

Notches on The Stick

A study of some of the writings of Charles Heavysege, has led us to reflect anew upon the possible fate of a man of genius. Not always is his name made illustrious, nor is he often rewarded in the proportion of his merit; but it is sometimes his to toil in poverty and obscurity, to suffer many things,—not the least of these the extinction of his hopes,—to create in the mould of beauty forms which might seem to be imperishable, but which nevertheless soon fall into neglect and appear destined to that common oblivion which engulfs some things only a little earlier than the others. Yet we cannot but express a feeling of surprise that the dramas and sonnets of Heavysege are not more widely known, and that his slender flower of renown has not been more carefully fostered since his untimely death. In poetic quality, it not in dramatic skill and spirit, he appears to us worthy of rank with Ford, Webster, Dekker, and others of the secondary masters of the Elizabethan era, whose powerful verse he seems, not vainly, to have emulated. And yet the encyclopaedists—those annunciators of poetic and literary consequences—appear to be ignorant of him, as they are silent about him, despite the fact of his acknowledgment by some of the first literateurs and poets of his time. Hawthorne, then consul at Liverpool, heralded his "Saul", on its appearance in 1857, in the "North British Review," in which he was pronounced the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, and expressed surprise that the work should not have been more widely circulated, seeing that it is "undoubtedly one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of England." Yet how many of the book-loving people of Canada really know him, or even the few incidents recorded of his life? William D. Lighthall, in his introduction to his "Songs of the Great Dominion," says: "A man apart he remained. His work is in no sense distinctively Canadian. Canadians do not read him; but claim him as perhaps their greatest, most original writer, if they could weigh him aright and appreciate him; and he will always command awe, and refuse to be forgotten." Yet the "Britannica" overlooks him; and of him in the thirty volumes of the Warner Library, where the writings of several Canadians yet living are displayed, there is not even a brief mention. In Canada, where his books were first published—it published by not an extravagant term to use respecting them—they will soon be out of print, and have, so far as we know, never been republished since his death. Is it not time for justice to be done his memory, by the publication of his collected works with a proper introduction.

Some of the best parts of "Saul" are given in the Canadian appendix to Stedman's "Victorian Anthology"; and in "Canadian Sonnets," edited by William Sharp, in the "Canterbury Poets" series, are some of his best examples in that kind. Of him Sharp says: "This very unequal, but at his best truly noteworthy poet was a Canadian, and distinctly the most original writer whom the Dominion has produced. His sonnets (generally irregular, and sometimes consisting merely of seven rhymed couplets) are mainly comprised in the volume called 'Jephthah's Daughter.' Heavysege is best known, both in Canada and Great Britain by his tragedy 'Saul.'"

The few facts of his life that we have been able to glean are briefly these: He was born at Liverpool, England, (or, as we find it recorded in another place) in Yorkshire, in 1816. He was at one time a carpenter, at another a wood-engraver, and finally an overworked journalist at Montreal, where he died in 1869. Yet without advantages of scholarship or literary association, in poverty and obscurity he produced works which are the delight and wonder of those who study them. The first to be given to the public was "Saul"; a drama in three parts, in 1857, which procured him what repute he ever enjoyed. Several editions of the work were issued, at his own expense, or that of his friends, during the author's life-time. Mr. Lighthall says: "It became the fashion among tourists to Montreal to buy a copy of 'Saul.'" In 1855 appeared his "Jephthah's Daughter," with the "Sonnets" and his "Ode to Shakespeare." "Count Filippo" was issued in 1860; and the last of one of the most curious of his works, "The Advocate," which appears to have been transformed from a drama to a novel, in 1865. No one of his works except in a literary sense, can be called successful.

The only one of these works that the present writer possesses in its complete form, is the original and, as we suppose only edition of "Count Filippo: a Drama, in Five Acts, by the Author of 'Saul,' and

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printed for the author; for sale by the Bookseller, Montreal, 1860." We found it at a books ore in Toronto where second-hand and rare books are extensively sold. (Britnell's) and it is classed among our literary treasures. It not so perfect in its conception or so sublime in tone and expression, nor so fine a work of art, as "Saul," it is rich in splendid passages, and embodies an interesting narrative. The subject and its mode of treatment, though chaste and refined in the verbiage remove somewhat from the sphere of conventional favor. The love of the sexes is a delicate subject to handle in these days. Count Filippo, an Italian noble, is wedded to a beautiful woman, from whom he is absent during most of the period through which the drama extends. The marriage is unequal, by reason of the absence of love on the part of Volina, the wife, and the disparity of age—Filippo being ten years senior by some thirty years. In the sequel she blames her parents, particularly her father, for her unhappy condition. While he is at the Court of Arno on business (state prompted by a profligate courtier, Gallantio, who has ruined the peace of several homes, a liaison begins between Filippo's wife and Hylas, the youthful son of Trewroha, Duke of Perz. The husband, hearing of his wife's declension from virtue, returns and assures himself of the dreadful fact by obtaining her confession in the Cathedral under the guise of a father-confessor. The partners in guilt are disposed of in the conventional merciful way of the time:

"With crucifix and prayer the cloister side,
In tears of sitting sceptred on a throne,
We will be sike us to the sackcloth, too,
Who should have done the purple."

Of course the play is intended, so far as the author had a definite ethical object, to show the criminality of a forced and loveless marriage.

Heavysege is described as small in person, of sallow or "yellow" complexion, and of a withdrawn abstracted air. Though we are under the impression of having somewhere seen a portrait of him, our most distinct image and characterization we have derived from the commemorative lines of George Martin, who was his admirer, and who befriended him:

"So ch like, mode t, reticent,
With head in meditation bent,
He walked our streets—and no one knew
That something of celestial hue
Had passed a once; a toll-roan man
Was seen, no more; the fit that ran
Electric through his veins, and wrought
Sublimity of soul and thought,
And kindled into song, no eye
Beheld..."

The poetry of Alexander Smith, which belongs to the period of youth, charms us still, with all the consent of a maturer taste and reason. There is in the flowery rhapsody of "The Life Drama," a vividness and splendor, a liveliness of color, an eager intensity of expression, we have not utterly learned to renounce. For boldness of metaphor, and sounding swing of metre, some greater poetry might seem to grow pale. So the old boys, when they wish to grow young again, will revert to the "grim old king," whose blood leaped madly when the trumpet brayed.

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To joyous-bath 'mid a storm of stars,
Won a th-kia dom on a batti-d-y;
In a sunset he was ebbing fast
Runged by his much yloras,"—
sug stng a scene in the "Morte D'Arthur." Perhaps out of the dimness of memory will come prancing "is with steel to the belly splashed with blood. Or if the dreamer has been used to a land of dykes and meadows of the sea, he will see or fancy he sees, how—
"The marigold was burning on the marsh,
Like a thing dipt in sunset."
The description of the winter rain, in "The Life Drama," often comes up, when we are abroad:

"It was in winter, when the rain
Comes down in slanting lines,
And wind, that grand old braver, smote
His thousand harps of pines."

And, when the thunderstorm is on, we recall the image that figures the genesis of a poem in the ballad of "The Lady Blanche":

"He passed away;—a fierce song leapt
From cloud of his despair,
A lightning like a bright wild beast
Leaps from its thunder lair."

Smith and Bailey and Massey, the poets of youth, and generous enthusiasm, have yet a secure place in our heart and memory.

The "New Brunswick Magazine" for January maintains its repute for excellence. The papers on the Acadians, who were fugitives from the English at the time of deportation, by Pacific P. Gaudet, and that on "The Fire of Thirty Seven," at St. John, N. B., by W. K. Reynolds, are of especial interest. The papers by Roy mood and Hannay, continuation of former times, are equally worthy of note.

"Acta Victoriana" appears to us as the pink of University magazines,—with the choicest of literature, of letterpress, and illustration that may be found in Canada. Prof. Roberts, William Wilfrid Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, John Rade, Dr. Theodore H. Rand, Mrs. Bluet, with others, are among the contributors. It indicates the love and patronage of true literature in Canada, when Victoria University gives so beautiful a thing.

Miss Annie Campbell Huestis, of Halifax, contributes to the "Acta Victoriana," [holiday number] a brisk and breezy lyric of the winos, which she entitles "Spirits of the Air." We have found the same exuberant lilt, and passion of the out-door world in other writings of the same author. We give the first and last stanzas:

Unfasten the door and let me go,—
The beautiful world is wide,
I hate the roof and the floor below;
Unfasten the door and let me go.
There's a leap and a thrill outside,
For the spirits of air they are everywhere,
And they blow me a merry call,
Why should I linger? What do I care?
For door and window and wall?
O! what is the charm of a fire-brill room,
When the beautiful world is wide?
The life without is as sweet and wild
As the song of a bird or the heart of a child,
And how can I stay inside?
For the Spirits of Air, they are everywhere,
And they blow me a merry call,
And follow I must, for what do I care
For door and window and wall!

After a longer silence than usual we have word of Dr. Benjamin F. Daggett,—a letter full of genial discourse, with bits of verse that show him still a favorite of the muses. In a recent number of the Independent appeared a quatrain from his pen, which he had entitled "A Christmas Thought," but which the editor christened from the first line, "O Holly Sprays! It runs as follows:

O Holly sprays that keep the winter green!
O you lispines that made His mocking crown!
Tny coral fruit, the glossy leaves but seen,
The crimson drops of blood that trickled down!

He says: "You ask what I have been reading and writing of late: Well, I have been reading some of Lowell, with the intention of writing a lecture on him. Then I have read Thoreau's 'Main Woods' about the 'Days Out of Doors,' Mabel Osgood Wrigh's 'Friendship of Nature,'—and various other things. I have not lately done much writing, though I have written more through the year '98 than in any previous year. . . Have you seen Prof. Hayes' 'Brandywine'? If not, you ought to: It is a poem in blank verse, descriptive of the river, and illustrated with seven or eight sketches of scenery." Prof. Leggett recently delivered a lecture on "Longfellow," before the Philosophical society of West Chester, Penn., which was fully reported, with appreciative editorial comments in the local press.

Miss Helen M. Merrill, of Picton, Ontario, has taken good rank among the ladies of Canada who are skilled in the use of the pen. The following is one of her lyrics, entitled—

When the Gulls Come In,
When the gulls come in, and the shallow sings
Fresh to the wind, and the bell-buoy rings;
And a spirit calls the soul from sleep
To follow over the flash of deep.

When the gulls come in, from the fields of space
Vagrants out of a pale blue place,

Waits of the wind that drifts and veer,
Is the gleaming sun where the land lies near.
Lone they have wandered far and free,
Bed in birds of the desert sea;
God only marked their devious flight,
God only filled them day and night.

Savior of mine, when the gulls come in,
And the shallow sings to the bell-buoy din,
Look to thy ship and the rocks hard by,
There's a gale in the heart of the golden sky.
The ladies of the Dominion are winning their laurels—Wetherald, Machar, Hensley, Bluet, Harrison, Miss Roberts, and others. Long may they wear them!

PASTOR FELIX.
GREAT OLD STORAGE PLANTS.

The Largest in the World to be Built in the Argentine Republic.

The great refrigerating and cold storage plants of this country, the largest in the world, promise before long to be eclipsed by those of the Argentine Republic. The Sausinina plant at Buenos Ayres is only one of several and \$4,000,000 has already been expended upon it. It has a capacity for slaughtering 3,000 sheep daily, with a proportionate number of cattle. One of the cold storage rooms holds 60,000 frozen carcasses of mutton at one time. These are transported to Europe in refrigerated steamers. Although there is a voyage of 7,000 miles across the equator, the original cost of each sheep is so small that the price of the meat in Europe is not greater than that brought from the United States and Canada. In 1897, 2,500,000 frozen sheep were exported from the Argentine. If to these be added those sent from Australia and America it will be seen how dependent is Europe upon foreign meat products. This business was begun only in 1883, when 11,000 frozen sheep were sent from the Argentine. It is estimated that that republic now has a total of 105,000,000 sheep, twice the number of the United States. This great flock by no means represents the future capacity of the country, for 591,000 square miles, or a territory ten times the size of the State of New York, is available for sheep pasturage. As yet it may be said to be deserted, compared with the number of animals that it will support in the future. It will be capable of supplying the civilized world with all the mutton its inhabitants can consume. Before the establishment of refrigerating plants in and the exportation of mutton from the Argentine, sheep that could not be utilized for their wool and tallow were driven off the rocks into the sea or were used for fuel until laws were passed making it a crime to drive living sheep into the fires of the brick kilns.

"500 ACRES FOR MY HEALTH."
Files Were Sapping the Life From Him—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cured.

Mr. M. Beemer, of Knotmaul, Mich., says: "For seven years I had suffered from itching and protruding piles. I tried all kinds of cures, but got no relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application did more for me than any remedy I had ever tried. I have been such a sufferer that I would willingly give my 500 acres of land rather than have a return of my suffering from those tormenting things." 35 cents. Use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills for liver ills. 20 cents.

Where the Mill toe Grows.

The modern mistletoe, as we know it today, in its present highly evolved and degenerate state a confirmed parasite, is no longer an enigma. It is a woody shrub, with yellow-green leaves, which specially affects the boughs of apple trees, limes, and poplars. The people who get their ideas vaguely and second-hand from books have a notion that the mistletoe's favorite haunt is the oak. This is a complete mistake, as it is the rarity of the mistletoe on oaks that gave one, when found there, its peculiar sanctity in the eyes of the Druids. In the purely wild condition mistletoe grows mostly on poplars alone. In civilized and cultivated soils it extends its growth wherever it gets a chance, to apple orchards and pear trees. And this is the manner of the generation of mistletoe. This young seedling sprouts on a branch of its involuntary host, where seeds have been carried by the birds. Instead of rooting themselves, however, like mere groundling plants, they fasten by a sort of sucker-like fashion to the tissues of the tree on which they feed, and absorb sap from the veins of their victim.

French and English at sea.

A belief which, if not extraordinary, is entirely erroneous, appears to be generally held that a war with France, if it were unfortunately to come, would be of short duration. Various persons with more or less authority have put the period in which we are to knock out our ancient enemy and whilom ally into a cocked hat at from seven days to seven weeks, a very few acknowledging that it might run into as many months. We know of nothing to justify such optimism, but very much to lead us to a directly opposite opinion; and we conceive it perfectly possible to be of this opinion and yet to make no question of the ultimate result of such a lamentable conflict. We feel that to attempt to draw any analogy from the results of recent naval wars would be only to mislead ourselves. There is no comparison at all be-

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tween the relative strength of France and this country and that of China and Japan or Spain and the United States. If the British public imagines that French naval officers will prove themselves to be as deficient in strategical and tactical skill as the officers of China and Spain have demonstrated themselves to be, it is preparing itself for a rude awakening.—Tib-Bits.

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Its People Are Fortunately Doubly Protected.

Great Britain Defends Them Against Foreign Foes—Dodd's Kidney Pills Keep the Host of Kidney Diseases Away—An Impregnable Defence.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 23.—The War Department of Great Britain is fortifying this city, and, when the work has been completed, our defences will be impregnable.

The people of Halifax will then be doubly fortunate, as they will be safe from the attacks of human enemies, as they now are against the ravages of Kidney Diseases.

Some years ago Dodd's Kidney Pills were brought within the reach of our citizens. Since then no form of Kidney Disease has been able to exist here. Dodd's Kidney Pills have proved to be an impregnable defence against these ailments.

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Mr. J. H. Ireland, one of these victims was so "far through" that his friends gave up all hope of his ever getting better. A report was circulated and published in the press of the province, to the effect that he was dead.

He did not die, though. Fortunately he began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, when all other remedies had failed, and his recovery began on the day he began to use them. It continued until every trace of the disease had been rooted out of his system, for all time.

The days of doubt regarding the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, have long gone, never to return. No sensible person would attempt to deny that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine on earth that will cure any and every case of Kidney Disease they are used for. They have proved that beyond dispute.

Dodd's Kidney Pills can be bought at all drug stores for fifty cents a box. They are worth \$5 a box.

A Studied Proposal.

A young lady was acting temporarily as hostess and her time was much occupied. One of her admirers, a nervous and absent lover, perceived that this would be the case and to facilitate matters he, determined to bring affairs to a point, brought with him a memorandum.

"I afterwards," says the object of his ill-starred devotion, "found it on the floor where he had dropped it in his agitation. It read thus:—"

"Mention rise in salary. Mention loneliness. Mention pleasure in her society. Mention prospects from Uncle Jim. Never loved before. Propose."

A Happy New Year Indeed

To those who believed there was no cure for catarrh and to whom the constant use of ointments, snuffs and washes was a weariness to the flesh. A delightful and sure cure has been found. No need for fetid breath and broken voice. Send for a free sample outline; and be convinced. The name of this sure cure is Catarrh-zone—Catarrh-zone penetrates to the diseased parts in the form of a pine-scented gas. Write at once to

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Like an Egg.

A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying— "My child a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him there too long, and he hardens."

Stranger (at the door): "I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, sea-shell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might envy."

Servant: "Really, sir, I don't know— Voice (from head of stairs): "Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute."

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