

THE REPORTER.

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THE REPORTER

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SMITH & LOYD,
Publishers and Proprietors.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with the proprietor of the Toronto Weekly News, whereby we are able to make the following very liberal offer:—To any person sending us the names of five new yearly subscribers for the Reporter, accompanied with the cash, \$8.75, we will send the Weekly News for one year; or, for three new subscribers for six months, with cash, \$1.15, we will send the News for six months. The News is one of the best papers in the Province, independent in politics, and contains each week in condensed form all the news of the world.

LONGFELLOW.

The following critique of Longfellow, written by Rev. Wm. Blair, B. A., was read by Mrs. Blair, at the public entertainment given by the Literary and Musical Association, on the 6th inst.

Longfellow, as a poet, delineates and interprets rather than creates—that is, he describes objects and not mental impressions made by objects. He can scarcely be called an American poet, for this is the New World and yet he dwells with almost wearisome frequency upon the old and venerable and hoary: as, for instance, old days, old associations, quaint old cities, sweet old songs, old haunted houses, the grey old manse, &c. On phrases and thoughts like these his fancy seems to brood with surpassing fondness. No doubt his travels in Europe and his study of European literature, especially that of Germany, have given his mind that un-American flavor, besides furnishing him with some of his best themes. Cut Germany out of his volume and you cut out nearly half. He lingers in Nuremberg, Bruges and Prague, and for his emblem of life's river passes the Hudson, the Mississippi, and St. Lawrence, and cites us to "the Moldau's rushing stream." His translations from Spanish, German, Swedish, Danish, and Anglo-Saxon, attest his wonderful linguistic power and poetic skill. Two tendencies of our Western civilization are notably combated by Longfellow's poems, viz.: the rush and fever of too intense pursuit, and the sordid, grubbing, narrow thought, that is apt to possess us in the hot and dusty struggle of our daily lives. Another quality of his poetry is its extreme amiability. Other poets are at times harsh, disdainful, repellent, but Longfellow, never. He seems to unite as a member of universal brotherhood and where he cannot approve, his condemnation is almost mild as a mother's. This mildness of spirit, as a subtle essence, seems to pervade all his poems. Not the flashing of the lightning, the roar of thunder, nor the fury of the storm, but the quiet spirit in the woods, the dreamy voices, the flitting shadows, the low, sweet sounds of plaintive music, dying echoes, vapory folds, murmuring sounds—these are the figures that our poet employs with most frequent iteration, and which seem to fall on hearts hot and restless as healing balm. Not luxuriance, not subtlety, not depth of passion, but rather simplicity and tender emotions are the distinguishing characteristics of his verse. The highest flights of imagination are found in the Golden Legend. In Hiawatha are combined artistic finish and national flavor. The monotony of the verse, like that of the bird-song, from its everlasting freshness never falls upon the ear. In *Evangeline*, the poet follows the emigrant's wagon through billowy bays of grass, "ever rolling in sunshine and shadow," and from the forest primeval till she "kissed his dying lips and laid his head upon her bosom," the narrative proceeds in a vein of rare poetic beauty, inducing in the reader a sad, hungry interest that is but mournfully gratified at its close.

Tennyson is the English poet whom Longfellow most resembles, with this difference, among others, that Longfellow's earlier poems were weaker and his later stronger, but in Tennyson's case *vice versa*.

While quotations from Longfellow, in the shape of aphorisms or short sayings, are not common in our every day speech, there are not many poets more frequently quoted at length than he by public writers and speakers. A poet is a public teacher. The old adage implies that the song-maker is more potent than the legislator. What are the lessons which we glean, moral or otherwise, from our author's works? (1) Do the duty that lies nearest you, instead of wasting life in empty, vanishing day-dreams. "Better to love the living well, than to mourn for those that have died; the dead, perchance, do not need our love, having crossed o'er a sea so wide." (2) He teaches that the great object for which men live, and not the accidents of birth or station, is the true bond that unites men in universal brotherhood. "Not chance of birth or place has made us friends, being oftentimes of different tongues and nations, but the endeavor for the self-same ends, with the same hopes and fears and aspirations." (3) He teaches that even our vices, if resolutely trampled under our feet, may be the rounds of the ladder by which we can rise to fields of fair renown and eminent domain. (4) On the subject of slavery, Longfellow's trumpet peals a clarion blast. With stinging scorn and manly protest, he describes it as the old and chartered lie, the feudal curse whose whip and yokes insult humanity. He warns his fellow-countrymen of the swift judgment that would surely shake the pillars of the commonwealth, and leave their temple of liberty a shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish. (5) Although from time immemorial, poets have generally chanted the praises of wine in their dithyrambic sallies, it will no doubt be highly gratifying to this audience to learn that Longfellow was sound on the temperance question. In his drinking song, he tells us that "youth perpetual dwells in fountains, not in flasks and casks and cellars, then with water fill the pitcher wretched about with classic tables," &c. (6) Recognizing the strangely chequered character of our career on earth, he teaches us faith in God and patience under life's burdens. "Let us be patient, these severe afflictions not from the ground arise, but oftentimes celestial benedictions assume this dark disguise." What is that but saying "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" &c. (7) In the hour of bereavement he points the tear-dimmed eye to a life beyond, and whispers these words of cheer to the sad and lonely: "In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion, by guardian angels led, safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution, she lives whom we call dead." (8) As between man and man, he teaches an old and in some quarters almost obsolete doctrine, that love is the fulfilling of the law. "Ah, how skillful grows the hand that obeyeth love's command; it is the heart and not the brain that to the highest doth attain, and he who followeth love's behest far exceedeth all the rest." In other words, "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity"—or love.

In conclusion permit me to close this hastily written sketch with the following favorite stanza from our author:—

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

We have about completed arrangements for the erection of a new building to be used as an office, composing and press room for our printing establishment. We find our present quarters far too small to accommodate our increasing business. We are also negotiating for the purchase of a new and larger press, upon which the Reporter in an enlarged and improved form will be printed, as soon as we get our new building erected. Meanwhile, we ask our readers to kindly use their influence to increase our circulation to a good paying basis. We, on our part, promise to do our utmost to make our little sheet worthy of your kind regards and friendly support.

We question if there is another county in Canada that has sent out so many skilled cheese-makers into the world as our own county of Leeds, Farmersville, we think, can carry off the palm in this direction, a large number leaving here every spring to conduct factories in our sister provinces of Quebec and Manitoba. Although not personally interested in cheese-making, still we have taken considerable interest in that branch of agriculture, and are always pleased to note the success of any person engaged in that pursuit. Among the many who have made cheese-making a business, none seem to have had better success than our old friend, Jas. Sheldon, of this township. Commencing the business some fifteen years ago, he has, by degrees, won for himself the reputation of being one of the best cheese-makers in the country. For the past three years, he has had the management of the Brinston's Cheese Factory, situated a few miles back of Iroquois in the county of Dundas. We were favored a few days ago with a glance at the books of this factory, and from them gleaned the following facts and figures:—We find that during the six months the factory was in operation there were 1,059,418 lbs. of milk delivered, from which were manufactured 109,464 lbs. of cheese. The average lbs. of cheese for the season were 96 78-100 for every 100 lbs. of milk. The average price for 100 lbs. of milk to each patron for the season was 97 cts. From the above figures it will be seen that the result will compare favorably with any other factory in the province. Much of this success is due to the skill and tact of the cheese-maker, Mr. Sheldon. As a proof of the excellent record of Mr. Sheldon as a cheese-maker, we are informed that since the factory closed he has been offered a situation as manager of a creamery in Manitoba by a company of cheese dealers doing business in Montreal, with a branch office in Winnipeg. The salary offered is a good one, but workmen like Mr. Sheldon need not leave their own Province in search of a good situation and a good salary.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Watch Repairing.

Mr. Fred Clow has opened a shop, nearly opposite the Gamble House, and is now prepared to do all kinds of watch and jewellery repairing. Give him a call.

Bible Society.

At the annual meeting of the Bible Society, held in the Methodist Church of this place on Thursday evening, the following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:—President, D. Fisher; Vice-Presidents, Rev. W. Blair, M. A., and Rev. Mr. Sherman; Secretary, A. W. Bannister, B. A.; Treasurer, Mr. Mott.

Entertainment.

The first public entertainment of the L. M. A. was held on Friday evening last. As far as possible, the selections were taken from Longfellow's writings, and had the effect of awakening a general interest in the works of our American poet. The program published in our last issue was carried out, with the exception that Miss Addison was indisposed, and in the absence of Rev. W. Blair, Mrs. Blair read his excellent critique. The instrumental and vocal music was fine, and was warmly applauded. The songs given by Mrs. Cornell and Mrs. Stevens were heartily enjoyed, in responding to which Mrs. Cornell sang "A Summer Shower," and Mrs. Stevens sang "Turnham Toll." The recitation and readings, for amateurs, were well rendered, showing careful preparation. The attendance was large, and the satisfied smile of the audience as they departed, old and new, eminently successful had been the endeavor of the Association to render an "evening with Longfellow" thoroughly enjoyable to all. The weekly meetings of the Association are most entertaining and instructive, and the effect of this public entertainment will doubtless be seen in a large increase in the membership.

Glen Buell.

Our school is now in a very flourishing condition. Miss Beatty has several pupils preparing entrance work for the High School.

The farmers are principally busy in getting up their season's wood. It is a grand time for working in the swamps.

Mr. Joseph Hall has been re-elected to the office of school trustee. The whole staff of trustees is such as will take a deep interest in educational matters.

The anticipated Brockville, Westport and Sault Ste. Marie Railway is one of the principal topics of conversation.

Shorts for feed are selling at \$17 per ton.

The recent storm has in some places completely blocked the roads and travellers are obliged to go across the fields. Travelling is difficult, and upsets are frequent.