

Notches on The Stick

The reader familiar with "Child Harold's Pilgrimage" will recall the spirit of apostrophe to Italy in the Fourth Canto, and perhaps also the fact that it is a paraphrase of a sonnet by an Italian poet, familiar not only to students, but to the common people of that land, and dear to them as a passionate expression of patriotic devotion. We will contrast Byron's lines with a translation of the source whence they were derived. [St. XIII, XLIII]:

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which becomes
A funeral dower of present woes on't part,
On thy sweet brow be never p'ched by shame,
And smould'ring raved in chariot of fire.
O God! that thou wert in thy nobleness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robber back, who, press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

Then might thou more appeal; or, less desired,
Be humbled and be peaceful, unexplored
For thy destructive charms; then call an host
Who'd use to see thee smould'ring in a post,
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile hordes
Of many nation's spears on the Fo
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend and foe.

Vincenzo Da Filiccia [Pron. la-le-ka-ya],
a poet of modern Italy, struck the chord
that Byron so finely reaches:

Italia, O Italia! hai tu quel
Quel fatal dono di bellezza, che
A dowry brought with never ending pain,
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow
Oh, were thy lot more, or less thy charms!
Then should thy lot, they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess,
Adore thy beauty less, or dread thy arms!
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
A down the Alps; and hostile troops be lured
To the red waters of the Po, no more;
No longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Batharian encamp should thy name improve,
Vanquished or victor, still by Goths be loved.

It is the generally conceded right of a poet, or writer of original powers, to avail himself of literary material that has become so digested and incorporated with his thought as to have received the new stamp of his special genius. Such adaptations are frequently found in the pages of all great poets, dramatists and romancers; nor are such felt to detract from their merit or the fertility of their minds, but rather to enhance their power, as, so far from suggesting plagiarism, they imply the common use and possession of great ideas among equal spirits, and the familiar sense of recognition, with all due credit, on the part of him who discovers them anew in the use and guise of an accepted master. So Byron has given us not this paraphrase of Filiccia's sonnet alone, but also a rendering of one of Dante's most haunting and exquisite passages, in all its pathos and beauty, in his "Don Juan":

Soft hour! which waltz or the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the sea, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fill with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to wrap the dying day's dec'y;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

The last two lines are, however, pure Byron. For it was not for the sake of poverty, but love, that the Englishman went back to Florentine, who sang: "It is the hour that thaws the heart, and sends homeward the voyagers' affections, if perchance they since morning have bidden their dearest friends adieu; and that smites with love the pilgrim in his wayfarer, if he should hear a distant bell that seems a-mourning for the dying day."

Filiccia belonged to a school of poets, marking the decadence of the Italian muse known as "The Arcadians." They belonged to the early part of the Seventeenth century; and beside himself, Marini was the one of all the piping crew most worthy of remembrance. Their master fault was artificiality and their greatest lack, something to say. They were jugglers with words; and though sometimes they fell into bizarre and brilliant forms and colors, insanity and emptiness chiefly marked them—a not very enduring result. Most of them consulted no oracles, and seemed to value their toys and tricks of language as something in advance of the great thoughts and inspirations, as well as the great art, of the earlier masters. We sometimes think we are upon a corresponding period in much of the English poetry of today. We have taken the inevitable step from art to artifice, and all kinds of mannerisms are introduced and cultivated. But by the force of inherent genius Filiccia rose, when at his best, free above the corrupting influence of his school. He had true feeling, strength of thought and energy

of expression. There was a mortal and patriotic fire in his soul, that gave birth to odes, instinct with lyric enthusiasm, as they are moulded into form by the master's patient and cunning hand. Two of his best sonnets are given below, the latter of which seems to have had its influence on the muse of Longfellow, as he has written one in some respects similar.

Time.

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were muffled, which did
So softly onward in their silent tide,
That on their flight was heard, they were past:
A river, that to death's dark shores doth fast
Orison all living with redoubled force,
And though unblest, pursues its nebulous course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
In current with creation's birth was born;
And with the heavens commenced its march sublime.

In days and months, still hurrying on untried,
Marking its flight, I sorrowfully did muse,
And of my coming thoughts repeated, Time.

Providence.

Just as a mother, with sweet pious face,
Turns toward her little child from her nest,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knee, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, professions,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still:
So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes us necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants;
And even if it drags what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems to let us cry, or in deaying grants.

England is manifesting her sense of the greatness of Gladstone by the number and splendor of the memorials she is projecting. These are: 1. A statue by the royal artist, Brock, to be procured by the House of Commons, and placed in Westminster Abbey. 2. A statue by Pomeroy, which will be known as "The Liberal Party Memorial," and which will be located somewhere within the Houses of Parliament. 3. A national and non-political memorial, to be erected by the subscriptions of the people; and to administer this rapidly accumulating fund a committee has been formed, of which the Prince of Wales is president. 4. Monumental memorials, possibly to endure statues, in the cities of London, Edinburgh and Dublin. 5. A monumental building at Haward's, for the accommodation of the St. Daniel Library, the gift of Gladstone to the town, arranged by himself, and which at the present time is housed inconveniently in a temporary iron structure. The cost of these national structures will be at least \$250,000, and nearly half that amount is already contributed. This might seem somewhat excessive for a beginning, but no national character of the present era better deserves such commemoration. He was indeed an oak, venerable and stalwart, green of leaf to the last. Long be it ere his honors shall have become a mere!

The wars of yesterday have become the material of history, while the graphic pen and pencil thrill us with events that have scarcely yet become cold or lost the stain of blood. All is life and motion, in "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns," by Richard Harding Davis,—the movement of armies and navies, the bruit and signal of "outlets to be born," and then the fearful and inspiring procession of war itself. It is a book not to be read without interest. One becomes convinced, after reading of that charge up the hill of San Juan, and the captive of that death-dealing height that brave deed was never done in this world. Seen through Davis' eyes, Shafter becomes pitiful, indeed; and we are inclined to wish intertangling official tape out of the pathway of moving armies; though it seems forever destined to be there, while incompetence clothed with dignity claims its sacrifice. The articles which compose this book, with some modification and readjustment, were originally contributed to Scribner's Magazine. They are the work not merely of a newspaper correspondent, who has an opportunity of ascertaining and reporting facts, but of a practised and well-endowed literary writer, who knows how to embellish and combine them. Mr. Davis has an extraordinary faculty of observation; he sees rapidly, and yet distinctly and seizes upon the salient and essential points of vision, so that his narrative becomes clear and his pictures vivid in the presentation. The book is abundantly illustrated from photographs taken by the artist who was his associate in the field. Mr. Davis tells nothing more than he has seen or heard; he gives his estimates independently, and is not afraid of his opinion. This book must become an important document with the future historian, who shall deal with American relations with Cuba.

John Beade, of Montreal author of "Merlin" has been long and widely known as one of the best and purest of Canadian writers. His sonnets, which are usually excellent have received especial praise.

The Future.
It were not well that we the veil should raise
O'er that thick curtain of destiny,
Which veils from us the things that are to be
And the shadows of the coming days.
But who of us could trust the common eye
Or ear, or even the heart, to see the way
The narrow of this labyrinthine law,
Like the doomed king, who'er he turned his
eyes?
Kind the All-wise has kept that prudent lore
Beyond our reach. It is enough to know,
That he has kept to himself that as men see
The way—our way is better, but not known.
Then taught the Prophets with inspired tongues:
Then Nature waxes and then her hands have sung—

James Whitcomb Riley has been brought into prominence on the lyceum platform, and adds piquancy to his best poems in the Hoosier dialect by his inimitable impersonations, and the magnetic comeliness of his voice and manner. Riley has also a sentimental and romantic side, and some of his poems, other than dialect, are gems of exquisite beauty. The New York World refers to his love for children, and his great tenderness of heart, and to the popular surprise that he should have remained unmarried. According to the account given Riley early loved, but lost the object of his affection, and has ever remained faithful to her memory. "The poem, 'Beautiful Hands,' 'Pipes of Pan,' declares The World, 'is believed to contain Riley's only reference to his sweetheart.' The last stanza is especially tender and pathetic:

Beautiful hands, O beautiful hands
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering, and give me to-night
Only a touch—wa-e it ever so light—
My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
Would fall that I into rest again;
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands!

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts gives us in "Acta Victoriana," what we may call in supposing an advance chapter of his third volume in the Trilogy of Acadian romance of which "The Forge in The Forest," and "A sister of Evangeline," are the first and second. It concerns the machinations of the Black Abbe. Under a portrait of Prof. Roberts, on another page, we find this quotation:

The Snow Drop.
When, after many days, the snow was dead,
Its white seal lying on a earthy bed,
Because this flower,—its pure polkaid bloom
With spring's most chill and virginal perfume bed.

His last book seems to meet with general critical acceptance. A prominent educator and writer of Canada writes to us: "I have read with delight Roberts' 'Sister of Evangeline.' It is idyllic—some passages are very beautiful indeed. The local color is admirable. He sees that country with just such eyes as I do, and feels the witchery of its charm. The story is swift in movement, beautifully told, and I have no doubt leaves a more correct impression of the real causes at work in bringing about the 'grande derangement' than has ever been given in formal histories. I do not know, but I take it that his next book will deal with 'Gruel and the Black Abbe.' When completed it will be a unique trilogy, altogether the most charming literary writing in prose that the 'Basin' has begotten."

Dr. Theodore H. Rind, of Toronto, and George Martin, Canadian poets, have both been prostrated by the prevailing distemper, La Grippe, but are now recovering. Mr. Martin and wife will go to Florida early in February to recuperate.

Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, of the Justice Department, Ottawa, is preparing for an English publisher a volume on the literary history of Canada. PASTOR FELIX.

So Funny.

A Lady at a literary reception recently informed a New York gentleman that she had heard selections from the American 'hoosier poet' read in London. 'How curious that a hoosier should become your poet laureate in America,' she said.

The American to whom she spoke did not know what she meant until she said that her favourite among the 'hoosier poets' was 'When the Frost is on the Pumpkin.' Then he told her that it was James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet! 'Oh you Americans! have such queer of pronouncing things!' said the woman. 'Yes but Mr. Riley is not a hoosier, he

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Vim Vigor Vitality

Vim—to work and to win—to keep a sane mind in a sound body—to laugh at worry. Vigor—to ward off disease—to conquer obstacles—to transmit health and strength to your posterity.

Vitality—to resist the fearful strain and tension of modern life—to make up for the constant drain of overwork. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills confer all these essential qualities on the user.

THIS EVIDENCE IS AMPLE PROOF.

Before using Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills I felt weak, nervous and run down. I had lost weight steadily for some time; my circulation was poor; hands, feet and limbs were cold. I always felt weak and my muscles trembled. Now after the use of one box of Dr. Ward's Pills, I feel like my old self. I have gained five pounds in weight and 100 per cent. in cheerfulness. I now walk firmly, my muscular system is strong and my blood circulates vigorously. I have more comfort than I have experienced in years. Dr. Ward's Pills have done more for me than any medicine I ever took.

PETER CARMICHAEL,
13 Bright St., Toronto, Ont.
All good druggists can supply you. If they won't, we will by mail. Price 50c. per box, or 5 boxes for \$2.50. THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

is—' began the American, about to explain how Mr. Riley obtained his name from the 'Hoosier State,' as Indiana is called.

But she cut the explanation short with, 'Oh, I see; it's a joke, then; you American are so funny.' I suppose you think Mr. Riley is a blue-stocking, and so you call him a hoosier.

Explained.

A certain gallant son of Erin, living in America, offered his services at the beginning of the late war with Spain; but his employer, wishing to retain him at work, told the examining surgeon that Tim had once been made temporarily deaf by an explosion, and that his hearing was still bad.

"Do you hear well?" asked the doctor while Tim was being examined.

"Loike a vessel, sorr, was the answer.

"Has your hearing always been good?"

"Splendid, sorr."

"See here; weren't you in an explosion some time before you came to this place, and weren't you totally deaf for weeks afterwards?"

"Sure, not me, sorr," replied Tim. "I could hear every word that were wrote to me, sorr."

His evasive reply ignored, Tim was accepted, was wounded in the chest, and came home on furlough. He was made so much of that he felt justified in exaggerating his experience, and even declared that 'the bullet went right through me here,' as he put his hand over his heart.

Tim even told this to the surgeon, and the doctor saw a chance to get even. 'Tim, Tim,' he exclaimed, 'stick to the truth. If the bullet had taken the course you say it would have gone plump through the heart. Tell that to some ignoramus who doesn't know anatomy.'

"That are yes talkin' about!" retorted Tim. 'Sure, it's the book-larin' that's foolin' yez, doctor. There wasn't a mother's son went up the blasin' hill that day as his heart wasn't in his mouth.'

LEFT HIM TO DIE.

Bright's Disease Pronounced Fast Hope by Physicians—South American Kidney Cure is the Life Saver.

A traveller for a well known western manufacturing firm was so hale and hearty that the possibility of his contracting kidney trouble was farthest from his mind, but through constant exposure Bright's Disease, that most insidious of ailments, laid hold on him. He doctored for months—physicians gave him but a short time to live. A friend who had derived great benefit from South American Kidney Cure recommended it to him. When he had taken seven bottles all signs of the disease had left him, and to-day he is as well as ever.

Told at Last.

The superintendent of a school in a provincial city directed the teachers the other day to ascertain the occupations of the parents of all the scholars in their respective classes. The inquiry proceeded well until the infant class was reached, when a small, red-headed, and much freckled boy obstinately refused to give any information. 'Isn't your father living, then, Johnny?' inquired the teacher.

'Yes, miss,' was the grim reply.

'Doesn't he work?'

'No, miss.'

'But he keeps you and your mother doesn't he?'

The small scholar assented emphatically.

'Then isn't he in business?'

'Yes, miss.'

Visions of a gambler in a checked suit and diamond studs for a barman dealing out fiery fluids, crossed the teacher's mind. 'Johnny,' she urged soliloquiously, and yet

with apprehension, 'what does your father do?'

There was a moment's pause, while the scholastic in the small boy began to rise to the freckled surface.

'My father,' said he, 'is in regular work. He's the lady with the whiskers in the chape, and me said I give it away she'd ship me!'

Grouped the little till he

How the Hodkins' goose were kept off the Hodkins' premises is an interesting story.

The goose strayed for forage, as geese will, and sometimes invaded the Hodkins' front lawn. Mrs. Hodkins, kindly soul, said she, 'didn't want to get it'—and a scolding on a minute things to over a parcel of geese. So she organized a board of strategy, consisting of herself, her daughter 'Sis,' and her boy 'Joe.'

The result of their deliberations and certain preparations, wherein figured handle and thread, some grains of corn and some bits of cardboard, became evident the next morning.

The Hodkins' goose appeared as usual, but returned home quite qualling as nobody so to bring the Hodkins to a body to the front door. What they saw astonished them.

Depending from each foot's bill was a bit of thread, the inner end anchored to a grain of corn in the bird's interior department, while to the other end of the string was attached a card bearing this inscription:

'Please Keep your Geese at Home.' The Hodkins' water-level are not now allowed to go outside the Hodkins' boundary—even on parole.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman, Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. C. R. Allen, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Wetters, Druggist, St. John, N. B.
Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
O. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Too Late for Him.

When a Liverpool gentleman gets a chance of poking fun at a Manchester man he doesn't let it slip. There is no love lost between the two cities, the Ship Canal probably accounting for some of the rivalry between them. This is the latest story to the point.

He was an innocent young mechanic from a Manchester engineering shop. It was his first trip to the seaside. He stood upon the step of his bathing machine at New Brighton for a few moments surveying the waters before him, when suddenly he plunged in, head foremost.

When he rose to the surface his face wore an expression of anguish. He began using vigorous language, emerged from the water, and was just in the act of entering his bathing machine when his friend stopped him.

'What's the row?' he asked.

'The water too cold for you?'

'Not it; it's not too cold, but some grand silly fro' Liverpool has been throwin' salt in it.'

Special Discussion.

The Optimist: 'Great results have been accomplished by the modern system of division of labor.'

The Pessimist: 'Missing the system by which one man does the work of three other men gets the money.'

More for Her Money.

'I hear that your daughter has broken off her engagement with the count. Is it true?'

'Yes; she ran across a chance to get a duke at the same figure.'

