

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

BY G. MARIN.

A man of worth, a man of mind,
Has bade farewell to human kind;
No pomp, no sound of muffled drum,
No multitudes' mummending hum
Has stirred the air; but stifled sighs
And gleaming tears and shined eyes
Are tokens of a reverence felt
For one who to the Muses knelt,
In fealty with noblest vow,
And rose with garland on his brow.

So child-like, modest, reticent,
With head in meditation bent,
He walked our streets;—and no one knew
That something of celestial hue
Had passed along, a toil-worn man
Was seen, no more; the fire that ran
Electric through his veins and wrought
Sublimity of soul and thought,
And blossomed into song, no eye
Beheld until a foreign sky
Reflected back the wondrous light,
And heralded the poet's might.

Though doomed to less of sun than shade,
No weak complaint he ever made;
But bravely lived, content to let
The great world roar, and fume, and fret;
In visions of the days of old
He revelled, and in joy beheld
The glory of the Hebrew sages,
Whose utterance has toned the ages.
The sacred mount, the cave, the stream
Where holy seers were wont to dream—
He knew and loved, and summoned thence
The minions of Omnipotence,
Fantastic sprites, and buried men,
To fight gray battles o'er again.
Behold dread Samue's shade appear!
Behold Goliath's mighty spear!
And little-Hubel David's sling and stone,
And Saul's fierce madness; one by one
They rise before us, march, or stand,
Obedient to the Poet's wand.

Dear friend, adieu! if Malzah-like
An adverse Fate ordained to strike,
Beast thee on life's weary way,
And followed close from day to day,
He failed to conquer, failed to wrest
One murmur from thy manly breast.
Companion of my happiest hours,
Would that my words were fadefless flowers:
That I might lay them on thy tomb
To mitigate its lasting gloom,
And evermore above thee bloom.

—Montreal Witness.

WE learn from an upper province exchange that the Dominion Government have had under consideration the desirability of substituting for the present postal card, "a stamped sheet (about note paper size) with a gummed edge, to serve as both paper and envelope, and to cost two cents." It is also said that they will introduce, some time in January, stamped envelopes of the value of three cents, and the design is the head of Her Majesty in an oval frame. This plan will, at least, obviate the present inconvenience arising from stamps falling off after letters have been posted.

A Short and Eventful Career.

Leander P. Richardson, a reporter, and a brave, companionable young man, says a Fort Laramie correspondent, was riddled with bullets and scalped by the Indians during the late campaign in that region. His mother was the first wife of Albert D. Richardson, who was killed by Daniel McFarland. Young Richardson had no liking for the public schools, and his father sent him to the military school at Farmington, Maine. Afterward he learned to set type, and worked as a compositor. Then he found employment in the *Tribune's* counting room, and at the time of his father's tragic death was in Woodside. His mother died while Albert D. Richardson was a prisoner of war in the South. Leander went to Chicago, and was for a time a reporter for the *Inter-Ocean*. He travelled to California, and thence through the South. He was a reporter for the *New York Tribune* from January, 1874, to July, 1875. Then he went to Boston, and assisted his uncle in editing the *Congregationalist*. He delivered a lecture on "American Humorists," and a Hartford publishing firm made him a proposition that he should write a book on the West. He intended to see something of the Indian war for the *Springfield Republican*, and then go to California, the Sandwich Islands, and around the world. He was about twenty-four years of age.

A Good Suggestion.

The *London Advertiser*, some time ago, made the following sensible suggestion: "Mr. Heavysege is dead, and his poems have never been read by most Canadians. He worked in a newspaper office, died poor, and left a family. Since he did his best work, the publishing business has advanced wonderfully in Canada. Would it not be possible to publish a neat Canadian edition of his works, the proceeds, over expenses of printing, to go to his family? By common agreement the newspapers could secure a large sale of the book, without expense for advertising. Friendly reviewers say that Heavysege's 'Saul' is a poem that will be valued by the readers of the future. Does it not lie with the press of Canada to hasten the arrival of that flood of appreciation which can do more good now than fifty years hence?" We trust an immediate effort will be made, on the part of all in any way connected with the printing and publishing business in Canada, to give practical effect to this timely hint.