

## EDWARD HANLAN.

## AN EPIKIAN ODE.

We take pleasure in reproducing these verses written by W. H. C. Kerr, M.A., of Brantford, and read by his daughter, Miss Kerr, at the Hanlan reception in the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto.

## I.

Hail to the champion sculler!  
Toronto's manly son,  
Who, across the line, and on the Tyne,  
Hath famous victories won!  
And with three cheers for Hanlan,  
The champion of the oar.  
Let us shout, Hurrah for Canada!  
The land which such hero bore.

## II.

In ancient Greece the victor,  
Who at Olympia strove,  
Was crowned with wreaths of olive  
In Jove's all-hallowed grove;  
His person was held sacred,  
Kings his companions were;  
And envied the fate of the happy state  
Which claimed him for its heir.

## III.

At Pytho and at Corinth,  
The athlete's prize who won,  
Shed glory on his country,  
His kindred, and his town;  
His statue in the temples,  
In ivory and gold,  
By the side of gods and heroes  
The gymnast's prowess told.

## IV.

Returning to his people  
Fresh days the conqueror waits;  
The city battered down its walls  
To make him wider gates,  
And joyous crowds in triumph  
The champion bore along,  
While a Pindar sang his praises  
In loftiest strains of song.

## V.

But no victor at Olympia,  
Nor by the Isthmian strand,  
E'er received such welcome  
On reaching his own land,  
As that awaits the champion  
Who ploughs the Atlantic's foam,  
With impatient keel and heart right leal  
Returning to his home;

## VI.

Save that no worthy poet  
For him shall breathe a lay,  
Since none with equal laurels  
Such victor e'erland may.  
He won at the Centennial,  
And by Ohio's waves,  
And where the Eastern river  
Past Hampton seaward raves.

## VII.

Toronto, Pittsburg, Barrie,  
The City, "Quaker" light,  
And the love'y Bay of Burlington  
Bear witness of his might.  
He won in every contest,  
At each regatta won,  
Till at Lachine he overcame  
Columbia's foremost son.

## VIII.

Now, shame on the foul slander  
Of those who meanly tried  
At Courtney's cost to ponder  
To a boastful poet's pride:  
For Courtney was defeated,  
Not for the want of will,  
Nor by the bribe of treason,  
But by superior skill.

## IX.

From sea to sea victorious,  
He left his home awhile,  
To gather bays more glorious  
In Britain's sea girl's isle;  
And how he played with Hanlon,  
And how he sponged out his shell,  
With tears of mirth and laughter  
The Tyne-side pitmen tell.

## X.

Last, matched with England's champion,  
On Tyne's excited tide,  
To see his daily practice  
They flocked from far and wide;  
Each touting what-side rouser  
The mystic magic sought,  
Which the Canadian stranger  
Had lurking in his boat:

## XI.

With air-bags and machinery,  
The miners stolidly held,  
Or by some secret influence,  
His skill must be propelled;  
For never such a sculler,  
Of form so lithe and fine,  
Or such modest men, had yet been seen  
On the Thames, or on the Tyne.

## XII.

But no man knows save Hanlan,  
If even Hanlan knows,  
How fast his bark can travel  
When at his best he rows;  
Like the flight of an eagle's pinions,  
When to the sun he soars,  
Is the graceful sweep and powerful stroke  
Of his well-feather'd oars.

## XIII.

Now, not a few such striplings  
This broad Dominion rear;  
Since Wallace Ross and Warren Smith  
Are well nigh Hanlan's peers,  
Girded with North star vigour,  
And surfer of the sea,  
By mountain, lake and river,  
A hardy brood they be.

## XIV.

West of the Rocky Mountains,  
Such youth you may behold  
Braving the Fraser's rapids,  
In centurion quest of gold;  
And where Muskoka's camp-fires  
Cast up a ruddy glare;  
Where Madawaska's springtide floods  
Their floating forests bear;

## XV.

Where Montmorency's bridal veil  
Its shower of pearls displays;  
And where thro' mountain-gorges green  
The Matapedia strays.  
These eastward turned and waited  
Impatient for the day,  
When their compatriot might win  
Tyne's championship away.

## XVI.

The day has come! From midnight  
Until the dawn broke clear,  
Crowds lined the banks in serried ranks  
And every wharf and pier;  
With craft of all descriptions  
The river was alive;  
Each bridge with human beings  
Swarmed like a great bee-hive.

## XVII.

The champions take their stations,  
Promptly each takes his place,  
In the sight of all the nations  
Of the Anglo-Saxon race.  
"Now, three to one," roared Elliott,  
"That I lead all the way!"  
And his stalwart arm and lusty form  
Might feebler for dismay.

## XVIII.

Such challenge disregarded  
Might not unnerv the youth,  
Whose speech on the unwon victory  
Was written out, good sooth!  
The boast was scarcely uttered,  
"They're off!" the umpire cried,  
And away they sped, but Hanlan led  
With oars superbly piled.

## XIX.

Like arrow from the bowstring,  
Swiftly he sped along,  
Past Grindstone Quay, past Redheugh Bridge  
And all the astonished throng,  
Past the meadow-side, whose human tides,  
Like billows, sway and roll,  
And by ten good lengths a winner,  
Swept gaily past the goal.

## XX.

Then from the river's crowded banks,  
From roof-top, bridge, and pier,  
Thrice thirty thousand lusty throats  
Sent up a mighty cheer:  
And many a British city  
Caught up the wild acclaim,  
And the Western world from sea to sea  
Resounded with his fame.

## XXI.

And while St. Lawrence to the Gulf  
Majestic takes his way;  
While through the Thousand Islands  
His sunlit waters play;  
While soft auroras chase the stars  
Athwart our Northern skies;  
While Indian summer tints the woods  
With iridescent dyes;

## XXII.

While the maidens shall weave chaplets  
In Huron's maple dells;  
While o'er Rimouski's jewelled snows  
Shall ring the Christmas bells;  
While great Niagara's thunder-stroke  
Th' affrighted rocks shall shake;  
While the long moonbeams nightly play,  
Across Ontario's lake;

## XXIII.

While Ottawa, from storied cliff,  
Uplifts her crown of towers;  
While modest merit still shall charm  
This Canada of ours;  
So long in distant story,  
As time rolls on apace,  
Shall it be told by young and old  
How Hanlan won the race.

## XXIV.

Now three good cheers for Hanlan!  
Our flag to the breeze unfurl!  
For the champion of two continents,  
The champion of the world!  
And three times three for Canada,  
Land of the brave and free,  
The youngest of the nations:  
The House of Liberty.

## A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

Great excitement was caused on a certain day in the usually quiet household of M. Borno by a letter from the married daughter, Mme. Artois, who resided in Rome, in which she informed her parents that a suitor for her sister Elise would soon appear at Villefleurs. And she further told them that this M. A. de Villani, a young man of good birth and with a comfortable fortune, had been struck with a photograph in a shop window—so struck and charmed that he felt he must try every means to win the original for his wife. This photograph turned out to be one of her young sister's that she had sent to be copied, and seeing that the young man was in earnest, she had promised to write and introduce him as an unexceptionable party.

Mme. Artois wound up by reminding her father that Elise was no longer a girl, and that, in fact, it would be foolish not to accept this bit of good fortune.

It was, therefore, agreed in a family conclave, the fair Elise consenting, and with the due approval of the family friend, M. de Belandi, that the coming guest should be graciously received. M. de Belandi even insisted on having him in his own house, as he laughingly said, in order that he might the better judge if this M. A. de Villani was worthy of the prize he sought.

Among the numerous and various visitors to the beautiful southern city, Villefleurs, with its girdle of mountains and blue waves, few could help remarking in the gay crowd on the promenade or in the public gardens a girl almost always accompanied by a favorite dog, whose elegant and quiet toilet, as well as her graceful walk and piquant expression of her face, always made one wish to look again. It was an attractive face, rather than decidedly beautiful,

generally wearing a thoughtful look, which, however, was often brightened with a smile which prettily curled her lips. There was a quiet elegance about her, although different from the fashionable ladies, English, French, German and Russian, who rested on the chairs or paced up and down. Generally might be seen at her side M. de Belandi, a man past youth, but with a vigorous, spare frame, whose keen, dark eyes seemed to take notice of everything, but were often turned on his fair companion with the tender, familiar interest of a privileged friend. M. de Belandi was rich, and having no particular occupation, he made himself useful to his friends in general, but to those of the Maison Borno in particular. Thither he brought all the news of the place to amuse M. Borno, who was too old and infirm to go out. He would tell of the last offense given to the old inhabitants of Villefleurs by the new French comers, and the latest reform in town regulations. He could say what was the prospect of the olive and grape crops, etc. He was always ready to escort Mlle. Elise to the theatre, or try a new song with her. He was a convenient partner at a ball, or a patient companion for a morning's shopping. Moreover, M. de Belandi's taste was a proverb. All this made his visits to the old Maison Pontneuf very welcome, and with him seemed to come a little waft from the outer world to the retired sombre street in which many of the old Villefleurs aristocracy resided, withdrawn from the newer part of the town to which visitors resorted. To look at it from the outside, one would not imagine the quaint and rich carvings which adorned the walls or the marble steps and handsome suite of rooms which belonged to this house.

In the simple and quiet manner common to the old inhabitants of the place, the principal amusement and luxury being to retire now and then to the Maison de Champagne, lived the Bornos with their youngest child, two other daughters having married satisfactorily. Nor were the old couple very eager for her to follow her sisters' example, in spite of the hints of their acquaintances, and M. de Belandi's serious warning, given every now and then, "that it was really high time to marry her." "Such an agreeable, amiable, gentle girl! it was a pity, and very astonishing. All her contemporaries were married, or about to be so, and Elise was nearly twenty-seven!" At this the old father would look troubled, and, shrugging his shoulders, ask what his friend would have. Could he do more? Had there not been two or three eligible proposals? But the girl had refused them all. Elise was dutiful and the light of their old days, and it was surely not their duty to force her into matrimony, if she evidently preferred to remain as she was.

To this M. de Belandi said nothing, but looked relieved; for his visits to the Maison Pontneuf would have been very different without Elise. But on hearing the letter of Mme. Artois speaking so highly of the young man, and even appealing to himself to use his influence in favor of the match, he threw himself gallantly into the spirit of the adventure, and took care to be at the diligence office to receive and welcome M. A. de Villani, whose first visit to the Maison Pontneuf was paid in his company, his easy genial manners and real kindness helping to put every one at ease, and to draw out the nervous and somewhat agitated lover.

When it was over they all agreed that not a word too much had been said in his praise. His manner was all that could be desired, while it was evident that he was very much in love. On the other hand, M. de Villani poured out to his kind host his contentment and satisfaction. There was no disappointment. Elise was better than her picture; and each time he saw her he found some new perfection. Truly she was one of those women who bear a close inspection, and whose beauty unfolds gradually—a woman who can brighten a home as well as a ball-room.

All the acquaintances and friends of the Bornos were eager and profuse in congratulations and inquiries. M. de Belandi told every one that it was a capital thing; that there was sure to be a gay wedding; and he joked Elise and encouraged M. A. de Villani. Everybody observed what high spirits M. de Belandi was in; and yet for all this he caught himself sighing as he thought of Elise going away. But he was not a selfish man, and he felt that it was quite time for his little friend to marry.

After a little time, however, M. de Belandi fancied that the young lover returned from his visits to Maison Pontneuf rather too quiet and silent in mood, though any allusion to the family only made him warmly declare that the more he saw of the lady the more he admired her.

"Then pray hurry on the marriage, my friend," returned M. de Belandi, "for it is very clear that courting does not suit you. You grow thinner and paler every day."

But M. A. de Villani only laughed.

It was quite a gay time at the old Maison Pontneuf; so many people came to hear "all about it," and the father and mother were not at all disinclined to tell the romantic story over and over again, and receive the congratulations of their neighbors. But when any one ventured to speak to Elise herself, she drew up and said, that "congratulations were premature. It was true that the gentleman had done her the honor of asking her hand, but nothing was settled," which speech caused a great deal of surprise and talk. And then as time went on and remarks were made on the evident gravity

and pale looks of the suitor, people began to speculate, and even a few bets were made as to what was to be the ultimate end of it all. After the first greetings, this question was asked by every one: "Well, and what does Mlle. Elise say now?" And M. de Belandi, who knew every one, grew excited and anxious and warmly expressed his certainty that all would come right.

"You are right and I am getting ill," replied M. A. de Villani one day to his host and friend. "I can not bear this any longer, and I have written home to say I shall return immediately."

"And when is the marriage to take place?" "Never! No, I see plainly that she does not care for me—at least not as I care for her. I have struggled against this conviction, and I thought I might win her at last. But she says neither yes nor no, and I am sure she is partly led on by not liking to disappoint her friends—yourself first and foremost, for it is easy to see you have a great influence over her. Even if she were to say 'yes' to-day, I don't think I should wish it. I feel I have not won her heart, and it has always been my dream and wish to marry for love—love on both sides. So thanking you over and over again for your great kindness, I have decided to go and take my leave."

M. de Belandi was in the garden, smoking his cigar, when this conversation took place; and he continued to pace up and down between the orange trees in silence. Then suddenly turning to the other, he said:

"I shall go at once to the Maison Pontneuf, and you can follow me by and by."

M. A. de Villani shook his head, for he was convinced that his friend's well meant interference would do no good, and he remained thinking it all over, trying to find the new clue to Elise's feelings.

Meanwhile M. de Belandi arrived at the sombre old house, and, rushing up the steps quicker than usual, he thought himself lucky in finding Elise and her dog in the drawing-room.

She was at once aware that there was something unusual in his face, and this brought a bright and becoming color to her cheeks.

"How is this, Elise?" he said, trying to be angry. "I never suspected you of being a coquette."

And then he went on, in a somewhat excited manner, to upbraid her for keeping the poor young fellow in suspense so long.

"I don't think I have done that," she said in a low voice and with downcast eyes. "I always told him that—the truth, in fact. But he hoped I should change. And you see every one has taken it all for granted, and hurried things on so very much. And then papa and mama seem to wish for it so much, and—you—and—"

"Of course they did—of course we did, and do; and I'll tell you what, Elise, you are throwing away a chance you will never have again. There are not many young men like him, I can tell you. What can be your objection? Isn't he handsome, well born, young, rich, agreeable and very fond of you? The fact is, you are proud. Nothing will suit you less than a prince. But let me tell you, as an old privileged friend, that it is one thing to join a girl in her walks, and pay compliments and take a chair by her in the gardens, and dance with her, and so on; but quite another thing to ask her in marriage. Ever since that prince de—has been introduced to you I have observed a change. Don't be offended, *mon amie*, I speak for your good. It has made me sorry to see that poor young man so low and cast down, and after each visit he gets more and more so. Flesh and blood can't stand it, and I agree with him that it is best to end it at once. He says he shall return home, and is coming to say adieu. Now, it rests with yourself, Elise, if he really goes or not. And—there he is; I know his step."

Giving her an extra friendly hand-pressure to make up for his rough words, he left the place clear for a final explanation, and hurried off for a brisk walk. He felt the necessity for quick motion and fresh air, for he was agitated.

He could not help being keenly interested in this affair. He liked the young man much, and Elise was of course quite a pet of his own. Poor girl, her lips had quivered when he spoke so bluntly; but how pretty she was looking—such a graceful, winning style of beauty, lighting up the gloomy formal old room with her pretty gentle ways and womanly occupations! Yes, he should miss her terribly, no doubt. Rome was a long way off, and he almost wished that *carte-de-visite* had never caught M. A. de Villani's eye. After all, why should not Elise remain as she is? Then he checked these thoughts, and began to wonder how it would be settled. He turned back, feeling anxious and nervous, and by this time, the interview must be ended.

It was so, and M. de Belandi entered his own villa in time to see his guest just a few steps in advance and from his attitude he read that all was over. The tale was told in a few words, and the next day M. A. de Villani set off on his journey home, trying his best to forget that *carte-de-visite*.

They followed much commotion among the friends of the Bornos; nor did it end there, for it became the general topic of conversation. M. de Belandi felt dull, having lost his guest, and then there was the reaction and a flatness consequent on the unusual excitement. Besides this, Elise was never now in her old haunts; when he went to the house she was not in the drawing-room. He feared she was