

## NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX TALKS OF ANOTHER CANADIAN POET.

The Poems of Frederick George Scott with Some Illustrative Specimens—The Early Days of the Women's Crusade in Hillsboro, Ohio—Literary Notes.

It is something, in the age of literary production,—too often stimulated by a ready market rather than a superabundant inspiration,—to meet with a book that combines in a good degree artistic and moral excellence. This "My Lattice and Other Poems" does; and we feel confidence in the assertion that Frederick George Scott has made a substantial addition to our now rapidly increasing stock of Canadian books, in his latest volume of verse; as he also did in "The Soul's Quest," which was given to the public in 1888.

We have here a selection of elevated and noble themes, which are still further dignified by the poet's treatment of them. The nobility of their utterance, the heroic strength of their conception, mark such pieces as "Samson," "Dion" and "The Frezy of Prometheus;" showing them to be nearer the moral sublime than anything written in Canada since Heyvase gave us "Saul." The same may be asserted of the gravely majestic, "In Via Mortis," which begins:

O ye great company of dead that sleep  
Under the world's green rind, I come to you,  
With warm, soft limbs, with eyes that laugh and weep,  
Heart strong to love, and brain pierced through  
And through  
With thoughts whose rapid lightnings make my day—  
To you my life stream courses on its way,  
Through margin shadows of the eternal deep.  
Even the reader who may come to its perusal fresh from the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton, and who has in mind Whittier's fine poem on the Hebrew Hercules, will not be disappointed with Mr. Scott's treatment of the subject. There is a vivid and truly poetic realism in these lines, and, being read, they cannot easily be forgotten:

Plunged in night I sit alone  
Eyeless on this dunstone stone,  
Naked, shaggy and unkempt,  
Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.  
Rats and vermin round my feet  
Play unharmed, companions sweet;  
Spiders weave me overhead  
Silken curtains for my bed.

Day by day the mould I smell  
Of this fungus-blistered cell;  
Nighly in my haunted sleep  
O'er my face the lids creep.

Gives of iron scrape and burn  
Wrists and ankles when I turn,  
And my collar neck is raw  
With the teeth of brass that gnaw.

God of Israel, canst thou see  
All my fierce captivity?  
Do Thy sinews feel my pains?  
Hearest Thou the clanking chains?

Thou who madest me so fair,  
Strong and buoyant as the air,  
Tall and noble as a tree,  
With the passions of the sea,—

Swift as horse upon my feet,  
Fierce as lion in my heart,  
Rending like a wisp of hay,  
All that dared withstand my way,—

Canst Thou see me through the gloom  
Of this subterranean tomb,  
Blinded tiger in his den,  
Once the lord and prince of men?

Tortured am I, wracked and bowed,  
But the soul within is proud;  
Dungeon fetters cannot still  
Forces of the timeless will.

Israel's God, come down and see  
All my fierce captivity;  
Let Thy sinews feel my pains,  
With Thy fingers lift my chains.

Then with thunder loud and wild,  
Comfort Thou Thy rebel child,  
And with lightning split in twain  
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

Give me splendor in my death—  
Not this sickening dungeon breath,  
Creeping down my blood like slime,  
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back, for one blind hour,  
Half my former rage and power,  
And some giant cry and shout,  
Meet to prove a hero's end.

"Thor," and "Natura Victrix," are poems of the same largeness of utterance, and expansiveness of views, while the latter flows very musically.

On the crag I sat in wonder,  
Stars above me, forests under;  
Through the valleys came and went  
Tempest forces never spent  
And the gorge sent up the thunder  
Of the stream within its pent.

Round me with majestic bearing  
Stood the giant mountains, wearing  
Helmets of eternal snows,  
Cleft by nature's labor throes—  
Monster faces mutely staring  
Upward into God's repose.

At my feet in desolation  
Swayed the pines a shadowy nation,  
Round the woodlake deep and dead,  
Round the river's glacier-fed,  
Where a ghostly undulation  
Shakes its subterranean bed.

For a fine piece of Mediaeval painting, and a sadly tragic story, which is not worse for its moral, turn to "The Abbot." These lines may be engraved in gold:

No man can judge another's sin,  
God only sees without and in,  
Wherefore, my brethren, be ye kind,  
That at was our Master's mind.

For many are crowned as saints by God  
Whose graves unheeded feet have trod;  
Man judges by the outer life,  
God by the inner strife.

Among the few fine ballads in our Canadian repertory I reckon "The Feud" with the finest. How could the weird legend have been told in brighter or more sounding stanzas? They may well be chosen as examples of the poet's imaginative power, and of his technical skill:

"I hear a cry from the Sansard cave,  
O mother, will no one hearken?  
A cry of the lost, will no one save?  
A cry of the dead, though the ocean rave,  
And the scream of a gull as he wheels o'er a grave,  
While the shadows darken and darken."

The maiden's love is being slain by the maiden's brothers, and of the fact she has mystic intelligence. Her mother responds:

"Oh, hush thee, child, for the night is wet,  
And the cloud-caves split asunder,  
With lightning in a jagged fret,  
Like the gleam of a salmon in a net,  
When the rocks are rich in the red sunset,  
And the stream rolls down in thunder."

But her daughter cannot be persuaded from the dreadful vision before the eyes of her spirit:

"Hush, no, rather, a corpse lies on the sand,  
And the spray is round it driven,  
It lies on its face, and one white hand  
Points through the mist on the belt of strand  
To where the cliffs of Sansard stand,  
And the ocean's strength is riven."

This ballad in the hands of an elocutionist might be effectively rendered. Several of the brief lyrics are not less worthy of distinctive mention, and of reproduction here, if we had space; as, for instance,—"In The Woods," "The Justice," "The Everlasting Father," "On A Venetian Portrait," and "Old Letters." The latter to be found in another column, is a bit of pathos, which shows how deeply human and tender our poet's muse may be. "Van Elsen" touches a cord that lies deeper than tears:

God spake three times, and saved Van Elsen's soul;  
He spake by sickness first, and made him whole;  
Van Elsen heard him not,  
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth, the world outpoured  
Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord;  
Van Elsen's heart grew fat  
And proud thereafter.

God spake the third time when the great world smiled,  
And in the sunshine shew his little child;  
Van Elsen like a tree  
Fell helplessly—

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,  
"As thy heart bleeds, so my heart hath bled,  
As I have need of thee,  
Thou needest me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,  
And kneeling by the narrow winding sheet,  
Prayed him with fervent breath  
Who conquered death.

If we had space, we might show by example, such as "Solomon," "Out of the Storm," "Idols," and "A Cypress Wreath" how with him the sonnet can sound a trumpet-note. We have, however, room for only a few remarks concerning our author.

He was born in 1861, and is now in the strength and fulness of his days. He is an alumnus of Bishop's college, Lennoxville. In that institution, and in the parish of Drummondville, where he is rector, and in the Diocese of Quebec, he is held in such esteem and exerts such influence as superior talent and virtue command. His first collection of verse, "The Soul's Quest and other poems," was in 1888 published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, England. In this book is some admirable work, by which he has attained a position more than respectable in our Canadian Pantheon; but the work now under review we think calculated to advance still farther his reputation.

From a recent letter we have a cheery glimpse of the good rector of Drummondville, sitting by the wood-fire in his study, while all the hills and vales about him lie deeply folded in the snow,—meditating sermon, song and story; happy in the gifts God has bestowed on him, wherewith he can delight and instruct and comfort his fellow-men. It should be said, also, that the title-poem deserves its position in his volume, by reason of its rare delicacy and beauty, tempting the reader to it again and again.

Hillsboro, the County Town of Highland, Ohio, is the notable centre of the now famous "Woman's Crusade." In Dec. 1874, out of which originated the world-wide Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

At its first meeting Mrs. Eliza J. Thompson was unanimously chosen president, Mrs. J. J. McDowell, vice-president, and Mrs. D. K. Fewner, Secretary,—all ladies of Hillsboro. These ladies went out, led by a power almost irresistible, and borne in the strength of meekness and of love, upon a mission they could not but believe to be divine. Let us look back and survey the scene again:

The apparition of seventy women in sable black arrayed, and in settled line of march, moving as when first seen upon the streets of Hillsboro. It was a dark, cloudy, cold and still December day, no sun shining from above, no wind playing around, a little snow leisurely dropping down, and under the magic command of their own leaders chosen on the instant at the hurried previous organization at the Presbyterian church, the procession moved with solemn steps as if each woman had been trained for that day's work from the cradle. . . . Husbands!

The winter night is cold and drear,  
Along the river's sullen flow;  
The cruel frost is camping here—  
The air has flying blades of snow,  
Look! pushing from the icy strand,  
With ensigns freezing in the air,  
There sails a small but mighty band  
Across the dangerous Delaware.

We learn from this number, of some "poem-tinkers" in Boston who undertook to adapt Scott's "Lochnivar" to the requirements of a virtuous temperance recital. Certain well-known lines were purged as follows:

"And now am I come, with this beautiful maid  
To lead but one measure, drink one lemonade."

Wine was thus poetically tabooed, though "the light fantastic toe" seemed in perfect propriety. It seems as if any one who had the sense to make the above rhyme

would have had sense enough not to make them.

The two Canadian Scotts, and their poetry, should be distinguished by the reader. They have marked excellences and marked differences. Duncan Campbell Scott is in the civil service at Ottawa, and has been chief clerk of the Department of Indian Affairs, until the creation recently of the Secretaryship in that department, which he now holds. Many will unite in the congratulations extended to the poet by The Week, in the hope that the promotion will not interfere with his literary pursuits.

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Toronto promises to be the great centre for periodical literature in Canada. Beside The Week, there is Massey's, and the Canadian, etc., and now we are informed there is to be another (illustrated), entitled "Tarot," which is in sim and form to resemble the Chap Book. Prof. Mavor, Mr. A. J. Cleare, Mr. Carl Abrens, Mr. J. C. Innes, Mr. C. B. Watkins, Miss Harriet Ford, and others are to contribute articles and illustrations to the first number.

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How She Walked.

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He—How well Mrs. Winters holds her age! She—Yes; and she ought to be ashamed of herself for holding it at eighteen for twenty-seven years.

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8.30 A. Accommodation—week days—for Fredericton, M. St. Stephen, &amp;c.

4.00 P. Pacific Express—week days—for Sherbrooke, Montreal and all points West Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, &amp;c. Woodstock, St. John, Canadian Pacific Sleeper, St. John &amp; Montreal, Dining Car to Brownville, J. C. Pullman Sleeper to Boston.

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NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between Ward C. Pittfield and Samuel Hayward, doing business at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, under the name and style of W. C. Pittfield &amp; Co., has this day been dissolved by the mutual consent of the parties thereto.

Saint John, N. B., Jan. 2nd, A. D. 1896. WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, HEREBY CERTIFY:—

(1) That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pittfield &amp; Co.

(2) That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of such articles as are usually bought and sold by dealers in dry goods, cloths, &amp;c.

(3) That the names of all the General and Special partners interested in said partnership are as follows:—

Ward C. Pittfield who resides at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, is the General partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at Hamilton, in the County of Kings, in the said Province, is the Special partner.

(4) That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of thirty thousand dollars to the common stock.

(5) That the period at which the said partnership is to commence, is the third day of January, A. D. 1896, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the third day of January, A. D. 1899.

Dated this second day of January, A. D. 1896. Signed, WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED that on the second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety six, before me, James A. Belyea, a Notary Public in and for the Province of New Brunswick, by Rev. J. C. Innes, Mr. C. B. Watkins, Miss Harriet Ford, and others are to contribute articles and illustrations to the first number.

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mes might have had sense enough not to make them.

The two Canadian Scotts, and their poetry, should be distinguished by the reader. They have marked excellences and marked differences. Duncan Campbell Scott is in the civil service at Ottawa, and has been chief clerk of the Department of Indian Affairs, until the creation recently of the Secretaryship in that department, which he now holds. Many will unite in the congratulations extended to the poet by The Week, in the hope that the promotion will not interfere with his literary pursuits.

Colin Rae Brown, a prominent and active member of the Burns Club of London, England, has some lines entitled, "A Hundred Years," with an inscription to "The Immortal Memory and Ever Present Shade of Burns." They are founded on the incident following: "Shortly before the poet's death (21st July, 1796), Mrs. Burns said to him in a regretful voice,—'Whom are a' our gran' friends' noo, Robert?' 'Oh! never mind, Jean,' replied the dying bard, 'the world will ken me better a burner years hence.' . . . On that lowly bed, set in under the wall; pallid, livid, unshaven; worn almost to a skeleton; with masses of coal-black hair—prematurely tinged with gray—falling over his temples, the inspired prophet of Freedom and Honest Independence, suddenly threw up his arms, and leaped, upward and forward, into those of Death."

The magazine of poetry for February has for its frontispiece a youthful portrait of Keats, and some familiar selections from his poetry. An interesting fact is that of Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus) of Toronto. Her archness and jaunty grace in such poems as "Vigil" and "September," will be likely to