

## Notches on The Stick

Ferdinand Freiligrath [Fai-lig-ra] is the poet of freedom in modern Germany. He has been called the "German Whittier," and not without reason, since he wrote ringing fiery lyrics, akin in spirit to the Quaker poet's "Voices of Freedom." He was also known as "the friend of America," who longed to see a measure of civil liberty like that enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic, conceded to his own beloved country; and, when he was obliged to fly from his own land, Longfellow invited him to come to the United States,—an invitation he appreciated, though circumstances arose to prevent his acceptance of it. He commenced his poetic career with a book of lyrics in the rich Oriental strain, popular at that time in Germany, full of spirit and color; which gave him rank and influence as a writer; but all this prestige and popularity he resigned at the call of the spirit within him to sing the songs of freedom, and entered upon a career that involved much persecution. Like Uhland and Harwegh, he was not only a writer of lyrics, but a man of action and of a heroic temper,—a patriot, whose bold ringing notes made tyrants tremble. His songs were regarded as incendiary by the government of his day, and upon the publication of his book entitled, "My Confession of Faith," action was taken against him that obliged him to fly to Brussels. There, in 1846, he issued his "Cairn," containing songs that were like the sounding of a trumpet. The poet found it necessary to move further away; so he went to London, and remained there till the outbreak of the revolution at home, when he returned to his country, and put himself at the head of the Rhine-land democracy at Düsseldorf. He was, however, a better inspirer and singer than leader, and upon the publication of an inflammatory lyric, "The Dead to the Living," he indiscreetly exposed himself to arrest and imprisonment. But, upon trial, a jury of his countrymen acquitted him.

As a specimen of his political songs we will give a translation of his "Black, Red, and Gold," which we do not wonder had an ill relish for the tyrants of that day. We wonder if the starz is more pleasing to those of to-day.

How long is grief and darkness, we  
Obliged were to conceal it!  
Now from its grave we set it free,  
And to the world reveal it.  
How silence and dust each fair to'd,  
Burrah, thou black, thou red, thou gold!  
Powder is black,  
Blood is red,  
Golden the bright flame-flickers.

It is the flag our fathers knew,  
The same old colors showing.  
Young wounds to gain, brave deeds to do,  
Beneath it we are going;  
The cost is no so well known  
Shall cease not till the flag is won.  
Powder is black, etc.

Malices whose dainty fingers wrought  
The flag we are upholding,  
While we the stock of lead we brought  
Were into bullets moulding—  
Not where men met to dance and sing  
The banner that you made shall swing.  
Powder is black, etc.

Think you the land you can persuade  
To be for freedom grateful,  
Whose towns, with each its barriers,  
Your laws denounce as hateful?  
Electors, heed those words of ours,  
Lest we usurp grand-ducal powers.  
Powder is black, etc.

Freedom with us means no nothing more  
Than childish pastime—breaking  
With foolish rage an arsenal door,  
And sword and musket taking;  
Marching a little while, and then,  
Bringing the weapons back again!  
Powder is black, etc.

To battle, then, thou German flag,  
To battle do we take thee;  
And count thou back a tattered rag,  
Then new again we'll make thee.  
See our fair German maiden's smile,  
That would be a wig worth their while,  
Powder is black, etc.

And he who makes for these a song  
Trusts that its fate will let it  
The master find who shall be long  
To stirring music set it;  
Then shall ring out a chorus grand  
From our united German band,  
Powder is black, etc.

The translation is by Louis Frederick Starrett, of Rockland, Me., a lover and student of the minor German muse; and, though we have given about half the number of stanzas, the reader can get some idea of the spirit and meaning of the whole. He has translated another of Freiligrath's revolutionary poems, entitled, "The Free Press," in which he describes the printers as they are engaged in melting up their types to mould them into bullets. It contains these stanzas:

**CANCER** And Tumors  
cured by stay-  
ing at home; no  
knife, plaster  
or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 750-page  
book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason-McCormick  
Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

Stem to his fellow-workers, thus the master-  
printer said:  
"Masters will be used to-morrow, and there will  
be need of lead.  
Well our types will serve the purpose; be it ours  
to spend the night  
Melting them, and making of them metal mes-  
sengers of right.

"Even to the prince's castle, O my molten types,  
then fly!  
So ring, sing the song of freedom, till it ring against  
the sky.  
Strike the slaves and mercenaries, strike the men  
bored at work!  
They who would a free press throttle,—loose  
although they highest sit:  
"Perish, they and all their workings! Freed from,  
in inference then,  
When their mission is accomplished, we can get  
our types again,  
Gather up the battered bullets, cast them clearer  
than before—  
Hark! I hear the tramp tramp scudging; there's a  
knocking at the door."

In another poem Freiligrath has compared  
the world to a chess-board, upon  
which he is moved from point to point.  
"Ever, he says, "this game goes on, in  
which freedom contests with tyranny; blow  
after blow is given, move follows move,  
and never comes the order for resting.  
Lately I dwell in Holland; anon I found  
myself in Switzerland; but even from the  
land of Tell I feel that I shall soon be  
bounced. But I am ready. The fies  
waves are dancing around the homes of  
Norway, making sweet music. I hear  
now a rattle out of France that sounds  
like the breaking of fetters. Never yet  
did England send away the exile who  
found his way to her; and if she could,  
the hand of one who would befriend me is  
extended from the far Ohio. Plenty of  
moves! Then what need I care how far  
or how fast I am fated to go? Though  
they try it they cannot checkmate me!"

But, with all his feigned indifference, his  
exile heart naturally longed for his own  
German land. He addresses a band of  
emigrants who, with their goods and  
chattels, are leaving their native country  
for "the far and wooded west," beyond  
the Western Ocean, and we can read the  
language of his own heart in the words  
with which he speaks to them:

O say, why seek ye other lands?  
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;  
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;  
In Spessart rings the Alp herd's horn,  
Ah! in strange forests you will yearn  
For the green mountains of your home,—  
To Du-chin's yellow wheatfields turn,  
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

How will the form of days grown pale  
In golden dreams that softly by,  
Like some old legendary tale,  
Before fond memory's misty eye.

Byard Taylor declared—"The bravest  
are the tenderest, the loving are the dar-  
ing" and so it is in the case of Freiligrath,  
for some of the tenderest, sweetest heart  
songs in the German language—a language  
abounding in tenderness—are from his  
pen. Such a tearful heart reaching thing  
is his often quoted,—"Oh love so long as  
love thou canst" which for pathos is worth-  
y to be put beside the prose of Irving in  
that favorite passage from his exquisite  
essay on "Rural Funerals" in "The Sketch  
Book." It is redolent of the same spirit:

O love so long as thou canst love!  
O love with true affection deep  
The hour draws near—The hour draws near  
When thou among the graves must weep  
Rich in a generous and magnanimous  
spirit, as well as of fatherly love is a poem  
he addressed to his son, Wolfgang, who is  
in the field as an army nurse:

"Be strong, my Wölfe, be earnest,  
As well thou mayst be;  
Whichever way thou turnest  
Said spirits thine eye can see.  
Be at thy best to render.  
For those who help feel;  
Nor let thy heart so tender  
The sight of suffering steel.

Full of tenderness too is his "Rest in the  
Beloved," beginning,—"O, here for ever  
let me say, love!" The sympathetic heart  
beats in them all.

Freiligrath was a lover of friends, of  
home, of wife and of children; a passion-  
ate lover of his country; a hater only  
of oppression and wrong, and these man  
ought to hate. He became accepted at  
last, his ideas accredited, and he died in  
his own land, one of the acknowledged  
masters of German song. He is distin-  
guished as a translator, and some of the  
finest master pieces of England, France  
and America have by him been rendered  
into the tongue of the Fatherland, as only  
one true poet can render another. Long,  
fellow appreciate his muse, and that ap-  
preciation was returned as the German's  
translation of "Hawthorne's" testifies, which  
is described as "a marvel of fidelity and  
beauty."

His portrait presents a face full of  
vitality, benevolence and courage,—the  
evidences of the best type of Teutonic  
manhood.

Freiligrath was born in the home of a  
schoolmaster in Detmold, June 17, 1810,  
and died at Cannstatt, in Württemberg,  
March 18th, 1879,—a devotee of fame and  
freedom.

One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die.

We are indebted to Mr. Thomas Hatch-

inson, of Morfeth, Northumberland, for a  
copy of The Newcastle "Leader," con-  
taining an account of the Burns Birthday  
Celebration at Newcastle. The Rev.  
Frank Walters, a Church of England  
clergyman, who gave the address of the  
occasion, said of Burns' peculiarly attrac-  
tive power: "Burns not only bestowed  
upon them [his admirers] the priceless  
gift of his genius, but in some mystic  
way his works propagated his unique per-  
sonality to future generations. They read  
Burns' poems, and felt it was something  
more than mere literature that had been  
written and handed down to future gen-  
erations. As they read the printed page they  
could feel the throbbing of the poet's heart  
and the very beating of his pulse. Eng-  
lishmen had their Academic societies to  
study the works of Shelley and Shake-  
speare. Scotchmen had no such academic  
societies in connection with their rever-  
ence for Burns. They had glorious sup-  
pers and dinners to celebrate their na-  
tional poet, and they almost felt as though  
his living presence was with them as they  
chanted his praises and sang his songs—  
Charles Lamb was once asked by a friend  
in company, what they would do if Shake-  
speare opened the door and walked into  
the room 'We should all rise from our  
seats and stand before him in silent re-  
verence,' was the reply. They would not  
do that with Burns if he came walking  
among them with his stalwart form. They  
would do something very different, in-  
deed. They would find a seat for them by  
their side; they would provide for him,  
with a plate, and especially a glass,—to  
sing, as only he could sing, one of his own  
glorious songs."

Rumor brings to us the intelligence that  
from the choir of Canadian Singers death  
has taken one of the strongest and the  
most unique—John Hunter-Duvar. We  
have not yet learned the immediate occa-  
sion of this sad event and defer for the  
present what we might now say had we  
certain items of information. We have  
long been among his admirers, and believe  
his name and works are destined to be re-  
membered and honored by Canadians.

The Bookman for February contains the  
following:

Goldenrods,  
A hillside flaming with golden rods,  
Torches that wave when the wind is still,  
A splendor of spears with fretted spires—  
The golden rods holding the slope of the hill.

A gruesome whisper of withered stalks,  
Spectral and dim in the moon's pale ray,  
A rustle of leaves in the lonely walks,  
And the ghosts of the goldenrods stole in gray.

A correspondent writes from Springfield  
Mass., in a private letter: "Last evening  
we went to hear Zingwill. . . He is ex-  
ceedingly clever. He gave his lecture on  
"The Children of the Ghetto,"—just spark-  
ling wit and satire—full of cute stories;  
and, with all he made out the Jews a great  
people. . . . I mail you a 'Homestead'  
having his picture—a very good one, too;  
—not hairy enough, though, for to certain-  
ly has a shock of hair. Paderewski's is a  
slight growth beside his. He is very  
slight, and his hands are very thin, fingers  
long and almost claw-like. He has a ner-  
vous manner,—hands in and out of his  
pockets, fingering the front of his vest, and  
getting his dress-coat tails up on his arm,  
and then standing with one foot on the  
other—ridiculous.—And yet all the time  
complete master of himself! I presume he  
is a sad, but he was an entertaining one.  
He was secured here by Mr. Laski, the  
President of the Hebrew Club of this city."

The "night has gone on wings of fury  
past," leaving the "sparkling heaps that  
glitten in the sun," after the chief storm of  
the winter. But on the day falls a double  
shadow, with all its boast of joy; for  
yesterday we learned that Hunter-Duvar is  
no more with us, and today we hear that  
Archibald Lampman is also gone. A copy  
of the Montreal Daily Star comes to my  
hands, and as I unfold it my eyes rest on  
the words: "The Dead Poet: [In  
Memoriam Archibald Lampman] It is a  
tribute of four Sonnets by Arthur Weir.  
What means it, then, that our singers go  
so soon? Do they bring no boon to this  
needy world? Alas! and is it folly in us  
to feel reverence, tenderness, regret! Then

let it be ours, now that "the gates of the  
city," higher than that he sang of, "open  
wide for his passing."

PASTOR FELIX.  
A FISHERMAN'S TRIALS.  
Exposure While at Sea Brought on an At-  
tack of Sciatica Which Caused the Most  
Excruciating Agony.

Mr. Geo. W. Shaw of Sanford, N. S.,  
follows the occupation of a fisherman; and  
like all who pursue this arduous calling is  
exposed frequently to inclement weather.  
Some years ago, as a result of exposure,  
Mr. Shaw was attacked by sciatica, and  
for months suffered intensely. He says  
the pain he endured was something agoniz-  
ing, and he was not able to do any work  
for some months. His hip was drawn out  
of shape by the trouble, and the doctor  
who attended him said that it had also  
affected the spine. After being under the  
care of a doctor for several months with-  
out getting relief, Mr. Shaw discontinued  
medical treatment, and resorted to the use  
of plasters and liniments, but with no bet-  
ter results. He was advised to try Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills and finally decided  
to do so. After using them for a couple  
of weeks, he found a decided relief, and in  
about two months' time every trace of the  
trouble had disappeared, and he has not  
since been troubled with any illness. Mr.  
Shaw says he occasionally takes a box of  
pills to ward off any possible recurrence of  
the trouble.

Those attacked with sciatica, rheuma-  
tism, and kindred troubles, will avoid  
much suffering and save money by taking  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset of  
the trouble. Sold by all dealers or sent  
postpaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for  
\$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams'  
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE WOODEN INDIAN SHABBER.  
Double Misfortune of the Reduced Dealer  
in Pure Havana Cigars.

"Misfortune overtakes us in unexpected  
ways and mine may be worth your atten-  
tion. I was ruined by a tobacco Indian."  
The speaker was one of half a dozen  
City Hall Park benches who had been  
forced to take refuge in the Post Office  
corridor by a fierce rain squall. There  
was an air of shabby respectability about  
him which distinguished him from the  
other benches.

"Thank you, sir, for your attention," he  
continued, "and I may preface my remarks  
by saying that I was in the tobacco line  
before I was reduced. You may have  
noticed my sign at 60 Third avenue. It  
read: Vincent Bowditch, tobacco and pipes.  
Try our secret five-cent Havana cigars.  
Bowditch is my name, as you may judge for  
yourself, and in those days there wasn't a  
more active young business man on the  
avenue. I have always maintained that to  
draw customers you must make your store  
attractive. I set up a fine wooden Indian  
in front of my shop and I was proud of it.  
He was a high-class Indian, and a type  
of manly beauty. I am slight, and my legs  
are bowed, but I can appreciate manly  
beauty as well as the next man. The  
Indian drew trade, and as I prospered I  
expended my surplus capital in fittings for  
my shop. I joined the Jolly Fives Associa-  
tion, and I was an eligible young man.  
My heart had never been touched, how-  
ever, and I was bound to marry for love.  
One afternoon when business was dull an  
agent for a sign manufacturer came in and  
said:

"Mr. Bowditch, you are a man of senti-  
ment and of taste. I have here a photo-  
graph of a new figure which we are mak-  
ing for the trade. I think that you will  
want it."  
"The figure, according to this photo-  
graph, was that of a young woman with  
short skirts smoking a cigarette. I bought  
it. When it arrived it surpassed my ex-  
pectations. The figure was only about  
four feet high, but it was beautifully made.  
The girl's hair was blonde and her com-  
plexion was bright. You will pardon my  
referring to it, and I do it in all modesty;  
her ankles were trim and above them the  
limb bulged generously. When I placed  
the young woman on a table in the rear of  
the shop I said to myself.

"There is my ideal of female beauty. I  
will never marry until I can find a girl who  
looks like this figure."  
"You may call me foolish if you will, but  
I am a man of sentiment, and I am proud  
of it. That female figure was company for  
me in my shop, and it seemed at times as  
if she understood my thoughts. When I  
left the shop I carried her image in my  
mind and I looked for her counterpart. It  
was at the annual masquerade and civic  
ball of the Jolly Fives that my ideal was  
realized. I went dressed as a page in a  
costume lent me by the property man of  
the Thalia Theatre. I was not the only thin,  
bow-legged man on the floor, so I didn't  
attract much attention. The evening was  
well begun before she appeared on the  
floor. The moment I saw her was one of  
great excitement to me. She was the image  
of my cigarette girl, even to the blond hair  
and the short red skirt and the—you will  
pardon me, won't you?—the ankles. That  
was the turning point of my life, and when  
the floor manager asked me to get a lady

on the floor to fill out a square I asked her  
to dance.

"Sure," said she. "Why wouldn't I?"  
"I am naturally quick at repartee, but  
my emotion overcame me. I could only  
look at her."

"What's wrong?" said she in the all  
hands round.

"Then I told her of my love for her and  
at first she laughed. I knew it was sudden  
and I went on to tell her about my tobacco  
shop and the nice business I was doing.

"Is this a song and dance you're giving  
me?" she asked.

"On my honor as a dealer in pure Havana  
cigars," I said.

"An' you got stuck on me because I look-  
ed like a wooden cigarette girl?" said she.

"That first suggested your image to  
me," said I, and then she told me that her  
name was Roy, and she promised to marry  
me after she had investigated my business.  
I was then a happy man. I can tell you.  
Roy worked in a Grand Street store, and  
she said she would drop in after 6 o'clock  
the next night and look me up. It was in  
the days when tight trousers were the  
fashion, and in honor of Roy's visit I put  
on the most fashionable pair that I owned.  
I was behind the counter when Roy called  
and after a short talk about business she  
said that she thought she would marry me.  
I pointed out the wooden cigarette girl in  
the back of the shop to her, and she said  
she hoped that she didn't look like that.  
Then I walked from behind the counter to  
show her my wooden Indian.

"Heaven help us!" she said, as she look-  
ed up at my fashionable trousers.

"This is my wooden Indian, Roy," said  
I, "and its worth lots of money to me."  
"She was still looking at my trousers  
and I was nervous.

"Isn't this Indian a fine type of manly  
beauty?" I said. Then she looked at the  
Indian, and then back at me, and then at  
the Indian. Her eyes lighted as she  
studied my Indian and her face softened.

"I can't go you Vincent," she said, "but  
I'm dead struck on the Indian. I'll never  
marry till I find a man like him," and over  
she flounced.

"Now, wasn't that a hard trick for fate to  
play me? With an axe I smashed that  
wooden Indian. My customers left me,  
and at the end of six months I was the  
ruined man you see before you. My only  
recreation is wandering around after day-  
smoking wooden Indians. Can you help  
me sir, with a car fare to Harlem? There  
are lots of wooden Indians up there.  
Thank you sir, and better luck to you than  
I have had." And he hurried out into  
Park row.

WON HIS CASE.

Said the Man to Die, But he Rallied; Under  
South American Kidney Cure, and Dis-  
bates Was Absolutely Cured.

A prominent legal right in a Canadian  
Western town treated and died for years  
for what the doctors diagnosed an incur-  
able case of diabetes. He became so bad  
that he had to quit his practice, other  
complications setting in, and his suffer-  
ings were most intense. Almost as a last  
resort, he tried South American Kidney  
Cure, and to his own surprise, immedi-  
ately began to improve. This is over a year  
ago. He continued taking this greatest  
of kidney specifics, and to day he is a  
well man. Sold by E. C. Brown, and all  
druggists.

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