A SWEET SCOTCH SINGER

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PASTOR FELIX WRITES AGAIN OF JOANNA BAILLIE.

Scott's Part in Bringing Out "The Family Legend"-Campbell's Criticism of Her Plays-A Beautiful Love Lyrie-Miss Baillie Died at the Age of Eighty-nine.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

Miss Baillie's principal works are dramatic according to their tormal construction, but not according to their spirit. She had carefully studied and with much emulation, dramatic literature, and the mechanism of the drama; and she succeeded in producing poems, written in elegant and often impassioned diction, but not adapted to the stage. Several were moderately successful, in the hands of able and eminent artists, but only temporarily so. No one of them is put upon the boards today, nor has been tor years. Scott was the instrument of bringing out her drama, "The Family Legend," at Edinburgh in 1810. "It was," says Howitt, "the first new play brought out by Mr. Henry Siddons, and was very well received, a fortune which has rarely attended her able tragedies, which are imagined to be more suitable for the closet than the stage. There they will continue to charm, while vigor of conception, a clear and masterly style, and healthy nobility of sentiment, retain their hold on the human stage in London, but with all the advantage to be derived from Kemble and Siddons, the public did not endorse it, and the most candid and appreciative reader will not now question the justness of the popular verdict. Her talents and the whole scheme upon which she wrought were sufficient reason for the failure to interest the Page. theatre going public. Like Byron and Henry Taylor, her genius was essentially undramatic. She designed to illustrate a separate passion in each particular play. Page. By an alternate tragedy and comedy, she would illustrate Hate, Jealousy, Fear, Love, in their most powerful exercise, Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it; through the conduct of one individual under the influence of these passions. Such a psychological scheme could hardly succeed in the hands of a dramatic master. Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy; "Not only is there a flaw in the fundamental idea, that, viz, of an individual who is the embodiment of a single passion, but there is a want of incident and a narrowness, consequent upon the attention being too much directed upon a single point, that present insuperable obstacles to their success as acting pieces. The plot is generally well constructed, but the very consciousness of aim with which it is wrought out gives to the whole a rarely, if ever, any progress in the play : the whole is apparent from the outset, and the action never heightens the spectator's interest. It must be confessed ing. It was indeed "hard luck for poor also, that Miss Baillie had no very adequate notion of what is required in a stage drama, and that her experience was too limited. This is apparent in her comedies, which are very inferior productions. In short, her want of success is a clear proof of the impracticability of that analytic or psychologic method, which expounds and defends in her preliminary dissertations. None but the literary students will now devote much attention to these works. But this is not spoken in their depreciation. All but the very greatest works of highest genius are crowded out by the newcomers.* The ordinary mind, busied with Browning was caught by one of the shafts of a passing Cape, and almost as soon as I arrived I and Tennyson, can know but little of most excellent authors in a past age. But her songs, and passages of her dramas, demonstrate that Joanna Baillie has the right to live in our literature, and in the annals of ages to come. She discloses a masterly intellect, and no mean poetic ability. Her mind was analytic and acute; her style excelled in strength, purity and vigor. Occasionally she rises into a strain "of high poetic feeling and expression," or rounds out a sentiment such as,-

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The shadow lingers still; And like a lanely ghaist I stand, And croon upon the hill. "I hear below the water roar, The mill wi' clackin' din; And Luckie scolding frae the door

To bring the bairnies in. Ah, no ! sad an' slow These are nae sounds for me; The shadow of our try-tin' bush, It creeps sae drearily.

"I coft yestreen, frae chapman Tam, A snood of bonnie blue, And promised, when our trystin' cam," To tie it round her broo. Ob, no ! sad an' slow! The time it winna pass:

The shadow of that weary thorn Is tethered on the grass. "Oh now I see her on the way,

She's passed the witches' knowe; She's climbin' up the brownie's brae-My heart is in a lowe.

Oh, no ! 'tis na so ! 'Tis glaumrie I hae seen : The shadow of that hawtkorn bush Will move nae mair till e'en.

"My book of grace I'll try to read; Though conn'd wi' little skill; When Collie barks I'll raise my head, And find her on the hill Oh, no ! sad an' slow ! The time will ne'er be gane;] The shadow of the trystin' bush Is fixed like ony stane.

This woman of gifted mind, and charitable hand and heart, lived into ripe age She died at her home at Hampstead, Feb. 23rd, 1851, in her 89th year, having survived all the members of her family but her sister Agnes, and many of her personal triends. Her dramatic and poetical works were issued in one complete volume, in London, in 1851. PASTOR FELIX. ADDENDA :- The passage in which Jane De Monttort is described, will exhibit the loftiness and strength of Joanna Baillie at highest advantage. It is said to derive ad-

ditional interest from the model from which it is alleged she drew,-the peerless mind." "De Montfort" was put on the Mrs. Siddons. These lines have been pronounced highly characteristic :

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall Who begs to be admitted to your presence. Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?

Page. No; far unlike to them. It is a second Lady. How looks her countenance? Page. So queenly, so commading, and so noble, 1 shrunk t first in awe; but when she smiled Methought I could have compassed sea and To do her bidding.

Is she young or old? Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair, For Time hath laid his hand so gently on

As he too had been awed. The foolish stripling! She has bewitched thee. Is she large Lady.

stature So stately and so graceful is her form, thought at first her stature was gigantic But on a near approach, I found, in truth, She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

Lady. What is her garb?

uncovered a bird's cage and peered in, started back in alarm. "Died; and they with the evident intention of satisfying took her away and buried her, when I himself as to the safety and welfare of its occupant.

turned round.

"It is very good of you to sympathize as little outward show as you do ! with me," he continued, "but you don't know what I have gone through; you are unacquainted with my griefs, my sorrows seems a life-time;" and the old man, as he and sufferings, the bitter burden which is said this, dropped into his chair as though really sometimes more than I can bear. stunned by the remembrance. When I have told you something of my history, you may perhaps then understand the despairing cry of a desolate old man to be allowed to die-to escape from a life there is her bird in the cage. These are all which might have been, ah ! so bright and that I have left to love this side of the

happy." Here his pen -up feelings overpowered toil. him, and he cried-cried as we hope never again to see a man cry, his whole trame shaking with a paroxysm of grief which was distressing to witness.

He presently recovered, with an effort, enough? and then we gently coaxed him to speak of the past.

"Ah well!" he began, "perhaps it may interest you to know that I have not always been compelled to try to earn a sort of living by selling newspapers in the street. At one time I had a large and prosperous London. business; everything seemed to go right with me those days.

"Take to drink? No, sir: that is one thing I am proud of-proud of even now. I have been a total abstainer ever since I was a lad. However, I had better begin my story at the beginning.

"I received a fairly good education, was put to business, and at the age of twenty-two found myself alone in the world, both my parents having then recently died-with a capital of less than a hundred pounds, fifty of this coming to me as perpetuated. the lite savings of my father.

"Small as the sum was, I hoped by hard work and perseveance to make it the nucleus of a fortune. I did so-succeeded beyond perch. my most sanguine expectations; yet today I have to be content to lose my identity in the name of 'Old Jimmy'-by which title I am now known-and to sell newspapers. "Starting with a partner, who brought a

like sum to my own into the business, I was wonderfully fortunate, although, like most beginners, I had at first a hard struggle. Then, without being hampered for capital, we considerably extended our operations, and the business increasing, we

had a large building erected at our own generally pays his other debts. spense purposely for the trade. At the end of ten years I bought my partner out and it will give you some idea of our undertaking when I mention that I paid him six thousand pounds as his half share. Poor fellow ! He drank himself to death in two years. It was his ruin, going away from the business-and perhaps mine too.

wanted to keep her here. They held me while they carried her out, and prevented "I wonder how long that will be spared | me from following her to the grave. Died, to me," he muttered, musingly. Then, as I tell you, and you sit there unmoved ! though suddenly called to himself, he Are you, too, without feeling, like the others? Would that I could bear it with

> "Two years ago that happened-only two years; but to me in my loneliness it

"Look !" he again said presently, going over to a table in one corner of the room. Look ! Here are her dolls, her play things ; grave. All that I have'to show for a life of

"And now," he went on, "do you wonder why I said it would not have much mattered had I been killed to-day? Have I any thing to live for? Have I suffered

"I shall see better days, perhaps? No, sir. I am past trying, past hoping now-crushed completely; with nothing to look forward to but a pauper's grave."

This is a story of a "social wreck" who today sells newpapers in the streets in

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Don't look a gift gun in the muzzle.

The cannon is the vulture's favorite

The wild oat crop is ground at the Devil's mill.

Rhyming dictionaries are not edited by poets.

Almost as many orators as raw recruits shoot too high.

> The blackmailer poses as drum-major in irtue's parade.

The man who acknowledges a favor



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But, on the whole, her songs and shorter pieces, such as "The Kitten," "Lines to Agnes Baillie, on her Birthday," "The Chough and the Crow," "To a Child," etc. Of her "Plays on The Passions," the finest are "Henriquez" "The Separation," "DeMont-fort," and "Count Basil," all of which abound in tragic and powerful passages. But when the lover of Scottish song has ceased to read them, he will not have forgotten or neglected "Saw ye Johnnie Comin'," "A Young Gudewife is in My House," "Poverty Parts Gude Companie," or the sailor's song beginning-

"O swiftly glides the bonny boat Just parted from the shore."

-and yet ill at ease-in rural

She is not decked in any gallant trim But seems to be clad in her usual weeds Of high habitual state; for as she moves, Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold As I have seen unfurled banners play With the soft breeze. It is an apparition thou hast seen.

Freberg. [Starting from his seat, where he ha been sitting during the conversation.] It is an apparation he has seen, Or it is Jane de Montfort That last stroke is very effective, and the whole is powerfully delineated. In such points as these did the poetess excel.

P. F.

FROM RICHES TO RAGS.

A True Life-Story of Today From the Streets of London.

rendering scenes ever witnessed by the necessary to make life enjoyable, and morbid and unnatural aspect; there is present writer was the death of a fireman- certainly at that time believed it was but a a brave young tellow, in the pride of manly natural reward of my former perseverhealth and strength, who, risking his life to ance. However, such happiness as mine save that of another, was literally crushed was, I suppose, too heavenly for mortals; to death by a collapse of a burning build- it was too good to last. Joe" (as a sympathetic comrade put it), After less then two years of married litefor he was the youngest fireman there, and during which period not a cloud dimmed ad been married but a tortnight. Just as the sunshine of our existence-my wife died ; his future looked brightest and happiest was crushed !

This incident crossed our mind while listening to the story of a man's lite-a life his voice quivered, and tears stood in his crushed, not by falling masonry, but by an eyes. avalanche of adversity and sorrow-such an experience of adverse fortune and tribulation as it is, thank Heaven! the lot of few of us to undergo.

be a very serious accident. In jumping from a tramcar-on which he had probably been pushing his wares-an old man, carrying a bundle of newspapers under his arm vehicle, and dashed senseless to the ground. Aided by one or two of the bystanders who had witnessed the occurrence, we saved him from being run over, and carried him to a surgery close at hand. Luckily, no bones were broken, and he soon recovered suffiwriter, making his way home.

He was an old man, with grey hair and beard, and the appearance of his face, covered as it was with severe lines, denoting much sorrow and trial and desolation, impressed one with a kind of awe. The of the fact that though dressed in little better than rags he was still of gentlemanly appearance) told more plainly than words that he was a "man with a history."

He seemed very grateful for the assistance rendered him, and on arriving at the house in which he lived was protuse in his thanks; adding, however-

"I don't know that it would have much mattered had I been killed. I've nothing to live for.'

matter how black things look, there is a was a comparative beggar, for nearly all silver lining to every cloud," we suggested. my capital had been invested in goods for "Ah ! I thought so once," he went on stock .. All I possessed in the world was musingly. Then suddenly he exclaimed; about fifteen hundred pounds, and my ex-"Come inside and listen to me, and after- perience had been so disastrous that I lackwards tell me what I want with my life- | ed the energy-was afraid to risk the little tell me, if you can, why I have not taken it | I had in business. Can you wonder at it? myself, long ago.'

A beautiful lyric of love in innocence, was none too aristocratic; the house was getting a bony winsome child, I came to

"Well, during the following three years everything I touched seemed to turn to England, he sent the poet, much to his gold. Then, when I secured a position, I married the woman who had been my incentive to work; for whose sake I had entered on the struggle to wring a fortune from the world.

"To say I was madly happy would give you but a faint idea of my feelings at One of the most distressing and heart- that time. I was surrounded by everything

> "The first blow came, sudden and sharp. died in bringing a little girl into the world. The shock unmanned me-it unmans me even now to think about that time," and

"Then," he continued, after gazing intently at the fire, as though seeing the picture his recollection had conjured up-"then Nature stepped in, and loss of While walking along one of London's reason lessened the poignancy of my grief. busy thoroughtares some short time ago, For nearly twelve months I was compelled the writer witnessed what nearly proved to to be away from business. Then my health began to improve; I again took a fresh interest in life, and hoped soon to forget my sorrow by working hard. As a recuperative, I went on a voyage to the was recalled home by the news that my manager had absconded. 1 returned. It was too true; and his defalcations amounted to considerably over three thousand pounds.

"Here let me tell you that I met that man one night in Londonirecently. Judging ciently to walk; with a little help from the by his appearance he was prosperous in the world. I called him by name. He looked at me, threw me a shilling-and passed on.

"To return to my story. Once more took the helm, and entered heart and soul into the business, but before I could make terrible look of silent suffering (irrespective | any headway, a disastrous fire broke out, and building, stock, everything was gone.

"Was I insured ? No; there comes the irony of fate. I always advocated insurance, and 'practiced what I preached,' but during my enforced absence, the months when I was not allowed, even when capable of doing so, to think of anything connected with the business, the policy lapsed, and my absconding manager failed to renew it.

"I again had a long illness, otherwise I might, even after the fire, have made "Oh, but you must not say that. No fresh start. When I recovered however, I "What did I do with the money? I'm The neighbourhood in which he live coming to that. With my little girl, then

"I don't believe half of our rich men know when they are well off." "Humph How'd you get that idea ?" "Been looking over the assessment roll."

An utterly unknown poet recently sent some verses to to the Czar congratulating him on his recovery. Apparently surprised and pleased at getting a good word from astonishment, a magnificent fur coat.

Brown (meeting friend on highway)-North, Hamilton, Ont., writes as follows Let me introduce you to my wife and my for the benefit of all suffering Canadians :--two brothers and my sister-in-law and mother-in-law. We are going to take Johnny to the circus. You know, the mental in saving me from years of suffering little tellows do so love a circus. and ill-health. About three years ago, I

In the exam. papers of a large middle class school elementry astronomy was one of the flights aimed at. Said a budding astronomer about our nocturnal luminary 'The moon 19 ninety millions of miles away from the earth. We only see one side of the moon. We can never see the other side unless we take a voyage to Australia.

The Spartan mether was pale and resolute. Her hand trembled as it rested upon the armored shoulder of her only son about to go forth to battle, her red lips were set I feel twenty years younger. sternly and her eyes were dry. "My boy," she said solemnly, "come back with your shield or upon it, and thank your lucky stars it's only war, and not tootball." With her benison then he departed.

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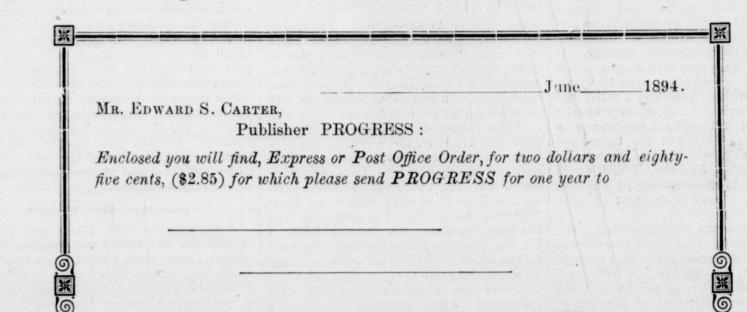
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"Shepherd's Song :"

"The gowan glitters on the sward, The lav'rock's in the sky, And Collie on my plaid keeps ward, And time is passing by; Oh, no! sad an' slow! The shadow of our trystin' bush It wears sae slowly round

My sheep bell tingles frae the west, My lambs are bleating near; But still the sound that I lo'e best, Alack! I canna hear. Oh, no! sad an' slow!

*If Joanna Baillie had known the stage practical-ly, she would never have attacked the importance y, she would never have attacked the importance which she did to the development of single passions in single tragedies; and she would have invented more stirring incidents to justify the passion of her characters. and to give them that air of fatality which, though peculiarly predominent in the Greek drama, will also be found, to a certain extent, in all

a lodging-house (somewhat higher in thd scale of respectability than a common "doss the interest of the money-about sixty house," by reason of the fact that beds pounds a year-and leave the capital inwere only let by the week to regular cus- tact for my daughter, should anything tomers); we had passed several suspicious-looking characters in the street, but our awhile. Then the climax to my sorrow, appetite for "copy" had been whetted : and | as I thought then, was reached.

there was such an air of truth about the "The bank in which all my money was, old man's opening remarks, that, casting stopped payment (the-Bank : you aside all fear of talling into the hands of remember the smash, perhaps), and there thieves, we accepted his invitation. He was nothing left me in the wide world but opened the door and led the way, and pre- my daughter. I still had her to love, to care for, to comfort; and hard as my life sently we entered a large kitchen. Then he appeared to lose himseff in his then became, bitter as the struggle was to surronndings, acting for the moment as if eke out of existence. I felt thankful-I did, he had forgotten our existence. Tired, by Heaven !- I felt thankful that such a careworn, bowed with a mighty sorrow treasure had been spared me. But it was though he appeared at our first meeting, not to be for long.

drama, will also be found, to a certain extent, in all successful tragedies. Instead of this, she contrives to make all the passions of her main characters pro-ceed from the wilful natures of the beings themselves. THOMAS CAMPBELL. He "crushed" look on his face now ap-peared to deepen and become intensified. Walking over to the window, he carefully jumping from his chair so suddenly that I

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