

SOME POETS OF NATURE.

PASTOR FELIX TELLS OF THOMAS HUTCHINSON, THE POET.

He was a friend of Eugene Field and his Character Resembles that of—Mr. Fenety's book Criticized—Midmo. Laurier as the First Lady in the Land.

Sir Donald Smith, the distinguished philanthropist and millionaire of Canada, who has succeeded Sir Charles Tupper as Canadian High Commissioner to London, wisely administers his own benefactions, and does not adjourn that duty to the time of his executors. In addition to his previous liberal gifts to the cause of higher education, he has now appropriated the princely sum of \$2,000,000 to the foundation of a college for women in the city of Montreal. The entire sum of \$5,000,000 for the good of "this Canada of ours," is a noble showing of which an inspiration will be felt by other money-makers in the Dominion. This man of large thoughts and aims, as rich in inward gifts and varied experience as in material wealth, will be a representative at the Court of St. James fitted to honor both countries. He is a Scotchman, as his name implies, sound in mind and frame, and at eighty years is still capable of being—

"The pillar of a people's hope."

The esteem in which he is held in Britain may be witnessed by his prominence among the five hundred guests at the recent banquet of "The Ancients." He is not less esteemed in the United States, where sterling manhood never fails to secure estimation; for he knows how to be a true Canadian, without flinging abroad any red rag of prejudice or hostility. An editor of a leading New York journal thus writes to him:

"He has had countless adventures, and in early life lived at Hudson Bay, where he was familiar with all the wild scenes, beasts, and fur bringing aborigines by which that great inland sea is surrounded. Crossing the Atlantic in the summer of 1884, he sat at the head of a table at which were Dr. Robert Newton Young and the Rev. S. J. Whitehead, the returning fraternal delegates from the British Wesleyan Conference, Judge Hendrickson, and the writer. Sir Donald was so interesting a talker that it was not uncommon for those near him to sit at table till the waiters requested them to disperse that they might make ready for the next meal. He was one of the chief projectors of the great Canadian Pacific Railway. He is a staunch Presbyterian."

In the beautiful valley of the Wanebeck Northumberland, England lives a scholarly book-loving man to whom Nature and the Muse are dear. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson to whom allusion has been made in these columns, as the author of a biographical essay on Burns, is master of a school at Peaswood, Morpeth, and is an apt pupil in another—a summer-school, held among the dells and by the winding streams of his Northumberland, where woods and flowers, and children, are his beloved teachers. He was the friend of Eugene Field the lover and poet of children, whom in his spiritual traits he resembles not a little, and derived much profit and delight from the books and letters of that genial lamented man. Mr. Hutchinson is keenly interested in life and letters on this side of the Atlantic, and has a constantly accumulating library of American books. He says "I am rather fickle in some of my bookish ways." For example I don't care for English editions of American authors. I must have the genuine Trans-Atlantic production. And I may egotistically say that I have a goodly number of such volumes. I have not yet made a specialty (as you suggest I should do), of Canadian poets but it may perhaps interest you to know that in my collection are: Mr. Lighthill's Anthology; 'Orion' and 'In Divers Tones' by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts; 'Low Tide on Grandpre,' 'Behind The Arras' and 'Songs of Vagabond' by Bliss Carman; 'Sea-wind' and 'Lancelot and Guinevere' by Richard Hovey; (Does he not err in classifying him with the Canadians?) 'This Canada of Ours' by J. D. Edgar; and 'The Water Lily,' by Frank Waters. His wealth may in this sort be substantially and intrinsically increased, and indeed he does aspire to the possession of the volumes of Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, and William Wilfred Campbell; for he says, 'they are three poets who have been strongly recommended to me, and just such as I should delight in judging from the poems of theirs that I have come across occasionally. Miss Wetherald's muse has also become an attraction to him for he requires: 'Is The House of the Trees, Miss Wetherald's first volume? The pieces you quote—particularly Pine Needles—are just splendid!' Mr. Hutchinson's author of a volume of poems of Child life, and various publications beside. The following, so far as we know, has never been published elsewhere:

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

We wandered thro' the wood, my wife and I,
And thro' the trees the sun shone on her hair,
Making a clearer, brighter sunshine there;
The birds were singing their glad songs on high,
The rivulet, aglow, leapt blithely by,
And wind and leaves made music in the air;
Upon the path ants hastened everywhere;
And cloudless gleamed above us the blue sky.
We did not speak—thoughts were to deep for words,
But soul to soul in silence closer drew,
'Till 'gainst our hearts we felt the heart of peace;
And sweeter than the singing of the words
Our speechlessness was to us, and we knew
The blessedness of love and love's increase.

The bicycle, to a generation badly bent on pleasure, is an admirably adapted instrument. It may be said that the Sabbath has by it been not so much broken as

shattered, and in fine completely pulverized. Yet though we have never learned to ride, we can see that it is not altogether unbecoming, and we do not look upon the most accomplished rider as only gracefully diabolical. There are always saddle-climbers who make both horse and rider to rue, and there are children of folly to whom the bicycle is a terrible temptation; but to the prudent and moderate the wheel doubtless furnishes a most wholesome and exhilarating method of locomotion. The St. Louis Christian Advocate indeed declares that the amount of energy expended in 'century runs' if forced into the business of sawing wood, would be considered a sufficient cause for rebellion, and put an archism to the rout with an alarming increase. However, the foolish abuse a good thing, we can but think of its recuperative value to the nerve-exhausted minister and teacher, on whom the gift of legs, which belonged to Wordsworth and Abasnerus, was never bestowed. The argument against the wheel drawn from the number of casualties does not seem to us a valid one; albeit, one writer seems of opinion that if all the accidents were as carefully chronicled as are those of trolley-cars, the sum would be surprisingly instructive. He says: "A minister, still unable to account for the cause of his accident, backed over a cliff and fractured his skull. Two citizens of Athens, Penn., started on Sunday from that place to Great Bend, where the wife of one of them was spending the summer. They were riding on a tandem bicycle. One received a compound fracture of the skull and died shortly afterward; the scalp of the other was torn from his head, and he was badly bruised that there is no hope of his recovery. These men weighed about two hundred and ten pounds each. Their machine had no brake. They rode very fast to the top of a hill, and began to descend before they had time to get the machine under control; one leaped, the other was dashed against the stones." In this case the accident was confessedly the result of carelessness. When two people, weighing two hundred and ten pounds each, ride up hill and down dale, with no brake on their wheel, an escape may be pronounced a miracle. It is as much the rider's part to know that his instrument is properly equipped, as it is to know that the horse he is to ride can be driven with safety. No doubt some are so constituted that they cannot ride rapidly down hill without, as the phrase puts it, "losing their heads," when the impulse to jump from the wheel overpowers them. Nevertheless, we are persuaded that if the real causes of most of the bicycle accidents, were known, carelessness or want of self-control on the part of the rider would account for most of them; and that the aggregate of serious disasters, as compared with those attributable to the trolley or the railway, would be found small indeed.

Mr. G. E. Fenety has given us a thoroughly readable book in his 'Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe,'—and we own ourselves partial to the subject. It has much the interest of agreeable after dinner talk "over the wine and the wine," when the good old times and the people we knew who distinguished them are under discussion. The author has an undoubted title to the thanks as well as patronage, of Maritime readers, for having embalmed so delightfully that lore which must, in some degree otherwise have passed away with himself. It is not a deliberately biographical, though the subject is treated compendiously,—but a series of pictures drawn by the hand of one who knew and admired before he attempted to portray. The works and words of genial, nobly-spirited and variously gifted subjects are given, with all the light and shade needful to a complete view, and in the familiar, reminiscent style so well suited to commend the book to a wide circle of readers. The portraits and illustrations add much to the interest and value of a work to which all readers of this journal at least should be favorably predisposed.

We count ourself among the loiterers in the Muse's field, and would scarcely in these days have the heart to gleim even a few stanzas, but that a brother or sister with arms full, will hail us now and then. So for shame, or in emulation, we wander over the sunset field, that our hands may not be altogether empty. There is one cry that always thrills when the hail of song comes here on the verge of evening, it is that of Home, and of the days 'departed never to return.' So it was we were started into "raploek" rhyme, by the coming near of a Scotch brother, who sounded his Highland pipe in our ear and to the following effect:

ACADEM.

Like mist that round a mountain gray
Hing for an hour, then melt away,
So I and nearly all my race
Have vanished from my native place.
Each haunt of boyhood's loves and dreams
More beautiful in fancy seems;
Yet I'll to those scenes repair
I find I am a stranger there.
O Acadie! O Acadie!
Where is thy charmed world for me?
Dull are the skies 'neath which I range
And all the summer hills are strange.
Yet sometimes I discern thy gleam
In sparkles of the chiming stream;
And sometimes speak thy haunting lore
The rust-wreathed sly of the shore.
Yet fondly will mine eyes incline
To hill and stream that seem like thine;

And when the robin pipeth clear
Is thy vernal note I hear.
And oh my blood will break in foam
To think I hear thee speak my name,
And see thy face with gladness shine
To find the joy that once was mine.

Madame Laurier, who, by the elevation of her husband to the highest seat is the gift of the Canadian people, (God grant it prove not too thorny and perilous!) has had honor and notoriety, if not greatness, thrust upon her and has already won the expression of much esteem, not to say affection and admiration. There are the two types of womanhood; the one who, in her own judgment at least, is fitted to shine, and living in the possession of wealth and social prestige the means of display, earnestly covets and overtly labors for a supreme position; and the other, of simple tastes and private loves and virtues, who is led shrinkingly forth to a position she never sought but will not fail to adorn. Of the two we know for which to give our preference. The villa in the little French town of Arthabakville will always be the home of her heart to this childless yet child-loving chateleine, with the "delicate features, clear blue eyes, silvery hair and fresh girlish complexion," and to it she will return in wish and fancy from the cares and gaieties of Ottawa. But the "quack French smile," the "flashing expression of white teeth, and sudden dimples," will be the outward expression of a nature that cannot fail to exert itself charmingly, whether in lofty circles or lowly, and to set a goodly fashion in any home in which its possessor may be placed as mistress.

In Outremont, a suburban village near Montreal, is the home of a poet whose childhood was nourished among Scottish glens and muirs. All day he sits clerking in a mercantile office in the city, as did Charles Lamb before him, in that immortal den of Lunnnon, The India House; then at evening he goes home to wife, children, and the muse—if he be not too weary—or at least to pensive memories in the garden. This is Robert Reid, or "Rob Wanlock," of the "Moorland Rhymes," the author of "Kirkbride," a ballad of the covenant that might have satisfied Motherwell himself, and which would have endeared our poet could he have known him. For nineteen years he has lived in the Dominion, and is probably anchored here for life; and though his voice is not absent from the choir that lifts the anthem of Canada's praise, there are no sweeter notes uttered by any Scottish American than those which celebrate the charms of his own Caledonia and the scenes of his youth. Then he is eloquent, and there are tears in his voice, when he sings of

"Wanlock, winsome Wanlock!
The pride o' a kint is the Auld Gray Glen."
No wonder if it is pleasant in his eyes:
The glory of the world is on the hills that first we trod.

"Fair dawns the spring on Scotland, bonnie Scotland!
While hill and loch, and muir and glen, avow its witching spell;
And blithely slumber opens its eyes on winsome muir-land Wanlock,
When bees begin to hum about the heather's burnin' bell;
And oh! the fragrant autumn hills its rare joy wan der o'er,
With some sweet lass beside, when the gloamin' hazy the glen;
Or nature's winter mantle sparkles w' its brightest hoar,
And a' the people the coontie folk—trig queans and cannie men,
Lik some wear its richest on the Auld Gray Glen."

"Kirkbride" is perhaps the piece by which he is best known, and for us its charm is prevailing. The poet puts its sentiment into the lips of an old dying Covenanter, who is supposed to have survived the persecution. William Wye Smith writes of it as being "one of the finest things of its kind ever penned," and says: "One of Reid's ancestors, John Reid, was ousted from his farm and in danger, during the days of the Scottish Covenant, and the Covenanted blood asserts itself in the poem."

"Bury me in Kirkbride,
Where the Lord's redeemed ones lie:
The auld Kirkyard on the hillside,
Under the open sky
On the breast of the bonnie lass asleep,
And side by side w' the banner that he streit there in their himmlist sleep;
This pair dune body manna sun be dust
But it thrills w' a stous' o' pride
To ken it may mix w' the great and just
That slumber in thee, Kirkbride!"

"Little o' peace or rest
Had we, that late again stude
W' our faces to the foe on the mountain's crest,
Shedde our dear heart's blagde;
Shedde our dear heart's blagde
For the riches that the Covenant claimed,
And ready w' life to make language rude,
Gin he King or his Kirk we blame'd;
And then I thought in the dismal day
We'd never see glamma' tide,
But melt like the cranvuch ridge that lay
I' the dawning, aune Kirkbride."

"Hark! free the far hill-tops,
And laith free the lonesome glen,
Some sweet psalm tune like a fate dew drops
In wild notes down the win';
In wild notes down the win';
W' a Kent song' ome my min';
For we sang't on the muir, a' when hamit men,
W' our lives in our ham' lang syne;
But never a voice can disturb this sang,
Were it Claver's in all his pride,
For it's raised by the Lord's ain ransom'd thrang
Forgeth' the aune Kirkbride."

I hear My Morri's tongue,
That I wistna to hear again,
And there—'twas too black McMichael's rang
Clear in the cloot's strain;
Clear in the cloot's strain,
Free his big heart, hand and true;
It's my soul as in days bygone,

When his gude bradward he drew;
I needs must be off to the aune aune muir
For he'll mae me by his side;
I' the thrang o' the battle I aye was there
And see me in his Kirkbride."

In this volume of his collected poems [Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London, 1894] there are several groups of sonnets, mostly on Scottish subjects, but one alone is in the 'Doric,' and should be selected, not only as most curiously consisting of dialect, but as strikingly descriptive and poetical:

GLOAMING.

The hummelt whang has gushit aerie skirl,
The flitcher's gurnook has his cover flow;
Din dwine about the muir the whin's low
Can scripply get the wye post-rick play swirl
Above the herd's auld bleid, or halloo droom
The laith sheep sabbie' o' the burn doon by,
That deaves the corrie w' its wylart croon.
I wadna suffer sic a gluck—not I—
Here, w' my ay fit on a' o' Scotland's hills,
Beather aune, and the muk lift owne a'
For foreign ferlie or for uoce sight
Eler braggid in sang; mair coothie joy distille
Free this than glow'rin' on the tropic dawe,

This will be a Scotch nut for our English readers, but the meat is sweet when they get it. Readers of the letters of Burns will remember his reference to the curlew (or whaup) and the peculiar effect of its cry upon his mind. "Rob Wanlock," brought up among the moors, has heard the same voice, and he has felt its power.

"For 'erest is the lit o' the laverock
Free the rise o' the clud at morn;
The merle pipes weel in his mid-day biel,
In the heart o' the bendin' thorn;
The blythe, bauld sang o' the mavis
Rings clear in the gloaming shaw;
But the whaup's wile cry on the aune cam by
O' the moorland's dings them a'.

"For what's in the lit o' the laverock
To ocht ocht mair than the aune;
The merle's low creak in the tangled brake
Can start nae memories clear;
And even the sang o' the mavis
But wakes a love-dream tane
The whaup's wile cry on the breeze blown by,
Like a wanderin' woe free lane.

"What thochts o' the lang gray moorland
Start up when I hear the cry?
The times we lay on the heathery brae
At the well lang syne gane dry;
And aye as we speak o' the ferlies
That happened aforthe time,
The whaup's wile cry on the aune cam by
Like a wild thing that in the air.

"An though I have seen mair ferlies
Than grew in the fancy then,
And the gowden gleam o' the boyish dream
Has all ped frae my sober brain,
Yet—even yet—I'll wander
Alike by the moorland's dings
The queer wile cry frae the gurly sky
Can tri my hearts still."

But time and space will fail us to cite such enticing examples of his verse as, "Entertain," "Neconomy," "In The Garden," "Outremont," "The Himmist Crichton," "Katie's Well," "To My Mother," "Kilmeny's Warning," "Stormed," "Wanlock," "Cameron's Grave in Atramos," and various of the poems we had marked and which gave us pleasure in the reading. Robert Reid was born June 8th, 1850, in the little lead-mining village of Wanlock-head, in the northern portion of Dumfriesshire, and not far from Leadhills, Ramsay's natal place. He spent his boyhood amid the "lovely girdle of green hills," the subject of his sweetest songs; but when he was fifteen years old he left the moors and glens for Glasgow. In 1874 appeared his "Moorland Rhymes," "Never," says William Wye Smith, "was book more aptly named. Burns was the poet of the straths and hills, and never opened his eyes but he saw a lark above him or a flower at his feet; but Reid is the poet of the moors, and the whaup's wile cry in the gurly sky is music in his ears."

But beautiful and to be regretted as Scotland now seems to him, he turned his face to the Western world, coming to Montreal in 1877, where he has since remained, engaging in mercantile pursuits.

"He married," writes Mr. Smith "an Edinburgh lass," and they have a family of three children. . . . Some years ago The People's Friend said: "After Haw Ainalie and Thomas C. Latio, Wanlock is beyond question the most gifted, spontaneous, and intensely Scottish singer that the gold of America has yet tempted to leave his native shores." We may hope to hear many good things of "Rob Wanlock," for, in point of years, he is yet among the younger bards.

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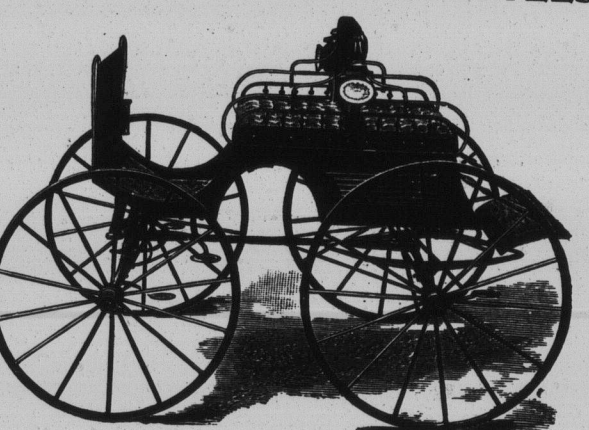
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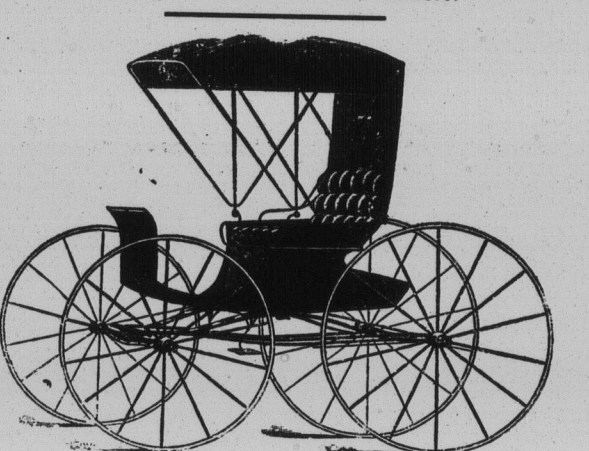
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PATTI'S OLD AGENT.

Giovanni Franchi's Shrewdness in Her Service and His Death in Poverty.

Giovanni Franchi, who was for many years Patti's manager and confidential secretary, died several weeks ago at his home in Milan. He was well known in this country, having accompanied Patti on many of her tours here. He was a shrewd old Italian, who knew how to look out for the prima donna's interest, and he did this so adroitly that he left behind him a number of anecdotes.

Franchi was in Philadelphia with Patti during a tour in this country with Col. J. H. Mapleson, who is now about to return here with an opera company. She always insisted on that clause in her contract which required that she receive in advance the \$5,000 she got for every appearance in opera. It was sometimes difficult for the managers to have this sum available, but when it was not Patti refused to sing. On this particular night, some ten years ago, she was announced to sing in "La Traviata" in Philadelphia. Only \$4,000 could be raised, and she had got that amount. Either the large proportion of the amount due her or the Colonel's evident desire to do the best he could warmed her into such a complacent mood that she consented to come to the theatre without the final \$1,000 and dress for her role. She refused, moreover, to put on those necessary articles until the rest of her money was forthcoming. By dint of scurrying around and taking the box office receipts around to her as fast as they came in, \$800 more were secured. When she got it, Patti put on one slipper. More stren-

uous effort produced another \$200 and as that went into the prima donna's possession the other foot went into her slipper. After the \$800 had been collected, Franchi reported to the manager.

"You're a wonderful man, Mapleson," he said. "Mine, Patti, has put on one slipper. She would not have done it for any other man."

Patti outlived Franchi, and the old man, who was 80 when he died, returned to Milan to live. He made an exception to the saying that a man who lives in the neighborhood of money is likely to get rich. After his death not a cent was found in his house. All that he owned was a small piece of property in Brescia, where he was born. For eighteen years he was associated with Patti, and to his judicious management is due much of her wealth acquired during that period. He was the oldest of Italian impresarios.

Another Week's Sudden Deaths

If the situation were not so serious one might say in the matter of sudden deaths from heart failure that each week is a record breaker over that which has preceded it. There never was a time when greater need existed for hoisting the red flag of danger, and appealing to men and women in all conditions of life to keep within convenient reach a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. With the slightest symptoms of heart trouble relief is secured within a half an hour of using this medicine. The case of Mr. L. W. Lay, of Toronto Junction, who suffered from smothering spells for eighteen months, being permanently cured by this great medicine, is only one of thousands of instances that could be cited.

"No," said Mr. Gobang, "I never made but one real bargain in my life. My wife is 42, but I found her marked down to 25."