

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX TALKS INTERESTING-
LY OF MANY MATTERS.

Shakespeare's Monument by Friends of the Great Dramatist—Some Bright Canadian Writers Spoken of by Dr. O'Hagan—Selections of Beautiful Poems.

From "Peet Lore" (August-September) we learn of the erection of a monument to Heminge and Condell, the friends and fellow-actors with Shakespeare, and the collectors and first publishers of his works. It is in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, and is of Aberdeen red granite. These worthies "were buried in the narrow ground enclosing the church, now hemmed in by lofty war-houses, have had, till now, no memorial other than the printed page. The monument is highly polished, and is surmounted by a bust of the great master. It bears an open book of light grey granite, representing the first folio, one leaf of which has as its title-page: 'Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies, histories and tragedies. Published according to the original copies. London, 1623.' On the opposite leaf is marked: 'We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead . . . without ambition either of self profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare. John Heminge, Henry Condell.' Each of the four sides have a bronze tablet, that on the front reading: 'To the memory of John Heminge and Henry Condell, fellow-actors and personal friends of Shakespeare.' They lived many years in this parish and are buried here. To their disinterested affection the world owes all that it calls Shakespeare. They alone collected his dramatic writings regardless of pecuniary loss, and, without hope of any profit, gave them to the world. Thus they merited the gratitude of mankind.' On the left tablet appears the following: 'The fame of Shakespeare rests on his incomparable dramas. There is no evidence that he ever intended to publish them, and his premature death in 1616 made this the interest of no one else. Heminge and Condell had been co-partners with him at the Globe theatre, Southwark, and from the accumulated savings there of thirty-five years with great labor selected them. No men then living were so competent, having acted with him in them for many years, and well knowing his manuscripts. They were published in 1623 in folio, thus giving away their private rights therein. What they did was priceless, for the whole of his manuscripts, with almost all these of the drama of the period have perished.' On the right tablet is an extract from the preface of the first folio, and on the back, brief biographies of the two men, with a quotation from Henry VIII:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's
Thy God's, and Thine.

In all this monument resting age no woe there has
been attempted.

"An Oaten Pipe" [The Fleur de Lis Poets: J. Sulwin Tait and Son, 65 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.] is the sixth volume of verse put forth by its author, Rev. James B. Kenyon, of Syracuse, N. Y., and yet he has scarcely reached the stage of maturity, and all the world appears to him in the rainbow glory and freshness of morning. He writes in an elevated strain, and adds dignity as well as beauty to whatever theme he touches. This idyllic muse of Theocritus seems to have especial charm for him, and several of his finest pieces in this book, have been suggested by that delightful Greek. This for instance, the initial poem:

The Reveler.
O grateful Anarchy!—regard, I pray you, my
heart grieving Pain. I would I could become your
buzzing bee, and so enter into your cave, penetrat-
ing the ivy and the fern, with which you've cover-
ed in.

He shilled his life and woke my dream;
I heard his music clear and true;
And then I found beside the stream
The flower-bell that he reveled in.
The clouds were flitting high and white;
A lagard breeze began to play;
Along the bank-side poured the light
From out the lavish heart of day.
I knew that where the acacia pressed;
Up from the blossom's perfumed cell,
There I should find the tipsy guest,
His pling drowned in hydromel.
O wassail of summer's prime!
Gone are the goat-herd from the plain;
Across the fields of purple thyme
The yellow sunlight streams in vain.
Drink to thy lover's memory;
Theocritus is in his grave
Beneath the far Sicilian sky,
And by the murmuring sun-kissed wave.

The affection for the gentle Sicilian muse,
and emulation, not of his manner
and measures so much as his themes and his
spirit, is in evidence throughout these
pages. The animation that he puts into
his verse as well as the joy he feels in the
contemplation of nature, may be exemplified
by a stanza of his "Chanson du Matin":

Morning, morning everywhere!
Morning on the misty wood,
Morning on the gleaming flood,
Morning on the drowsy street,
Morning on the meadows sweet;
Skins are fresh and earth is fair;
Morning, morning everywhere!

He has happily retold the story of Theo-
critus, in his thirteenth Idyl; how Hylas,
the son of Hercules, went to the fountain
for water, and being beguiled by the
Nymphs, fell sheer into the black water,
like as when a ruddy star hath fallen from
the sky sheer into the sea. The anxious
and vain search of the father is finely re-
lated,—how "thrice he shouted, 'Hylas,'
To the full depth of his throat, and thrice the

boy heard; and a thin voice came from the
water; but though very near he seemed to
be afar off."

'Hylas! Hylas!' rings the cry
Through the woodland mournfully,
Ever starting beast and bird,
Though no boyish shout be heard.
Answering him whose weary guest
Drives him onward without rest
Up and down this alien coast
Seeking still the loved and lost.
Vain thy search, O hapless one—
Sad son of Amphi tryon!
For the lad shall nevermore
Greet thee on a mortal shore.

The various phases of the year are well
described. We like the lines entitled
'Autumn.'

Here is the mellow booming of the fall,
The fluting of the sunlit crimson rill;
O'er every field her smoky banners trail;
She sets her ruby sign on every hill.
Her garments, drifting o'er the fallen leaves,
Are freckled with spured purple of the vine;
And as she glides amid the amber sheaves
Her locks flow down in golden catenae.

There meets a honey murmur on her lips;
Her throat is tuned, her eyes are sunny clear;
She moves to ever in a soft cadence,
The rustic darling of the doting year.

A writer recently alluded to the sonnet
as 'a form of verse that the mere rhymester
avoids.' We wish this were true. It is
consequently one of the most difficult of
forms: but who, aspiring to verse, does
not attempt it? As the musical instru-
ment is exalted; so we are tempted to
forego the exquisite mold of the sonnet
because so much dross is run into it. In
such examples, however, as 'Sappho,' 'The
Gypsy Queen,' 'After The Feast,' 'The
Advent,' 'At Sunset,' and the two we give
herewith, it is seen how successfully our
author can cultivate this 'scanty plot of
ground.'

Salome.
Upon a salver in her rosy palms
She bears the slaughtered prophet's gory head;
Proudly, with placid face and queen-like tread—
Untroubled by a moment's rising qualms
To vex her maiden bosom's happy calm—
She goes where wreaths of perfume spread
From smoking censurs, and soft lights are shed
Round halls that thro' with tabrets and with
shams.

Now smiling at her guilty mother's feet
She says her gift . . . Ay, those stern lips are mute
That erstwhile, all unmoved before the seat
Of kings, did dare proclaim sin's loathsome fruit:
Yet, hapless woman! o'er these doom-clouds meet,
And fateful lightnings of God's anger shoot.

Down the aisle he stings goes
Where the gurgling water flows,
Where the swaying rushes are,
In his arms the bracer jar.
Never yet was boy so fair:
Swallow-wort and maiden-hair,
Parsley bloom and green couch grass,
Kiss his white feet as they pass.
Now he bends above the tide
Mirror clear from side to side,
Drops upon his glowing knees,
And his own bright image sees.
O how palid is the pool!
O how sweet the waters cool!
Ah, how good it were to rest
In the fountain's flowing breast,
Nevermore to rise and dip
With the wandering brain-balanced ship.
Hark! they call him from the strand;
So he thrusts with eager hand,
Through the water weeds and fern,
In the wave his bubbling urn.
Lo! before his wretched eyes
Ivory bosoms flash and rise,
Faces sweeter than a dream
Smile upon him from the stream,
And soft fingers light as mist,
Twine about his yielding wrist.
Slowly, slowly downward sink
Lower than the spray green brink,
To the fountain's pebbly bed
Wondering eyes and shining head.

The Hour-glass.
The tawny sand slip downward in the glass
Noisily and smooth, a pulse whose even flow
No sterner winds can vex, how'er they blow.
A tide across whose breast no shadows pass.
Lo! yellow bees that drone in summer grass,
A mill whose mossy wheel has ceased to go,
A hawk above a woodland sailing slow,
A sunny field reaped by a brown-armed lass,—
All these like visions rise upon my soul,
Till wholly meshed in Fancy's sorceries
While still the grains sift from the crystal bowl,
I feel against my brow a phant'om breeze,
And see o'er gleaming sands the long waves roll,
And hear the washings of the orient seas.

Laborare Est Orare.
Yes, "work is worship," said that hazy man,
Who o'er the wintry sea, from his frost height
Of four score years and six, with ageless sight
Watched still the bodiful struggle in the van
Of the world's progress; for he did not scan
The fray as one who had not tried the fight,
But as one who had battled for the right,
And freed his own soul from the coward's ban.
Yes, work is worship, work that's one with pain;
Work born of consecration and of trust;
Work wrought with brain and hand and weary brain,
Consenting to the meager cup and crust:
Such work is worship; 'tis not counted vain;
God marks his toilers by their sweat and dust.

Morning by Ontario.
Through night's barred gates a venturesome light
Doth break;
The shadows vanish, and where far peaks rise
A splendor burns along the opulent skies;
The birds are stirring and the winds awake.
Now bursts the meadows into many a flake
Of shifting fire, and still the old surprise
Of morning kindles where a glory lies
Upon the wrinkled bosom of the lake.
As yon proud vessel upon with shining prow
A backward curling waste of molten gold,
Down-treading the smooth waves, so outward roll
A spirit craft fares 'mid the strange lights rolled
From other suns, while on my Love's dead brow
The new day prints its kisses sweet and cold.

We had marked for citation some fine
lines on the Thousand Islands, but we
must omit them. There is an ode on the
death of Tennyson, entitled 'Farringford,'
and we have seen nothing that surpasses it,
unless it be the 'Lachrymae Musarum' of
William Watson. Like Watson and
Landon, Mr. Kenyon writes excellent
quatrains, and bits of verse that haunt the
memory. The philosopher of Chelsea and
Craignputtock, who made the air so blue
around him, is well hit off:

Carlyle.
A wandering cloud upon his haggard face
A shadow cast—he thought it doom's black pall
He saw a transient star shoot from its place,
And deemed the rolling heavens about to fall.

Truth.
From level brows her eyes look straight before;
The fairs not to see what lies beyond;
Her vesture, travel stained, is streaked with snow;
From her free wrist down coils a broken band.

Heaven Near.
How very near my heaven lies!
Who seeks may find the place
Within the azure of her eyes,
The radiance of her face,
And of my perfect happiness,
How near the charmed land!
'Tis there where goes her whispered dress,
Where glimmers her white hand.

I would my song were like a star
Hung in the purple depths of air,
To lead her eyes, thro' gates of even,
Along the kindling paths of heaven.
I would my song were like a rose
From whose sweet heart the perfume flows;
The on her bosom it might lie,
And, breathing fragrant music, die.

Mr. Kenyon's devotional muse we alluded
to some time ago, in connection with
that of his friend and collaborator, Dwight
Williams. A few biographical notes may
conclude these observations. He was born
at Frankfort, N. Y., April 26th, 1858, and
the scenes amid which he spent his youth
were those of the beautiful Mohawk valley.
He had an academic and collegiate training,
and was subsequently a teacher, until he
entered the ministry of the Methodist
Episcopal church in 1878. Mr. Kenyon
has been popular, both as preacher and
poet; and has contributed with acceptability
to Lippincott's, 'The Atlantic Monthly,'
The Century, Outing, The Current, and
other leading publications. He was mar-
ried in 1878 to Miss Margaret Jane Taylor.
He is described as, 'of medium height and
fair complexion,' with 'broad, high fore-
head, sensitive mouth, and a somewhat
square chin.' His former books are: 'The
Fallen, and other Poems,' published when
he was sixteen; 'Out of the Shadows,'
'Songs in All Seasons,' 'In Realms of
Gold,' and 'At The Gate of Dreams.'

'The Week,' for Sept. 25th reprints
from 'The Catholic World,' a comprehen-
sive and appreciative article, by Thomas
O'Hagan, M. A. Ph. D., on 'Some Cana-
dian Women Writers.' Dr. O'Hagan has
in such an article done an excellent ser-
vice; for few are aware of the number of
ladies within, or of, the Dominion, who
have distinguished themselves, and who
are doing valuable work. To oneself it
is a surprise and revelation. Of course the
list is not exhaustive, not could it be ex-
pected, but it gives a conception of the
scope and strength of our literature, and of
the virility and culture of our native intel-
lect which exhibits itself so liberally and
with such variety. Dr. O'Hagan traces
the origin of this stream which has now so
many affluents: 'Twenty years before
Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen had
written "Castle Rackrent" and "Pride and
Prejudice," Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of
the chaplain of the garrison at Quebec dur-
ing the vice-regal regime of Sir Guy Carle-
ton, published in London, England, the
first Canadian novel.' After this came
the work of Mrs. Moodie, novelist and
poet, one of the celebrated Strickland
Sisters. The latest of these preserves her
literary activity, in the person of the ven-
erable Catherine Parr Traill, who at ninety
years of age, is able to give her country
such books as 'Pearls and Pebbles,' and
'Cot and Cradle Stories.'

Distributing these names to the various
provinces, we have them as follows:
Ontario. Isabella Velancey Crawford of
whose single book of verse Dr. O'Hagan
lately says, that it is 'royal throughout with
the purple touch of genius,' and Louise
Murray, author of the poem, 'Merlin's
Cave,' and the two novels, 'The Cited
Curate,' and 'The Settlers of Long Arrow.'
These are no longer living. Agnes Maule
Macchar, (Fidellia), poet, novelist, and gen-
eral writer, who joins to her artistic vein,
'a strong subjective faculty,' and a breadth
of view rare among the women of Canada.
Few men excel her in the discussion of
social and educational topics. Mrs. Sarah
Anne Cunzow author of the dramatic poem,
'Laura Secord,' follows her closely along
all these lines. Mrs. Francis Harrison,
(Seranus), with her half French heart,
deals in the lore of the habitant, and fash-
ions delicately the villanelle. Katherine
Blake Watkins, (Kit), of the Toronto
'Mail Empire,' of whom Dr. O'Hagan is
somewhat laudatory in saying: 'It is doubt-
ful if any other woman in America wields
so secure and versatile a pen.' The word
'secure' is singularly used, we scarcely
know with what intent. 'Faith Fenton,'
editor, and correspondent, 'Fidellia's vein,'
as a writer of prose and verse.' Kate Seymour
McLean, of Kingston, a graceful cultivated
writer. Janet Carochan, resident and
historian of Niagara. Mary Agnes Fitz-
Gibbon, grand daughter of the gal-
lant British officer, who distinguished
himself in the war of 1812, on the
Niagara peninsula. In her 'Veteran of

1812' she heralds her ancestral honors.
E. Pauline Johnson, with her Indian blood
and Indian lore, perhaps the best known
poetess of Canada. Helen M. Merrill, of
Pictou, gifted to enshrine in verse or prose
'a mood of mind or nature.' Ethelwyn
Wetherald, with her 'House of the Trees,'
—always at home and love with nature.
Jean Blewett, of 'the little town of Glen-
heim,' whose 'genius ranges abroad,' and
whose first book, 'Out of the Depths,' was
published at nineteen. Emily McManus, of
Kingstone, teacher and magazinist. Sara
Jeannette Duncan, (Mrs. Evarard), (Cotes)
now of Calcutta, author of 'A social De-
parture,' etc, whose bright name adds lustre
to her native land. Helen (Gregory)
Fleisher, now of San Francisco, and Eva
Brodie, in Chicago, both of them active
accomplished women.

Quebec has her share. Mrs. Leprohon,
(Rosanna Eleanor) who did good work 'in
the fifties,' in prose and verse. She dwelt
in Montreal, and her novel, 'Antoinette de
Mirecourt,' is, Dr. O'Hagan says, 'regard-
ed by many as one of the best (Canadian
novels yet written.' Mrs. J. Sadlier, and
her daughter Anna T. Sadlier, who, in the
same city, have done work worthy of hon-
orable mention. Kate Madeline Barry,
the novelist and essayist, who resides at
Ottawa. The accomplished wife of a well-
known professor at McGill, Margaret Pol-
son Murray, industrious, versatile (and of
high ideals. Miss Maud Ogilvie, the bi-
ographer of Sir Donald Smith, and the late
Pr. mier, Abbott. Miss Blanche Macdon-
nell, kinswoman of the Abbe Ferland, whose
studies are of the old French regime. Amy
M. Berlinguet (Pope), of 'Three Rivers,'
sister of the late Sir John Macdonald's
secretary and biographer, a descriptive
writer of 'clearness and readiness.'

Nor need Nova Scotia be ashamed of
her writing. She has the romantic pen
of Grace Dean McLeod Rogers, who, has
gathered into her 'Stories of the Land of
Evangeline,' many a legend of the old
Acadian regime. Miss Marshall Saunders,
whose 'Beautiful Joe' won the five-hun-
dred-dollar prize from the American
Humane Society. Dr. O'Hagan declares
the work is full of genius, heart and in-
sight.' Miss Clotilda Jennings and the
Hebert Sisters—Mary and Sarah. Mary
Jane Katiman Lawson, also of Halifax,
long time a contributor to the periodicals
of the day, who 'sang' well our author
says, when her lips were touched with the
genius honey of Hyemettus.' Mary Rus-
sell Chesley, of Lunenburg, aggressive in
the conquest for woman's higher status.
Emma Wells Dickson, (Stanforth Eve-
leigh), of Truro, whose romance of the pro-
vinces, 'Miss Dixie,' "is a bright tale
told in a pleasant and captivating manner."
M. Amelia Fitch, with her novel, 'Ker-
chiefs to Hunt Souls,' and Constance Fair-
banks, clever at verse or prose, and both
of Halifax. Sophie Almon Henley, (of
Windor, now of New York,) a lady of
rich gifts and great energy, 'one of Cana-
da's best sonnetters,' whose 'A Woman's
Love Letters,' reviewed in PROGRESS have
generally been highly spoken of in the
press. Dr. O'Hagan does not mention
Mrs. Irene Elder Morton, but her name
should not be omitted. She is not putting
forth much of her work, but her verse is
known to be of excellent quality, and has
had the endorsement of competent critics.

For New Brunswick, we have such names
as Elizabeth Bostwycke Roberts, who, be-
ing a member of a highly gifted family,
adds her own lustre to the name. Mr.
O'Hagan does not err in declaring her
verse to be 'strong and artistic.' Miss
Grace Campbell, of Moncton, well known
to PROGRESS. And why should the name
of the accomplished Mary Barry Smith be
omitted, who certainly has earned a name
among the writers of Canada? We find
no mention of Prince Edwards Island, but
the name of Elizabeth McLeod has some
significance, and there may be others.

The great West has its exponents. "In
the city of Vancouver, British Columbia,
lives Lily Alice Leleuvre, (Fleurange,) whose
beautiful poem, 'The Spirit of the Car-
nival,' won the hundred dollar prize
offered by the Montreal Witness. . . Her
volume of poems, 'The Lion's Gate,' is
full of good things 'from cover to cover.'
Kate Hayes, 'far cut on the prairie from
the town of Regina,' is a voice of her re-
gion. Her poem, 'Rough Ban,' Dr.
O'Hagan declares 'unique of its kind.' Con-
sider this list of names; consider that many
of these writers 'are in youth, or in the
prime of life; consider the celebrity of some
and the excellence of much of their work;
consider what it implies as to the future
of literature in the Dominion; then say, can-
didly, is there not in the showing some
reason for congratulation? Let every
lover of his land extend to these native
writers the proper and needed encourage-
ment.

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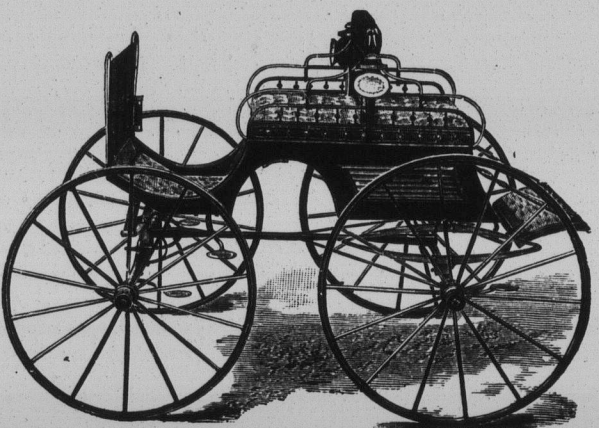
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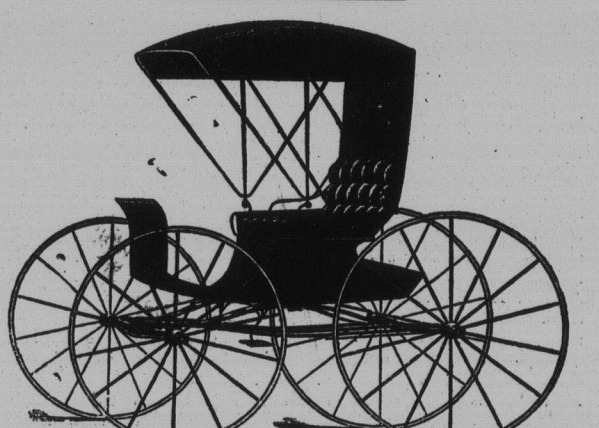
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