

Notches on The Stick

Johnson complained of Cowley that he wrote much of love without an experience of the tender passion. There was in the mind of his age, it seems an "obligation to amorous ditties," derived from Petrarch's success and the prestige he gave. "But the basis of all excellence is truth," pursues the relentless critic; "be that professes love ought to feel its power. Petrarch was a real lover. In the same manner a false druidic note crept into the bucolics and pastorals of Pope and other writers of his generation, who wrote of nature, as some one has declared, 'with their backs to the window.' To what do we owe the enormous flood of 'druidism'—we use a phrase now in vogue, a convenient label—that has come upon the poetic world of today? Is it a literary fashion, a convenient affectation; or is the passion for solitary mountain and deep green woods more pervasive and commanding in its influence than ever before? Did Scott, indeed, pronounce a magic word, that cannot cease to be echoed? Did Wordsworth father a tradition that cannot die? Did Cowper transmit to this generation a longing "for a lodge in some vast wilderness," and are we determined, with Keats, to "fade away into the forest dim."

To us the druidic muse, when her raptures are genuine, has an unalloyed charm; nor can we suppose a good bucolic poem will ever get utterly out of fashion. Our primitive instincts assert themselves, what ever fashions may have temporary vogue. Nature, with such an interpreter as Wordsworth, is fair enough in herself, and may be a lover capable of satisfying affection; but mere picturing of hills and woods and streams is to us less interesting than the vivid presentation of human character and action. The scenes of highest grandeur and beauty derive their impressiveness largely from association with human deeds and destinies.

We cannot doubt the sincerity, as we cannot fail to perceive the beauty, of a poem now before us, entitled 'A Prelude,' by Francis Sherman. We are persuaded that he is not writing nature poetry to be in the fashion and humor a craze, but because to him the spring forces are a joy and a solace,—to him, there is a pleasure in the pathless wood, there is a rapture on the lonely shore, that he finds delight in expressing. While yet the icicles hang at the eaves, and the snow is deep around us, it is a prophecy of June and all hidden raptures when we turn to lines like these:

"What thing the tremulous flicker of the green.
A realm! the open quiet of the sky.
I hear my ancient way-fellows converse
In the great wood behind me. Where I lie
They may not see me; for the grasses grow
As though no feet save June's had wandered by;
Yet I, who am well-hidden, surely know
As I have wait'd them, they yearn for me.
To lead them whither they are fain to go."

"O covering grasses! O unchanging trees!
It is not good to feel the odor of the green.
Come down upon you with such harmonies.
Only the glaucous can ever find?
O little leaves, are ye not glad to be?
Is not the sunlight fair, the shadow kind
That falls at noon-time over you and me!
O gleam of birches lost among the firs,
Let your high tone chime in silverly."

"Across the hall, imagined wind that stirs
A muffled cry of music from the pines!
Earth knows to-day that not one note of hers
Is missing. For, behold, the loud sun shines,
Till they sing maps are no longer gray,
And it o'er grows their faint uncertain lines;
"Each violet tints a deeper hue to-day,
And purpler swell the cones hang overhead,
Until the sound of their fair feet who stray
"About the wood fades from me; and instead,
I hear the robin singing—not as one
That calls unto his mate uncomplained—
But as one sings a welcome to the Sun."

This soft lap of the world gives peace
After the noisy jostling world of men. Not there—

"Not among men, or near men fashioned things;
In the city found I this present ease,
Though I have known the fellowship of kings
"And tarried long in splendid palaces,
The worship of vast peoples has been mine
The homage of uncounted pageantries."

"Sea offerings, and fruits of field and vine
Have humble folk been proud to bring to me;
And woven cloth of wonderful design
"Have lain untouched in far lands overseas,
Till the rich traffickers beheld my suit.
Long caravans have tolled on wearily—
"Harrassed yet watchful of their costly wares—
Across wide sandy places, glad to bear
Strange oils and perfumes strained in Indian vases,
"Great gleaming rubies torn from some queen's
hair,
Yellow, long-tormented coin and golden dust,
"Deeming that I should find their offering fair.
"O fairness quick to fade! Ashes and rust
And food for moths!"

Old losses seem repaid and there is a
renewal of old joys, a feeling of the reality
of life, when he has come back to nature:
"Awaiting here the strong word of the trees,
And soul leans over to the wind's caress,

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"One with the flowers; far off he hears the sea's
Rumor of large, unmeasured things"

Very finely expressed is the message
which the poet passes on,—the message
Earth has confided.

"To me why shouldst thou not find thy content?
"Are not my days surpassing fair from dawn
To sunset, and my nights fulfilled with peace?
Shall not my strength remain when thou art gone?"

"The way of all blown dust? Shall beauty cease
Upon my face because thy face grows gray?
Behold, thine hours, even now, fade and decrease."

"And thou hast got no wisdom; yet I say
This thing there is to learn ere thou must go:
Have no sad thoughts of me upon the way."

We who know the places of our youth,
now deserted and desolate,—the closed
halls and chambers we once frequented,
with those who have departed—will know
the meaning of lines like these:

"Great houses loom up swiftly, out of the gray,
Knocking at last the gradual echoes stir
The hangings of unhaunted passages;
Until the known only for her
Has this house hoarded up its silences
Since the beginning of the early years,
And that this night her soul shall dwell at ease."

And grow forgetful of its ancient fears
In some long-kept, unvisited room."

The reader will enjoy this picture of
woodland seclusion:

"For the pines whisper, I set it may forget,
Of the near pool; and how the shadow lies
On it forever; and of its edges, set
"With maidenhair; and how, in guardian-wise,
The alder trees bend over, until one
Forgets the color of the unseen skies"

"And looser, all remembrance of the sun,
No echo there of the sea's loss and pain;
Nor sound of little rivers, even, that run
"Where with the wind the hollow reeds complain;
Nor the soft stir of marsh-waters, when dawn
Comes in with quiet covering of rain:"

"Only, all day, the shadow of peace upon
The pool's gray breast; and with the fall of even,
The countless gleam of scattered stars—drawn
From the unfathomed treasures of heaven."

Mr. Sherman is native and resident of
Fredericton, N. B., as many readers of
PROGRESS will remember. His poems,
"Matins," "In Memorabilia Mortis," etc.,
have been the subject of comment in these
columns.

"Men resort in field or town,
But the poet dwells alone."

or at least he attempts it. Joaquin Miller
has had some spells at it. Henry David
Thoreau was a first-class druid, and Wal-
den a veritable hermitage. He is now
paralleled by E. die E. Anderson and her
poetic cell "Hesperidism" on the Santa
Cruz mountains, in California. There
she lives, winter and summer, in her rough
cabin of split redwood, in lovely loneliness;
there she cultivates the muse and raises
chickens and acquires the tax-collector.

Young, beautiful, accomplished, a gradu-
ate of the University of California, she
has made what most will regard a singular
choice; but she finds it satisfactory to her-
self, which is the main consideration.
She is said to be quite feminine, notwith-
standing, in her tastes and disposition,
and is not natively averse to society, but
loves better to listen to the stories that
the trees, the birds and the brooks tell her.

Miss Anderson's home is a two-roomed
shanty built on a wilderness peak over-
looking a wide domain. The magnificence
of nature is hers. From the door of her
cabin she can look away through or over
the forest, upon the twinkling waves of
the Pacific, and can see the ships sailing
into Monterey. Here she sings of the
forest and of the shore, and sends out

"Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's
natural."

If perfectly well, this is
probably the case.

But many are suffering
from frequent colds, nervous
debility, pallor, and a hun-
dred aches and pains, simply
because they are not fleshy
enough.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-
liver Oil with Hypophos-
phites strengthens the diges-
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nerves, and makes rich, red
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song and sonnet as the spirit moves her.
The following will show she has some
talent as a rhumer:

Mission, Santa Cruz.

How swiftly here oblivion sets her seal;
What has the vanished century left of seal,
The Spanish no more and the Spanish speech,
The music and the roses of Castile?
A newer generation comes to kneel
Where crumbling walls and broken tiles of red
Become the dust above forgotten dead,
The unregarded dust beneath the wheel.
The call to vespers hath a different tone;
Even the mission bells were cast away,
And alien echoes mingle with their own
From crowded streets, where once the wild-flowers
grew:

New speech, new shrine, new hopes and cares and
fears,
To usher in another hundred years.

In Monterey Bay, there annually rises,
with the winter's tide, the hull of an old
schooner, which has become the subject of
a song:

Under the Sands.

The sunshine falls upon a golden strand
Reclining as that stretches far away,
Where all the summer long, in a careless play,
The peaceful waves come rippling o'er the sand,
So, calm, so still, we cannot understand
That ever sailors' wives should sit and weep.
That ever they should wake while others sleep,
Because of tempests upon sea or land.

Ah! wait till winter waves assail the shore,
And beat away this level floor of gold;
For where 'twas wrecked and buried years before
A ghost-like ship shall lift its timbers old.
O sorrow of the heart, thou liest as deep!
Heaven grant no storm of time may break thy sleep.

The vessels, that in the distance come
and go, are a special inspiration to her:

Watching the Ships.

How strange it seems, walled in, secluded so,
So sheltered from the noisy world's unrest,
Looking thro' the feathery treelines to the west,
To see you stately strangers come and go;
Great ships of traffic, born from far we know,
Followed and waited by the self-same breeze
That lightly tossed some crested billow's snow
Three thousand miles away, in foreign seas.
So, hither and thither, just beyond our own,
Great souls, like stately ships, as fair to view,
So near, yet ever to remain unknown,
Our ports of daily life are passing through;
And we, in peaceful shelter so softly pray,
"Fair ships, brave souls, God speed thee on thy way."

These are well-constructed sonnets,
easy, quiet, graceful, musical, gently pic-
turesque; not, however, the daring, ad-
venturous, style of verse we should expect
from one who has cast the conventional-
isms of life behind her.

Thus, with her chickens, the wild birds
and the beasts that roam the forests day
and night, she lives in amity and content;
fearless of ill as the mythical Irish lady,
who robed and jewelled, rode abroad trust-
ing the honor of Erin's sons. "Why do I
live so far out of the world?" she asks, echo-
ing the question of the curious. "Because
I love nature, I love the grand trees. . . .
I like either pure city or pure country—
pure country preferred. I have not been
in San Francisco for five years, but I want
to go up again one of these days. A lead-
ing publisher there has offered to get out
a volume of my verse. He advises me,
however, to wait until I have written a
little more." There is no lack of adjectives
or pining sentimentality about her, with
all her love of solitude. If she ever dallies
with "divinest melancholy" it does not in-
fect her. She is brisk, and has an inter-
esting fund of dry humor. She takes
pleasure with her brood of chickens, and
they occupy much of her thought and time.

"My hens are all educated," she de-
clares. "One comes in every day and
lays an egg on the table. She will go to
my work basket and get the darning egg
out with her bill, and then get some scraps
of cloth and paper or whatever is handy,
and build a nest around it. She likes the
colored part of The Examiner best. I
suppose it must be on account of the colors.
When her egg is laid off she goes with a
merry and satisfied cackle. There is an
awful lot of work about raising chickens.
It takes nearly all my time. Still you can
always sell a chicken, while you cannot
always a sonnet."

Where does she find her market?
These mountains are a haunt of summer
tourists, and of campers who spread their
tents under the trees. To them the post-
office furnishes eggs, and sometimes a broil,
and in this way realizes a neat little income
—enough for her support. Their presence
is, however, not altogether agreeable, and
she is glad when their stay is over and she
is left alone. But one would think she
must have the blessing of solitude in excess,
and would be glad to see a human face,
and "hear the sweet music of speech," that
Selkirk was supposed to sigh for. Certain-
ly few can be found who would delibera-
tely choose a lot like hers.

PASTOR FELIX.

SURPRISED THE GAOLER.

His Wife's Rheumatism Had Baffled the
Doctors for Years—Half a Bottle of South
American Rheumatic Cure Relieved
and Four Bottles Cured Her.

Mr. L. A. VanLaven, Governor County
Goal, Napanee, Ont., writes: "My wife
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Eight Days on the Witness Stand.

The longest time I ever saw one witness
on the stand," said a man from Hardin-
burg, Ky., "was during the life of Judge
Kincheloe, who was regarded as one of the
ablest members of the Breckinridge bar.
He was honored by his people to the high
office to which he aspired, and he was al-
ways respected in the highest as a man of
learning and a ripe scholar. During his
active practice land titles were much un-
settled in our country, and some of the
most important suits came up over titles.
In the case of Askins vs. Askins, in which
Judge Kincheloe and the late George W.
Williams, of Owensboro, were the counsel,
the taking of testimony consumed two
months. It was then that Mr. Askins was
on the stand continuously for over eight
days, and when the judge had questioned
him from every conceivable point of view,
he said: 'Well, Mr. Askins, you are ex-
cused, but I'm afraid we've pumped you
so dry you won't have anything to tell
your wife and family when you get home.'
The witness retired badly confused, but
evidently glad to get off the rack."

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In these days of enforced economy it
should be a pleasure to any woman to
learn how she can save the cost of a new
gown for herself and a suit for the little
one, or can make her husband's faded
clothing look like new. Diamond Dyes,
which are prepared especially for home use
will do all this. They are so simple and
easy to use that even a child can get bright
and beautiful colors by following the
directions on each package.

There is no need of soiling the hands
with Diamond Dyes; just lift and stir the
goods with two sticks while in the dye
bath, and one will not get any stains or
spots.

In coloring dresses, coats, and all large
articles, to get a full and satisfactory color
it is absolutely necessary to have a special
dye for cotton goods and a different dye
for woollen goods. This is done in
Diamond Dyes, and before buying dyes
one should know whether the article to be
colored is cotton or wool, and get the proper
dye. Do not buy dyes that claim to
color everything, for their use will result
in failure.

Care of the Eyes.

For eyes that have much to do, and on
which a strain is put, darkness is the best
possible remedy, and merely to close
them for a few minutes at a time produces
a rested feeling, which shows itself in their
renewed brightness. Bathing tired eyes
in warm water and then closing them for
some time, is an excellent daily practice.
Nothing, however, but hot water should be
allowed to touch the eyes except by direc-
tion of an oculist. The eyeball should be
a clear bluish white color. If it has red
streaks in it there is trouble somewhere.
If it is dull and yellow in color, that also
is an indication of disease, and in most

cases the seat of the trouble is not in the
eye itself—the stomach, which is account-
able for most things, is generally account-
able for the bright or lack lustre condition
of the eyes. To make dull eyes shine,
therefore, the best thing is an anti-dyspep-
tic medicine.

"A Man's a Man for a That."

Even if he has corns on both feet. But he
as a stronger, happier and wiser man if he
uses Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor
and gets rid of the unsightly corns, pain-
lessly and at once.

An Imperial Collection.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria has col-
lected the photographs of all the pretty
women she has seen during the last nine
years. To each picture is attached a
statement of the name, age, and condition
of the subject, with date and place of the
taking of the photograph.

Don't carry a cough. Carry a bottle of
Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The
Cough Cure.

His Salary.

The Washington Post tells of a bright
boy, one of the pages in the Senate at
Washington, who was at one of the Senate
entrances when a lady approached with a
visiting-card in her hand.

"Will you hand this to Senator Blank?"
she said.

"I cannot," replied the boy; "all cards
must be taken to the east lobby."

The woman was inclined to be angry
and went away muttering. Then a thought
struck her, and taking out her pocket-
book she found a twenty-five-cent piece.
With it in her hand she went back to the
boy. "Here my lady," she said, in a coax-
ing tone, "here is a quarter to take my
card in."

"Madam," said the boy, without a mo-
ment's hesitation, "I am paid a larger salary
than that to keep cards out."

He Lives on Herbs and Eggs.

The great romancer, Jules Verne, is
nearly 70 years of age, but enjoys robust
health and spirits, living on a diet of eggs
and herbs in Amiens France. He has
written six books more than he is years
old. His habit is to rise early and write
till 11 o'clock. After lunch on he goes
to a library, where he reads all the news-
papers. He declares that the hardest
work he ever does is the reading up of
travels in order to write his wonderful
stories, for strange to say, he has himself
traveled but little. The writing of "Twenty
Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was
begun at the instigation of George Sand.
His books have been translated into many
languages, including Japanese and
Arabic.

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