindly-hearted Joanna  
Baillie solicited Scott for an Epilogue,  
which was spoken by Mrs. Henry Siddons,  
and the grateful heart that trembled in its  
retreat at Brownlie overflowed with grate-  
itude to the great Border Minstrel in notes  
that testified her admiration and esteem.  
PASTOR FELIX.

About Saturn's Rings.

Every one who has given even the  
least attention possible to astronomical  
curios knows that Saturn presents a  
phenomenon to which there is nothing  
analogous in the whole of the solar system  
—two broad, flat, and very thin rings  
being his constant attendants in his trips  
round the sun. Galileo first noticed the  
peculiarity in the appearance of this ringed  
planet, which, he said, "appeared like a  
large body placed between two smaller  
ones." Huygens first described the rings,  
and figured them for the benefit of those  
not fortunate enough to own a telescope.  
The breadth of these rings lies from the outer  
diameter of the larger to the inner edge of  
the smaller has been computed at 29,900  
miles; total diameter of the outer ring,  
167,000 miles; and a space of 10,000 miles  
is supposed to intervene between the inner  
edge of the small ring and the surface of  
the planet itself. The composition of these  
rings, or, rather, this system of rings  
(some authors mention three and even four,  
although two seems to be the number ac-  
cording to the majority of writers) is simply  
a matter of conjecture. Some astronomers  
claim that they are composed of material  
similar to that of the planet itself, while  
others are sure that "they are composed of  
numerous satellites (moons) mingled with  
vaporous matter traveling in planes." Max-  
well says: "The rings must be formed of  
separate particles moving round the planet  
as independent satellites." According to  
Otto Struve, observations on the rings for  
a period of over 200 years prove beyond a  
doubt that they are widening, and that the  
lower edge of the inner one is slowly but  
certainly approaching the body of the  
planet.

Speaking to the Occasion.

"Col. Brown," remarked a chappie, "is  
the finest dinner speaker I know of."  
"Why," said his friend, in some astonish-  
ment, "I never heard he had any ability in  
that direction at all." "Well, he has; I've  
dined with him several times at various  
places, and after dinner he always says:  
"That's all right, my boy, I'll pay for it."

For Dyspepsia.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.  
Dr. J. GUY McCANDLESS, Pittsburg,  
Pa., says: "I have used it in various forms  
of dyspepsia, with gratifying results."

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Their Wisdom and Prudence.

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Compound.

MRS. GILBERT F. SAUNDERS.

Our Canadian women are the most care-  
ful and conservative on earth. They do  
not, as a rule, favor innovations and great  
radical changes, unless perfectly assured of  
happy results for the family and society.

In the field of sickness, suffering and  
disease, our Canadian women display re-  
markable wisdom and prudence. Few of  
them rush heedlessly for the common ad-  
vertised pills and preparations of the day;  
they are more inclined to observe the popu-  
lar treatment of the times, to which such  
attention is now directed.

Feminine conservatism in Canada is not  
of a stubborn and inflexible character. Our  
best women recognize merit directly it ap-  
pears, and are not slow to use the best  
and most approved means, especially when  
the restoration of health is concerned.



MRS. E. COLEMAN.

For some years Paine's Celery Com-  
pound has been the chosen and favorite  
medicine with thousands of our Canadian  
women in every province. This truly  
wonderful medicine has almost entirely  
superseded the methods of the old schools;  
it has done more for suffering humanity  
than all the combined efforts of physicians.  
No other medicine of our times has ever  
drawn forth such hearty and honest com-  
mendation and testimony as Paine's Celery  
Compound from women of all ranks.

In this issue we give the portraits of  
three Canadian ladies who have been re-  
stored and made whole through the mar-  
vellous curing powers of Paine's Celery  
Compound. These ladies did not yield to  
the interested motives of profit-loving medi-  
cine dealers; they were not persuaded to  
try the something else just as good; they  
were fortunate enough to buy the only  
medicine that could save their lives.



MRS. JOHN H. PIERCE.

The following testimonials forcibly speak  
in favor of the one remedy that every sick,  
suffering and weary woman should use.

Mrs. Gilbert F. Saunders, of Owen  
Sound, Ont., says:  
"For over a year I was troubled with  
pains in my head, leg and shoulder, and  
was in a bad condition. I went to four  
doctors, but they gave me no relief. A  
physician afterwards advised me to use  
your Paine's Celery Compound; I did so,  
and it has completely cured me. I recom-  
mend it highly to all who suffer from the  
same ailments."

Mrs. E. Coleman, of Brant House, Bur-  
lington, Ont., who was ill for nearly 20  
years, says:

"I feel it my duty to let you know what  
Paine's Celery compound has done for me.  
I am now 60 years of age, and have been  
very ill for nearly 20 years. During my  
long illness doctors and patent medicines  
failed to cure me. At the hospital I was  
told that I was suffering from tumors; and  
often, no matter how I tried to cheer my-  
self, I felt like putting an end to my life.  
I heard of your Paine's Celery Compound  
and commenced to use it, and it has done  
wonders for me. I can now get up at five  
o'clock every morning and get my sons off  
to work at seven; and very often I walk  
six miles before I take breakfast. I feel  
better than ever before in my life, and my  
friends are surprised at the wonderful  
change in my health. Paine's Celery Com-  
pound is a grand medicine, and I will al-  
ways recommend it to those who need it."

Mrs. John H. Pierce, of King Street  
West, St. John, N. B., forcibly writes:  
"I consider it a duty to recommend your  
Paine's Celery Compound to suffering

humanity. I suffered terribly from con-  
stipation, weakness, nervousness, dizziness  
and liver troubles; I was also subject to  
these tired, weary feelings, and had a  
slight touch of skin disease. The first dose  
of Paine's Celery Compound relieved me;  
and now, after having taken three bottles,  
I feel much better. I am not constipated,  
I have no weak feelings, and I eat and  
sleep well. I gave the Compound to my  
baby and she thrived well on it. It is a  
grand remedy, and I hope all who read  
this may benefit by my recommendation."

SANDOW THE STRONG MAN.

His Herculean Ambition Was Inspired by a  
Statue of Hercules.

Strong men have lived in every age.  
Samos and Sandow existed long before  
the world began to take an interest in  
muscular achievements. Every schoolboy  
has heard of Milo, the Cretan, who slew an  
ox with his fist, and ate it up at one meal.  
If his strength was equal to his appetite, he  
must have been a strong man indeed.  
Like several other heroes of classic story,  
he had an overweening confidence in his  
own powers. He attempted one day to  
tear a forest tree asunder, but the timber  
rebounded and caught him in its grasp.  
Then wolves devoured him.

Hercules was the "star" of heathen  
strong men. His seven leading feats of  
his programme always commanded the  
admiration of those who understood them.  
There were other strong men, however, in  
his day whose performances obtained less  
publicity. For instance, Polydamas killed an  
Olympian lion quite as surely as Her-  
cules. On another occasion, he opposed  
three of the strongest men in the Persian  
army, and killed them by giving each a tap  
on the ear. He was about to "tap" the  
flower of the Persian army, but the king  
cried "enough." Athanasius could run  
around the arena with a 500-pound weight  
fastened to his belt. The Emperor Maximus  
could crush a stone with his fingers, and  
Iccus could hold fast the most furious bull  
that ever lived.

The strongest man of the present day is  
Eugene Sandow. Sandow is a perfect  
replica of the artist: conceptions of  
Hercules. Strange to say, it was a statue  
of Hercules which inspired him to become  
a strong man. When a boy, he went to  
Rome, and saw there the wonderful statue  
of Hercules, displaying all the glory of  
magnificent physique. Young Sandow  
was puzzled to know why the men of to-  
day are unlike the men of classic ages.  
His father ventured the opinion that rail-  
roads and other conveniences had made  
men lazy. The boy determined to be as  
strong as Hercules himself. He studied so  
well, that he is now a living counterpart  
of the famous warrior.

This handsome, simple-minded German  
is the finest living example of muscular  
development. He has developed to the  
highest point every separate muscle of his  
body. He can lift a 500 pound weight  
with his middle finger, he can support a  
horse with his teeth, he can raise a man on  
his hand with the ease that he could raise  
a dog, he can support a couple of horses  
on his chest, and perform other feats of  
strength. He could kill a man with one  
blow of his powerful arm.

His muscles are so thick and deep, that  
the backbone seems to run along the bot-  
tom of a deep gorge. His chest, when in-  
flated, measures 58 inches in circumference.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

Angels weep on the day that a young  
man begins to spend more money than he  
can make.

The suspicions of some jealous mortals  
are two or three times too large for them.  
I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by  
MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Sydney, C. B. C. I. LAGUE.  
I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S  
LINIMENT.

Yamouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.  
I was Cured of Sciatic Rheumatism by  
MINARD'S LINIMENT.

BURIN, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

There are some faults slight in the sight  
of love, some errors slight in the estimate  
of wisdom, but truth forgives no insult  
and endures no stain.

Write to the Proprietors of Putnam's  
Emulsion for copies of testimonials to the  
excellence of Putnam's Emulsion from the  
most skillful physicians and prominent citi-  
zens of Nova Scotia.

There is one consolation in knowing that  
the world will never be as bad as some  
people think it is, nor as good as they  
think it ought to be.

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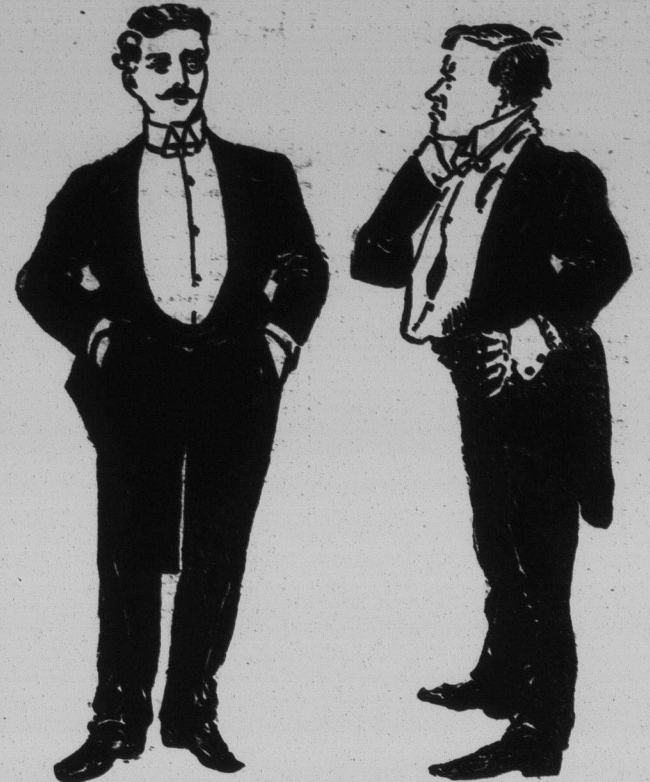
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Crumpled Youth: Ah, I say, just look at this confounded  
shirt, only had three dances and now look at it.

His Friend: Well, my boy, you should buy shirts that are  
made at Tookes', they are a sure fit every time. Look at the  
Tookes shirt I wear and I've danced every dance.

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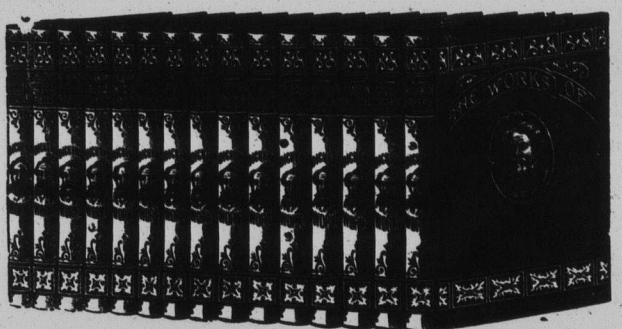
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