

HAUNTS OF MRS. HEMANS. FAVORITE SPOTS OF ENGLAND'S FAVORITE POETESS.

How She Tells of Them in the Songs She Has Sung—Precious Memories Associated with the Hours of Childhood—The End that Was a Beginning.

In 1825, Mrs. Hemans made another short remove. Her Bronwylla home having come into the possession of her elder brother, she went to Rhyllon and set up her home. Her father had died in the Canadian city of Quebec, whither he had gone on some commercial errand, and her widowed mother was at this time a cherished inmate. Rhyllon was only a short distance and in full view of Bronwylla; and as her father had come to live there, the place had an added interest. "This house at Rhyllon is described as being a tall, staring, brick building, almost destitute of trees, of creepers on the walls, or a shrubbery; while Bronwylla, on the contrary, was a perfect bower of roses, peeping like a bird's nest, out of the foliage in which it was embosomed."

What a delightful picture of it is that given by her own sister and loving biographer! "In spite, however, of the anomalous exterior of her new abode, the earlier part of Mrs. Hemans' residence at Rhyllon may, perhaps, be considered as the happiest of her life; as far, at least, as the term happiness could ever be fitly applied to any period of it later than childhood. The house, with all its ugliness, was large and convenient; the view from the windows beautiful and extensive; and its situation on a fine green slope, terminating in a pretty woodland dingle, peculiarly healthy and cheerful. Never, perhaps, had she more thorough enjoyment of her boys than in witnessing and often joining in their sports, in those pleasant, breezy fields, where the kites soared so triumphantly, and the hoops trundled so merrily, and where the cowslips grew as cowslips never grew before. An atmosphere of home soon gathered round the dwelling; roses were planted, and honeysuckles trained; and the rustling of the solitary poplar near the window was taken to her heart, like the voice of a friend. The dingle became a favorite haunt, where she would pass many dreamlike hours of enjoyment with her books, and her own sweet fancies, and the children playing around her. Every tree, and flower, and tuft of moss that sprang amidst its green recesses, was invested with some individual charm by that rich imagination, so skilled in

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar With golden exhalations of the dawn." Here, on what the boys would call "mamma's sofa,"—a little grassy mound under her favorite beech tree—she first read "The Talisman" and has described the scene with a loving minuteness, in her "Hour of Romance."

There were thick leaves above me and around, And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's sleep, Amid their dimness, and a fitful sound, As of soft showers of water, dark and deep Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still, They seemed but pictured glooms, a hidden rill Made music—such as harkens us in a dream— Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed, Came pouring through the woven beech boughs down.

Many years after, in the sonnet, "To a Distant Scene," she addresses, with a fond yearning, this well-remembered haunt— "Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing, O, far-off grassy dell."

How many precious memories has she hung around the thought of the cowslip, that flower with its "gold coat," and "fairy favors," which is, of all others, so associated with the "voice of happy childhood," and was, to her, ever redolent of the hours when her "Heart so leapt to that sweet laughter's tone."

Another favorite resort was the picturesque old bridge over the Clwyd; and when her health admitted of more aspiring achievements, she delighted in roaming to the hills; and the announcement of a walk to Gwm, a romantic little hamlet, nestled in a mountain hollow amidst very lovely sylvan scenery, about two miles from Rhyllon, would be joyously echoed by her elated companions, to whom the recollection of those happy rambles must always be unspeakably dear. Very often, at the outset of these expeditions, the party would be reinforced by the addition of a certain little Kitty Jones, a child from a neighboring cottage, who had taken an especial fancy to Mrs. Hemans, and was continually watching her movements. This little creature never saw her without at once attaching itself to her side, and confidingly placing its tiny hand in hers. So great was her love for children, and her repugnance to hurt the feelings of any living creature, that she never would shake off this singular appendage, but let little Kitty rejoice in her "pride of place," till the walk became too long for her capacity, and she would quietly fall back of her own accord.

"Those who only know the neighborhood of St. Aspath from travelling along its highways, can be little aware how much delightful scenery is attainable within walks of two or three miles' distance from Mrs. Hemans' residence. The placid beauty of the Clwyd, and the wilder graces of its sister stream, the Elwy, particularly in the vicinity of "Our Lady's Well," and the interesting rocks and caves

at Celu, are little known to general tourists; though, by the lovers of her poetry, it will be remembered how sweetly she has apostrophized the

"Fount of the chapel, with ages grey!" and how tenderly, amidst far different scenes, her thoughts reverted to the

"Cambrian river, with slow music gliding By pastoral hills, old woods and ruined towers."

Ah, blessedness of life, wherever life is found in this fashion! It is here we forget for a season that earth is not the paradise which once it was, and that crime and sorrows unspeakable are multiplied, till the anguish of creation is shrill enough to silence the singing of angels. Here a poetic Eve walks in unshadowed innocence. So would we choose to walk were such a choice permitted us.

"If heaven, a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, One cordial in this melancholy vale," is it not where domestic love and the love of nature consist together? What, compared with scenes like these, so clearly pictured with a sister's loving pen, is the city, with its glittering salon and ceremonious coterie? Who would exchange this happy group on the banks of the Clwyd for the most distinguished throng in a London drawing room? The "freside clime" is the only halcyon region on earth, and the fireside group the selectest and sweetest society. Here envy and scorn and all uncharitableness depart from the soul capable of communion with these lonely hills and glens and rivers,—with all the beauty and magnificence of a world untamed. Here the hollow heart of jealousy is not disguised by the flatterer's oily lips, but thoughts are pure and sincere, as they are serene and beautiful. We covet these primitive pleasures. Let who will sit beside the reeky caldron of society that bubbles up "its petty scandals, its bitterness, and toul criticism;" give me the hill and moor, the wildest of shores or densest of wildernesses;—these are the natural homes of the poet, the shrines where he communes with the Invisible. Let my portion be "with the breezy mountain, and the blue sky soaring high above; with the gray ruin and the rushing river; with the dell and its whispering leaves, soothing down the mind to a peaceful consciousness, in which thoughts of eternity steal into it, and come forth again to the eternal page."

These scenes and circumstances are about to be exchanged for tamer ones, and sorrows now fall thickly. The home of her elder brother is made desolate by death. Then she closes the eyes of her loving mother and sees her borne to the grave. Her sister and companion is married and withdrawn to a distance, and her younger brother is called to an appointment in Ireland. Familiar and beautiful scenes have a lonesome look. "O, what is there in a house when its loving inmates have departed! Well might she write about this home where so much gladness had perished."

"Gloom is upon thy lonely heart, O silent house! none with me; Sorrow is in the breezy sound Of thy tall poplars whispering round."

"The shadow of departed hours Hangs dim upon thine early flowers; Even in thy sunshine seems to brood Something more deep than solitude."

"Fair art thou, fair to stranger gaze, Mine own sweet! be thou of other days; My children's birthplace! yet for me It is too much to look on thee."

"Too much! for all about thee spread I feel the memory of the dead. And almost linger for the feet, That never more my step shall meet."

"The looks, the smiles, all vanished now, Follow me where thy roses blow; And sweetest words of household words Are with me 'midst thy singing birds."

"Ye are at rest, and I in tears, Ye dwellers of immortal spheres! Under the poplar boughs I stand, And mourn the broken household band."

Dear as the place is, it is now desolate; and she must leave it. Hopes and duties lie elsewhere, and are not in this paper to be considered. Meanwhile, her health is giving way and she is drifting into chronic invalidism. At first it does not appear what the cause may be, but is gradually determined to be a lesion of the heart. There is that flutter-flutter, like the wing of a wounded bird, and there are times when she must lie down. Care-lines have come in her face, and sometimes a look of hopeless perplexity is there. Perhaps her musing is at times of him whose name she bears; who, living in a city that could once be cruel, has left her in sorrow and weakness to struggle on as best she can. But to all these things there cometh an end,—an end, which is also a beginning.

PASTOR FELIX.

THINGS OF VALUE. Imitation may be the sincerest flattery; but an up-to-date girl doesn't think so when she is presented with a paste diamond.

I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT Sydney, C. B. C. I. LAQUE.

I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BERN, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

A prophet is not wholly without honor in his own country. His neighbor sometimes admits that he is not as big a fool as other neighbors take him for.

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

The professional photographer and the amateur hold entirely different views of the same things.

Pets in Prisons. Prisoners and their pets have formed the theme of many an interesting story. Prince Krapotkin has told the world about the wonderfully intelligent cat that brought amusement to his fellow-prisoners and himself in the dreary fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and Mr. Michael Davitt's pet is hardly less famous. During his fifteen months' confinement in Portland prison Mr. Davitt was presented by the governor with a blackbird. So attached did the "Father of the Irish Land League" become to the cheery companion, that he wrote his book, "Leaves from a Prison Diary," in the form of lectures to the bird. With the concluding address "Joe" was set free—never to return

JOY IN TWO HOMES. A GENUINE SENSATION IN GREY COUNTY.

How Baby was Saved, and how a Young Lady Regained Health after Doctors and Friends had Given up Hope—Grateful Parents Speak for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

[From the Collingwood Enterprise.] Situated some fourteen miles from the town of Collingwood, on the border line between the counties of Simcoe and Grey, is the thriving village of Singhampton. It was the duty of the writer to visit this charming locality, recently on a mission of more than local interest, and to Mr. Geo. F. Riddell we are indebted for the really startling facts elicited as a result of the trip.

Having resided in the locality since boyhood, Mr. Riddell is one of the best known citizens in the village and his word is respected as that of an honest, intelligent man. He was found engaged in his work at Mr. Pearson's mills, and cheerfully went with the reporter to his residence where Mrs. Riddell was found with her little girl. The little girl is two years and four months old, very bright and intelligent. Her name is Lizzie Bell, but her parents informed the reporter that they call her the "Pink Pills baby," and they gave these reasons: When Lizzie was ten months old she was taken ill, the trouble being ascribed to her teeth, and so bad did she become that she was quite blind for two weeks. A doctor said there was no hope for her, and the parents shared his opinion, for the child was exceedingly puny and weighed only nine or ten pounds when a year old. Mrs. Riddell said, "We frequently could not help wishing the little one was at rest, so much did she suffer."

Mr. Riddell about this time, heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and determined to try them. As baby continued taking the pills she began to grow well and strong, and has gone on steadily improving. "I think," said Mrs. Riddell, "that baby would long since have been in her grave had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I unhesitatingly recommend them as a most reliable remedy." Mr. Riddell said he had been ill for some time himself, feeling nervous, worried and losing his appetite. His left hand also seemed to be losing its strength, and his weight decreased to 132 pounds. He resolved to try Pink Pills, and in six weeks he regained good health and appetite, while his weight showed an increase of 32 pounds. He is enthusiastic concerning Pink Pills with good reason.

While in Singhampton the reporter heard much talk of another remarkable case, and being anxious that all the facts obtainable should be placed before the public, he called at the home of Miss Ellen Cousins. The young lady was absent visiting friends, but her mother cheerfully gave the facts of this truly remarkable case. Miss Cousins was troubled with dyspepsia since childhood, and as she approached maturity other complications followed. At sixteen years of age she weighed 125 pounds, but her troubles so reduced her that she fell away to a mere skeleton of 56 pounds, and at this stage her trouble was aggravated by erysipelas in both legs. Medicines of various kinds were tried without avail until the doctor finally advised that none be taken and that the diet be carefully watched.

Then another doctor, who it was said had cured a girl similarly afflicted, was tried, but three months' treatment produced no good results and Miss Cousins was in such a condition that the family and friends set up one night fully expecting death to ensue before morning. The spark of life flickered, and on the suggestion of a friend two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were procured. After taking them a slight gain was noticed, and two boxes more were got, and since that time Miss Cousins has taken eleven boxes and has continually gained in health and strength and her weight has increased from 56 to 85 pounds. Mrs. Cousins said that they look upon Ellen as one raised from the dead, and they cheerfully recommend Pink Pills to all sufferers from similar complaints.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or an impairment of the nervous system such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, and after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on chronic in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and 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 excess of any kind.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud and should be avoided. These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Shenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. They may be had from any dealer, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Saved the Queen. Touching the equestrian of renown, Andrew Ducrow, so long the lessee of Astley's and who was the original courier of St. Petersburg, who rode six bare-backed horses at once, there is a curious story, for the authenticity of which we cannot vouch, but which is related as it was told to the writer more than half a century ago.

Ducrow, so runs the tale, was riding in Hyde Park one morning at the same time as the youthful Queen Victoria, about two months before her coronation, was taking equestrian exercise. The queen's horse bolted, and the attendants failed to stop the terrified animal. Ducrow leaped from his saddle, seized the horse's bridle, at the same time patting the horse's neck and talking to it in that peculiar soothing tone of his which gave him an almost magical mastery over the brute creation. The horse remained quite quiet, but trembling violently, while her Majesty was assisted to alight, and was conveyed in a carriage to Buckingham Palace. Andrew Ducrow's only remark when he was informed that the lady whom

he had assisted in her distress was the Queen of England! was simply— "Lawks a mussy me! Why didn't her blessed Majesty come to me for her 'osses?"

Eight weeks afterwards he was as much astonished as delighted to receive from Buckingham Palace a splendid breast pin, representing him as a miniature courier of St. Petersburg, in gold, brilliants and rubies; while simultaneously he received from the Lord Chamberlain's office two tickets to Westminster Abbey for Mr. and Mrs. Ducrow to witness the pageant of the coronation.

Ships Named "Resolution." Apropos of H. M. S. Resolution's narrow escape from foundering, it has been pointed out that no fewer than four Resolutions have come to an untimely end by battle, fire or wreck. The first bore the flag of Blake in his great victory off the North Foreland over Van Tromp, Sept. 28, 1652, and in Monk's equally great success off the same headland, July 25, 1666, she was burned by a fire ship, the only one lost, as against twenty sail taken or sunk. Forty years later the Resolution engaged a squadron of six ships off the Spanish coast and was run ashore and burned by Capt. Mordaunt, son of the famous Earl of Peterborough, to save her from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Only four years afterward (1710), near the same spot, off Barcelona, a third ship of the name was driven ashore by a storm and became a total wreck. Finally, in Hawke's great victory off Quiberon, when the French lost four ships of the line destroyed and two taken, the Resolution and Essex ran upon a sand bank and were lost, together with a portion of their crews. We should, however, put to the credit of the name the success that attended her under Capt. Cook's command on his second voyage, when he explored the Antarctic continent and New Zealand and discovered New Caledonia, Georgia and other islands.

Very Remarkable Knives. The most remarkable knife in the world is one in the curiosity room of the factory of Joseph Rodgers and Sons, cutlers Sheffield, England. It has 1,890 blades, and ten blades are added to it every tenth year, so that the addition about seven years hence will bring the number of its blades up to 1,900. Another curiosity in their possession is three pair of scissors, all of which can be covered by a thimble. One thousand eight hundred and forty blades, all provided with hinges and springs, and closing into one handle, were made into a single pocket-knife by one of the cutlery manufacturers of Sheffield. Another specimen has 220 blades, highly ornamented with landscapes, etc., and a third, measuring when closed, only one inch in length, has seventy blades, illustrating all the various shapes ever given to knife-blades. A knife with more than 100 blades was presented by the cutlers of Sheffield to George IV., and is among the royal treasures at Windsor Castle. A carving knife and fork at New York are said to be the largest in the world, the former being 10½ feet long and the latter 7½ feet. The handles made out of elephants' tusks, are worth \$800. Together these implements weigh 320 pounds and are valued at \$1,200.

A Little Financial Trouble, which caused the closing of a bank in Arizona, was accounted for by this notice, posted on the bank doors: "This bank is not busted; it owes the people 36,000 dollars; the people owe it 55,000 dollars; it is the people who are busted; when they pay, we'll pay."

A Simple Fact. If we got a dollar Every time we spoke Meantly of another, No one would be broke.

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Winter Arrangement. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7:25 standard. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 6 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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IT MADE HER WELL. Paine's Celery Compound Saves from Death.

Mrs. Pelletier, of Quebec, Suffered Continuously for Fifteen Years—Was Paralyzed on Right Side for Six Years—Endured Terrible Agonies Night and Day—Three Bottles of Nature's Healer Gave Good Results—Paine's Celery Compound Restores the Sick.



MRS. L. PELLETIER.

"I take great pleasure in letting you know all the good that I have derived from your Paine's Celery Compound. For fifteen years I have been a dyspeptic, and have tried a great many medicines without deriving any good results. I was also paralyzed on my right side for six years, and was unable to write or do any work. Last winter I was confined to my room with pains in my stomach, back and head, also with inflammatory rheumatism. A friend brought me a newspaper and directed my attention to the almost miraculous benefits that resulted from the use of your Paine's Celery Compound. I then decided to try three bottles and have, from the use of the remedy, experienced grand results. The pains have disappeared and I feel a great deal stronger. I fully believe that I have at last found the precious remedy. I owe you unbounded gratitude, and will proclaim it to all the world, so that our poor suffering humanity may derive all the benefits that your medicine can give. It certainly has no equal in merit as a reliever of pain." This is the testimony of Mrs. L. Pelletier, 56 Bridge Street, Quebec; her portrait appears above. A more decisive victory over disease of long standing has never been put on record by any other medicine. Mrs. Pelletier's experiences of failure and success carry to all sufferers a weighty and important lesson: warning and encouragement—warning against wasting time and hardening life with medicines that prove failures—and encouragement to use nature's true restorer Paine's Celery Compound. Mrs. Pelletier's plain and honest testimony should influence and guide thousands of sickly, weary and diseased men and women in Canada.

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