

SHE SANG SWEET LAYS.

GENTLE FELICIA HEMANS' WORDS
THAT WILL NOT DIE.Pastor Felix Tells Again of Haunted
Places—The Charm of Heartfelt Songs—
The Haunts and Scenes a Poet Chooses—A
Life of Domestic Sorrows.

After all your epics, and rhymed romances, what is better or dearer than a song? What is it that one would covet more to have written than a heart-lyric—the interpretation of human love and longing in its most perfect that all the world cries, it is done! He who does this abides more surely in the heart and memory of mankind than the makers of mightier things. What is dew? What is starlight? What is the distant magic of a purpling hill? What is the shimmer on a flowing stream? What is the evening voice of a woodland brook? All are hidden in the perfect song. The aroma of "Annie Laurie" and of "Bonnie Doon," being with us always, makes life sweeter, and love sadder and holier; like the scent escaping from the folds of some letter written by dear hands long folded in death; and even "The Old Folks at Home," or "Do They Miss Me," will sometimes please us better than the utmost pomp and circumstance of the muse.

This is one reflection that our present subject suggests. She is secure in the universal heart who sang "The Graves of a Household," "The Better Land," "The Stately Homes of England," and other throbbing lyrics, that carry tears and smiles in sweetest solution. While the heart of man holds a haunted chamber, these æolian breathings cannot cease; and while names are held in that sympathetic and tender regard the loving wish for that of Felicia Hemans will signify something better than empty fame.

She was a beautiful, precocious child, who lisped in numbers, and who first saw the light of this world through windows of a home in Duke street, Liverpool, September 25th, 1793; and who bore the name of Felicia Dorothea Browne. Mingled in her veins with Saxon blood, ran a stream of the Sunny South, in which was that ardent and subtle emotion that determined her temperament, and entered into her poetry. It awakens a curious fancy,—remembering the genius of "Tannhauser's" Creator,—to read that her mother's name was Wagner, and that she was of mingled Austrian and Tuscan parentage. That mother was a daughter of a consul resident in the city, who was married to George Browne, a son of Erin, and a not very flourishing merchant, who failed and retired from Liverpool, not long after the birth of his most illustrious child.

There were seven children in the family, of whom Felicia was the fifth; and it would appear that they clung together with a warmth and constancy of fraternal affection not always manifest, certainly after the members of a household have been separated by time and distance. All—save the one taken in infancy—continued to strengthen and endear the natural tie that bound them, by renewed acts and deeds of tender concern.

It seemed as if Providence had conspired with nature to rear their poetic, beauty-loving offspring amid the loveliest of scenes; for her father on his retirement made his home at Gwrych, near Abergele, in Denbighshire,—a place of the wildest, most romantic seduction in North Wales. There, shut in by a wall of rude mountain, with rocky steep on steep rising behind; and before them the sea, "moaning with many voices," stood the romantic old house; the very beams and timbers of which and the foundation stones seemed speaking with legendary tongues in the ear of the sensitive child, who here abandoned herself to nature and poetry. Beautiful it is to see, in our fancy, this maiden of fourteen summers, revelling in her dower of inward and outward loveliness,—her mind already a sanctuary in which the graces dwell,—

"Her memory a dwelling-place,
For all sweet sounds and harmonies,"
and her person "in the full glow of that radiant beauty which was destined to fade so early;" now roving the shore to see the white-caps break and listen to the ceaseless roar of the waves; her profuse "ringlets of rich golden brown" blown back by the winds; climbing the hills, while the "mantling bloom of her cheeks" deepened in color, and gave additional lustre to the "brilliant eyes," that, with their "ever-varying expression" gave such a changeful play to her countenance." Beautiful to see her ranging the apartments of that old house; lingering in the library, hovering from book to book, like a bee from flower to flower; poring over her Shakespeare among the boughs of the old apple-tree; ranging the nut-wood; sitting in the arbor where the swing was; passing by the pool where the children sailed their mimic ships, or going to the post-office tree in the rotten hollow of which they put letters for each other. What a childhood's elysium it was! And then she tells us of "the strange creeping awe with which the solitude and stillness of Gwrych inspired her" with its haunting reputation, and the tradition of the fairy grey-hound keeping watch at the end of the avenue, a sight of which she covered and used to sally forth by the moonlight to obtain. But no resort had quite the charm for her which the shore possessed; a charm that called the child up on a summer night to sit in hearing of the waves; and brought her when wild storms piled the coast with ruin, or when the glorious creature smiled and dimpled and lisped in melody, till her inmost soul drank the spell—

"A sound and gleam of the moaning sea,"
She went in her eleventh year, with her parents to London,—the only visit to that city she ever made; but all the winter her heart sighed for the shore and the mountains. Then her eldest sister died; and, in her sorrow, she leaned to the younger, and to her brother Claude. Two were in the army, and their lives gave to her thought a martial tone and hue. Her noble-minded accomplished mother encouraged her access to books, and devoted herself to all the children, in the promotion

of their temporal welfare and the superintendence of their education.

Then fate stole into her garden, in the shape of a suitor, who brought over her spirit in future years uncongenial shadows. In this radiant dawn of genius and beauty, when "she was one of the most lovely and fascinating creatures imaginable, at once beautiful, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic," with dreams of chivalry and noble endeavor in arms—her two elder brothers in the army, one fighting in Spain, under Sir John Moore,—Captain Hemans came. One wishes that he might have visited some other neighbourhood; but he entered in to become the hero of her dreams. He went away, but returned again, to make her his wife in an ill-starred marriage.

She had passed the period of childish verses and their publication; she was filled with romance and old poetry, of her own and other lands; she had imbibed the passion of the musician, as well as of the poet, and practised with harp and piano, giving her preference to simple melodies, the tender and pathetic, or the heroic and patriotic; she had already tasted the sweets of praise and the bitter of criticism, and was now producing verses which should arrest public attention. But she was no more a child, changes were rapidly coming. They left their happy romantic Gwrych, and went to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph, in Flintshire, when she was seventeen. No more rambles by shore or mountain glen, nor brooding amid old scenes over pages of Froissart or Shakespeare, in careless ease; life's sterner cares, and burdensome responsibilities are at hand. Capt. Hemans returned, she was made his wife—he who did not know and could not prize the jewel-soul that had entrusted herself to his care.

Upon their marriage, in 1812, they went to reside at Davenry, but soon returned to Bronwylfa, which was afterward their home as long as they continued together,—about six years. When he knew her first she had repute as a poet, and amid her rapidly-growing cares, she did not neglect her studies, but took upon herself, to too great an extent, the burden she best loved of reading and composition. Thus, with children about her and a home to superintend, her "Domestic Affections and Other Poems," and shortly after, her "Tales and Historic Scenes," were ushered to the public. Then the separation came, of those who, being "one flesh," were not one in soul. One wonders what sort of being this military officer was, and with what eyes he looked upon her who was the mother of his five boys, delicate in health, and fragile in form, with a sylph-like beauty. Why could he not prize her and abide by her, and learn love and esteem,—even if he had never felt it before? Alas! but God only knoweth the secrets of human hearts; and, maybe, it was the utmost he could do to repair the wrong he had done, when he turned away his face toward Italy, and, through all her years of struggle and sorrow, mingled with triumph, saw her face no more.

Now her children and kinsmen, and the beloved muse were her solace and divided her attention. Her fame was in bud and growing thrillily, and she ministered to its growth. Her literary star was prosperous, the poetical world "watched her way," and at every step she won some fresh laurel. Dr. Luxmore, of St. Asaph, and Heber, of saintly fame, were close friends; the touch of the German genius had awakened new fountains of inspiration in her, breaking the old classic fetters; and she was cordially welcomed to the great magazines. Then she wrote her tragedy, "The Vespers of Palermo," which not even the genius of Kemble could redeem on the stage at Covent Garden. But failure on the London stage, and critical abuse, were in some measure compensated by liberal returns from the copy-right; and her triumph was coming! Edinburgh should redeem her fame, when, in April of the following year, she was to say that "The Vespers" could be listened to. Kindly-hearted Joanna Baillie solicited Scott for an Epilogue, which was spoken by Mrs. Henry Siddons; and the grateful heart that trembled in its retreat at Bronwylfa overflowed with gratitude to the great Border Minstrel in notes that testified her admiration and esteem.

PASTOR FELIX.

About Saturn's Rings.
Every one who has given even the least attention possible to astronomical curios knows that Saturn presents a phenomenon so which there is nothing analogous in the whole of the solar system—two broad, flat, and very thin rings being his constant attendants in his trips round the sun. Galileo first noticed a peculiarity in the appearance of this ringed planet, which, he said, "appeared like a large body placed between two smaller ones." Huygens first described the rings, and figured them for the benefit of those not fortunate enough to own a telescope. The breadth of these rings from the outer diameter of the larger to the inner edge of the smaller has been computed at 29,900 miles; total diameter of the outer ring, 167,000 miles; and a space of 10,000 miles is supposed to intervene between the inner edge of the small ring and the surface of the planet itself. The composition of these rings, or, rather, this system of rings (some authors mention three and even four, although two seems to be the number accorded by the majority of writers) is simply a matter of conjecture. Some astronomers claim that they are composed of material similar to that of the planet itself, while others are sure that "they are composed of numerous satellites (moons) mingled with vaporous matter traveling in planes." Maxwell says: "The rings must be formed of separate particles moving round the planet as independent satellites." According to Otto Struve, observations on the rings for a period of over 200 years prove beyond a doubt that they are widening, and that the lower edge of the inner one is slowly but certainly approaching the body of the planet.

Speaking to the Occasion.

"Col. Brown," remarked a chappie, "is the finest after-dinner speaker I know of." "Why," said his friend in some astonishment, "I never heard he had any ability in that direction at all." "Well, he has; I've dined with him several times at various places, and after dinner he always says: 'That's all right, my boy, I'll pay for it!'"

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For some years Paine's Celery Compound has been the chosen and favorite medicine with thousands of our Canadian women in every province. This truly wonderful medicine has almost entirely superseded the methods of the old schools; it has done more for suffering humanity than all the combined efforts of physicians. No other medicine of our times has ever drawn forth such hearty and honest commendation and testimony as Paine's Celery Compound from women of all ranks.

In this issue we give the portraits of three Canadian ladies who have been restored and made whole through the marvellous curing powers of Paine's Celery Compound. These ladies did not yield to the interested motives of profit-loving medicine dealers; they were not persuaded to try the something else just as good; they were fortunate enough to buy the only medicine that could save their lives.



MRS. JOHN H. PIERCE.

The following testimonials forcibly speak in favor of the one remedy that every sick, suffering and weary woman should use.

Mrs. Gilbert F. Saunders, of Owen Sound, Ont., says: "For over a year I was troubled with pains in my head, leg and shoulder, and was in a bad condition. I went to four doctors, but they gave me no relief. A physician afterwards advised me to use your Paine's Celery Compound; I did so, and it has completely cured me. I recommend it highly to all who suffer from the same ailments."

Mrs. E. Coleman, of Brant House, Burlington, Ont., who was ill for nearly 20 years, says: "I feel it my duty to let you know what Paine's Celery compound has done for me. I am now 60 years of age, and have been very ill for nearly 20 years. During my long illness doctors and patent medicines failed to cure me. At the hospital I was told that I was suffering from tumors; and often, no matter how I tried to cheer myself, I felt like putting an end to my life. I heard of your Paine's Celery Compound and commenced to use it, and it has done wonders for me. I can now get up at five o'clock every morning and get my sons off to work at seven; and very often I walk six miles before I take breakfast. I feel better than ever before in my life, and my friends are surprised at the wonderful change in my health. Paine's Celery Compound is a grand medicine, and I will always recommend it to those who need it."

Mrs. John H. Pierce, of King Street West, St. John, N. B., forcibly writes: "I consider it a duty to recommend your Paine's Celery Compound to suffering

humanity. I suffered terribly from constipation, weakness, nervousness, kidney and liver troubles; I was also subject to those tired, weary feelings, and had a slight touch of skin disease. The first dose of Paine's Celery Compound relieved me; and now, after having taken three bottles, I feel much better. I am not constipated, I have no weak feelings, and I eat and sleep well. I gave the Compound to my baby and she thrived well on it. It is a grand remedy, and I hope all who read this may benefit by my recommendation."

SANDOW THE STRONG MAN.

His Muscular Ambition Was Inspired by a Statue of Hercules.

Strong men have lived in every age. Samsons and Sandows existed long before the world began to take an interest in muscular achievements. Every schoolboy has heard of Milo, the Cretan, who slew an ox with his fist, and ate it up at one meal. If his strength was equal to his appetite, he must have been a strong man indeed. Like several other heroes of classic story, he had an overweening confidence in his own powers. He attempted one day to tear a forest tree asunder, but the timber rebounded and caught him in its grasp. Then wolves devoured him.

Hercules was the "star" of heathen strong men. The seven leading feats of his programme always commanded the admiration of those who understood them. There were other strong men, however, in his day whose performances obtained less publicity. For instance, Polydamas killed an Olympian lion quite as easily as Hercules. On another occasion, he opposed three of the strongest men in the Persian army, and killed them by giving each a tap on the ear. He was about to "tap" the flower of the Persian army, but the king cried "enough." Athanasius could run around the arena with a 500-pound weight fastened to his test, the Emperor Maximus could crush a stone with his fingers, and Iesus could hold fast the most furious bull that ever lived.

The strongest man of the present day is Eugene Sandow. Sandow is a perfect replica of the artistic conceptions of Hercules. Strange to say, it was a statue of Hercules which inspired him to become a strong man. When a boy, he went to Rome, and saw there the wonderful statue of Hercules, displaying all the glory of magnificent physique. Young Sandow was puzzled to know why the men of today are unlike the men of classic ages. His father ventured the opinion that railroads and other conveniences had made men lazy. The boy determined to be as strong as Hercules himself. He succeeded so well, that he is now a living counterpart of the famous warrior.

This handsome, simple-minded German is the finest living example of muscular development. He has developed to the highest point every separate muscle in his body. He can lift a 500 pound weight with his middle finger, he can support a horse with his teeth, he can raise a man on his hand with the ease that he could raise a dog, he can support a couple of horses on his chest, and perform other marvels of strength. He could kill a man with one blow of his powerful arm.

His muscles are so thick and deep, that the backbone seems to run along the bottom of a deep gorge. His chest, when inflated, measures 58 inches in circumference.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Angels weep on the day that a young man begins to spend more money than he can make.

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Yarmouth, CHARLES PLUMMER.

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Burns, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult and endures no stain.

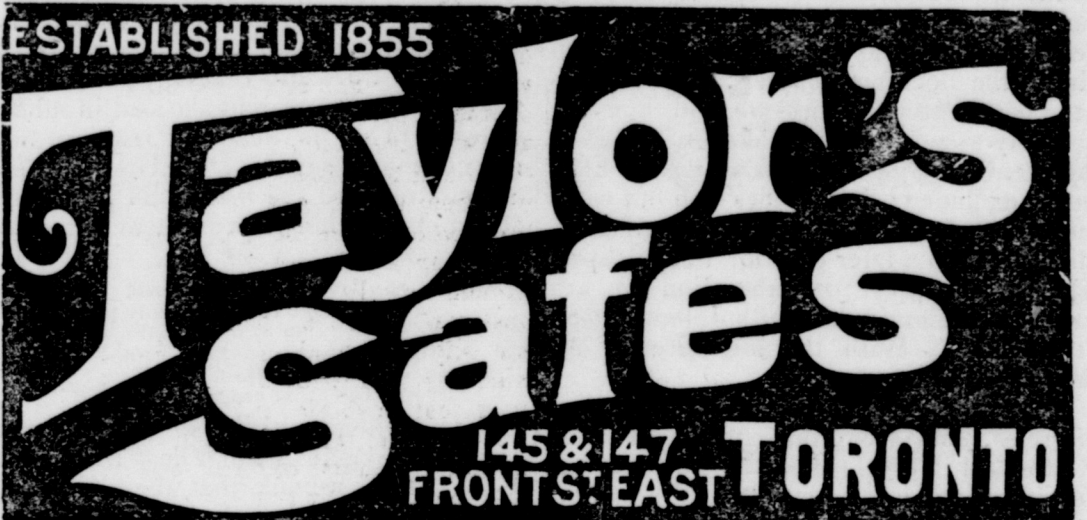
Write to the Proprietors of Putnam's Emulsion for copies of testimonials to the excellence of Putnam's Emulsion from the most skillful physicians and prominent citizens of Nova Scotia.

There is one consolation in knowing that the world will never be as bad as some people think it is, nor as good as they think it ought to be.



Crumpled Youth: Ah, I say, just look at this confounded shirt, only had three dances and now look at it.

His Friend: Well, my boy, you should buy shirts that are made at Tookes', they are a sure fit every time. Look at the Tookes shirt I wear and I've danced every dance.



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