

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1896.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX WRITES ON VARIOUS LITERARY TOPICS.

The Folly of Unenforced Laws—A New Poet Whose Color Makes Him of No Nation, but who Sings the Songs of Dixie—Other Literary Notes.

A good law is the expression of the best judgment and highest intelligence of a State, and doubtless has its value as such; but it is more, as the assertion of the will of the State; as expressive of the intention of the citizens to punish crime. Therefore it can never be a prudent or wholesome practice to multiply statutes, however just, which are not to be enforced, or which criminals or officers and executives can and will habitually evade. This is the moth especially that has eaten the heart out of prohibitory and restrictive liquor legislation, until it must be said with sorrow and shame that some communities treat all law on the subject as a dead letter, and go through farcical operations to shield themselves from the imputation of wholesale neglect and contempt. The demoralizing consequence of this blinking at the transgression of law by such as have money enough to enable them to do it, has been recognized by the reformer, Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, and he has cast his conviction in memorable sentences:

"I do not think that it is just that hotels and clubs frequented by the wealthy classes should be allowed to sell ale, beer and light wines on Sunday, and the same privileges not be allowed to the restaurant frequented by the poorer classes. The privilege should be allowed to both or denied to both."

That we believe. The man who, because of his wealth or position, desires and claims immunity from statutes that are binding on his poorer and humbler neighbor, is a selfish disturber of social order; as much as the ruffian in an inflated mob, that throws a stone at his palace window, or a handful of filth upon him. He is not so vulgar, maybe, but he is as unjust. Dr. Parkhurst says farther:

"I am not a believer in 'saloons,' either for Sunday or for any other day in the week, and would sustain any excise measure, however rigid, provided there is furnished the means adequate to its enforcement, but unenforced laws I am tired of. They are essentially demoralizing. We have had them in New York City for a great many years, and that explains in large measure our present debased condition. I will encourage any legislation that can be enforced no matter how exacting, but will not encourage any legislation that the people have not the power to enforce or that the community or the state will not back them up in enforcing. An imperfect law perfectly executed does more for the moral restraint and education of people than a perfect law imperfectly executed. If urgent measures are adopted at Albany it will be very easy for a mass of unthinking people to imagine that a great moral triumph has been achieved. The 'moral triumph' will not be achieved till the urgent measures are executed. The finer the law the worse off we are if that law is practically a dead letter. We have had in New York City for a great while a law against open Sunday saloons, but we have for a great while had open Sunday saloons, and we have them now. The longer this process continues the less law comes to signify and the less power the rank and file of people, men, women and children, have to appreciate the distinction between that which is legal and that which is illegal."

It sometimes occurs that when an obstinate and long-continued disease is tampered with by teasingly ineffective remedies, it reacts to the deeper prostration of the system upon which it preys: the evil has possession of the blood, and will not out. This we think is as true of the body politic and corporate as it is of the physical man. To insist immediately on driving out what may not be in the present, in the nature of things, be driven out, may be to wreck the body. Laws we need,—statutes of limitation; and these must be impartially and effectively applied and enforced, or there is danger just ahead. So we believe.

It is oppressive to consider how many fair things go down to a quick oblivion. How many glowing conceptions, that cause the eye of him who begets them to sparkle, his cheek to flush, and his heart to beat fast,—and which perchance were, fondly regarded as additions to the world's permanent treasure,—have perished immediately, or long before the little vapor life out of which they rose has expired! We frequently rescue from the limbo of lost and half forgotten things some fragment of song, resembling in its characteristics the happier blossoms that no winter of time is found to wither. The secret of vitality in the poet's verse may be as obscure as in the poet himself; while Keats perishes in the rose-tint and the dew while Wordsworth, Rogers, Landor, and Coleridge, go into "the serene and yellow leaf." Well, it is only the matter of a few more days with any one of us; and dull must be the sense of him who

Cannot bear,
The sullen Lethe rolling down
On . . . all things.
O little bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or mine,
I hear the roll of the ages.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times!
Are mine for the moment stronger!
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot,
I last but a moment longer.
So did Tennyson plead with B—,
You can write out his name definitely. It is
die, indeed! But we poor insects die hard,
some of us.

"Echoes From The Cabin and Elsewhere," by James Edwin Campbell, is a contribution to the rhymed lore of Dixie, which gives the reader an hour of pleasure. Here is a mingling of mirth and sentiment, poetry and pathos, so served up with true dexterity that the dish might have been relished by the very original Stephen C. Foster, himself.

Mr. Campbell has in his veins a sympathetic strain that enables him to voice the joys and sorrows of that race whose bonds are beginning to be broken, and whose capacity a Fred Douglas, a Booker T. Washington and a President Bowen have come to the front to demonstrate. Richard Linthicum, editor of the Chicago Sunday Herald, writes thus in the introduction to the volume:

"The author of this volume has caught the true spirit of the anti-bellum Negro, and in characteristic verse has portrayed the simplicity, the philosophy and the humor of the race. In no instance has he descended to caricature, which has made valueless so many efforts in this fertile field of literary effort. These poems will awaken tender memories in all who have dwelt in the Southland; they will be an inspiration to the musician in adding to the melodies peculiar to the plantation black, for all of them are adapted to musical interpretation. To the captious critic who may be inclined to find fault with the varying dialect, the following incident will be valuable:

A member of a minstrel company who desired to thoroughly master the Negro dialect associated for months with the negroes on a Virginia plantation. When he appeared upon the stage in Richmond, he made an instantaneous success. Later on, he appeared in Georgia and Alabama, and no one understood him.

There are other than dialect poems in this volume, and they show a fine feeling and are of a high order of expression.

We regret that we must in seeking examples among the briefer lyrics, pass by such characteristic things as, "Of Doc Hyar," "Uncle Eigh's Horse Trade," "De 'Sprise P'aty," "Linkin," and especially the "Song of the Corn," of which we must give a stanza or two:

O, hits time fur de plantin' ur de co'n:
De groun' an' wa'm, de furrers made—
("Caw! Caw!" de black crow lair),
Put ur han' in yo' ol' hoe blade—
("Caw! Caw!" de black crow lair),
O, hits time fur de plantin' ur de co'n:
De chipmunk sot on top o' ur clod—
("Cheat! cheat!" de rabbit say),
He firs his tail an' winks an' nod—
("Cheat! cheat!" de rabbit say),
O, hits time fur de plantin' ur de co'n.

Here is a song which comes to time in the line of a "Negro Serenade."

O, de light-bugs glimmer down de lane,
Merlindy! Merlindy!
O, de whip-will callin' notes ur psalm—
Merlindy, O, Merlindy!
O, honey lub, my turkie dub,
Doan' you lyuh my bewavies ringin',
While de night-dew falls an' de ho'n owl calls
By de ol' ba's gate I see singin',
O, Miss 'Lindy, doan' you lyuh me, chii!
Merlindy! Merlindy!
My lub fur you des drible me wil'
Merlindy! Merlindy!
I'll sing dis night twel broad day-light,
Ur ba's my fro't wid tryin',
'Less you come down, Miss Lindy Brown,
An' stops dis ha't 'fom singin'!

And how the black mammy may "mother a child to sleep" is shown in the following "Negro Lullaby":

Mammy's baby, go ter sleep,
Hush-er-by, hush-er-by, my honey;
Cross de hyand de cricket creep,
Hush-er-by, hush-er-by, my honey.
Hoot owl callin' 'fom de ol' oycamo',
'Way down you're in de hollow;
While de whip-god-will an' de h'l' screech owl
Dey dey try dey best 'ter feller.
Hush-er-by, hush-er-by, hush-er-by, my dear,
Hush-er-by, hush-er-by, my honey;
Shet yo' eyes an' drop ol' tear sleep—
O yo' eyes dey brightez me!
Mammy's sugah, go ter sleep,
Hush-er-by, hush-er-by, my honey;
Baby stars done cease to creep,
Hush-er-by, hush-er-by, my honey.
De moon raise slim for de ol' mounting gap,
In his cradle hits been ur rockin'
De lil' baby stars all fars' ur sleep—
You chillen bettah stop dat knockin'!
Hush-er-by, hush-er-by, hush-er-by, my dear,
Hush-er-by, hush-er-by, my honey,
Noddin' noddin' nod—er sleep it lars,
Sh-sh-sh—sh—my honey.

But we shall never get to the heart of Dixie till we get in the swaying circle of some wild religious chorus, where all the pathos and sweetness of the Negro voice and spirit, appear. Accordingly Campbell takes us to the prayer-meeting and shows us the effect that comes after the singing, "When Ol' Sis' Judy Pray":

When ol' Sis' Judy pray,
De teals come stealin' down my cheek,
De voice ur God wid me speak!
I see myself so po' an' weak,
Down on my knees de cross I seek,
When ol' Sis' Judy pray,
When ol' Sis' Judy pray,
De thun'or ur Mount Sin-a-l
Comes rushin' down 'fom up on high—
De D. bilit tu'n his tail an' fly,

*Chicago, 1895.

While snails loud for pardon cry,
When ol' Sis' Judy pray.
When old Sis' Judy pray
Ha'd sinahs rumble in dey seat
Ter lyuh hys voice in sorrow 'peal:
(While all de chut'ch des sob an' weep)
"O Shepa'd dese dyo po' los' sheep!"
When old Sis' Judy pray.

When ol' Sis' Judy pray,
De whole house hit des rock an' moan
To see hys teals an' hys hys groan;
Dar's sompin in Sis' Judy's tones
Dat melt all ha'ts dough med ur stones,
When ol' Sis' Judy pray.

When ol' Sis' Judy pray,
Salvation's light comes pourin' down—
Hit fill de chut'ch an' all de town—
Why, angel's robes go rustlin' 'round,
An' Hebben on dis yearl am foun',
When ol' Sis' Judy pray!

When ol' Sis' Judy pray,
My soul go sweepin' up on wings,
An' loud de chut'ch wid "Glory" rings,
An' wide de gates ur Jasper swings
T well you lyuh ha'ts wid goldin' strings,
When ol' Sis' Judy pray.

Mr. Campbell is a dweller in Bohemia, —that kingdom where a devotee of the muses may have a freedom and a freehold of his own, and man a Spanish castle into which he never intends to invite his friends —the alley club-room being good enough for them. He was lately—it may be is now employed as a printer, or, in some way on newspaper work, at Pomeroy, Ohio. That he is inclined to despondency, or finds his origin in some degree a barrier to success and social acceptance, would appear from some words addressed to the writer: "Alas! you are more fortunate than I! You can boast of auld Caledonia's glory in song and the valor of her sons at Bannockburn; of the desperate valor of clansmen, who burnt their tents upon the hills at Flodden Field, before they swept with gude King James down into the valley of death. While I, who am far more Scotch than African; whose features have even the Scottish cast,—can have no part in her glory of any race. I am a Pariah, a Sadra, in a land of Brahmins." Sad indeed, where society by its exclusions and prejudices can tend to inspire and foster such bitter musings in the minds of gifted and generous men! Hasten the day, when not a man's color, or race, shall be his passport to good society; but his character, abilities, and achievements, instead!

The New York "Home Journal" convicts the Boston Public Library directors of a narrow puritanism, in the exclusion of Thomas Hardy's last book of fiction; and thinks the virtue of the patronizing citizens may safely be trusted, while their judgment and taste should have an opportunity of deciding on the merits or demerits of the book. Doubtless they will procure the opportunity of judging, for no such policy can be expected to shut a popular out from a public hearing on the ground of alleged coarseness. Nevertheless, the overplus of good books makes it no matter of regret if the action of the Directors shall keep "Jude the Obscure" out of the hands of many who may be injured by it. Our supposition is that the more powerful a bad book the greater engine of evil it must be; and the fact that there are so many delightful things in Hardy's books make his aberrations the more to be dreaded in the interest of unformed youths who may have a tendency toward prurience.

The desire of the heart of Dr. J. D. Ross is attained at last, since he has in the press of J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company a cheap popular Burnsiana volume of about 300 pages; which it is intended shall be ready for the public on or before the 15th. of March. It is to be entitled "All About Burns," and will contain the best poems, essays, addresses, critiques, itineraries, eulogies, and memorabilia relating to "the Poet of Humanity." It is expected this vade mecum of Burns will be widely distributed. The publisher will issue an edition of about 25,000 copies, which will be sent into every town and hamlet of the United States and Canada. The price will bring it within the reach of the lovers of good books, and it can be obtained in paper cover for 50 cents, or handsomely bound in cloth for 75 cents. Dr. Ross does not expect to make money out of the book, making of it a labor of love; "but," he says, "there was no expense on my part, and it will help to keep up the interest in the life and writings of Burns, and this is what I am principally interested in."

Authentic chronicles of the beginnings of an important state or nation acquire a value with the lapse of time; and this the Ohioan of the future will consider, as he returns to Henry Howe's three noble volumes of "Historical Collections," the basis upon which any historical work relative to the state must rest. Of a similar value must be, "A history of the early settlement of Highland county, Ohio," by Daniel Scott, Esq., revised and edited by Judge R. M. Dittiey. There is here to be found, amid details of local and family history, many passages of thrilling and romantic interest, and many pictures of

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the wild unbroken forest, and of pioneer life, that hold the reader as closely as the latest novel might do. We recall how, in an early day, a black-covered book in the home of my grandfather, fascinated us with its full-page colored pictures, and its moving recitals of frontier Indian warfare, all the way from Kentucky to Canada. We have here recalled what we there learned of Black Hawk, of Pausus and Chamberlain, of Daniel Boone, and old Simon Girty, and Simon Kenton as well. Chillicothe, Lower Sandusky, Miami, and Scioto, became places as familiarly known in my imagination and names as easy to my ear, as Hantsport, or Horton, or Fal-mouth. Still to my fancy, as then, the old pioneer runs the gauntlet among the Indians of Lower Sandusky, and dusky Pausus and Chamberlain meet in the glen by the brookside and silent mark each other as victims. Thus these records have acquired particular interest in our eyes; but they have a well accredited value, aside from our imagination. We select a favorable example of their style,—an extract which shows how justice was meted out in a primitive community, and the simple method may be compared with the more elaborate, yet uncertain ones of today:

In the spring of 1797 one Brannon stole a great coat, handkerchief and shirt, and immediately, in company with his wife fled. They were pursued and brought back. A judge was appointed by the citizens, a jury empaneled, and an attorney appointed by the judge for the prisoner and one for the prosecution. Witnesses were examined, the case argued, and the evidence summed up by the judge. The jury retired for a few minutes, and returned with a verdict of guilty, and that the culprit be sentenced according to the discretion of the court. The judge promptly pronounced sentence of ten lashes on the naked back, or that the criminal should sit on a bare pack-saddle on the back of his own pony, and that his wife—who was believed to have had some agency in the theft—should lead the pony to every house in the village and proclaim—"This is Brannon who stole the great coat, handkerchief and shirt,"—and that James B. Finley should see the sentence faithfully executed. Brannon choose the latter; and—"This is Brannon who stole the great coat, handkerchief and shirt!" was in due form proclaimed at the door of every cabin in the village, by his wife; he sitting on the bare pack-saddle on the pony, she holding the halter, and Finley present to enforce the execution of the sentence, with the entire population as spectators.

One would think that a punishment of which the criminal must be his own executor would be the one to be avoided rather than chosen, since an element of shame peculiarly degrading enters into it. The poltroon shrank from the lashes to be laid on by the hand of another, and probably heard the proclamation of his well understood character from the lips of his wife, with less heart burning than Haman knew when he held the bridle of the horse that carried Mordecai. Another interesting instance follows:

In 1797 Governor St. Clair appointed Thomas Worthington, Hugh Cochran and Samuel Smith to be Justices of the Peace for the Chillicothe settlement. Smith transacted the principal part of the business, and his prompt and decisive manner rendered him very popular. His docket could be understood only by himself. Scarcely was a warrant ever issued by him, as he preferred always to send his constable to bring the accused forthwith before him, that justice might be administered. No law book was of any authority with him, and he always justified his own proceedings by saying, "All laws are intended to secure justice, (perhaps so, then.) And I know what is right and what is wrong as well as those who made the laws, and therefore I stand in need of no laws to govern my actions." The following is one of his orally reported cases: Adam McMurdy cultivated some ground on the Station Prairie, below the town. One night during the plowing season some one stole his horse collar. He next morning examined the collars of the plowmen then at work, and discovered his property in the possession of one of them, and claimed it. The man denied the theft and used abusive and threatening language. McMurdy went to "Squire Smith" and stated his case. The Squire dispatched his constable with strict orders to bring the thief and collar forthwith before them. The accused was im-

mediately arraigned, court being held in the open air under the shade of a tree. A Mr. Spear was called as a witness, and without being sworn, testified that,— "If the collar was McMurdy's he himself had written his name on the ear of the collar." The Squire turned up the ear and found the name. "No better proof could be given," said the Squire, and ordered the prisoner to be immediately tied up to a buckeye and to receive five lashes well laid on, which sentence was immediately carried out.

This justice was meted with the primitive simplicity of the noted Wouter Van Twiller and with the directness, it not the passion, with which "Old Floyd Ireson" as soon as he had set foot on shore after his cruel desertion of his perishing townsmen, was seized—

Torr'd an' fusther'd an' cor'd in a court
By the women o' Marblehead;

We have in our possession a small photograph of him who is now Sir Charles Tupper, taken years ago by J. S. Rogers at "The Peoples Gallery," 189 Barrington street, opposite Chalmers' church, Halifax. It represents him in the prime of his bright youth which he was yet Dr. Tupper, of Provincial fame, and on the same floor with Howe and Archibald, Huntington, Uniacke and their like. We note how busy the years have been with him, as we contrast this portrait with a later one in "Munsey's Magazine." We think the earlier the more attractive countenance; but force and strength and firmness of will are more marked in the latter.

The Week has of late been giving some excellent literature,—such as "A German View of Keats," by Pelham Edgar; "The Sons of the United Empire Loyalists and the Old Flag," (poem) by "Fidelis" (Agnes Maule Machar); "A Revival of Interest in Carlyle," by W. G. Jordan; "The Wooden Nutmeg Age" [an article published in the "Opera Court," Chicago, in its Monroe Doctrine Symposium] by W. D. Lighthall; "At Last," and "Lost Love," fine poems, by "Seranus," (Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison), and Frederick George Scott. These, with the articles of Principal Grant and the editorial discussions, are samples of a very substantial and alluring lot. We have pleasure in commending this able and popular journal.

PATERFEX

Are you a Dyspeptic.

When dyspepsia is added constipation the acme of bodily suffering is reached. A remedy that will cure a chronic case must be a wonderful one and a boon to humanity. Edward Warren, 1544 Meylert Ave., Scranton, Pa., was such a victim and was cured by Hawker's dyspepsia cure. He writes to the Hawker Medicine Co., that Scranton doctors told him he must undergo an operation; that later he spent some time in a Montreal hospital, with no beneficial results, and had practically resigned himself to the inevitable when a friend advised him to try Hawker's dyspepsia cure. He did so and the third dose gave relief unknown for months. He continued taking the remedy with the most gratifying results. He now recommends all his friends to use Hawker's dyspepsia cure if they are troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia, and authorizes the Hawker Medicine Co., to tell his story for the benefit of others. Hawker's dyspepsia cure is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John N. B.

Feel and Well and Solid for a Safe Remedial Measure.

Everyone has not the same interest in the ailments of the body politic, but when the body personal is sick the case comes home to a person. Mr. James A. Lowell, M. P. for Welland, suffered that unpleasant sickness that comes from catarrh, but he found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Mr. Henry W. Francis, of Brampton, Peel county, Ontario, a well-known citizen, identified with the Great Northwestern Telegraph Co., had suffered from catarrh for ten years. His words are these: "I was greatly troubled with catarrh in the head for ten years. I tried every remedy, and also doctored, but little or no benefit came to me until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Relief came in ten minutes from the use of a sample bottle. I persevered, and four bottles, which cost me, all told, only \$2.40, have completely cured me." Sample bottle and Blower sent by S. G. Detchon 44 Church Street, Toronto, on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

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A Wakeful Poison in the Blood—A Few Doses Relieves—A Few Boxes Cure.

Kidney disease has no surer sign than the condition of sleeplessness. Without pain of any kind, or even uneasiness, the sufferer wakes, or remains awake, hour after hour every night.

There is a peculiar irritating and wakeful poison in the blood that causes it. Sluggish kidneys have allowed this to pass into the circulation.

A few doses of Dodd's Kidney Pills will make such a change for the better as to satisfy you that you are taking the right medicine.

But sleeplessness cannot be overcome in a day.

If in the habit of waking at a certain hour of the night—take one pill on going to bed. If you have suffered from this form of unrest for any great length of time it will require a box or two to put the kidneys in good shape.

But Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure this condition.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure so many diseases that have never been considered in any way related to the kidneys.

By this means—because Dodd's Kidney Pills cure—we often learn that a certain form of suffering never before suspected is a form of kidney trouble.

And sleeplessness is one of the troubles that is settled by Dodd's Kidney Pills every time.

It is no experiment to use a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills for sleeplessness.

In one hundred thousand houses in Canada Dodd's Kidney Pills have a sure place. One sufferer cured has told a dozen and so the good news has spread from house to house and from Province to Province.

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The Professor—How so?

The Idiot—They'll be able to find out everything that's going on "in our midst."

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