NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

THE QUESTION OF WAR VIEWED BY SENSIBLE MEN.

It Would Be a Calamity Such as the World Has Not Knewn-Another Dialect Poet who Writes to Some Purpose-Taik of Writers of the Present Day.

Ah, yes, there may be war between Britain and the United States! Our knowledge of the past, our foreboding of the future, may force this admission. But who would make his prediction, would utter his alarm in such a tone as might seem to welcome or help to precipitate so great a catastrophe? We are contemplating what must be the crowning political crime of modern times; and is it possible that any intelligent or humane man can mention such a thing without deprecating, deploring it, without execrating whomsoever would be an instrument to bring it on the world! All that has been done in the East of late. the war waged between Japan and China, France and Madagascar, Spain and Cuba, would be but the strife of children before such a conflict as that in which such proud, wealthy, yet consanguineous nations must engage, when once the gage of battle is thrown down. It is a thought of horror that in less than fifty years after the Southern States have been deluged with the blood of the flower of the nation, the States of the North and Canada may be the witness of scenes destined to eclipse the past in ferocity and ruin? Ye partizans,-ye political chiefs,-ye men of faith and honor, - ye men of God, -hew us out some other way! "Forbid to wade through slaughter" to any of your purposes, "and to shut the gates of mercy on mankind." Such a war would deservedly unpopular with all good men, and would bring infamy to the man or party, the cause of such a thing. This is the only way in which we can look seriously upon it, or consider it as a possible, (not probable) event.

Dr. Buckley, editor of the N. Y. Christian Advccate, characterises the principal utterance in the President's Message, as, at the present juncture of affairs, the rashest that has been given forth since Andrew Johnson was in the chair, and altogether unlike what might have been expected of Mr. Cleveland, from our previous knowledge of his course and character. He also cites the words of Judge Story to this effect:

War, indeed, is in its mildest form, (and not in its mildest form should we see it!) so dreadful a calamity, it destroys so many lives, wastes so much property, and induces so much moral desolation, that nothing but the strongest state of necessity can justify or excuse it. In a republican government it should never be resorted to, except as a last expedient to vindicate its rights; for military power and military ambition have but too often triumphed over the liberties of the people.

None have had a deeper abhorrence of war than those who had to engage in the dreadful business, especially the leaders and directors of armies. The feeling of Frederick the Great, in the hour of humiliation, we referred to a few weeks since. The feeling of General Grant is well known to all, whose magnanimity of soul and longing for quiet times, are as proverbial as his "Let us have peace," and as worthy of remarks as his sturdy thorough going habit of fighting on till victory perched on his banners. The Duke of Wellington gives us the like example of one.

Who doom'd to go in company with pain And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train! imbibed a hatred of war. Rising in the House of Lords, at a time of threatened public peril, through the agitation of mind over the Catholic Emancipation Bill, he

It has been my fortune to have seen much of war -more than most men. I have been constantly engaged in the active duties of the military profess. ion from boyhood until I have grown gray. My life has been passed in familiarity with scenes of death and human suffering. Circumstances have placed me in countries where the war was internal, -between opposite parties in the same nation; and rather than a country I loved should be visited with the calamities I have seen, with the unatterable make any sacifice, I would freely lay down my life. author." There is noth ng which destroys property and prosperity, and demoralizes character, to the extent

To have gone through the prolonged campaigning on the Spanish peninsula, might itself have inspired an enduring disgust, without the holocaust of Waterloo. The victory to England, the peace to Europe, must have seemed to him dearly is the following are not to be justified by bought. It is a fearful price to pay for the | coming events: settlement of a few years, and that is all it seems to procure.

While the air vibrated with the dynamitic blast of the Presidential message, a protest was heard in the name of the Prince of Peace, from the reverend lips of Dr. William H. Milburn. It was with such an invocation as this he opened the Senate of the United States, which has been disseminated by order of that body, far and

the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," we pray that the Spirit may enter into our hearts and minds and keep us in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Savier Forbid that the two foremost nations of the world | Not a day should be lost. which bear the names of christian, with one language, one faith, one baptism, one Lord, shall be e abroiled in war, with all its horrors and barbar isms. Grant we beseech Thee, that we may be s wed from imbruing our hands in each other's T. Pickard had withdrawn from the man- "The Land We Live In," does not now b'ood. Let the spirit of justice and magnanimity prevail among the rulers of both nations and among the people, the kindred people of the two lands, so the people, the kindred people of the two lands, so hat all difficulties and differences may be amicably connected. That no public notice of the could be seen. Sherbrooke has a new half to one teaspoonful.

be glorified in the establishment of concord, unity and brotherly kindness. May this become an august and memorable Christmas in the history of the English-speaking world and of the whole earth. Let health prosperity, brotherly-kindness, and charity pervade all our land and our mother land. And may God be glorified and the reign of Jesus Christ our Savior be established we pray Thee in His Sacred Name. Amen.

And to this let all the people say, Amen

We have, from the hand of a friend Ohio, a somewhat amaturish-looking volume, which, nevertheless, contains some verse worthy the reader's attention; and, in these days of elegant editions, it is in its way attractive to us by reason of its rustic binding. We doubt if the Kilmarnock edition of Burns was not in appearance quite as rustic. These verses, the production of William Henry Taylor Shade, a "tramp printer," are mostly in dialect, and follow in the wake of Riley, and his many followers. Yet in "Buckeye Land and Bohemia" there is a certain ring of genuineness, and we have found many touches, quaint, humorous, pathetic and sentimental, which could have been given only by a writer of true poetic feeling. They have the marks of haste, and a certain dashed off manner, that intimates their author is mpatient of polish, writing only when the mood takes him. The following is not unpleasant reading :

When gran'pap lit his corn co' pipe how quiet all things grew

Within the semi circle as around the hearth we drew Our hickory seated, home-made chairs and waited

That always followed that event; not oft did gran'. To fight again, and yet again, the wars of long ago I trail the Indian; hunt the bear: there in the back.

He lived again his boyhood days. What me nories Wake at the mention of the hour when gran'pap lis

For gran'pap was a pioneer; his honest willing

Had felled the trees and made a home within a new found land He had an endless stock of yarns-a million mor

And when sometimes he quite forgot and told some

No one objected; no, nor when he'd chance to te For tales like his ne'er lose their charm- the stories

That gran'pap used to tell us as he smoked his corn-

Oh, good old man who long hath slept the sleep that bringeth rest-A patriarch unto a tribe that e'er will call you blest-

Could you come back and join the group around the roaring blaze And tell us, as in long ago, those legends of the days

When strong with youth and hardy toil you trailed, the forest through, How would that group, though changed with years do honor unto you!

And trembling hands, I think, gran'pap, away warm tears would wipe As you'd draw your arm chair to the fire and light

your corncob pipe. Here are some stanzas, entitled "An Old Man's Reverie,"-the cadences linger in

the ear after you have read them: 'Tis Christmas eve; long shadows fall, As slowly in the roseate west

The red sun sinks; and over all There broods the cam of perfect rest. How sweetly peaceful all things seem ! And, as the evening light grows low, I sit before the fire and dream

Of Christmas eves of long ago. There was a springtime in my life When hope was strong and friendship true Now all is changed; the cruel knife

Of sorrow cut them through and through How sweet those bells ! I hear them yet A-ringing o'er t e stailit snow: Ah, somehow I can ne'er forget

The Christmas eves of long ag >! Oh, why should not my tears downfall Since happiness a stranger waits To greet me-if, alas, at all-

Beyond death's dark, mysterious gates? But till the fates at last decree That I must lie beneath the snow, This day will memories bring to me

Of Christmas eves of long ago. The book is issued by the Lyle Printing Co, at Hillsboro, - the shire town of Highland County, Ohio, - and bears the inscription: "To Charles H. Collins, Lawyer, Poet, Author, to whose kindly encouragement its existence is largely owing, horrors of civil war, I would run any risk, I would | this volume is especially dedicated by the

> The editor of The Week writes in tone of still deeper alarm. That the conductor of such a journal should so express himself, must attract attention, because we should expect him to be among the moderates. Let us hope that such utterances

We warn our readers as we warned them before. They must be prepared to face the worst. A most serious element in the complication is that the United States may rot be single handed. Do not deceive yourselves, Canadians, or Englishmen, on this head. The cost has been counted and the lines laid. England's friends are few. It may be only a very short time before news is received from the East as startling as Cleveland's message. Canadians have been like people living on the slopes of Vesuvius. They cultivate their vineyards in seem. ing forgetfulness of the sleeping fires beneath them. Alarmist editorials are out of place in any journal such as The Week except in the most extreme nec essity. That necessity has arisen, and it would be As the time draws near the period of Christmss, criminal folly to close our eyes and ears to its naugurated by the angels singing "Glory to God in gravity. The information we have is trustworthy and fits in with the march of events. The feeling so far here and in England has been satisfactory. But England and Canada must act, not talk. Let other people do the talking-One thing is clear.

> learn, as we did, incidentally, that Samuel and is a place of thrift and enterprise. agement and editorship of The Portland exist but it was so strongly marked that a Transcript, with which he has so long been | copy might be recognized as far as it

are advised that certain changes are soon to be made, which may be expected as improvements in the paper, when the present editor's statement will probably be given. For 43 years Mr. S. T. Pickard has been concerned with the management of the Transcript, as a proprietor, and has filled the editorial chair since the death of the late lamented and gitted Edw. Elwell. Our relations with Mr. Pickard for ten years and more, as a contributor, have been particularly cordial; and the generious confidences and praises, that came with his notes, are things we are reluctant to miss. He is a man to win the respect and love of all who may come into intimate relations with him, as many will be ready to testity. During the life of Whittier, whose confidential friend he was, we seemed almost to come to that dear poet's fireside; to have Mr. Pickard say he had just been there, and that Mr. Whittier had remarked this or that pleasant thing. The succeeding editor and proprietor is F. W. Pickard, of whom Mr. S. T. Pickard speaks as "my nephew, and the son of my partner." He comes to his work with excellent qualification, having taken high rank in the college of which he is a gradu ate; and, with his present corps of contributors he may be expected to make the Transcript maintain its rank as a high-class tamily paper.

With satisfaction we are now reading Mr. Pickard's "Life and Letters of John Greenleat Whittier." which is a work written in just the straight-forward candid style which would have pleased the subject and must satisfy his rearest triends, as well as the public. Mr. Pickard has had such opportunities for knowing the domestic and personal matters of Whittier as few or none have had who are otherwise competent to render such a service to the memory of the poet; and it is a gratification to many readers to find that he has done his work so well. His great partiality of feeling, and his frequent access to the life of one who did not freely unbosom himself to everybody, has in this case enabled him to do only the completer justice to him whom all good persons will delight to honor. Mr. Pickard is, it is generally known related to Whittier, having married the poet's niece. He is now residing in Boston, his presen address being 16 Cumberland street.

As we were travelling on the coach from Rye Beach, N. H., to the railway station, one morning in September last, our eye was arrested by the name, Bachiler, on a grave stone in a little cemetery by the wayside on a hill from which might be had glimpses of the sea. Instantly Whittier came to mind, and we commenced to recall lines of his poem, "The Wreck of Rivermouth,',-

"Lord, forgive us! we're sinners all!" And the voice of the old man answered her; "Amen!" said Father Bachiler.

This man, of marked characteristics just then under a cloud, was the Rev. Stephen Bachiler, an Englishman, and Oxonian, who came to America in his old age; his daughter, Theouate, having married Christoper Hussey, and settled in Lynn. This was in 1632. Some scandals, not now to be repeated, arose, which did not, it appears arise from any moral defect, abridged his influence, and made his position in this country uncomfortable, so that, "at the age of ninety-two, he returned to England, and died at Hackney, near London, in 1660, in the one hundredth year of his age." This man was one, of Whittier's progenitors, and there is good reason for our remembrance of him. Mr. Pickard

To this remarkable man several New England families of note trace their origin, and he seems to have transmitted to his descendants some marked physical and mental peculiarities that are still dis cernible, after a lapse of several generations. It was the Bachiler eye, dark, deep set, and lustrous, which marked the cousinship that existed between Daniel Webster and John Greenleaf Whittier. Susannah Bachiler, the grandmother of Webster, was a daughter of one of the sons of the elequent nonconformist clergyman whose troublous old age has been sketched, and Whittier was a descendant of his eldest daughter. In several other families descended from Bachiler, the physical peculiarity referred to is quite noticeable. The eyes which first saw the light before Shakespeare was born have repeated themselves, generation after generation, to this day.

We have not forgotten "Wilfrid Chautau clair" of the "Young Seigneur," who is also William Douw Schuyler-Lighthall, of "Songs of The Great Dominion" celebrity. The sight of his unique chirography is not only a bringer of pleasant greetings in the present time, but of the happy memory of past days. Mr. Lighthall is represented in the Stedman Anthology by some of his best patriotic pieces.

A new volume of poems by Archibald Lampman has recently been issued from the press. It is entitled "Lyrics of the Earth." The Messrs. Copeland and Day. Boston, are the publishers.

Sherbrooke is a flourishing town in Quebec, with which a spicy journal for sportsman, published by our friend, D. Thomas, brought us better acquainted. It It was an equal surprise and regret to is near "Memphremagog's wooded side,"

and righteourly settled; and that God's name may change has yet been given we believe, but journal, a weekly, to be known as the News Letter. We wish it success.

> And to the readers of PROGRESS a happy, happy New Year! PATERFEX.

> > ORNAMENTAL LAMPS.

The Ideal and the Points in Which the Actual Falls Short of it. Although there has been something like a rage for lamps these last twenty years, it is difficult to find at a moderate price a lamp that is at once safe, effective, and beautiful. Most lamps lack the requirement of a wide, shallow bowl, which makes it possible for nearly all the oil is consumed without material reduction in the brilliancy of the flame. Capillary attraction, upon which mainly depends the effectiveness of the lamp wick, is put to severe test in the case of a lamp with a deep bowl, for as the oil is consumed the length of wick through which capillary attraction must act to keep the flame sufficiently supplied with oil, is constantly increased. Most ornamental lamps have this detect of a deep, narrow bowl. Such lamps usually have standards of considerable height, and if they are not to look ungracefully tco heavy the bowls must be kept small in diameter. They are then deepened in

order to increase their capacity, and the

resu t is a tendency to a loss of illuminat-

ing power as the oil is cousumed.

It used to be that only the rich demand. ed ornamental lamps. Now the effort is to produce cheap and highly ornamented lamps for the poor as well as the rich. Many of the most costly lamps are crude and over-ornate, and any student of show windows must realize that few really fit and more beautiful lamps are to be seen in a day's round of the shops. Simplicity and cleanness of line have been neglected for gilding, complicated curves, and grotesque figures. The helpful suggestions to be found in classic lamps have been disregarded in the effort at elaborate ornamentations, and the fitting of form to use has been torgotten. Since some one hit upon the device of converting an appropriate piece of pottery into a lamp standard, the rage for this sort of thing has greatly grown. Not only has almost every form of vase that could possibly be made to serve snch a purpose been pressed into use, but pottery has been specially made for lamps.

Coal oil, is by far the cheapest domestic illuminant, and the light it yields is one of low placed, and one lit from a chandelier overhead, is the contrast between a brilliancy without contrasting shadows, and the coseyness of cottly brilliant centres with intervening glooms to soothe the eyes.

ORGANIZATION OF FARMERS

A FEATURE OF THE DAY.

James Rogers Speaks Earnestly.

The development of Farmers' Institutes and other means of education on successful practical farming has proven beyond a hastily f r inspection, while the former doubt that the present day farmer requires to be a student of his work. The most successful ones are not, as a rule, those who do the greatest amount of manual labor, but they are found ranking first as prize-winners on all agricultural products. James Rogers, a resident of Tilsonburg, Oxford Co., Ont., for 45 years, has taken numerous first prizes during the year. A successful, reliable man, his statement will be of interest to many: "I have suffered for seven or eight years

with Itching Piles; the torture and agony I cannot here find words to describe. Night atter night was kept awake with the painful itching. I tried all the physicians and every known remedy all to no account, not even relief. In talking over my curious trouble with Mr. Chas. Thomson, our well known druggist, he recommended Chase's Ointment. To my wonder and surprise. I got relief from the second application. I firmly believe one box sufficient to cure any case of Itching Piles no matter of how long duration. I would not be without it for ten times its cost. In volunteering this testimony and my consent for the manufacturers of Chases Ointment to use it as they wish, it is that like sufferers may know they can be cured.'

Price 60 cents, sold by all dealers. Edmunson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Never Her Head.

Maud-Doesn't your head ache awfully after you have been to a tea? Ethel-No, not at all. My congue and feet do, but never my head.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Rheumatism of 20 years Standing Radically cured by Scott's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Sarah Browning, an estimable resident of the Ambitious City, was for twenty a sufferer from acute rheumatism, and her restoration to health is so remarkable that we present the case for the benefit of our readers, many of whom are doubtless sufferers from this painful complaint which arises from blood poison. Mrs. Browning says: "I used only one bottle of Scott's Sarasaparilla and received such benefit that I continued taking only at intervals for two months. That is seven months ago, and the pain has not returned. so long."

Scott's Sarsaparilla cures by making and keeping the blood pure. It increases flesh by digesting flesh-torming foods. It is the most successful medicine in the world today, for dyspepsia, nervous affections, pimples and all diseases originating in a of papers would rush ashore, mount a box, pounds. I can affirm with confidence toul condition of the blood. Dose from one and just as fast as he could hand out the and honesty that Paine's Celery Com-



EVERY MAN HIS OWN BAIT.

How Leeches Are Caught With Much Loss of Blood to the Fisherman.

The leech is a strange, unlovely creature. Fortunately it has gone out of fashion. But thirty or forty years ago, when medical men had a pleasant habit of bleeding every patient who fell into their hands, the little blood suckers used to be in great demand. Even now the trade in leeches is consider-

tion. It condemns the fishers to foggy And, worse than this, the fisher has kimself motto of these sanguinary beasts, and nothing but a pair of plump and naked legs will tempt them from their stagnant pools.

it must have plenty of air and plenty of caught in the spring and early summer. The men turn up their trousers and wade knee deep into the water. The sight of the legs acts like a magnet on the leeches. They make a rush for them, cling on, and fast as they can, and put them into bags which they carry fastened around their the little black creatures will swallow five a narrow stripe of some brilliant hue. victim, and cause as much to flow away. as o ten as not covering the eyes and ears The proper form of vase to serve for a retire into deep water, and then their pur- his fantastic appearance. Over a white lamp standard is one with wide mouth and suers are compelled to wade up to their linen shirt, with sleeves that ends in points sate base, so that a wide, shallow bowl may chins. An alternative to this plan is to more than a yard long, so that they touch be used for the oil, and the whole may be take a raft out and dangle legs in the the ground, a silk coat is worn, crushed

fastening on, and so saves a certain amount | equally common; these coats are made the pleasantest in use. The contrast be- of blood. This is an important item. A collarless and open at the neck and told tween a room lit by two or three lamps, good fisher can, if he is careful, go on four or five hours before he gets exhausted from loss of blood. In that case he will have caught nearly 200 leeches.

It is a funny, almost uncanny sight to see the unhealthy looking men wading through marskes and swamps and dirty streams, their arms and legs bare, poking about among the rushes and turning the mossy pebble: over with their toes in the hope of stirring up some colony of leeches.

Every now and then they stop, and you see them raise one bl ck bespecked leg and pick away until the furious sucking on the other causes them to bring that up takes its plac as bait, -Kansas City times.

LETTERS A DOLLAR APIECE.

Califoinia Miners Lined up for the Mail, and

Places Were Worth Money. A well-known patent attorney in this city, who was in California in the early mining days, apropos the publication in the Post of the cost of carrying mails on the Yukon, makes some interesting statements about similiar service one the Pacific coast in 1749-'50:

"We had to pay \$1 for every letter sent or received," he states, besides the government postage. We were in the mines, and had to send a messenger, with an order for the postmaster to deliver to him our mail at Sacramento, a distance of from 75 to 100 miles, according to the location of the He is Saved and Cured camps. Parties made a business of carrying the mail and had regular routes around through mining camps. "At that time mail went by way of the

isthmus, there being but one steamer every three weeks. As a result, at San Francisco and at Sacramento, the two main offices and supply points for the every time a mail arrived. They finally adopted a rule among themselves requiring all to form in line and take their turn, and hundreds stood or laid in line day and night to keep their places, sometimes several days before they could be served, the line being formed days before the steamer arrived. Resident speculators would take position in the line, and when they had that his days on earth were short. Kidadavnced near the door would sell their ney disease was doing its deadly work; place to others from the mines, who were waiting, frequently getting from \$100 to forever. Mr. Bali, having heard wond-

by those who have never had any such ex- cided to give the great medicine a trial. perience, but in the fall of 1849 an ox team | He was not disappointed; health and driver got \$10 per day and board, Sundays | strength returned, weight increased, and being counted the same as other days, to day, he is a new man. He tells of his while carpenters got from an ounce (\$16) wonderful escape from death as folto an ounce and a half per day, everything else costing in proportion; and hence the I had spent a fortune in various "treat- mail carriers for the mines could better ments" and was told by one medical man afford to pay for the position in line than that a cure was impossible as I had suffered to wait on enpense and loae the time, they sometimes being kept waiting for a week before they could get all their mail for the compound. After having used a number several camps.

"One of the curious sights was the sale of the New York papers. As soon as the papers and make change dispose of them | pound saved my life."

at a dollar each. Of course in time all this changed, but communications with the states was then so slow and the time required so great that to us, isolated as we were from home and friends and the whole outside world, it seemed almost an eternity."-Washington Post.

What a Kurd is Like.

In color they are usually no darker, and often not nearly so dark, as Southern Europeans. The eyebrows and lashes and eyes are generally black, the nose aquiline Leech fishing is not a pleasant occupa- and fine, and the mouth well formed. The face is long and oval, while in stature mists, foul, muddy waters, and fetid odors. a medium height seems to be general. The chin is shaved, the mustache alone to be the bait. Blood for blood is the being left, and over it no end of trouble is taken with comb and wax. The hair is usually shaved along the top of the crown. but left long on either side, though little The leech lives a semi-aquatic existence; or nothing is visible owing to the peculiar and characteristic manner in which the water, and it likes them foul. They are men deck their heads. The Kurd's costume is distinctly his own, and except in the south, where be has come more or less under Persian i fluence, he never abandons it. A high silk pointed cap crowns the head, round which are woven a numbegin to suck. The men pick them off as | ber of silk scarfs and handerchiefs in skillfully arranged disorder.

The favorite colors of these turbans are waists. They do not loose any time, for dark claret and gold, with here and there times their own weight in the blood of a The rough fringes are left hanging down, Toward the end of the season the leeches of the wearer, and adding not a little to strawberry being the favorite color, though An expert catches many just as they are cherry color and white satin were almost across the breast, being held in place by a wide sash skillfully folded as d intertwined. In this sash the long pipe and curved danger are thrust.—Blackwood's Magazine.

VERDICT.

Man Plainly Told that He Would Never Walk Cut Again.

THE DOCTORS SAID.

by Paine's Celery Compound.

state, there would be a large crowd waiting The Only Reliable Cure for Kidne / Diseases.

When Mr. H. Ball, the well-known auctioneer, of Chatham, Ont., was told by his physicians that he would never walk again, it sim ly amounted to telling him physicians and medicines had failed. and the last ray of hope had almost fled rous reports about the medicinal virtues "Such a thing can hardly be believed of Paine's Celery Compound, wisely de-

> "I was so seriouly ill I was obliged to take to my bed, where I laid for months. The doctors here and in Toronto said my trouble was Addison's disease of the Kidnevs, and told me I would never walk of bottles I was enabled to atten to business, and felt like a new man. Before using the compound I was very much