## 12 NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

TALKS BY PATERFEX ON MEN AND THEIR LITERARY WORK.

atihe w Arnold and Some of His Ideas on What He Saw in America—A Tribute to Martin Eutler, the Pediar Poet—Other Note and Comment of the Day.

What he is with American Protection to Martin Butler, the Pediar Poet-Other Note and Comment of the Day. The personal traits of celebrated writers unconsciously exhibited in their friendly and tamiliar letters, make their published correspondence a desirable thing to all who have recognized them only under the more dignified aspect which they have presented to the public. Accordingly, when a name has become canonized by the passage of him who bore it into the country of the privilege denied us during his life, of enter-ing behind the scenes and seeing him as Ing behind the scenes and seeing him as he was before he had arrayed himself for a strange's reception, and in the boson of friends and intimates. Sometimes this rev-elation creates the man anew befors us, by pared with life in England, it is so uninelation creates the man answ befors us, by supplying phases unseen and unsuspected balore; and may heighten or diminish our esteem and relish according as these un-guarded, spontaneous records of the spirit may be those (f a Lamb or a Carlyle, Often a fwriter's published letters add little or nothing to our knowledge of his principles and opinions; but we are more than com-freemated by the livelier play of fancy and reamotior, and that familiarity of style which resons to take the reader into confidence seems to take the reader into confidence which he struggled to attain. and accord to him the relation of a triend. Can it be that the punster, that incon-siderate mortal who is bound more by sound than sense, will meadle with the miseries of the nations and wax merry over There are many, into whose life Matthew

Arnold has entered as a force, who will seek to do more than satis'y an idle curiosity in the perusal of his letters. Here is the man of observation and opinion, the restrained and guarded man, who has no antics, even before his friend, and does not easily unbend save to the most familia associates. We see him in no specially rew or improving light. The nobler, more elevating traits are emphasized here, but we knew them before, and we cannot know too well "his faculty for keen enjoyment, his manly endurance of adverse fate buoy-ancy in breasting difficulties, unremitting solicitude for those nearest his heart, love of children, . . . laboriousness in a life of unremunerative drudgery, and his nature essentially religious." He is described as a Marcus Aurelius of our Century ; a product of Christianity, moulded in spirit by that which, in its doctrinal statements and prevailing customs and ceremonisls, he repudiated.

Erect and stately, [and with reverence, he moves before us, and revives in his person all the dignity and self-possession that he found in the spirits whose product he coveted and cherished. Why should he bow to the literary gods that are called such, while he had Bacon, Pindar, Sophocles, Thomas a Kempis and Ecclesiasticus. He comes to find find having other poets to do it honor. We nuch modern literature a sickning dose, and "not bracing or editying in the "Butler's Journal," in which he says: "I, least." He is quite wholesale in his disapproval of natures alien in practice and guggus, -pretty well up towards its head, principle from his own. To Mrs. Browning the Greek mythology was a dry ground neighborhood of the Machias Lakes, - and out of which no living healing plant can grow, and she lamented a Schiller's wast caught some of its inspiration in the few rude verses which I send you." We take ed strength. Not as a dead thing would Arnold regard his own tragedy, "Merope" but as possessing what Buddha called "the character of filty, that true sign of the law." So he would have a friend in Italy The Narraguagus.

induce Robt. Browning to read it; and adds to the request his opinion of her whom her husband pronounced, "half angel and half bird." "As to his wife, I regard her as hopelessly confirmed in her the state of the s regard her as hopelessly confirmed in her aberration from health, nature, beauty, and truth." Burns is to him to health, A bird of passage I, from rock-girt hilis, Back to my home beside the limpid lake; Oppressed with woe, with sorrows fears and ills, All desolate did I my pathway take : Yet still, despite the cruel wrongs of man, With merry laughter thy bright waters ran. splendid gleams," while the medium in which he lived," Scotch pessants, Scotch presbyterianism, and Scotch drink, is re-pulsive." Nor does he greatly affect Burns' eulogist: "I never much liked

My heart took up the song: Thy music swayed Each cord and fibre of my heari; the gleam I caught—the radiance, and my tongue, long tied, Sang bithe and gay as thme own gurgling stream, Glad that the winter now was overpast, And sun and flower would yet be mine at last. Carlyle. He seemed to me to be carrying coals to Newcastle, preaching earnestnes to a nation which had plenty of it by nature but was less abundabtly supplied with several other useful things." Emerson, Thy promise was prophetic : Since that day Though storm and cloud are dai y, hourly. moonstone to Carlyle, he regarded of more Inveryet have lost the gladsome ray Of hope and faith, my lonely heart to cheer; And flowers have blossomed in my rugged path, Dark, ere that hour, with judgment and with wrath. practical and helpful account. Tennyson is not to him a deep soul-commanding poet nor a great intellect; he is to him defici-Bold hills of Maine, and streams that laughing run In noisy pratile to the open sea; Dark, sombre woods, obscuring noonday sun, At last you've taught a lesson unto me; Despite the iron hand of cruel Fate, God walks the world, and peace will come, the' late. ent in ideas, and inferior to Wordsworth Shelley and Byron, in elemental poetic power. He excelled in art, however, and et the exquisite fashion. "I do not think Tennyson a grand et puissant esprit; and therefore I do not set much store by him. Mr. Butler has been a frequent rambles in spite of popularity. . . The real truth on foot through portions of Eastern and Northern Maine, and of New Brunswick, is that Tennyson, with all his temperament and artistic skill, is deficient in intellectual and has found much of his poetic and journalistic material on his travels. Wordspower; and no modern poet can make very nuch of his business unless he is premi worth put inspired wisdom and exalted ently strong in this. Goethe owes his thought into the lips of a pack-pedlar grandeur to his strength in this, although it even hurt his poetral operations by its immense predominance." Homer, "the thundrous, the intense," is to him the whose feet were fit to hallow the ground he trod upon. What Wordworth did in fancy Nature has done in fact; and the poet of "Maple Leaves and Hemlock Br and of Wayside Warbles," who, with his monarch of poets, rising even above Shakespeare in solitary grandeur, leaving him "behind as far as perfection leaves pack, has been hailed at many a farm on the Nashwaak and St. John by donce imperfection." honest men and matrons, and by gleesom children, is worthy of our respectful a Traces of his presence in this country are discoverable in his correspondence, and of tention as one into whose heart the Del-his impressions and opinions, frank and phian Apollo has dropped some of the phian Apollo has dropped some of the celestial fire, and a soul that sees the honest, whether relishing or not. He has an eye occasionally lor American Scenery. "The hills of the Ohio valley at Cincinnati He has had some hard struggles for his are really picturesque, and the views from the park-like heights around were very fine. The river, with its wooded hills, had bubbling from heart to lips, he can count

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them all a part of his good fortune, or he of poets. And here he is quoted just an forget them all. The reader of Burns' "Vision." will re member an extensive prospect in his native Kyle which he there describes; the whole being limned on Muse Coila's "mantle large of greenish hue," and presenting to his fond a tonished eyes the features of "a

well known land." Here, river in the sca were lost; There, mountains to the tkies were test: Here, tumbling billows marked the coast; With surging foam; There, distant shone Art's lofty boast, The local common state of the local common.

a curve which bore a startling resemblance

to Windermere, with its curve at the isnd, only the Ohio is much broader.

land, only the Ohio is much broader." A fragment of the old world, stranded in the new, enlisted his sympathy: "Quebec is the most interesting thing I have seen on this continent, and I think I would sooner be a

'the lordly dome. Here, Doon pours down his far-fetch'd floods There, well fed Irwine stately thuds : Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woo is

And many a lesser torn

Low in a sandy valley spread, An ancient Borough reared her head; Bill, as in Scottish story read, Bib boasts a race, To every nobler virtue bred, And polish'd grace,

And polish By stately tow'r or palace fair, Or ruins pendent in the air, Bold stems of Herces, here and the

It is interesting to remark that the foregone allusion to the sea-shore, and that which follows in "Daan Second,"-

"I saw the seek the sounding shore Delighted wi.h the dashing roar;--are finest among the few references he has made to the "limit of the land," so attractive to other poets. It was a reflection that struck Wordsworth with surprise, when he visited Ayrshire, how Burns, living sound than sense, - will meddle with the miseries of the nations and wax merry over struggles of Cuba and Armenia? Yet i was but the other evening at the testable, a would be wit, observed, that when the new military commander, arrived to real the sense to be the sense would be wit, observed, that when the new military commander, arrived from Spain Cuba would need to be on her good be-havior, or he would Weylor (whale her); and when asked, a fw moments later, if he would have some curds; he replied, he would by no means desired such Kurds as the Armenians had been compelled to swallow. So hardened and incorrigible a case must be a revalation even to our friend Hunter Durgs; and if he had agtin

denizens of field and forest are to take no

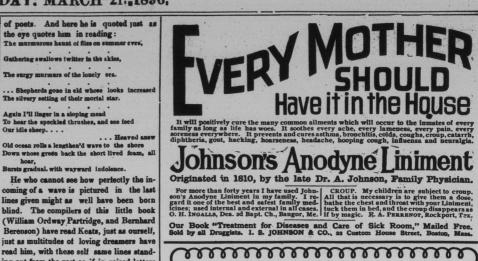
friend, Hunter Duvar; and if he had again to write such a book as his "Annals of the Covrt of Oberon," he would make an ex-ample of him at the points of the arrows, in company with that rapid provoker of the fairy king. It was Dr. Johnson who would doom or banish the punster; and yet he averred : "If I were pun-ish-ed for every pun I shed there would be left not a puny shred of my pun-nish head."
The wild aby stream beaide which we sometime had our home, —glimpsing at us at evening through the willows and shrub-bery that skirt its banks,—and where we have done more or less of our musing,—is awing other poets to do it honor. We have a communication from the editor of "Butler's Journal," in which he says: "I,
the set traveller has a peculiar day.
The poetic traveller has a peculiar day.

The poetic traveller has a peculiar draw-ing to "the height of some o'erlooking hill." whence he can survey some various and ample scene, with every accessory light and shade that may soften and glorify it. We recall a passage of Lowell, in his essay upou Chaucer, which is apt to recur to us whenever we survey a spacious prospect, like that to which our eyes were early ac-customed. or whenever we see the like too, once in my life was beside the Narrapoem extraordinary in the shape of a political assembly's doings reported in pointical assembly's doings reported in blank verse. We are reminded of old Father Harris' declaration, when asked if he liked apple pie made of thin slices of pumpkin soused in vinegar and sugar, that he wanted his "apple apple," his and "pun-kin punkin." We want our politics politics and ourposter moster. It requires a casin pleasure in presenting these stanzas in customed, or whenever we see the like "live in description or grow bright in song." It is fitting that with it these paraand ourpoetry poetry. It requires a genius s to mix them. PATERFEX.

song." It is fitting that with it these para-graphs should be concluded : Where many a tower and to so thou may'st behold That founded were in time of fathers old, And many another delitable sight; And Saluces this noble country hight.' The Pre-Raphaelite style of landscape entangles the eye among the obtrustive weeds and grassblades of the foreground which, in tooking at a real bit of scenery, we overlook; but what a sweep of vision is here! and what happy generalization in the sixth verse as the poet turns away to the business of his story! The whole is full of the open air."

The first stanza of the "Clerk's Tale" give us a landscape whose stately choise of objects shows a skill in composition worthy of Claudo, the last artist who painted nature epically :--

'There at the west ende of Itale, Down at the foot of Vesulus the colde,



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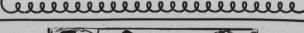
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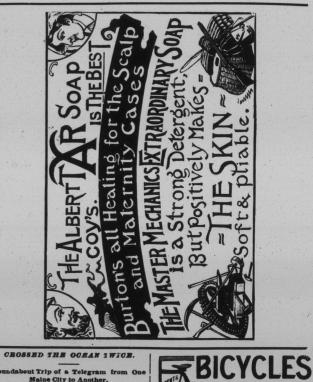
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Roundabent Trip of a Teles Maine City to An

Hardening Tools.

## WC

I think the o over the ne would do w she has all spatter das of them, an is the tende his health. valetudinar his own pul reading up day sensib cannot affe guards his possession. every mor to change iug himself tennis or cr dry boots a feet wet, an well down of his overc when the m wind blowin tecting two his body-t torehead. fr

If lovely

good examp would have in her. I collar when she has a pr will wear it summer, bu should look ular whethe of her ears, not. She a fashion and it never get scrape acqu from prot has never perched jau very ornan at, but of j as far as wa And then th idea amonge ter how long half way up change them possible way them on you avoid spoiling avoid spoilin where in the such a cold' between co careful neve change you you to. as s day afterno wet through course I did after tea and that time; i dutiful wife, of cough a martyr

Another from our for regularity a takes a grea mous amoun tere with a r appreciates the fuel sup chinery in g calmly down even thoug an hour's ti journey imu prospective her breakfas of scalding finds hersel mouthful be tion. Cons fresh as a of the f ney and si bride has a

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leave the we empty ston hearty break

execution.

THE CASE OF THOS MCGREEVEY, M. P., AND URBAN SOULARD, OF ST. LOUIS, QUE. Both in the Same Boat, and Like Measur Free Both.

Sidney Flower endows The Week with a

Cummun pamphlet-or a series of them-from the N. England Anti-Vivisection society; but this is the matter that comes up next. Less any one who knows us not should suspect us of so great a criminality, we hasten to protest and record ourself upon the side of mercy. We have no morbid desire for such scientific knowledge as must be twist-ed and wrung from the tortured nerves of a living creature,—since we ourself are a creature of God, and deem "He prayeth best who loveth bes: All things, both great and small. Here is a picture of a dog upon the rack of science. We have no inclination to prove how long Fido can survive the loss of a "Cummericano" lung, or a lobe of his brain. Dogs we have seen, of such a plutonic bread or so in-complete in all that appertains to their doghood, that we have felt the impulse to finish them at a stroke ; but we have said, mea culps, veiled our face and passed on. It is a well-understood thing that the

ing out from the rest as if in raised letters of gold.

Sufficiently remote from Keats is a

ettul at-

The Narraguagus

We have, by favor of our friend, Mr. Frank Walcott Hutt, a delicate booklet in parchment, pure as the driven snow. It ontains little snatches and fragments from Keats, with here and there a longer pas-sage. Scarcely any poet lends himself more readily to this, sort of random quo-tation. The frequent luxurious felicity of

ation," so effective is it in ridding the system of cetarrahal trouble. It will give relief in 10 minutes, and cures a cold al-most instantly. Beware of the many cheap imitations of this remedy. They are worth-less, if not dangerous. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail, by S. G. Detchon, 44 Church st., Toronto, for 60 cents in stamps. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Builta Cycle to Fit Him

more readily to this, sort of random quo-tation. The frequent luxurious felicity of his phrasing, the happy word that serves its master absolutely, the line or couplet in which a scene shines forth or a happy creature moves and breathes, all make Keats one of the most temptingly quotable had been carried away by ice and logs oming down the Kennebec. \* Bangor was cut off by the fall of the bridge between Waterville and Benton. Winhing to tell Mr. Livermore where the break was, Mr. Bliss sent a message describing the trouble by the way of North Sydney to Cape Breton. From there it was sent to Heart's Content in Newfoundland to take a dip down under the Atlantic for a trip to Val-entia in Ireland. Yalentia sent it to Land's End, in England, from which place it was transmitted overland to Dover, where it again took to the water for a journey under the English Channel to France. Brest got it and hurried it along to St. Pierre Miquelon, from which place it was given to Duxbury, and Duxbury sent it to Boa-ton. The last relay was over the "quad" to Porlland, where it was looked upon as a curiosity.-N. X. Paper. had been carried away by ice and logs Keats one of the most temptingly quotable

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Then wat or alver to no, she wou like, she sta