# PROGRESS, SATURDAY. FEBRUARY 29, 1896

# NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

12

### PATERFEX TALKS OF ANOTHER CANADIAN FOET.

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 farther 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 Frenzy of Prometheus;" showing them to be nearer the moral sublime than anything written in Canada since Hevysege 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,

1.00

With warm, soft limbs, with eyes that laugh and

Heart strong to love, and brain pierced through and through

With thoughts whose rapid lightnings make my dav-

To you my life stream courses on its way. Through margin-sha'lows of the eternal deep.

Even the reader who mey come to its perusal fresh from the "Samsom 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 dungeon stone, Naked, shaggy and unkempt, Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.

Rats and vermin round my feet Play unharmed, companions sweet;

"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." 17 4 But her daughter cannot be persuaded from the dreadful vision before the eyes of

her spirit: "Hush, mother, a corpse lies on the sand, And the spray is round it driven. FIL Tom 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 elocutior. et 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," "Te Judice," "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

Elsen" touches a cord that lies deeper than tears:

He spake by sickness first, and made him whole; Van Elsen heard him not, Or soon torgot.

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

God spake the third time when the great worl smiled, And in the sunshine slew his little child;

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

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby fect, And kneeling by the narrow winding sheet, Praised him with fervent breath

reader to it again and again.

the scene again :

ample, such as "Solomon," "Out of the has lately written and published [Cranston Storm,""Idols," and "A Cypress Wreath" | & Curts, Cincinnati, 1895] her account of 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 Drummondsville, 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 attatned a position more than respectable 25 our Canadian Parnassus; but the work now under feview we think calculated to advance still farthed his reputation. From a recent letter we have a cheery glimpse of the good rector of Drummondsville, sitting by the wood-fire in his study, while all the hills and vales about him lie deeply folded in the snow .-one of the Crusading ladies. meditating sermon, song and story ; happy

mes might have had sense enough net to saw their wives sons and daughters, their mothers, and neighbors, their friends, moving along with the

strange apparation, and knew not what it meant, until before some liquor saloon or hotel, or drug store you would hear the singing of some familiar bymn in tones of the most touching note, and then, solemn silence prevailing up and down street, the utterance, of a soul-stirring prayer, and all others kneeling around on curb-stone, or pavement, or door-sill, could be heard ascending to the Throne of God to avert the curse of intemperance. No crowd of shouting boys followed. no cliques of consulting men on the street corners were gathered; every countryman halted his team in awe; no vociferous angry words were heard, and no officer commanded the peace,-for it was death-like peace. Throughout the days songs and prayers were heard at all places kept for the sale of liquors; and at night con sultation was resumed at the church, from whence the "Phaenix-like body," springing from the ashes of the "faceral pyre" of woman's immolation, had emerged in the morning; and there in making reports, prayer, and singing as never before was sung

### Ring out the grie! that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

on Christmas Eve-

They remained until the moon in the last quarter lighted their pathway to homes, whose inmates as spectators of the troups when the first curtain was raised, stood around the hearth-stones in as much worder as if a company of celestial beings had on that day come down from the skies. Such is a dim outline of the Women's Temperance Crusade at Hillsboro, and well may it be said of the "opening of the heavens" on that memorable day, that "He who made a decree for the rain and a way for the lightning." will alone limit its effect on the nations of the earth.

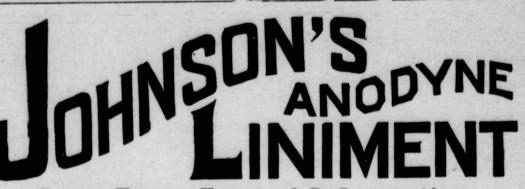
These events have become historic, and and tender our poet's mnse may be. "Van occupy a prominent place in the permanent records of the state. The persons who were concerned in the movement were the most Death." God spake three times, and saved Van Elsen's soul respected in the community ; the leader being a daughter of the late ex-Governor, Allan Trimble, and worthy the excellence of her lineage. Mrs. M :Dowell, and others who helped to hold aloft the banner in that campaign, have departed ; but "Mother And proud thereat. Thompson" still remains and wears the honors of her "beautiful years" with a grace as charming as youth itself. Peace and love attend her to "the sunset land." Van Elsen like a tree With her daughter, Mis. T. Rives, she Fell helplesslyresides in the "old home", -a cosy, wellembowered spot in one of the prettiest parts of Hillsboro. This is a shrine in Thou needest me." which is deposited many a relic and souvenir ; to which comes many a visitor, and where some distinguished ones have found with the others a cordial welcome Who conquered death. If we had space, we might show by exand a congenial habitation. Mrs. Thompson the celebrated movement with which she was so intimately related, under a title of "Hillsboro Crusade Sketches and Family Records." a copy of which lies before us. The old "Crusade church" [Presbyterian] was last year taken down, and a new structure of stone is in process of erection on its site. The better to expedite this enterprise the woodwork of the old church has been manufactured into articles of different forms, and are being widely sold. They will be treasured as souvenirs by many who regard the Crusade movement as of God, -- as notable in its way as the Lutheran and Wesleyan reformations. We have, by favor of Hon. Charles H. Collins, a silvermounted gayel ; and a folding tablet made from the wood of the pews, on the leaves of which are pasted photographs of the demolished building, and of the leaders in the Crusade as well as of Rev. W. J. Mc-Surely, D. D., who was then, as he is now, pastor of the chu,"ch, and whose wife was

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 cleik 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,-'Whour are a' oor gran' frien's noo, Robert?' 'Oh! never mind, Jean,' replied the dying Bard, 'the world will ken me better a hunner 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

The magazine of poetry for February ha for its frontispiece a youthful portrait of Keats, and some familiar selections from his poetry. An interesting face is that of Mrs. J. W, F. Harrison (Seranus) of Toronto. Her archness and jaurty grace in such poems as "Vigil" and "September," will be likely to please her readers. A carefully written account of her is given by Rev. William Clark, D. C. L. Selections from the verses of Rev. Burton Wellesley NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP. Lockhart, (pastor of the Franklin St. Church, Mahchester, N. H.,) are given, with a biographical sketch by Rev. J. L. R. Trask, D. D., of Springfield, and a portrait from M. H. Mosman's medallior, designed to be placed in the church at Chicopee, Mass., where Mr. Lockhart was termerly pastor. Other names and portraits adcrn these pages : Emily Bronte, Arthur Symonds, Anna M. S. Rossiter, Voltairine De Cleyre, Frank H. Sweet, Jeanette Cory Chamberlain. Short biographies and literary reviews constitute an appendix to each number of the magazine.



### Cures Every Form of Inflammation.

It was originated in 1810, by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician, to cure all ailments that are the result of irritation and inflammation; such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, chilblains, colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, diphtheria and all forms of sore throat, earache, fractures, gout, headache, influenza, la grippe, lame back, side, neck, mumps, muscular soreness, nervous headache, pimples, pain anywhere, rheumatism, stings, sprains, stiff joints, toothache, tonsilitis, wind colic and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nervine.



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and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c; five \$1. Sold everywhere. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. All Druggists. I. S. Jehnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

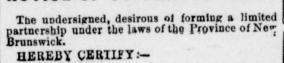
proclaiming the grand and curing virtues of Paine's Celery Compound. It has cured the worst cases of dyspepsia, indiestion and stomach troubles after the established formu'æ of the medical faculies failed to do the work. Mr. George A Wiltse, of Athens, Oat., says:

"I want to add my testimony in favor of your valuable remedy, Paine's Celery Compound, which I have been taking for over a year for dyspepia and severe pains in the neck and back of head. Your medicine has produced a complete cure in my case, and I have recommend. ed it to several friends, who claim they have received great benefit. I can testify, therefore in all honesty, that your Paine's Celery Compound is a very valuable medicine.

## NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the part N nership heretofore existing between Ward C. Pitfield 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 Pitfield & Co., has this day been dissolved by the elapsing of the time limited for its existence. Saint John, N. B., Jan. 2nd, A. D., 1896. WARD C. PITFIELD.

S. HAYWARD.



articles as are usually bought and sold; by

(1). That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co, (2). That the general nature of the business in

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September 1895, the trains of this Railway will rue daily (Sunday excepted) as follows : TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN is the buying and selling at wholesale of suc



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8.30A. Accommodation-week days-for Fred-

4.00P. Pacific Express—week days—for Sher-Wanceboro Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c., Woodstock, <sup>6</sup>t. Stephen, Canadian Pacific Sleeper, St. John o Mentreal, Dining Car to Brownville, Jc. Pullman Sleeper to

4.40P. Express-week days-for Fredericton

40P. Night accommodation, week days for M., McAdam Jc., Megantic &c., and for Woodstock, except Saturday.

For tickets and other information enquire at offices Chubb's Corner and at the station.

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Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6 th September, 1895.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

7.00 18.50 16.30 16.40

Spiders weave me overhead Silken curtains for my bed.

Day by day the mould I smell Of this fungus-blistered cell; Nightly in my haunted sleep O'er my face the liz rds creep

Gy ves of iron scrape and burn Wrists and ankles when I turn, And my collared neck is raw With the tetth of brass that gnaw.

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

Thou who madest me so fair, Strong and buoys nt 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 heat. Rending, like a w.sp 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 load and prince of men?

Tortured am I, wracked and bowed. But the soul within is proud; Dungeon fetters cannot still Forces of the tameless 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 crisis send, Meet to prove a hero's end.

""Thor," and "Natura Victrix," are poems of the same largness 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 it 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 dread, Round the river g acier-fed, Where a ghostly undulation Shakes its subterranean bed.

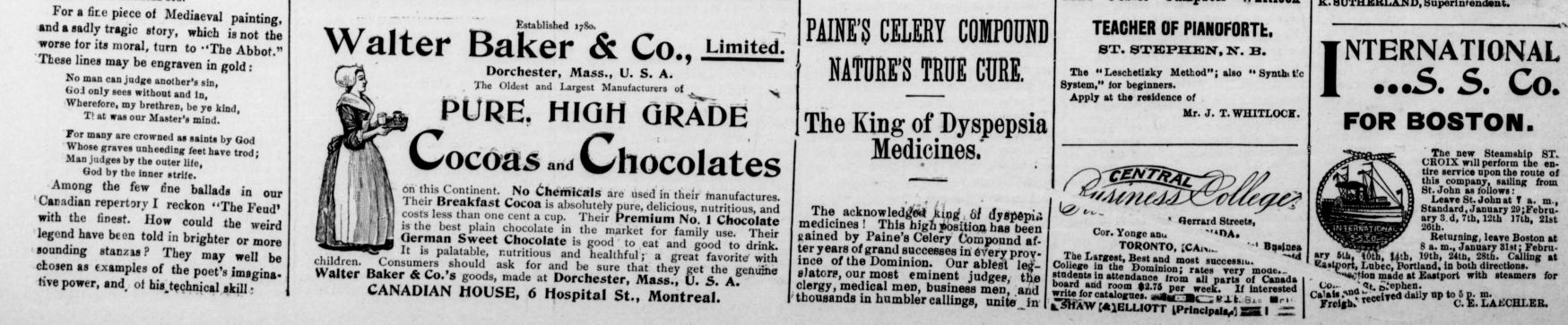
in the gifts God has bestowed on him, wherewith he can delight and instruct and Will Carleton's "Everywhere" Las somecomfort his fellow-men. It should be thing for everybody. It is a sort of salt said, also, that the title-poem deserves its and pepper to the dishes served up to us in other periodicals. It is brief, brisk timely, position in his volume, by reason of its and has the modern instance just at hand. rare delicacy and beauty, tempting the The February number commences with an illustrated historical and patriotic poem, entitled, "Across The Delaware," At the Hillsboro, the County Town of Highland. bow of the foremost boat stands pictured Ohio, is the notable centre of the now famous "Woman's Crusade." In Dec. 1874, the erect figure of Washington. and the snow storm is whistling about his ears.

out of which originated the world-wide Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This is the first stanza: At its first meeting Mrs. Eliza J. Thomp-The winter night is cold and drear. son was unanimously chosen president, Along the river's sullen flow: The cruel frost is camping here-Mrs. J. J. McDowell, vice-president, and The air has flying blades of snow Mrs. D. K. Fewner, Secretary,-all ladies Look ! pushing from the icy strand, of Hillsboro. These ladies went out, led With ensigns freezing in the air, There sails a small but mighty band by a power almost irresistible, and borne Across the dang'rous Delaware. in the strength of meekness and of love,

We learn from this number, of some upon a mission they could not but believe 'poem-tinkers" in Boston who undertook to be divine. Let us look back and survey to adapt Scott's "Lochnivar" to the requirements of a virtuous temperance recital. The apparition of seventy women in sable black Certain well-known lines were purged as arrayed, and in settled line of march, moving as when first seen upon the streets of Hillsboro. It follows : was a dark, cloudy, cold and still December day, no

'And now am I come, with this beautiful maid sun shining from above, no wind playing around, a To lead but one measure, drink one lemonade. little snow leisurely dropping down, and under the

magic command of their own leaders chosen on the Wine was thus poetically tabooed. instant at the hurried previous organization at the thougg "the light fantastic toe" seemed in Presbyterian church, the procession moved with perfect propriety. It seems as if any one solemn steps as if each woman had been trained for who had the sense to make the above rhythat day's work from the cradle . . . . Husbands



Toronto promises to be the great centre for periodical literature in Canada. Beside The Week, there is Masseys, 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

"Fidelis" (Miss Agnes Maule Machar) rings true when she touches a patriotic chord. Every loyal Canadian heart who reads in The week her recent stanzas, entitled .-- "The Sons of the United Empire Loyans and the Old Flag,"-will in the beating of his heart feel the utterance of an pressed and contained. PATERFEX. Amen.

How She Walked.

The schoolma'am was endeavoring to explain to a class of urchins what is mea. by turning to the right and turning to the left. She walked straight across the schoolroom, in front of the pupils and said : "Children, now I walk straight." Then, turning to the right, she asked : "Now how do I walk ?" No reply. "Watch my feet -right foot, left foot-and tell me bow I walk," and she described an angle. She paused for a reply. No sound greeted her ear. "Can no one tell me how I walk ?" Johrny Muggins' hand went up. "That's righ<sup>+</sup>, Johnny," said she approvingly, "tell the school." "Please, ms'am," said Johnny 'you toes in."

For Keeps.

He-How well Mrs. Winters holds her

She-Yes; and she ought to be ashamed

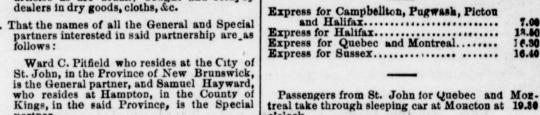
Ormentor !

of herself for holding it at eighteen for

**Thousands of Victims** 

age!

twenty-seven years.



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

That the period at which the said partnership is to commence, is the third day of January, A. D. 1898, 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. WARD C. PITFIELD. S. HAYWARD. Signed,

Signed.

[L. S.]

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SS. BE IT REMEMBERED that on this second BE IT REMEMBERED that on this 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 Royalauthor-ity only appointed, admitted and sworn, residing and practising at the City of Saint John, in the said Province, personally preared at the said City of Saint John, Ward C. Fried and Samuel Hayward, the copartners named in the afore-going and annexed Certificate of Co-partnership, and severally acknowledged that they signed, sealed, executed and delivered the said Certificate of Copartnership as their respective act and deed and to and for the uses and purposes therein ex-pressed and contained.

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John, N. B.

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