

LANDON, THE ODD POET.

FURTHER GLIMPSES INTO THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

He shared with Byron and Southey in an aversion to George the Third—The Story of a Death in Sheep—Some Fruits of His Travel and Residence in Foreign Lands.

Landon coincided with both Byron and Southey in one pet aversion for the reigning monarch, George III. Byron's treatment of him in the "Vision of Judgment" is well remembered; and in his "Gebir" Landon is quite as scathing. In the purgatory of the conquerors with the Stuarts, and William the deliverer, he sees one whom he confuses with Louis XVI, to avoid the imputation of treason:

"Arao, what wretch that nearest us? What wretch is that with eyebrows white, and slanting brow?"

In his writings he recurs more than once to that monarch with indignant appreciation of his meanness. He makes Sheridan say to Wyndham, "I do believe in my conscience he would rather lose the affection of half his subjects than the carcass of one fat sheep. I am informed that all his possessions in Ireland never yielded him five thousand a year. Give him ten and he will chuckle at over-reaching you; and not you, only, but his own hers forever, as he chuckled when he cheated his eldest son out of what he pocketed in twenty years from Cornwall, Lancashire and Wales."

Landon was never satisfied with his reference to the occasion on which the villainous George had cheated himself. When in Spain he desired a ram and two ewes of the celebrated Merino breed; when the nobleman with whom he conversed replied: "Oh, I will give you a score." Landon expressed his thanks, whereupon the nobleman said: "The King of England is to have a cargo of them, and I will send yours in the same ship." With the arrival of the ship, came a letter from the generous donor, saying that the sheep were at hand, and that an application to the King's steward would secure them. When the letter was presented to that functionary he declared he had no commands on the subject. "But his majesty," Landon pursued, "has undoubted information of the fact." "That," replied the steward, "is within his own breast." "But on seeing this letter," continued Landon, "his majesty will certainly give command for the sheep to be delivered to me. Be so good as to see that it is laid before his majesty." That the steward declined is no matter of astonishment.

Application was next made to a friend of the poet, a nobleman high in favor with the king, who, when a favor was requested, warmly responded: "With all the pleasure in the world; anything that is in my power." But upon a fuller explanation of the case, and a request to have the Spanish noble's letter laid before the king, his manner changed, and after a moment of silent astonishment he exclaimed: "Lay the matter before his majesty! Advise his majesty to have a score of Merinos of this quality delivered up to you! Why, Landon, you must be mad. There is not a man in the kingdom who dares do such a thing. It would be his ruin." So the poet might whistle; and the royal rogue, as the indignant subject would believe, kept his sheep, and left him minus a property valued at £1000. He might chew the cud, but not in silence.

Landon was married to Miss Julia Thullier, a lady of French extraction, whom he first saw in a ballroom at Bath, and of whose beauty he was instantly enamored. Her beauty was her salient qualification for union with such a man as Landon; and he soon after found that a pretty face and an empty mind were an unsubstantial foundation on which to build a life-long happiness. Such disillusion occurred as her sudden breaking away from the music of his voice reciting one of his poems, to listen to that of a street organ, but more particularly to see the monkey. The imperfect union took place in May, 1811, after which they settled for a while in Lantony Abbey, a considerable estate in Wales, purchased by the sale of other and ancestral property. His large expenditure here was the occasion of subsequent regret and annoyance. Mr. Horne gives the following account of the matter:—

"In 1806, Mr. Landon sold several estates in Warwickshire, which had been in his family nearly seven hundred years, and purchased Lantony and Comjy in Monmouthshire where he laid out nearly £70,000. Here he made extensive improvements, giving employment daily for many years, to between twenty and thirty laborers in building and planting. He made a road at his own expense, of eight miles long, and planted and fenced half a million of trees. The infamous behavior of some tenants caused him to leave the country. At this time he had a million more trees ready to plant, which, as he observed, were lost to the country, by driving me from it. I may speak of their utility if I must not of my own. The two chief offenders were brothers, who rented farms of Mr. Landon to the amount of 1500 per annum, and were to introduce an improved system of husbandry. Mr. Landon got no rent from them, but all manner of atrocious annoyances. They even rooted up his trees, and destroyed whole plantations. They paid nobody. When neighbors and work-people applied for money, Mr. Landon says they were referred to the devil, with their wives and families, while these brothers had their two bottles of wine upon the table. As for the Suffolk system of agriculture, wheat was sown upon the last of May, and cabbage, for winter food, were planted in August or September.

Mr. Landon eventually remained master of the field, and drove his tormentors across the seas; but so great was his disgust at these circumstances that he resolved to leave England."

It is with a peculiar pang a generous soul discovers himself wronged by persons upon whom he has conferred benefits. To find that to give is to invite plunder, that to assist people has laid a premium on meanness and shiftlessness, is not encouraging to men who aim at benevolence. But such a condition of affairs is sometimes found; and with a sigh men turn aside from their fellows, with the conviction that little is to be expected from the multitude, misapprehensive of your favors to make larger demands. Even after he had been sometime in Italy this annoyance had not ceased; and not without reason, he refers to the Welch peasantry around Lantony as "a churlish nation" and a "reptile race." He knew them, "rude, thievish, and unattractive." They poached right and left, without mercy. "He used to have twenty watchers on his moorland hills to protect his grouse. He had 12,000 acres and never used to see a grouse upon his table." He directed his steward to let "his new and splendid house in which he had resided but six months," and the injunction was disregarded. Five years afterward a gentleman who had made application for it, met Landon in Italy. "How was it?" the poet asked, "that you did not take Lantony?" "How? why it was not to be let." "It has been to let these five years." "You amaze me. I was most anxious to take it, but your steward assured me it was not to be let on any account." Inquiry revealed the fact that the house was kept vacant to accommodate some friends of the factor, who came there to shoot his grouse. In a storm of indignation he ordered the immediate demolition of a house which had cost him some £8,000, and dismissed the delinquent from his estate and service.

The years of Landon's travels and residence abroad were exceedingly fruitful in experience and literary product, and especially of that material, which the traveller acquires, digests, and works into his books. It is said of him,—"He has lived much abroad in the most eventful times in the history of the world. He witnessed the progress of the French Revolution; saw Buonaparte made First Consul; saw him and his armies go out to victory; saw and conversed with the greatest of his generals, and the most remarkable men of those times and scenes. His conversation therefore, abounded with facts and personages from his own actual knowledge, of which most other men have only read, and many of which no one has read." He continued for some time in France, principally at Tours; then he entered Switzerland and Italy, and after trying Pisa, Pistoja, Como, for several "wandering years," he finally "pitched his tent in Florence in 1821." This became to him the city of his heart, as much as to the Brownings. For some years his residence was in the Palazzo Medici; but, upon the death of the proprietor, the palace having been sold, he was obliged to look up another home. In his search he was particularly fortunate, and found an estate which, by its elegance, its beauty of situation, and its rare associations, was as eligible for a poet's residence as could be desired. On the banks of the little river Africo, two miles from Florence, he came upon the Villa Gherardesca, which, being for sale, he made his own. Surrounded by the most exquisite scenery, it was situated amid its gardens, and with about 100 acres of land. "It was built by Michael Angelo, and is one of the most delightful residences in the world." This was Landon's home during many years, and of his family after he had left it. Many are his references to the place, both in his verse and his prose. With deep feeling and regret, in one of his poems he writes,—

"Let me sit here and muse by the  
Africo, and Piesole!  
Thy sheltered walks and cooler grots,  
Vines and vines, and olive plots,  
Catch me, entangle me, detain me,  
And laugh to hear that ought can pain me."  
Again, in the "Farewell to Italy," he drops the following "melodious tear":—  
"I leave thee, beauteous Italy; no more  
From thy high terraces at eventide  
To look supreme into the depths of sky,  
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,  
On thy dark spires of fretted cypresses,  
Bordering the channel of the milky way,  
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreary  
Hereafter, and my own lost Africo  
Murder to me but in the poet's song.  
I did believe,—what have I not believed?—  
Weary with a age, but unoppressed by pain,  
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day,  
And rest my bones in the Minerva shade."

PASTOR FELIX.  
The New Atlantic Cable.  
The laying of the new Atlantic cable is not an event of the same importance as the laying of the first cable of this kind, but the fact that it is expected to raise the speed to thirty words a minute in the transmission of messages, indicates that it will revolutionize the sending of submarine messages and draw Europe into much closer relations with America than existed before. This will quicken the two continents in their thinking and feeling, as well as in their commercial relations. It is one of those subtle, yet important agencies by which the whole of mankind are constantly being brought into closer relations, man with man. At the present time the news of London and Paris and Berlin papers is transmitted to us with such speed and accuracy that we are able to judge what is going on in Europe, with substantial comprehension of its import, and when this new cable is in operation news of this kind will be much more complete than it has ever been before.

Belonged to the Same Lodge.  
Mr. McSwat had risen unusually early, and as he opened his kitchen door to see how a sunrise looked he encountered the milkman.

"Hello!" he said. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"  
"Yes, sir," replied the milkman, filling the crock on the step from his can. "I initiated you night before last into the Royal Order of the Nobles of the Ancient Mystery. I'm the Majestic Generalissimo, you know. Fine morning, isn't it?"  
"Could you love me, darling," he whispered, with a tender, pleading look in his eyes, "if I had only one coat to my back?"  
"I could," she replied softly, as she nestled in his great, strong arms, "if I knew you had sacrificed the others to buy me a new dress."

Would Accept the Sacrifice.  
"Could you love me, darling," he whispered, with a tender, pleading look in his eyes, "if I had only one coat to my back?"  
"I could," she replied softly, as she nestled in his great, strong arms, "if I knew you had sacrificed the others to buy me a new dress."

SOME CURIOUS FUNERALS.

Odd People Who Have Attracted Much Notice After Their Deaths.

Amongst curious funerals which have taken place that of a certain dust contractor, who lived in the reign of George IV., deserves mention, for the following strange possession followed him to the grave: First came twelve boys carrying links, followed by twelve men bearing dustmen's whips and shovels reversed. A dust-cart, covered with black baize, containing the coffin, surmounted by a large plume of black feathers, came next, after which was led the deceased contractor's favorite horse, covered with cloth spatterdash. The pall-bearers consisted of twelve dustmen and brickmakers, all clad in white flannel and leather breeches, and a string of carts, filled with dustmen, cinder-sifters, and chimney-sweeps, followed up behind.

The funeral of Clegg, the conjurer, who lived in the eighteenth century, was solemnized in the following manner: On the day of his burial, sixty of his friends were invited to take a last view of his body, and for their refreshments sixty-two spiced cakes and twenty shillings-worth of the best ale were provided, while each guest was presented with a sprig of holly, rosemary, and gorse. After the spiced cakes had been consumed, some fiddlers who were in attendance struck up the air, "Britons, Strike Home," and the mourners drank a last bumper to the health of the departed. The funeral procession consisted of the fiddlers, who led the way playing the above tune, followed by the sixty mourners in a more or less exalted condition, while a curate seated upon an ass brought up the rear.

An eccentric old Yorkshireman, who died early in this century, evidently determined that the town in which he lived should not easily forget the day of his burial. A free public breakfast was given to the town on the morning of his funeral. No hearse was employed to take the body to the grave; but the coffin, slung upon towels, knotted together, was borne along by relays of men. On arriving at a certain heap of stones, outside the churchyard, the coffin, according to directions given in the deceased's lifetime, was "bumped three times, and the 'Lamentation of a Sinner' was sung by the crowd. As it had been previously given out that every man, woman, and child who should enter into the churchyard with, or after, the procession should receive sixpence, it is probable that no funeral in that parish had been more numerously attended.

As long as the saying that the ruling passion is strong in death, we may mention the funeral of an old lady who was much addicted to snuff-taking. Before she was placed in her coffin, snuff was thrown into it, and likewise strewn upon the threshold before the cortege departed. The coffin was borne by the six most inveterate snuff-takers in the parish, and six old maids, with well-filled snuff-boxes in their hands, acted as pall-bearers. At every twenty yards snuff was thrown upon the ground in advance of the coffin, while the largeness of the fee to be paid to the officiating clergyman was to be proportioned to the amount of snuff he consumed during the proceedings.

After these somewhat complicated directions for burying, it is pleasant to turn to the simple arrangements which, two hundred years ago, Mr. Fisher Dilke made for his wife's interment. The coffin he constructed out of the wooden boarding of his barn wall, and after bargaining with the sexton for a cheap grave, obtained one for a groat. Having persuaded some of his neighbors to act as pall-bearers, he read to them a chapter from the Book of Job while they were getting the body ready, after which he regaled them upon six pennyworth of cakes and a bottle of claret. No clergyman was present, but the chief mourner officiated at the service. The coffin was lowered into the grave, a spadeful of earth thrown upon it, the bereaved husband uttering the words: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," after which he added: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," and the ceremony was over.

America's Greatest Deadhead Trust.  
"The postmaster-general of the United States has at his command a greater number of railway mileage fees of cost than perhaps any man in the world," said a railway passenger conductor. "My ignorance of this came very nearly costing me my job a few years ago.

Over in Illinois one midnight the through train, of which I had charge, was flagged at a little way station, and a red-faced man climbed aboard the front passenger coach. The stopping of my train at that hour of the night made me mad, to begin with, and I was in no good humor when I approached my new passenger to collect his fare. Then, when he showed at me a much-handled piece of paste-board, signed by the postmaster-general and commanding in imperious language that the holder be carried free of charge on all trains carrying United States mails, I lost my temper completely. I was so mad that I would listen to no explanation from him, because I considered him either a train robber or an impostor, and made him pay his fare in the coin of the realm, for which I gave him a receipt.

I soon heard from my mistake after I reached St. Louis. The Post Office authorities and the railway people came down on me like a thousand of brick. I learned from them that my midnight passenger was a Post Office inspector, and that every man in this service is provided with a card from the Postmaster-General, commanding the conductors of all railroad trains which carry mail to pass the bearer free. The name of no railroad company or official appears on the card, but the holder of it can travel on any road in the United States as far as he wants to go without paying a cent."

His Idea of Paradise.  
Henry Watterson tells of a politician who was inveigling against Cleveland before a number of auditors in Washington.  
"I'm going to quit," says he. "I'm going to get out and keep out of sight for the four years. I know a secluded spot in the James River country where I'll go and live. It's an ideal home for a weary recluse. About two hundred yards back of the cottage there's a spring house and close

by is a mint bed, while just across the creek a friend of mine runs a distillery."

A Kentuckian was among the auditors, and at that juncture he interrupted the speaker.  
"Excuse me, stranger, but that must be paradise!"

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

WONDERFUL ADVANCES MADE IN THE LAST FEW YEARS.

Mr. John McGovern of Toronto Relates an Experience of Deep Interest—Utterly Helpless and Suffered Greatly Before Relief Came.

Very little is heard by the general public of the great discoveries in medicine, and the countless scores of lives that are saved by the advancing knowledge of medical science. People who a few years ago were left to drag out a miserable existence as hopeless invalids, or helpless cripples, are now, thanks to the advances of medicine, made restored to the fullness of health and strength. Mr. John McGovern, who resides at No. 2 Alpha avenue, in this city has good cause to appreciate the truth of the above statements. Mr. McGovern was formerly an agent for agricultural implements, and is well known in different parts of Ontario. A Globe reporter who had heard that he had been restored, to health, after an illness which threatened to leave him a hopeless cripple, called upon him at his residence recently, and was given the following interesting account of the case:—

"My trouble first began," said Mr. McGovern, "two years ago when I was living in the Village of Bolton, in the County of Peel. The trouble was all in my elbows and knees, and the doctors thought it was rheumatism. I couldn't walk a block without wanting to sit down, and even to walk down stairs was hard work. It afflicted me terribly. I was all right in other ways but for this terrible weakness. For a year and a half I suffered from this, but by sheer force of will held out against it, and managed to get about; but six months ago I broke down completely, and had to give up my business. I then removed to Toronto, and for three months after this I was in terrible shape. I was almost always confined to my bed, being able to come downstairs for a little while perhaps once a day. I suffered all the time from a terrible soreness in the joints, and at this juncture my appetite began to fail, and I was only able to eat the lightest food, and not much of that. I could find nothing to give me relief. All this time I was unable to do anything, and had I not fortunately had a little money laid by which enabled me to go on, I would have been dependent upon my family for support. Well, while I was in this terrible shape, my eldest son prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and early in last July I began to use them, and I took them steadily during that month and the two following months. Before the first box was finished I began to get relief, and from that out I steadily improved until I was able to discontinue the use of the Pink Pills, feeling that I was fully restored to health. I am satisfied in my own mind that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would still have been helpless and suffering, and I have much reason to be thankful that my son persuaded me to use them. Thanks to Pink Pills I am now a new man and intend soon to resume my work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, paralytic, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of the grippe, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and return all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had from all druggists, or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A Word in Your Ear, Madam!

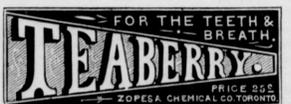
Are you not feeling as well as usual this year? Is that tired, run-down feeling getting the upper hand? Do you sometimes feel nervous enough to fly? Are you sometimes even cross with the children? Do not mention that poor, patient husband of yours?

Get a half Dozen Bottles

PUTTNER'S EMULSION,

take it freely, and see what a charm will come over your existence.

Read this to your husband this evening, and he will bring you the medicine when he returns from the club. It is pleasant and safe to take. Six bottles for \$2.50



For Body and Brain.

SINCE 30 YEARS ALL EMINENT PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND

VIN MARIANI,

The original French Cocoa Wine; most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere.

Nourishes, Fortifies, Refreshes,

Strengthens entire system; most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Renovator of the Vital Forces.

Every test, strictly on its own merits, will prove its exceptional reputation. Palatable as Choicest Old Wines.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., MONTREAL. Sole Agents in Canada for

MARIANI & CO., OF PARIS.



I can certainly add my testimony to the virtues of "VIN MARIANI," which I have found excellent, and am well convinced of its quality. HENRY IRVING.

COMING changes on Charlotte St. T. YOUNGCLAUS intends moving at 1st May to his commodious store in Union Block, Cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End.

Custom Tailoring will then be carried on extensively on the premises.

In the meantime his large stock, at 51 Charlotte, is marked down to hard time prices and must be cleared out before moving.

Rare bargains can be had.

City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte St.

T. YOUNGCLAUS.

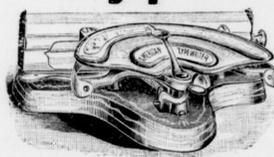
THE PELEE ISLAND WINES ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

Our mission is solely to supply Nature's own pure food. Our reason for offering this product to the public, to you, is that it is pure. There is need of such an article of grape-juice. We have the testimony of hundreds of letters to prove the assertion. Nearly all the bottled juice now on the market contains an antiseptic of some description to prevent fermentation, generally salicylic acid. Why does such juice fail as a food? Simply because the antiseptic principle that preserves the juice in the bottle exerts a similar influence in the stomach, and prevents the natural action that is part of Nature's plan for assimilating food. Our concentrated juice of the grape is absolutely free from all antiseptics and is Nature's best food and strength producer for weak and defective digestive organs.

Grape-juice has been found in many cases to rapidly reorganize and reconstruct the blood-current, and to surprise the tissues and excite the nervous system into health. The beverage form of grape-juice is a wholesome and agreeable nutrient. Its fruit acids, its blood salts and its grape-sugar make it valuable to many invalids. It affords a nourishing and easily-managed food. We seek to supplant alcoholic and fermented drinks by something more wholesome, more satisfying and refreshing—something embodying all the best principles of ripe grapes, marred by nothing that would falsely stimulate or excite; and in the new era that is dawning, the life giving principles of the grape in their purest condition, will enter every home as a comfort and a blessing, instead of a delusion and a snare.

E. C. SCOVIL, Maritime Agent, 62 Union St., St. John. Telephone 523. Be sure and get the PELEE ISLAND BRAND.

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter,



This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes.

Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable.

No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room.

Prints on flat surface. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.

Writing always in sight. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered.

Corrections and insertions easily made. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work.

Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies

Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

IRA CORNWALL, Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg., St. John, N. B., or from the following agents: R. Ward Thorne, St. John, N. B.; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews, N. B.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock, N. B.; Van Meter, Butcher & Co., Moncton, N. B.; J. Fred. Benson, Chatham, N. B.; H. A. White, Sussex, N. B.; A. M. Howe, Knowles Book Store, Halifax, N. S.; J. Bryanton, Amherst, N. S.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; D. I. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

AGENTS WANTED. J. P. HANINGTON, General Agent, Montreal.

ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN, N. B.