

## SOME POETS OF NATURE.

PASTOR FELIX TELLS OF THOMAS HUTCHINSON, THE POET.

He was a friend of Eugene Field and his Character Resembles that Poet—Mr. Fenety's book Criticized—Madame Laurier as the First Lady in the Land.

Sir Donald Smith, the distinguished philanthropist and millionaire of Canada, who has succeeded Sir Charles Tupper as Canadian High Commissioner to London, wisely administers his own benefactions, and does not adjourn that duty to the time of his executors. In addition to his previous liberal gifts to the cause of higher education, he has now appropriated the princely sum of \$2,000,000 to the foundation of a college for women in the city of Montreal. The entire sum of \$5,000,000 for the good of "this Canada of ours," is a noble showing out of which an inspiration will be felt by other money-makers in the Dominion. This man of large thoughts and aims, as rich in inward gifts and varied experience as in material wealth, will be a representative at the Court of St. James fitted to honor both countries. He is a Scotchman, as his name implies, sound in mind and frame, and at eighty years is still capable of being—

"The pillar of a people's hope."

The esteem in which he is held in Britain may be witnessed by his prominence among the five hundred guests at the recent banquet of "The Ancients." He is not less esteemed in the United States, where sterling manhood never fails to secure estimation; for he knows how to be a true Canadian, without flinging abroad any red rag of prejudice or hostility. An editor of a leading New York journal thus refers to him:

"He has had countless adventures, and in early life lived at Hudson Bay, where he was familiar with all the wild scenes, beasts, and for bringing aborigines by which that great inland sea is surrounded. Crossing the Atlantic in the summer of 1884, he sat at the head of a table at which were Dr. Robert Newton Young and the Rev. S. J. Whitehead, the returning fraternal delegates from the British Wesleyan Conference, Judge Hendrickson, and the writer. Sir Donald was so interesting a talker that it was not uncommon for those near him to sit at table till the waiters requested them to disperse that they might make ready for the next meal. He was one of the chief projectors of the great Canadian Pacific Railway. He is a staunch Presbyterian."

In the beautiful valley of the Wansbeck Northumberland, England lives a scholarly book-loving man to whom Nature and the Muse are dear. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson to whom allusion has been made in these columns, as the author of a biographical essay on Burns, is a master of a school at Peaswood, Morpeth, and is an apt pupil in another—a summer-school, held among the dells and by the winding streams of historic Northumberland, where woods and flowers, and children, are his beloved teachers. He was the friend of Eugene Field the lover and poet of children, whom in his spiritual traits he resembles not a little, and derived much profit and delight from the books and letters of that genial lamented man. Mr. Hutchinson is keenly interested in life and letters on this side of the Atlantic, and has a constantly accumulating library of American books. He says "I am rather finikin in some of my bookish ways." For example I don't care for English editions of American authors. I must have the genuine Trans-Atlantic production. And I may egotistically say that I have a goodly number of such volumes. I have not yet made a speciality (as you suggest I should do,) of Canadian poets' but it may perhaps interest you to know that in my collection are: Mr. Lightbill's Anthology; 'Orion' and 'In Divers Tones' by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts; 'Low Tide on Grandpre,' 'Behind The Arras' and 'Songs of Vagabondage' by Bliss Carman; 'Seaward' and 'Lancelot and Guinevere' by Richard Hovey; (Does he not err in classifying him with the Canadian?) 'This Canada of Ours' by J. D. Edgar; and 'The Water Lily,' by Frank Waters. His wealth may in this sort be subintitally and intrinsically increased, and indeed he does aspire to the possession of the volumes of Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, and William Wilfred Campbell; For he says, 'they are three poets who have been strongly recommended to me, and just such as I should delight in judging from the poems of theirs that I have come across occasionally. Miss Wetherald's muse has also become an attraction to him for he enquires: 'Is 'The House of the Trees, Miss Wetherald's first volume? The piece you quote—particularly Pine Needles—are just splendid!' Mr. Hutchinson's author of a volume of poems of Child life, and various publications beside. The following, so far as we know, has never been published elsewhere:

## THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

We wandered 'tween the wood, my wife and I,  
And thro' the trees the sun shone on her hair,  
Making a clearer, brighter sunshine there;  
The birds were singing their glad songs on high,  
The rivulet, aglow, leapt blithely by,  
And wind and leaves made music in the air;  
Upon the path ants hastened everywhere;  
And cloudlets, glistened above us in the blue sky,  
We did not speak—thoughts were so deep for words,  
But soul to soul in silence close drew,  
Till 'gainst our hearts we felt the heart of peace;  
And sweeter than the singing of the words  
Our speechlessness was to us, and we knew  
The blessedness of love and love's increase.

The bicycle, to a generation madly bent on pleasure, is an admirably adapted instrument. It may be said that the Sabbath has by it been not so much broken as

shattered, and in fine completely pulverized. Yet though we have never learned to ride, we can see that it is not altogether maleficent, and we do not look upon the most accomplished rider as only gracefully diabolical. There are always saddle-climbers who make both horse and rider rue, and there are children of folly to whom the bicycle is a terrible temptation; but to the prudent and moderate the wheel doubtless furnishes a most wholesome and exhilarating method of locomotion. The St. Louis Christian Advocate indeed declares that the amount of energy expended in 'century runs' if forced into the business of sawing wood, would be considered a sufficient cause for rebellion, and put anarchism to the rout with an alarming increase. However, the foolish abuse a good thing, we can but think of its recuperative value to the nerve-exhausted minister and teacher, on whom the gift of legs, which belonged to Wordsworth and Abasuerus, was never bestowed. The argument against the wheel drawn from the number of casualties does not seem to us a valid one; albeit, one writer seems of opinion that it all the accidents were as carefully chronicled as are those of trolley-cars, the sum would be surprisingly instructive. He says: "A minister, still unable to account for the cause of his accident, backed over a cliff and fractured his skull. Two citizens of Athens, Penn., started on Sunday from that place to Great Bend, where the wife of one of them was spending the summer. They were riding on a tandem bicycle. One received a compound fracture of the skull and died shortly afterward; the scalp of the other was torn from his head, and he was badly bruised that there is no hope of his recovery. These men weighed about two hundred and ten pounds each. Their machine had no brake. They rode very fast to the top of a hill, and began to descend before they had time to get the machine under control; one leaped, the other was dashed against the stones." In this case the accident was confessedly the result of carelessness. When two people, weighing two hundred and ten pounds each, ride up hill and down dale, with no brake on their wheel, an escape may be pronounced a miracle. It is as much the rider's part to know that his instrument is properly equipped, as it is to know that the horse he is to ride can be driven with safety. No doubt some are so constituted that they cannot ride rapidly down hill without, as the phrase puts it, "losing their heads," when the impulse to jump from the wheel overpowers them. Nevertheless, we are persuaded that if the real causes of most of the bicycle accidents, were known, carelessness or want of self-control on the part of the rider would account for most of them; and that the aggregate of serious disasters, as compared with those attributable to the trolley or the railway, would be found small indeed.

Mr. G. E. Fenety has given us a thoroughly readable book in his "Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe," and we own ourself partial to the subject. It has much the interest of agreeable after dinner talk "over the walnuts and the wine," when the good old times and the people we knew who distinguished them are under discussion. The author has an undoubted title to the thanks as well as patronage, of Maritime readers, for having embalmed so delightfully that lore which must, in some degree otherwise have passed away with himself. It is not a deliberately biographical, though the subject is treated compendiously, but a series of pictures drawn by the hand of one who knew and admired before he attempted to portray. The works and words of genial, nobly-spirited and variously gifted subject are given, with all the front and side-lights useful to a complete view, and in the familiar, reminiscent style so well suited to commend the book to a wide circle of readers. The portraits and illustrations add much to the interest and value of a work to which all readers of this journal at least should be favorably predisposed.

We count ourselves among the loiterers in the Muse's field, and would scarcely in these days have the heart to glean even a few straws, but that a brother or sister with arms full, will hail us now and then. So for shame, or in emulation, we wander under the sunset field, that our hands may not be altogether empty. There is one cry that always thrills when the hail of song comes here on the verge of evening, it is that of Home, and of the days 'departed never to return.' So it was we were started into "raploch" rhyme, by the coming near of a Scotch brother, who sounded his Highland pipe in our ear and to the following effect:

## ACADIE.

Like mists that round a mountain gray  
Hang for an hour, then melt away,  
So I and nearly all my race  
Have vanished from my native place.  
Each haunt of boyhood's loves and dreams  
More beautiful in fancy seems;  
Yet if I to those scenes repair  
I find I am a stranger there.  
O Acadie! O Acadie!  
Where is thy charmed world for me?  
Dull are the skies 'neath which I range  
And all the summer hills are strange.  
Yet sometimes I discern thy gleam  
In sparkles of the chiming stream;  
And sometimes speaks thy haunting lore  
The surf-wreathed sibil of the shore.  
Yet fondly will mine eyes incline  
To hill and stream that seem like thine;

And when the robin pipeth clear  
It is thy vernal note I hear.

And oft my blood will break in flame  
To think I hear thee speak my name;  
And see thy race with gladness shine  
To find the joy that once was mine.

Madame Laurier, who, by the elevation of her husband to the highest seat is the gift of the Canadian people, (God grant it prove not too thorny and perilous!) has had honor and notoriety, if not greatness, thrust upon her and has already won the expression of much esteem, not to say affection and admiration. There are the two types of womanhood; the one who, in her own judgment at least, is fitted to shine, and living, in the possession of wealth and social prestige the means of display, earnestly covets and overtly labors for a supreme position; and the other, of simple tastes and private loves and virtues, who is led shrinkingly forth to a position she never sought but will not fail to adorn. Of the two we know for which to give our preference. The villa in the little French town of Arthabaskville will always be the home of her heart to this childless yet child-loving chateleine, with the "delicate features, clear blue eyes, silvery hair and fresh girlish complexion," and to it she will return in wish and fancy from the cares and gaieties of Ottawa. But the "quick French smile," the "flashing expression of white teeth, and sudden dimples," will be the outward expression of a nature that cannot fail to exert itself charmingly, whether in lofty circles or lowly, and to set a goodly fashion in any home in which its possessor may be placed as mistress.

In Outremont, a suburban village near Montreal, is the home of a poet whose childhood was nourished among Scottish glens and muirs. All day he sits clerking in a mercantile office in the city, as did Charles Lamb before him, in that immortal neuk of Lunnnon, The India House; then at evening he goes home to wife, children, and the muse—if he be not too weary—or at least to pensive memories in the garden. This is Robert Reid, or "Rob Wanlock," of the "Moorland Rhymes," the author of "Kirkbride," a ballad of the covenant that might have satisfied Motherwell himself, and which would have endeared our poet could he have known him. For nineteen years he has lived in the Dominion, and is probably anchored here for life; and though his voice is not absent from the choir that lifts the anthem of Canada's praise, there are no sweeter notes uttered by any Scottish American than those which celebrate the charms of his own Caledonia and the scenes of his youth. Then he is eloquent, and there are tears in his voice, when he sings of

"Wanlock, winsome Wanlock!  
The pride of a' the kint is the Auld Gray Glen."

No wonder if it is pleasant in his eyes:  
The glory of the world is on the hills that first we trod.

"Fair dawns the spring on Scotland, bonnie Scotland!  
While hill and loch, and muir and glen, avow its witching spell;  
And blithely simmer ope its e'e on winsome muir-land Wanlock,  
When bees begin to hum about the heather's burstin' bell;  
And oh! the fragrant autumn hills its rare to wau der o'er,  
Wi' some sweet lass beside ye, when the gloamin' haps the glen;  
Or nae's a winter mantle sparkles wi' its brightest hour,  
And a' the place the coothis folk—trig queans and cannie men,

O Wanlock, Jamesie Wanlock,  
Thik season wears its richest on the Auld Gray Glen."

"Kirkbride" is perhaps the piece by which he is best known, and for us its charm is prevailing. The poet puts its sentiment into the lips of an old dying Covenanter, who is supposed to have survived the persecution. William Wye Smith writes of it as being "one of the finest things of its kind ever penned," and says: "One of Reid's ancestors, John Reid, was ousted from his farm and in danger, during the days of the Scottish Covenant, and the Covenanted blood asserts itself in the poem."

"Bury me in Kirkbride,  
Where the Lord's redeemed ones lie:  
The auld Kirkyard on the gray hillside,  
Under the open sky;  
Under the open sky  
On the breast of the brass base steep,  
And side by side wi' the bones that lie  
Streik there in their himmalist sleep;  
This poet-dune body mine man be dust  
But it thrills wi' a stout o' pride  
To ken it may mix wi' the great and just  
That slumber in this, Kirkbride!"

"Little o' peace or rest  
Had we, that has been staid  
Wi' our face to the foe on the mountain's crest,  
Sheddie oor dear heart's blagie;  
Sheddie oor dear heart's blude  
For the rights that the Covenant claimed,  
And ready wi' life to mak' language gude,  
Gin he King or his Kirk we blamed;  
And aften I thought in the dismal day  
We'd never see gloamin' tide,  
But melt like the cranerunch rime that lay  
I' the dawning, aune Kirkbride."

"Hark! frae the far hill-tops,  
And laith frae tee lanesome glen,  
Some sweet psalm tune like a fate dew drops  
In wild notes down the win';  
It's wild notes down the win';  
Wi' a Kent sona' o'wre my min';  
For we sang't on the muir, a wheen huntin' men,  
Wi' oor lives in oor haun' lang yae;  
But never a voice can disturb this sang,  
Were it Claver's in all his pride,  
For it's raised by the Lord's ain ransom'd thrang  
Forgether'd aune Kirkbride."  
I hear May Morri's tongue,  
That I wistna to hear again,  
And there—twas tee black McMichael's rung  
Clear in the clostin' strain;  
Clear in the clostin' strain,  
Frae his big heart, bauld and true;  
It's tee saul as in days bygone,

When his gude bradsword he drew;  
I needs mair be aff to the muir sae mair  
For he'll miss me by his side;  
I' the thrang o' the battle I yae was there  
And sae mair it be in Kirkbride."

In this volume of his collected poems [Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London, 1894] there are several groups of sonnets, mostly on Scottish subjects, but one alone is in the Doric, and should be selected, not only as most curiously consisting of dialect, but as strikingly descriptive and poetical:

## GLOAMING.

The hummelt whaup has gait his eerie skirl,  
The flichterlin' gorcock tae his cover floun;  
Din deivies about the muir (the wh'ae loon)  
Can scripply ear the stay post-reek play awri  
Above the hard's auld hield, or hallins droon  
The laich seep sabbie o' the burn down by,  
That deaves the corrie wi' its wilyart croon.  
I wadna niffir sic a gisk—not I—  
Here, wi' my fit on ane o' Scotland's hills,  
Heather atour, and the milk lift owre a'  
For foreign ferlie or for unco sic  
Eier bragged in sang; mair coothie joy distills  
Frae this than glow'r'in' on the tropic daw."

This will be a Scotch nut for our English readers, but the meat is sweet when they get it. Readers of the letters of Burns will remember his reference to the curlew (or whaup) and the peculiar effect of its cry upon his mind. "Rob Wanlock," brought up among the moors, has heard the same voice, and he has felt its power.

"Fa' sweet is the lilt o' the laverock  
Frae the rim o' the clud at morn;  
The merle pipes weel in his mid-day biel,  
Is the heart o' the bendin' thorn;  
The blythe, bauld sang o' the mavis  
Rings clear in the gloaming shaw;  
But the whaup's wild cry in the gully sky  
O' the moorlan' dings them a'."

"For what's in the lilt o' the laverock  
To touch ocht mair than the ear?  
The merle's lown crait in the tangled brake  
Can start nae memories clear;  
And even the sang o' the mavis  
But wakens a low-droom tane;  
Tae the whaup's wild cry on the breeze blown by,  
Like a wanderin' word frae hame."  
"What thoughts o' the lang gray moorlan'  
Start up when I hear that cry!  
The times we lay on the heathery brae  
At the well lang syne pane dry;  
And aye as we speak o' the ferlies  
That happened aforetime there,  
The whaup's lane cry on the win' cam by  
Like a wild thing tint in the air."

"An though I have seen mair ferlies  
Than grew in the fancy then,  
And the gowden gleam o' the boyish dream  
Has sli' ped frae my sober brain,  
Yet—even yet—if I wander  
Alace by the moorlan' hill!  
The queer wild cry frae the gully sky  
Can tirl my heart's still."

But time and space will fail us to cite such enticing examples of his verse as, "Enterkin," "Neony," "In The Garden, Outremont," "The Himmaist Crichton," "Katie's Well," "To My Mother," "Kilmeny's Warning," "Stormsted," "Wanlock," "Cameron's Grave in Atramos," and various of the poems we had marked and which gave us pleasure in the reading. Robert Reid was born June 8th, 1850, in the little lead-mining village of Wanlock-head, in the northern portion of Dumfriesshire, and not far from Leadhills, Ramsay's natal place. He spent his boyhood amid the "lovely girdle of green hills," the subject of his sweetest songs; but when he was fifteen years old he left the moors and glens for Glasgow. In 1874 appeared his "Moorland Rhymes," "Never," says William Wye Smith, "was book more aptly named. Burns was the poet of the streams and hills, and never opened his eyes but he saw a lark above him or a flower at his feet; but Reid is the poet of the moors, and the whaup's wild cry in the gully sky is music in his ears."

But beautiful and to be regretted as Scotland now seems to him, he turned his face to the Western world, coming to Montreal in 1877, where he has since remained, engaging in mercantile pursuits. "He married," writes Mr. Smith "an Edinburgh lass," and they have a family of three children. . . . Some years ago The People's Friend said: "After Hew Ainslie and Thomas C. Little, Wanlock is beyond question the most gifted, spontaneous, and intensely Scottish singer that the gold of America has yet tempted to leave his native shores." We may hope to hear many good things of "Rob Wanlock," for, in point of years, he is yet among the younger bards.

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## REMARKABLE EVIDENCE OF WHAT DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER WILL ACCOMPLISH.

Catarrh that becomes embedded, as it were, in the system, is usually pronounced chronic and incurable. But that all depends. Henry W. Francis, an employee of the Great North-western Telegraph Co., of Brampton, Ont., had been greatly troubled with catarrh in the head for ten years. He says, "I tried every remedy during these years, and also called in the assistance of doctors, but little or no benefit came to me. I saw Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder advertised, and secured a sample, which gave such speedy relief that I continued the use of the medicine up to four bottles, when I found myself absolutely and completely cured. For these four bottles I had to pay \$2.40, where for ten years I had been spending dollars upon dollars every year getting nowhere."

## CLEAN TEETH

and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

## IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you have conquered the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels and growth of unsound tissue, causing pain and disease.

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Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles. The breathing organs have many forms of inflammation; such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc. The organs of digestion have a multitude of inflammatory troubles. The vital organs form one complete plan mutually dependent; therefore inflammation anywhere is felt more or less everywhere, and impairs the health. The late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned Family Physician, originated JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, in 1850, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation. It is today the Universal Household Remedy.

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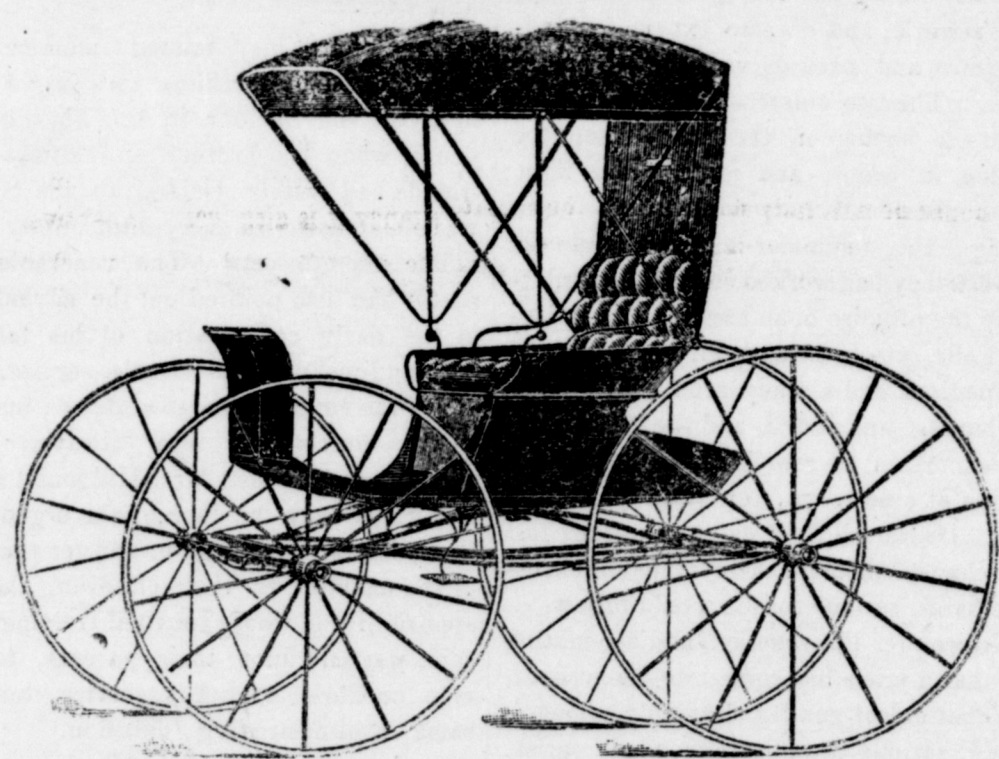
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## PATTI'S OLD AGENT.

Giovanni Francis's Shrewdness in Her Service and His Death in Poverty.

Giovanni Francis, who was for many years Patti's manager and confidential secretary, died several weeks ago at his home in Milan. He was well known in this country, having accompanied Patti on many of her tours here. He was a shrewd old Italian, who knew how to look out for the prima donna's interest, and he did this so adroitly that he left behind him a number of anecdotes.

Francis was in Philadelphia with Patti during a tour in this country with Col. J. H. Mapleson, who is now about to return here with an opera company. She always insisted on that clause in her contract which required that she receive in advance the \$5,000 she got for every appearance in opera. It was sometimes difficult for the managers to have this sum available, but when it was not Patti refused to sing. On this particular night, some ten years ago, she was announced to sing in "La Traviata" in Philadelphia. Only \$4,000 could be raised, and she had got that amount. Either the large proportion of the amount due her or the Colonel's evident desire to do the best he could warmed her into such a complacent mood that she consented to come to the theatre without the final \$1,000 and dress for her role. She put on everything but her slippers. She refused, moreover, to put on those necessary articles until the rest of her money was forthcoming. By dint of scurrying around and taking the box office receipts around to her as fast as they came in, \$500 more were secured. When she got it, Patti put on one slipper. More stren-

uous effort produced another \$200 and as that went into the prima donna's possession the other foot went into her slipper. After the \$800 had been collected, Francis reported to the manager.

"You're a wonderful man, Mapleson," he said. "Mme. Patti has put on one slipper. She would not have done it for any other man."

Patti outgrew Francis, and the old man, who was 80 when he died, returned to Milan to live. He made an exception to the saying that a man who lives in the neighborhood of money is likely to get rich. After his death not a cent was found in his house. All that he owned was a small piece of property in Brescia, where he was born. For eighteen years he was associated with Patti, and to his judicious management is due much of her wealth acquired during that period. He was the oldest of Italian impresarios.

## Another Week's Sudden Deaths

If the situation were not so serious one might say in the matter of sudden deaths from heart failure that each week is a record breaker over that which has preceded it. There never was a time when greater need existed for hoisting the red flag of danger, and appealing to men and women in all conditions of life to keep within convenient reach a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. With the slightest symptoms of heart trouble relief is secured within a half an hour of using this medicine. The case of Mr. L. W. Law, of Toronto Junction, who suffered from smothering spells for eighteen months, being permanently cured by this great medicine, is only one of thousands of instances that could be cited.

"No," said Mr. Gobang, "I never made but one real bargain in my life. My wife is 42, but I found her marked down to 25."