

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THE POET'S TEACHER.

I wooed in vain the maid divine,
While yet my heart was light and young.
And over every path of mine
The iris-bow of promise hung.
Though in my soul a tuneful lute
Lay idly, I essayed in vain
To touch its strings,—my lips were mute
Or only woke a jarring strain.

But once in youth and love's sweet time
My morning sky was hid in gloom
And from the village spire the chime
Brought me a message from the tomb:
And since that time the thorn and brier
Beset my path—but to console
My weary heart, God waked the lyre
That lay so silent in my soul.

You who fame's summit would attain,
You who would wear the poet's bays,
No flower can blossom without rain
Or bear the sun's perpetual rays.
And so the heart which knows but bliss
No chord in other hearts can move;
The Poet's Teacher is
The Sorrow that is born of Love.

J. HAROLD LYNCH.

Toronto, Ont., November 11, 1875.

THE CANADIAN CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONERS.

MR. D. MACDOUGALL, ONTARIO COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Dougall Macdougall was born in the city of Glasgow, the commercial capital of Scotland, in the year 1827. Although by birth a Lowlander he is a true Celt, as both his parents were Highlanders from Argyshire. Mr. Macdougall's father was a member of the ancient and powerful clan whose name he bore. His mother was a native of Glenorchay in Eastern Argyshire, once the home of the warlike Macgregors. For generations back Mrs. Macdougall's ancestral relations followed the profession of arms. Several of them occupied high rank as officers in the British Army and served with marked distinction under Wellington in the Peninsula and in other parts of the world. Mr. Macdougall's father came to this country and arrived in the Province of Quebec at a time when it was in a most primitive condition, and where privations and hardships were the lot of every adventurous settler. He remained for a time on the banks of the Chateauguay river, where Mr. Macdougall, then a boy of seven years, acquired a fair knowledge of the French dialect as spoken in the district. His father removed from there to Toronto where he went into business. There the subject of this sketch received such an education as could be had at the best schools of the time. He applied himself to his studies with the zeal and perseverance for which he is distinguished, and, being fond of books and a great reader, he made the best of his time. His father died when he was about sixteen years of age. By this event he was thrown upon his own resources. This circumstance in his case was not without its advantages. It strengthened his natural spirit of self-reliance and inspired him with much of that strong determination and decision of character which were so often evinced in a marked degree in his subsequent career, and which singles him out as a self-made man in the fullest sense of the word. Having manifested, when quite young, a preference for the printing business, he secured for himself a situation in what was then the leading publishing house of Toronto, that of Rowsell & Thomson. There he made himself the practical master of the "art preservative" in all its branches, an acquisition that in those days was indispensable to anyone who looked forward to embarking on his own account in any newspaper enterprise. After he had acquired a knowledge of printing, he cast about him for a favourable opening in that line of business; but, as the time was unpropitious and his means very limited, he commenced to write for the newspaper press, a taste for which he discovered while in the service of his late employers. At this period of the newspaper press of Canada, no one could contribute to it without being irresistibly drawn into the politics of the day. Although he acquired a knowledge of the art of printing in connection with a Conservative journal, his mind was early imbued with Liberal sentiments, and the high-handed way in which public affairs were carried on by the Family Compact of that time, made him a confirmed Reformer. Mr. Macdougall continued to take a lively interest in the political questions of the day, and he along with the late Peter Perry, Esq., the father of the present Registrar of the county of Ontario, was mainly instrumental in getting up several influential deputations of independent yeomen, who visited Montreal, then the capital of the Province, and by their addresses and presence strengthened the hands of the representative of the Sovereign, Lord Elgin who was severely denounced by the Conservatives for having given his sanction to the "Rebellion Losses Bill." Mr. Macdougall's first attempt at journalism was the starting of a family paper. It was ably conducted and met with considerable success; but the time for such an enterprise had not yet arrived. Mr. Macdougall disposed of his journal, and turned his attention to political journalism, almost exclusively. He for a time contributed occasional articles to the Toronto press. He then became connected with the *Hamilton Journal and Express* where his articles attracted marked attention. He subsequently removed to Belleville, county of Hastings, where he became the editor and joint owner of the *Hastings Chronicle*. There his service in the cause of reform and good government were highly appreciated by the Reform party. About the year 1855 he undertook the editorial manage-

ment of the *Kent Advertiser*, which was published in the flourishing town of Chatham. While there he rendered most valuable service to his party both by his pen and personal exertions in numerous political campaigns. He was subsequently offered a favorable opening in Berlin, the county Town of Waterloo. The county is one of the most populous and flourishing in the Dominion, settled chiefly by Scotch and old country and Pennsylvania Germans. Upon Mr. Macdougall leaving Chatham he was tendered a public ovation and presented by the leading gentlemen of the county with a very flattering address. At Berlin he assumed the editorial management and proprietorship of the *Berlin Telegraph and German Canadian*, the former an English and the latter a German newspaper; both of which he carried on successfully until he retired from the press. Previous to such retirement he was presented with a splendid gold watch and chain accompanied by a flattering address signed by the leading Reformers of the county of Waterloo, in acknowledgment of the valuable service he had rendered to his party and to the county. In all these spheres of arduous and harassing labour, (for the life of a faithful journalist is seldom anything else), Mr. Macdougall was ever an active and earnest worker in the political ranks with which he had early identified himself. He was no less ready by speech, than with his pen, and during his long connection with the press, extending over a period of nearly thirty years, took an honourable and useful part in the party struggles in the western Province of the Dominion. Many old Reformers in the county of Hastings, but especially in the counties of Kent, Essex and Waterloo will long remember his incisive and pungent advocacy of the principles of his party and his stirring appeals on behalf of their common cause. Having the reputation of being a shrewd and discerning politician, he has enjoyed continuously a large share of the esteem and confidence of the leaders of the Liberal party. In 1859 Mr. Macdougall materially assisted Mr. Gillespie, then editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*, in establishing the Canadian Press Association. In 1862 he was elected President of that Association and afterwards made one of its honorary life members. In 1864 he severed his long and active connection with the press. He in that year received from the late Hon. Sandfield McDonald, who was then Prime Minister, his appointment to the Registrarship of the county of Waterloo; an office which he still holds as an appropriate reward of his past public services, which was generally acknowledged as being well deserved, by journals of both sides of politics. In his political retirement Mr. Macdougall has taken undiminished interest in all concerns in the district in which he resides. He has heartily identified himself with its educational interests, has several times filled the position of chairman of the High School Board of Trustees, and in every way has used his influence to help on every good and philanthropic object or movement, there or wherever else he could be of service. From his well known ability, energy and integrity of character he possesses and will always retain in a large degree popular respect and confidence. His recent appointment by the Federal Government to the Centennial Commissionership of the largest and most important Province in the Dominion was made under circumstances particularly complimentary to him, and was received with unqualified and almost universal approbation by the organs of public opinion, irrespective of politics, throughout the country. Mr. Macdougall is still in the prime of life and in the ordinary course of things has many years of continued public and private usefulness before him.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOSH BILLINGS FARMER'S ALLMINAX is published in a pretty pamphlet by Belford Bros., Toronto. The book is full of the quaint oddities which have made its author famous, at the same time that the calendar is a wonderful astronomical and meteorological medley.

We are in receipt of the new and Popular Song entitled "SILVER GRAY," published by S. TURNEY, Brockville, Ont. Price 30cts. Sample copy sent to any address on receipt of 10 cts. by the publisher.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY for November is one of the fullest numbers of the year, as befits the autumn season in which it appears. The Canadian subjects treated are: Experiences of the Great North-West, the Newspaper Press and the Law of Libel, and Canada's Alternatives, the latter by Roswell Fisher, M.A., of Montreal. The poems are all national and patriotic: Qu'Appelle, the Maple in Autumn and Canadian Hymn. The former of these poems we reproduce in another column. We are pleased to see the MONTHLY giving signs of prosperity and steady progress.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL POSTAL GUIDE is the first number of a work designed to be a medium of communication between the Post Office Department and the public. It is published by the authority of the Postmaster General, compiled from the records of the Department at Ottawa, and supervised by competent authority. It is published quarterly, and as each number will contain more or less new matter, and the changes made in Post Offices are carefully noted and corrected, each number will be of permanent value. The GUIDE is an elegant brochure printed and published by the enterprising firm of Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, and we take pleasure in recommending it to the public favor.

NORINE'S REVENGE.

Norine Bourdon was a French Canadian lass. No. She was not exactly that. Her father was a French Canadian and her mother a Vermonter. But she had many French Canadian traits—dark complexion, black curly hair and those big soft eyes celebrated in song:

Vive la Canadienne
Et ses jolis yeux doux.

She pronounced English also with that liquid gurgle which we may call Fectherian and had a pretty way of emphasizing her speech with a frequent exclamation *Mon Dieu*. Well, French Canadian or not, Norine Bourdon was destined to be a girl of tragedy. A New York lawyer, by name Gilbert, fell in love with her at Kent Farm up in Vermont. He was thirty-five and she was seventeen. She agreed to marry him, but, on the eve of the wedding, eloped with a scape-grace Adonis, called Thorndyke. This rascal takes her to Boston, goes through a mock-marriage, remains with her four weeks in the pastoral retreat of a Chelsea cottage, then cruelly deserts her and marries another to whom was attached the fortune of an old valetudinarian uncle. Norine learns her misfortune through the intermediary of a man named Liston. With him she plots vengeance against Thorndyke. How this is done is precisely the plot of the story, and it would be unfair to the author to explain it here. The reader is invited to do so for himself and we think he will relish the dramatic incidents.

"Norine's Revenge" is the work of a Canadian authoress, a daughter of New Brunswick, not unknown to fame as the "Cousin May Carleton" of the New York *Mercury*. We refer to Mrs. May Agnes Fleming. This author has written a great number of novelettes and romances, many of which will never emerge from the ephemerides in which they were originally published. But within the past few years, the success of Mrs. Fleming has engendered a laudable ambition and she has risen to the dignity of the bound volume. We read the present work conscientiously through in order to satisfy ourselves concerning the merit of the writer, whom we may still claim as a Canadian, although a resident of New York. We were interested to the extent of not laying aside the book until we had finished it—a process which took us through two cigars. We believe all those who peruse it will be equally interested. The plot is not novel, by any means; indeed it may be called hackneyed, but it is skilfully wrought, testifying to a decided talent of construction on the part of the writer. The language is simple, natural and correct; much of the dialogue is lively, and, but for the culminating chapters, we should say that the story is free from the vulgar vice of sensationalism. The scene between Liston and Norine at Sea View Cottage, when the dread secret of betrayal was revealed, is full of genuine power. In no other part of the book have we so analytic an insight into Norine's real character. As to the scheme of revenge, we regard it as a weak and commonplace on the score of invention, and, from an æsthetic point of view, unworthy of a heroine. Up to that point, the thought several times suggested itself that the novel could be effectively dramatized, but on reading that particular chapter we abandoned the idea. We were glad to see that Gilbert shared our interpretation of it, but like an old fool—bachelors of his age are always fools—he condoned the fault and married the girl who had jilted him.

"Norine's Revenge," is a well printed little volume, published by Belford Bros., Toronto, whom we congratulate on the enterprise they display in popularizing good literature in Canada. Toronto is fast deserving the title of the Boston of the Dominion.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PROVIDENCE.—A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the stream of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone by him that might easily have gone through him: and by what little old unforeseen chances death has been turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready, and direct career to have been posting to him.

ACTIVITY.—There is much misconception as to what are called labours, and burdens, and cross-bearings, and contentions. The easiest part of any life, whether it be secular or Christian, is its activity. As long as a man is in the possession of health, bodily activity is not toil. It may become so through excess; but, by nature, a suitable degree of activity or industry does not simply accommodate itself to mankind—it is in the constitution of men to be in health, and in happiness by the exercise of their faculties. And that which is true of the body is more eminently true of the mind; for our joys do not come few and large—they come like the dew, and like the profitable rain, in myriads of small drops, and that which we enjoy most is that which we enjoy in small measure at each particular moment of time.

BEGIN AT HOME.—Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin at the centre, and work out-ward. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture sour your visage towards a sister or

daughter, pray cease to teach beneficence on a large scale. Begin not at the next door, but within your own door, then with your next neighbour, whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. "How can I make him or her happier?" This is the question. If a guinea will do it, give the guinea. If advice will do it, give advice. If a look, a smile, or a warm pressure of the hand, or tear, give them. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment.

THE PROMISE OF YOUTH.—What a terrible mistake we do make in this matter to be sure! Is there a family in the land where the genius has not grown up into a very poor creature—whose cygnet has put on no swan's plumage as he swam down the stream of years? If the despised fool has not as often developed into a genius, it is that geniuses are rare birds that do not roost on every perch. If we were quite wise ourselves, of course we should make these mistakes less often; but are they not almost impossible to avoid? How can we look on a bright child, quick in thought, ready in speech, and full of childish wit and fun, and refrain from doing the little rule of three sum about it! If the child of eight is so clever, what will the man of thirty not be? Or, again, how can we guess that the dull, thick-witted child, sleepy and listless, who has never seen a gleam of the other's wit, who has none of the charm and brightness of the other, dull in perception and slow in speech—how can we guess that he is a genius in disguise? How can we tell that the quick early growth of the one will be arrested, that his wit will crystallise into flippancy, and his cleverness into disputatious dogmatism—that the future Lord Chancellor will make a briefless barrister, the future bishop a croquet-playing curate, the general a half-pay captain, and so forth? And what is to make us guess that the heaviness and cloudiness of the other is but the ferment of great mental powers, the mysterious development of a grand intellect?

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FANNY DAVENPORT believes that marriages between stage folks and others are seldom happy.

TOM TAYLOR has written a play on the story of Anne Boleyn, which is to be brought out at the Haymarket Theatre during the holidays.

JACQUES OFFENBACH is coming over next year to direct the Philadelphia Centennial concert. He has long been desirous of visiting America, but has hitherto been deterred by dread of sea sickness.

MADAME RISTORI was very successful in her farewell performance at Sydney, Australia, and at it close was escorted through the street with a torchlight procession.

MR. T. C. KING, the eminent tragedian, who left Montreal about four weeks ago, has returned to England after his two years visit to America, and is now making a starring tour in the English provinces.

VICTOR HUGO is engaged writing a new tragedy for Rossi to play this winter in Paris. The subject is to be colossal in itself, and grandly treated, and will be grandly played. Rossi has hired the Grand Opera House for the occasion.

MILE. SCHNEIDER has for her coat-of-arms a golden lyre on an azure field, with the motto "Je chante," (I sing). Mile. Schneider is a very lucky opera-buffet to be able to inscribe "Shant!" as her motto—there are those who could not consistently do so.

"Camille" was played in St. Paul, and the printed programme was nearly filled with the advertisement of a cough medicine, the use of which by the consumptive heroine, it was declared, "would have saved her from a premature grave and Armand from bitter sorrow."

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON's lecture appointments after Christmas have been cancelled, because of her pending theatrical engagement with Mr. Daly, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Miss Dickinson has filled lecture engagements since last August, during which time she has presented her new theme called "Sowing and Reaping," as also her historical representation of "Joan of Arc," which, to use a theatrical phrase, "has reached its 400th night." It is not known in what play Miss Dickinson will make her *début*, albeit the critics persist in declaring she will assume the character of the *Maid of Orleans* but this is simply conjecture on their part. We learn that several new plays are being prepared for Miss Dickinson.

HUMOUROUS.

A HANDICAP.—A capful of money.

You make your money last by getting somebody else to make it first.

VERY stern parent indeed: "Come here, sir! What complaint is this the schoolmaster has made against you?"—Much injured youth: "It's just nothing at all. You see, Jenny Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs and sat right down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it."

"We have received a poem," says a country editor, "of which the last stanza is as follows:—

But should I unsuccessful prove
In all the fond intrigues of love—
Should they despise me and my wealth—
I'll buy a gun and shoot myself."

On the whole, we think it is the best thing the author can do. We particularly admire the last line.

THE grasshopper creaks in the leary gloom.
And the bumble bee bumbleth the live-long day.
But where have they gone with the brau new broom? And what has been done to the buzz-saw's play.

Oh, it's little he thinks of the cold mine pie. And it's little he seeks of the raw ice cream. For the dying year, with its tremulous sigh, Shall waken the lingering loon from his dream.

Oh, list! For the cricket, now far and near Shrilly singeth his roundelay, And the negligent noodle his noisy cheer, And where the doodlebug eats the hay.

Oh, the buzz-saw so busily buzzes the stick, And bumbling the bumble bee bumbleth his tune; While the cricket creaks creakingly down at the creek, And the noodle calls noisily out, "Is it noon?"

The dog fennel sighs, "She is here! she is here!" And the smart weed says dreamily "Give us a rest!" The hop-vine speaks tenderly, "Give us a beer." And the jimson weed hollers, "Oh, pull down your vest!"