

NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

TIMELY REMINDER OF ROBERT BURNS AND HIS LIFE.

Glimpses of the Ayrshire Ploughman as Seen from Various Points of View by Friends and Admirers—Some Scotch That Needs an Interpreter.

The annual output orations, poems, and editorial papers on the chief of Scottish bards, makes the stated compilation of "Burnsiana," on the part of Mr. John D. Ross, a labor of love, as well as an opportunity for careful selection out of his abundance.

He wales a portion with judicious care. Volume I falls not behind its predecessors, and serves to revive anew that interest which scarcely ever begins to die in the world's favorite singer.

The first to fasten the eye, though not the first in the editor's order of arrangement, is the address of S. R. Crockett, delivered Edinburgh Burns club, Jan. 25th, 1894. Just now, while we are reading "A Galloway Herd," with the keenest appreciation we are curious to learn our brother-preacher's style when he is on his feet. We are assured he has no need to cease wagging his paw in a pulpit, on account of being a "stickt minister;" for he has the faculty to illumine even a threadbare subject, which is surely a fair test of power. He says, anent the annual burst of enthusiasm over the "immortal memory,"

"You ask me to express in your presence some of those deeper and stronger feelings which lie at the roots of our natures. We Scots are naturally reticent, and on any other subject but Robert Burns, we can hardly be accused of carrying our heart upon our sleeves. Yet in this place, and on this occasion, Burns has so often been eulogized that it would be unfitting and presumptuous in me simply to add one more poem. The time has long gone past when eulogies were useful literary products, and I have not the art to make them ornamental. But, on the other hand, it was still more out of place to say a word in praise of him whose head lies low these hundred years nearly, down by where the Nith water slips under the bridges of Dumfries. God forbid that tonight we should cast one stone at so noble a publican as Robert Burns."

Now and then a poetic or humorous vein enters into his style; and in the following passage, after he has been wondering what Scotland would seem to us had there never been a Robert Burns,—we might almost think we were beginning to read a paragraph in one of his novels:

"In my own country the knows are green and starred with the white sheep. I love to look upon them. But most I love the pastures of Cluden, for still about them we heard the voice of the singer—"Ca the yowes to the knowes—the bonny knowes o' Cluden." And as we go down into Annandale, and the sun is low, would the landscape have been so fair to our eyes had he not told how—

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow."

And lastly (as we say professionally) how would we clasp hands and part without the blithesome comradeship of "Auld Lang Syne" to cheer us on our way.

On the "perilous" to his "sermon" he tries to tickle the ear of his auditor as the successful platform man must:

I have always thought it a wonderful proof of the forgiving nature of Galloway people that we have been willing to overlook the great mistake of Burns' life,—which was his being born in Ayrshire. He ought to have seen to it in time, and been born in Galloway—just possible in the parish of Balmachreish. I will remember an old man telling me that when Burns' poems came out, many people in Galloway would not read them because it was then held as an article of faith that no good thing could come out of Ayrshire. The prejudice is dying down I hope—I had almost said, I fear. In old days they used to hang an Ayrshire man when they caught him over the border out of his native Carrick. Now, instead, they let him all the best farms. But Burns did his best to dissociate himself from his early surroundings by coming and living on the borders of Galloway just across the Nith. And it is said—I do not vouch for the truth of it—that whenever he wanted to write any of his finer poems, such as "Scots Wha Hae," or anything like that, he came over to Galloway to do it! There is nothing bigoted about the Galloway folk, and they allow that Burns was born in Ayrshire. But the misfortune followed him all through life. He died young.

He wonders if Scotchmen are not forgetting how properly to read and construe Burns, and would establish a sort of catechetical plan for his reinstatement in their memories and a Burns professorship and system of tests:

I should greatly admire to have the setting of a paper—a stiff examination paper—to the gentlemen who sit down to this dinner, upon these conditions—50 per cent. to be required for a pass—no pass, no dinner! Cribbing and prompting strictly forbidden! Shall we begin with the chairman? Suppose we put the first question of the Burns Catechism to him—"Can you translate and explain etymologically the following expression, 'A daimen licker in a thrave's a sma' request'?" Then we might go on to the vice-chair and see if he was entitled to any dinner, with the test question—"Distinguish carefully the precise meaning of the active verbs in the following verse, and conjugate them fully:—

"Thou never braindgt, an' fecht, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tal, thou wad hae whiskit,
And spread abroad thy weel filled briskeit,
Wi' pith an' power,
Till spiritry knowes wad rairt an' riskit,
An' slippit o'er."

The members of the Burns Club will now be able to gauge their chances of a dinner, if they decide to institute such a qualification and appoint me perpetual examiner. I should especially enjoy going over the papers of some of my old University professors; and as they went home dinnerless, they would learn how it felt to be "spun."

Turning over the pages of this volume we learn from an article therein by John Muir, of a life of Carlyle by the Rev. Wil-

liam Howie Wylie; and by some quoted passages we get a glimpse of the youth of that great Scotchman, and his early appreciation of Burns. No doubt his mind pondered on what he had heard of that day, altogether bright though so sorrowful, when the great crowd gathered in old St. Michael's kirk-yard in Dumfries took their last look at the sleeping minstrel, and then went silently away: "It was probably during the Annan days that Carlyle went to Dumfries to see the grave of Burns—how he used to creep into the churchyard of Dumfries, when a little boy, and find the tomb of the poet, and sit and read the simple inscription by the hour. 'There it was,' he said, 'in the midst of poor fellow laborers and artisans, and the name—Robert Burns!'"

Presumably this was before the day of the mausoleum, and the humble mound was there marked by the simple stone.

From the same source we reproduce another anecdote with a more decided Carlylean flavor. The scene is a schoolhouse on the Links of Kirkcaldy—the philosopher's old ground—which he is visiting. The master, desirous to exhibit the proficiency of his pupils in vocalization, and calls on his distinguished visitor to suggest what they shall sing. He does so and promptly calls for a song of Burns. This disturbs the master who has not practised his pupils in the songs of Burns, and would perhaps have considered it profanity, tries to excuse himself. Carlyle seizes his hat in readiness to be gone, with the contemptuous exclamation: "Scotch children, and not taught Burns' songs? Oh dear me!"

In another place, we get a glimpse of that grave by the well of the West Kirk-yard of Greenock, wherein was laid, beside some of her kinsmen, the one whose maiden sweetness has been wafted music-ally.

Where'er beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown;

and of his sorrow, expressed in the lines that grace her monument. Here, we may believe, came Burns, after her death—whom we know as "Highland Mary"—and stood by the grave beside the wall that separates it from the street, in the midst of the noisiest, smokiest part of the "dinosaurian" town, looking out upon the firth, and that western main, whose winds and billows were purposed soon to try. There is a stanza, attributed to the disconsolate poet at this season, but we must think upon insufficient evidence:

At the last limits of our life,
Washed by the sea's own wave,
Touched by the fate a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely by thy grave.
Pensive he eyes before him spread
The deep, outstretching vast;
His mourning notes are borne away
Upon the rapid blast.

Prominent among the addresses, beside those we have specified, is that on "The genius of Burns," delivered at the anniversary held in Wall House, Williamsburg, Long, Island Jan. 25th 1878, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, (so good we should like to quote from it); the Rev. George Murray on Burns, before the Edinburgh "ninety" Burns club, Jan. 25th 1894; the lecture on "The Poetry of Burns,"—with which the book opens,—uttered by James Wilkie at Musselburgh; and the speeches of Judge Colston and Mr. D. T. Holmes, all of which present their subject interestingly, in its varied phases.

Among articles critical or curious we may note that which deals with Stenstone's influence on the muse of Burns, and that which traces a like correspondence of idea or expression between Burns and Dunbar. There is a paper by Prof. Masson on "Burns and Burns clubs," reprinted from the *Scottish Leader*, Jan. 25th 1894, John Muir, F. S. A., deals with the view of Burns presented by "The Elder Disraeli," and in another place gives sundry "Burnsiana Notes," and observation on "The Raeburn Portraits," of the poet. Other curios are, "Burns' Seal;" "Burns as a Freemason;" "Miers' Shade of Burns (silhouette portrait); Burns Song, 'Wat Ye Wha's In Yon Town?'" by W. A. Clouston; "Principal Tulloch on the study of Burns"; "Hugh Macdonald on Burns;" "Recent German Works on Burns;" "Burns as Exciseman and Student;" "A visit to a Grand-daughter of Burns;" "Burns' Natal Day;" "A Collection of Burns Manuscripts," and "The Oldest Burns Club in the World."

Poetic tributes are interspersed, of varying excellence, as: "Burns Grave," by Ebeneser Elliott; "Robert Burns, by Dr. A. M. McClelland, Toronto, Canada;" "A Burnsian Lay," Duncan MacGregor Crerar; "Burns," John Nicholson (the Hiredale poet); "Robert Burns," Dr. Benj. F. Leggett; "The Cot Where Burns Was Born," James D. Law; "Robert Burns," Robert Elliott, Tamaghamore, Ont., Canada; and "Latin Version of 'Green Grow the Rushes, O,'" by Father Prout. The volume closes with a list of books, and their prices, in the store of Messrs. Thompson Brothers, Edinburgh, which deal wholly, or in part, with the life and works of Burns.

It is the initial number of the "Middlesex Heathstone," of which Ralph H. Shaw, of Lowell, is editor and proprietor. It is not so ample as the hearthstones that required half a load of wood, it surpasses them in artistic beauty, and the limited company yet gathered beside it are purveyors of excellent and delicate things. This is plainly,

whatever it comes to a birth of the literary love, chaste as it is anywhere found nowadays; it is by no means an advertising agent wearing a literary mask,—the thing we so well know. We have a selection from Whittier's choicest prose, entitled "Pactucket Falls," fitted to solace the weary heart in its most jaded season. O Whittier's prose the editor properly says: "Though not nearly so easy and graceful as his verse, it is marked by much simplicity and is sometimes artistic, though there was, apparently, no attempt to make it so." Is our editor a poet? We must leave the sympathetic reader to decide for himself, after having read the "Legend of the Trailing Arbutus," which is reproduced in this number. The weaver of this lovely legend counsels his reader at the commencement,—

Do not reason lest you may
Reason all the charm away.
Yes, that is what the bulk of mankind may
be expected to do. We have scarcely ever seen anything from the pen of Dr. B. F. Leggett finer than this:

Beyond.
Where stays the year that waits to bring
Our long and last repose,
Whose golden gates shall open swing
For us but never close?
What fair sweet month of all the year
Shall pillow on her breast
Our weariness, and drop her tear
Above our dreamless rest.
When will the day so far and wide
In dawn's fair beauty bloom,
Whose flowers will stand for us aside
And yield a little room?
Just where the final milestone stands,
Or where the meadows end,
Whose fountains touch the unknown lands,
And with the twilight blend,
Our blindness cannot see, or know,
Amid the dim earth shine,
Yet Heaven's immortal lilies blow
But just across the line.
And sometime on that border land,
Beyond the last, long mile,
We'll clasp again the vanished hand
And greet the olden smile.

The editorial articles are also tastefully written, and will please all who in this hurried time have leisure for such things. The *Heart's Stone* is a monthly, at 50cts per annum.

We who are in the foremost files of time,
need not tell the past what we know about
advertising. This is how Signor Belzoni
put forth his theatrical attractions to the
Londoners of his time:

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AND PUT IT ON AGAIN!
The present Evening, Monday, Feb. 24, 1812.
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Go and do the likewise. See if it will
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SOME OF THE OLD SONGS.

How and When They First made Themselves Known to the World.

'The Campbells are Comin'' is a very old Scottish air. Copies of it date back to 1620.

'What are the Wild Waves S'ying?' a duet that was once immensely popular was suggested by Dr. Joseph Edwards Carpenter by the conversation in 'Dombey and Son.'

'Rule Britannia' is usually credited to James Thompson and Mallet, in 1740. The air was by Dr. Thomas Arne.

'The Wearing of the Green' exists in several forms and versions. The best known one was written by Dion Boucicault, the dramatist. It is sung by Shaun the Post, in 'Arrah-na-Pogue.'

'Scots Wha Hae' was by Burns. It was written on a dark day while the author was on a journey. The tune is 'Hey Tuttie Tattie,' an old march that is said by tradition to have animated Bruce's men at Bannockburn.

'A life on the Ocean Wave' was the work of Epes Sargent, an American poet, the idea being suggested to him during a walk on the Battery, in New York, one day when a high wind was blowing in from the sea. It was set to music by Henry Russell.

'The Last Rose of Summer,' one of Patti's favorite songs, was the work of Thomas Moore. The melody is a very ancient Irish tune, formerly known as the 'Groves of Blarney.' This tune has been found in collection of Irish music at least 200 years old.

'The Blue Bells of Scotland' was the work of Annie McVicar, afterwards Mrs. Grant, the daughter of a Scottish officer in the British army. The melody was long believed to be Scottish, but is now known

to be of English origin, being an old English folk song.

'Kathleen Mavourneen,' was written by Mrs. Crawford, an Irish lady whose songs 90 years ago were in high repute. The music was by Crouch, an eccentric genius, who in his old age and poverty begged his way into a concert given by Titians, that he might hear his own composition fifty sung.

'Auld Lang Syne' is of uncertain origin, there being several versions of this deservedly popular song. One of the best is by Burns, but only the second and third stanzas are by this poet, the remainder being being from the Ramsay. The is of uncertain antiquity; one version is dated 1716 and another is said to date from the sixteenth century.

'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' was an inspiration which came to Mrs. Emma Willard, a New York teacher, during her return voyage from Europe. The music was composed by Joseph Philip Knight, the teacher of music in the academy.

'Hail to the chief' is a song in the second canto of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' It is a boat song, designed to imitate those of the Scottish boatmen. The melody was written by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop.

'Maryland, My Maryland' was the work of James Ryder Knoll, a native of Baltimore. The song was written by him in April, 1821, while he was engaged on a newspaper in New Orleans. The melody is a German folk song, 'O. Tannenbaum.' It is also found, nearly in its present form, in an interlude in Mozart's first mass.

'John Brown's Body' was written by Charles S. Hall, of Charlestown, Mass. The melody was a negro tune sung in South Carolina and Georgia at the religious meetings of the slaves to the words, 'Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Me?' It was first played by the band of the Boston light infantry in 1861. In 1864 it crossed the ocean and became a great favorite in London.

'The Girl I Left Behind Me' is an Irish tune, known to have been in existence in 1770. The author of the words is unknown, though claims have been made for several Irish and English poets. For over 100 years it has been the parting tune of the British army and navy, and is played whenever a regiment is leaving a town where it has been stationed, or when a man-of-war is weighing anchor to sail from port.

'Ban Bolt' was written by Dr. Thos. Dann English at a single sitting, the idea being suggested to him by a friend. It first appeared before the public in a play at Pittsburg, in 1848. 'The Battle of Buena Vista.' The melody is of German origin and of uncertain antiquity, but the song, so far from being English, is unquestionably American.

'Old Folks at Home,' equally well known as 'The Swanee River,' was the most popular song ever known in America. Over 400,000 copies were sold during the first five years after its appearance. E. P. Christy, of the original Christy minstrels, paid \$400 for the privilege of having his name printed on the title page of one edition as the author and composer.

'Home, Sweet Home,' Payne's song, was originally a number in the opera 'Clari, the Maid of Milan,' a production brought out in 1823. The opera was a failure and nothing is now known of it save the song, which became instantly popular. Over 100,000 copies were sold in the first year of its publication, and the sale in one form or another has been ever constant since this first appearance of this beautiful theme. The melody is a Sicilian folk song, and was adapted to the words by Payne himself.

'Robin Adair' was by Lady Caroline Keppel daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. Robin was a real character—a young Irish doctor who had been forced by a scandalous adventure to leave Ireland and seek his fortune in England. Chance threw a rich patient in his way, a lady of quality, and at her house he met Lady Caroline, and the result was, a case of love at first sight on both sides. Her parents objected and sent her away, and during her absence she produced the song. The story ended happily, the parents relented, and the twin were married.

'Old Kentucky Home' is the twentieth song in Foster's book of plantation melodies, though when and under what circumstances it was composed cannot be exactly stated. One writer on musical curios says that it was suggested by an allusion that Foster heard a slave make to his former home in the Blue Grass state—Exchange.

OPENING AN ACCOUNT.
The State of Mind of a Young Man who Had an Ambition to Deposit.

When I go into a bank I get confused. The clerks confuse me; the wickets confuse me; the sight of the money confuses me; everything confuses me. The moment I cross the threshold of a bank I hesitate. If I attempt to transact business there I become irresponsible. I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it. So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an



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account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked 'Accountant.' The accountant was a tall, cool man. The very sight of him confused me. My voice was sepulchral.

'Can I see the manager?' I said, and added, solemnly, 'alone.' I don't know why I said 'alone.'

'Certainly,' said the accountant, and fetched him. The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

'Are you the manager?' I said.

'Yes,' he said.

'Can I see you?' I asked, 'alone?'

I didn't want to say 'alone' again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident. The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

'Come in here,' he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

'We are safe from interruption here,' he said; 'sit down.' We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

'You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume,' he said. He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

'No not from Pinkerton's, I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency. 'To tell the truth,' I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, 'I'm not a detective at all. I've come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank.' The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild, or a young Gould.

'A large account, I suppose,' he said.

'Fairly large,' I whispered. 'I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now and fifty dollars a month regularly.' The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

'Mr. Montgomery,' he said, unkindly loud, 'this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning,' I rose. A big iron door stole open at the side of the room.

'Good morning,' I said, and stepped into the safe.

'Come out,' said the manager, coldly, and showed me the other way. I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick, convulsive movement, as if I were doing a conjuring trick. My face was ghastly pale.

'Here,' I said, 'deposit it.' The tone of the words seemed to mean, 'let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us.' He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip of paper and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

'Is it deposited?' I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice.

'It is,' said the accountant.

'Then I want to draw a cheque.'

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Some one gave me a cheque-book through a wicket, and some one else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

'What! are you drawing it all out again?' he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me. Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

'Yes, the whole thing.'

'You withdraw your money from the bank?'

'Every cent of it.'

'Are you not going to deposit any more?'

said the clerk, astonished.

'Never.' An idiotic hope struck me that they might think (something hadinsulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper. The clerk prepared to pay the money.

'How will you have it?'

'What?'

'How will you have it?'

'Oh,' I caught his meaning and answered, without even trying to think, 'In fifties.' He gave me a fifty-dollar bill. 'And the six?' he asked, dryly.

'In sixes,' I said. He gave it to me and I rushed out. As the big doors swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.—The Bookkeeper.

John Smith the World Over.

The well-known name, John Smith, a good, strong, and honest English name, is sometimes transformed into John Smyth, Smythe, and even Smijthe, but transformed into other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability, thus: In Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italians smooth it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatter it into Jean Smeets, and the Russian sneezes and barks Joulouf Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade at Canton he becomes Jahon Shiammit. If he clambers about Mt. Hekla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithsen. If he trades among the Tusciororas, he becomes Tom Q1 Smitha. In Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski. Should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihom Schmidt. When he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jouth F' Smir. If, of classic turn, he lingers among Greek ruins he turns to Ion Smikton, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yeo Seef.

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