

## NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX TALKS ABOUT WELL KNOWN LITERARY PEOPLE.

A Portion of a Poem by Burns Said to Have Been Given Medulimistically—Prof. Robert's New Book "Earth's Enigmas"—Zitella Cocke's Verses of Southern Life.

"All About Burns," is the slightly ambiguous title of Dr. John D. Ross volume of collected papers on a subject with which the public seems never to weary. This book, which is published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., is in evidence of the zeal and industry of its editor, who has done so much to popularize the literature of his native land. It is well and abundantly illustrated, having for frontispiece, a plate of Naemyth's portrait, is neatly printed, and sold at a price that makes it easily accessible to the general public, who buy cheap books, and read them as they run, or ride. A sketch of the great poet's life, written by the editor's brother, prefaces the volume. Mr. Peter Ross secures out interest by the clear, succinct, direct, unambitious style in which his thought's is clothed, and by the independence of his thinking. He aims to put the character of Burns in a more favorable light than some of his biographers have done, and rejects some derogatory matters accepted hitherto as facts, as apocryphal, or at least not supported by sufficient evidence. Mr. Ross has with conspicuous distinctness set forth the poet's extraordinary career, relating whatever will assist in a better conception of the man, and the development of his genius. He has dealt with the successive epochs—Aldwely, Mount Oliphant, Lochleaf Moss-giel, Edinburgh, Ellisland, Dumfries—in so distinctive, yet comprehensive a manner, as to leave little confusion in the mind of the reader who is intelligent and careful as to which incident or poem belongs. The total effect is to heighten the respect of the admirers of his genius, who might yet have been too much given to deploring his vices, for one who was, after all, as noble-spirited as illustrious. To Mr. Ross, Jean, the poet's wife—whether she be "bonnie" or no—is a worthier heroine than "Highland Mary." He believes in constancy, and a good homely virtue, of everyday wear, which Jean was known to possess. She was the sober and blessed reality, of an unquestionable authenticity; while the Mary we know, or think we do, may be related to the domain of poetic shadows. Well, there is here a certain mythical region wherein we tread reverently and softly, and where is reason for difference of opinion. However, for ourselves, while we cleave to Jean, we cannot reject Mary; she, too, is a dear reality, and not merely a "distant shade." To all who wish to be strengthened in this feeling the article by Dr. Theodore Wolfe will be grateful, as bringing abundant confirmation.

There are several poems in this volume, of varying degrees of merit; and one, "attributed to Burns," which is only a clever imitation, in our judgment. It runs as follows:

Lo! Calvin, Knox, and Luther cry—  
I have the truth—and I—and I;  
Pur sinners if ye gang away  
The devil will have ye;  
And then the Lord will stand a-beigh,  
An' winna save ye.  
But, hooley, hooley! no' sae fast;  
When Gabriel shall blow the blast,  
And heaven an' earth awa' has passed,  
The lang syne saints  
Shall God bath deil and hell at last  
Mere pious feints.  
The upright, honest-hearted man,  
Who strives to do the best he can,  
Need neither fear the church's ban  
Nor hell's damnation;  
For God will need nae special plan  
For his salvation.  
The one who feels our deepest needs  
Reckless little o' man counts his beads;  
For righteousness knows naught o' creeds,  
Or sinner's faces;  
But rather lies in kindly deeds  
And childlike graces.  
Teen never fear—wif' purpose lead,  
A head to think, a heart to feel  
For human weal and human weal,  
Nae preschin' loon  
Your sacred birthright e'er can steal  
To heaven aboon.  
Tak' tent o' Truth, an' heed th' well—  
The man who sins mak's his own hell;  
He'll find nae worse deil than himself;  
But God is strongest;  
And when pur human hearts rebel  
He has nae oot longest.

It is now some thirty years since Lizzie Doten, the poetic spiritualist and medium, published her volume of alleged communications, from Shakespeare, Poe, Burns, and others of the immortals, who one and all, confirmed the doctrine of Spiritualism in the heartiest and most unequivocal manner. The above lines form a portion of a poem by Burns, which we are to understand was mediumistically given; and any defect in the same or abatement of poetic virility must be attributed to the medium and not to the poet, unless poet and medium should chance to be the same person, which we deem not unlikely. By one who accredits Lizzie this may be received as an original poem by the great Scotchman, who did as well as he could under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Poems there are here, and genuine ones, as well as authentic,—such as that of Wallace Bruce,—"Will You Go To The Indies, My Mary,"—which was read by the author at the unveiling of the Fourth Panel of the Ayr Burns statue, on the 21st. of August, 1895; such, also, as "The Tomb of Burns," by William Watson, the English poet.

The reader will not fail here of the

usual agreeable variety which Dr. Ross has hitherto presented in the successive volumes of "Burnsiana," and in the "Burns Scrap Book." For the one who may delight in criticism, there are the estimates of Dr. Walter Smith, of Edinburgh, John G. Whittier, Dr. James Adams of Glasgow, and others; and the taste of the lovers of anecdote and reminiscence has been carefully consulted; and for the multitude who delight in the fervid adulation of the annual orator, there is an abundant provision. Among the best may be named Dr. Walter Smith's address, or the abstract, of it, and that of Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, reprinted in PROGRESS not many weeks ago. The volume closes with select quotations from a number of poets, great and small, who have sung in praise of the universal favorite.

We take up "Earth's Enigmas," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts with peculiar avidity and expectancy, and we are more than gratified, not on the mere ground of partiality toward one who has so patent a claim on our admiration and esteem. It is not a book of philosophical speculation the reader has before him, but of that striking, imaginative and descriptive, of a high order of merit, which soon justify their somewhat peculiar title. These stories will be found of absorbing interest, but there is an abiding charm conferred beyond that of striking incident and brisk narrative in the poetic glamor with which his invests comes no other hand has so well described as his own. The touches of local color, that distinguish his sonnets and several of his well-known poems, are here found, with such felicity of diction as only possible to a master of style. Prof. Roberts brings us into the most tender and sympathetic relations with our fellowmen, and even "The Young Ravens" that call upon him, and the beasts of the wilderness who "Do Seek Their Meat from God," are not denied a tear of pity. Among the most notable of these pieces are those entitled, "Within Sound of the Saws," "The Butt of the Camp," and "At the Rough and Tumble Land." Having ourselves become somewhat familiar with life in lumbering communities, and having frequented the mills, we are the better prepared to testify to the minute fidelity of our author's description. The accuracy of his familiar eye is not less apparent than the literary skill with which he puts before us the matters of his observation. No one who had not lived in the open air, among the hills and beside the streams, could paint nature as Professor Roberts does. That country which is dearer to us than all others, and which is one of the most beautiful on earth, that country which has become a favorite ground of poet and romancer, has found in him, and will find for years to come, its ablest painter and historian. We welcome this volume to that corner of our library reserved for Canadian authors.

"A Doric Reed" is the title of the second volume in Copeland and Day's "Oaten Stop Series," and, by its neat, unpretentious garb of grey,—Priscilla-like in modesty and plainness,—it predisposes to friendly consideration more than a more showy dress might do. The lovers of verse simple, sincere, artistic and spontaneous, will be gratified with these selected songs of Zitella Cocke, whose name has become familiar to all readers of contemporary periodical literature. This writer has little to do with the extravagant or extraordinary, she strains for no effect, deals with no subtlety, and attempts nothing she does not with some degree of merit and success, accomplish. She is evidently genuinely moved in the expression of her sentiments, and shows that the familiar, yet harmonious and beautiful forms of art and nature have made their impression on her sentiments, and she renders them again with individual power. "Sunrise in An Alabama Canebrake," with which the volume opens, so rich in living form and color, is the finest description of that peculiar Southern scenery known to us, since Lanier's "Hymns of The Marshes," to which Miss Cocke is not in the least indebted, since at time of writing she had not read Lanier. Certainly there can be found no traces of imitation:

"The lordly sun, rising from underworld,  
Shooes yellow beams aslant the tangled brake;  
Magnolia, with her mirror leaves unfurled,  
Hath caught the glancing radiance that make  
Bright aureoles around her virgin bloom—  
A pale madonna, teach her hood of green  
With unprofaned cheek and brow serene;  
The pines upon the uplands merge from gloom  
Of night, and with the dawn's intenser glow  
Their scented lances bright and brighter grow  
The conquering light ever ascending higher  
Fills Alabama's stream with molten fire;  
A myriad rays pierce down the wooded slopes  
Till forest vistas form kaleidoscopes;  
The dogwood blossoms shine like stars of gold,  
Quick flows the amber of the tall sweet gum,  
And swifter still the shifting colors come  
To tulip-tree and luscious scented plume,  
And sassafras, with buddings manifold  
"The yellow jasmine and lush muscadine  
With crab and honeysuckle intertwine,  
And thousand odors sweet confederate  
And clear cool air so interpenetrate  
That sky above and blooming earth beneath  
Seem to exhale a long delicious breath!  
But hark! woodpecker beats his dail tattoo,  
The bird screams, low moans the shy cuckoo,  
Lead chirps blackbird, gently woos the dove,  
Till chains of melody link grove to grove;  
The red-bird shows his scarlet coat and crest  
And sound his bugle call, while from his nest  
In deeper woods the hermit thrush intones;  
With heavenly mind his morning orisons;  
Kingfisher like a spirit of the air  
His swift flight wheels circling with rainbow hue  
The water edge."

Ane here strikes in that multi-singer—the maudlin-admirable of the Southern forest;

"See! a Hawthorne fair  
Grows tremulous, for on her tender spray  
Sits nature's poet, a romancer gay,  
Sweet mocking bird, singing, as he were fain  
To greet the sun with all that bird could say,  
Or think or dream within his tiny brain;  
Anon his throat o'erflows with tuneful might,  
And straight upon a poplar's topmost height  
He flies, and his full diapason sounds.  
From stop to stop, and flow from side to side,  
He flings his clear-toned dithyrambic rounds,  
Then, masterly, he runs the gamut wide  
Of his rare instrumental, till joy and hope  
And sweetest love speak from the wondrous scope  
In epic majesty, now soft, now strong,  
And lo! the air is throbbing with his song!  
The climax reached, from bough to bough he drops  
With trailing cadences; then in a cope  
Below—low, liquid warbles uttering—  
He falls with palpitating breast and wing!"

There is nothing in the volume so luxuriantly descriptive. A writer in "The Boston Courier," who knows the locality, testifies to the fidelity of the delineation. Farther on we come upon a lively lyric on this songster, in which his peculiarities are artfully told in short luring lines; while "The Jay Bird," and "The Hermit Thrush," have their measure of pleasant attention. We like these lines:

"Far in remotest depths of forest  
Dwells a poet—  
His house in very heart of nature—  
And I know it—  
By shying streamlets and the wildwood  
That lead to it!  
"A l'ermite, from the world hiding;  
Like anchorite,  
In solitude of the The bald;  
With morning light  
Intones his matins and his vespers.  
At fall of night!"

We have graceful variety—domestic and love-lyrics, dainty and delicate, like "My Marguerite," "New Love," "For Love's Sake," "The Idle Boy," "Dethroned," "When Polly Takes the Air"; lyrics of nature, brief and spirited, like "Wood Violet," "Pomegranates," "The Solace of Nature," "A Rainy Day," "The Threshing Floor," "The Babbling Brook"; lyrics, with a Herick-like brightness and cheerfulness, like, "This Time We Two Were Maying," "Love-Making in Hay-Making," "Time And We," bits of classic beauty, like the "Greek Mother's Lullaby," "Gods of Hellas"; pathetic touches, like "Two Maidens," "Home-sickness," "A Ministering Spirit," "The Blue and the Gray," "The Dead Mother," "The Dying Never Weeps"; historical allusions, such as, "My Great-Great Uncle's Wife," "Miss Nancy's Crown," "On An Old Cabinet." We have read the following over and over:

For Me.  
I would not say her face or face  
Possesses a surpassing grace;  
And daintier hands than hers I trow  
Have soothed the weary, aching brow;  
And fairer cheeks and brighter eyes  
Have walked enraptured lover sighs;  
Yet in these eyes one charm I see,  
It is a love of love for me.

Her voice has not the wondrous power  
To lure, like perfume in the flower  
Nor word of hers e'er stirred the sense  
By its resistless eloquence;  
Her smile only reveals the good,  
True heart of noble womanhood;  
Yet charms in voice and smile I see,  
For both speak wealth of love for me.

But nothing in the book, however, pleases better than some of the sonnets, inspired by her admiration of several of the great masters of tone and rhyme—Chopin, Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Wordsworth—which in form are wrought as perfectly as anything she has written. In his sonnet on the sonnet Wordsworth has never yet been surpassed, though Gilder and others have followed in creditable emulation. That Miss Cocke is worthy, by comparison, our readers may judge.

What is a sonnet?—Ay, a jewel rare  
Within a crystal casket delfly caught,  
A magic flate, whose fourteen stops are fraught  
With one divine and soul-entrancing air,  
A wreathed shell, whose convolutions fair  
Are to such flawless symmetry enwrought  
I ever murmurs music it hath brought  
From depths which many a wondrous secret bear,  
A perfect form and spirit, as the rose,  
Who stirs not from the confines of her thorne,  
Yet fills the spaces of the garden close  
With incense scent and musical her own,  
A captive nightingale in golden bars,  
Singing a song of rapture to the stars.

Miss Cocke is a lady from the South—that land becoming so fertile in literary and artistic people—and her present residence is at Boston. "The book is dedicated to a deeply loved and lamented brother, the late John Binion Cocke, who fell a victim to political and racial prejudice; "whose nobility of soul," his sister declares "endowed him to honorable men and true women." Captain Cocke, whose knightly virtue led him into the paths where deeds of violence are secretly done, has a fitting memorial at the hand of one who may yet rank first among the woman-singers of America. The father of the poetess, as we are informed, is a descendant of the Capt. Cocke mentioned in Peppy's Diary. Her mother's family (Binion) is of Huguenot descent. The present Lawrence Binion, (English poet), is of the same stock.

In Pickards' Biography of Whittier occurs the following reference to one whom Canada names with pride among her daughters: "Among the telegrams received on his last birthday was one from the Indian poetess of Ontario, E. Pauline Johnson, who said,—"Your young Mohawk friend asks for you to lay the Great Spirit's blessing." Another dispatch was received from an Indian girl whom Whittier had befriended. Seven hundred students of Vassar college united in sending a telegram,

and pupils of the Gloucester high school sent congratulations to our loved singer, the wood thrush of Essex."

We have from a friend in Toronto a copy of "Saturday Night," for Feb. 22nd, 1896 which contains the last poem of Alexander McLachlan, entitled,—"Address to My Dog Yarrow." It is a touching memorial, and derives a pathetic interest from the fact that its gifted and worthy author has passed within the veil. Here are a few of the stanzas:

Our race poor Yarrow's nearly run,  
To nuzzle out beneath the sun  
We're bathed enough to dae,  
For we have bathed grown weak and auld,  
Tho' soule were we bathed an' yauld  
In life's young jycous May.

And mony a strel we twa have had,  
Whose ve-y memory makes me glad,  
When woods were hanging green  
By mony a lonely, little creek,  
Nature's out-often haunts to seek,  
Where man had seldom been.

And well ye loved w' me to stray  
Through the rudd' forest's pathless way,  
When in the opening spring  
The birds from south rn climes arrive,  
And a' the wild woods are alive  
W' mony a happy thing.

The wild geese sought O Yarrow's lake,  
The blue bird chattered in the brake,  
The quince on the bough;  
Oh, then your heart was full of glee,  
Happy as but a dog can be,  
How unlike what thou'rt now.  
But, my auld friend, it gives me pain  
To tauld we'll ne'er meet again  
Nor ken oot o' each other;  
I'll no give up the hope that we  
In some shape may each other see,  
My dear dumb, faithful brother!

PATERFEX.

## THEY GOT THE LION.

Excellent Adventure of Two Colorado Miners in Their Camp.

"The mountain lion," remarked an old miner some time ago, "is becoming rare in the mountains of the west. When I first went seeking after the gold and silver of Colorado those animals were rather plentiful. They met in pairs, and were common enough to make it hazardous for a man to walk in the valleys alone and unprotected, particularly after dark. I remember on one occasion having a slight adventure with a lion that almost scared me out of my wits. With a pal I was working a claim in the mountains near Ouray. Winter came on, and one day, before the very cold weather set in, we went to the town to get supplies, leaving our little cabin on the mountain alone. It came on to snow soon after we got to Ouray, and we did not get a chance to go to the claim for fully a week. As we slowly climbed the hills I noticed the tracks of a mountain lion leading toward our cabin, and when we reached the house found we had forgotten to close a window in the side. We had lost sight of the tracks, and the sight of the open window caused me to forget all about the animal and its presence. I started for the window, and was about to put my head into the apartment when there came a terrible growl, and the next instant a great yellow body darted through the opening right over my back, its claws catching my buckskin and ripping it open to my waist, turning me completely over and into the snow. My pal whipped out his gun, and the infernal lion turned on him, making a fearful leap in his direction. Before he could shoot, the beast was upon him, and seizing him as it had been a rat, I was on my feet by this time, and drawing my revolver, I sneaked up and put a bullet right through his head. He dropped, and my pal drew his breath freely once more. Neither of us was hurt, but the lion's skin in another week was serving as a rug by my cot."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Majesty Against Wheelwomen.  
Queen Victoria withholds the light of her countenance from the female bicyclist. When the wheelwoman passes the royal carriage on the road the Queen turns her head and pays no attention to her salute.

OUR MAIL.  
Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some

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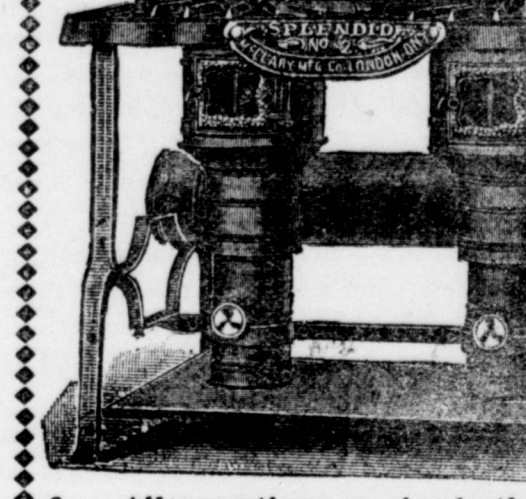


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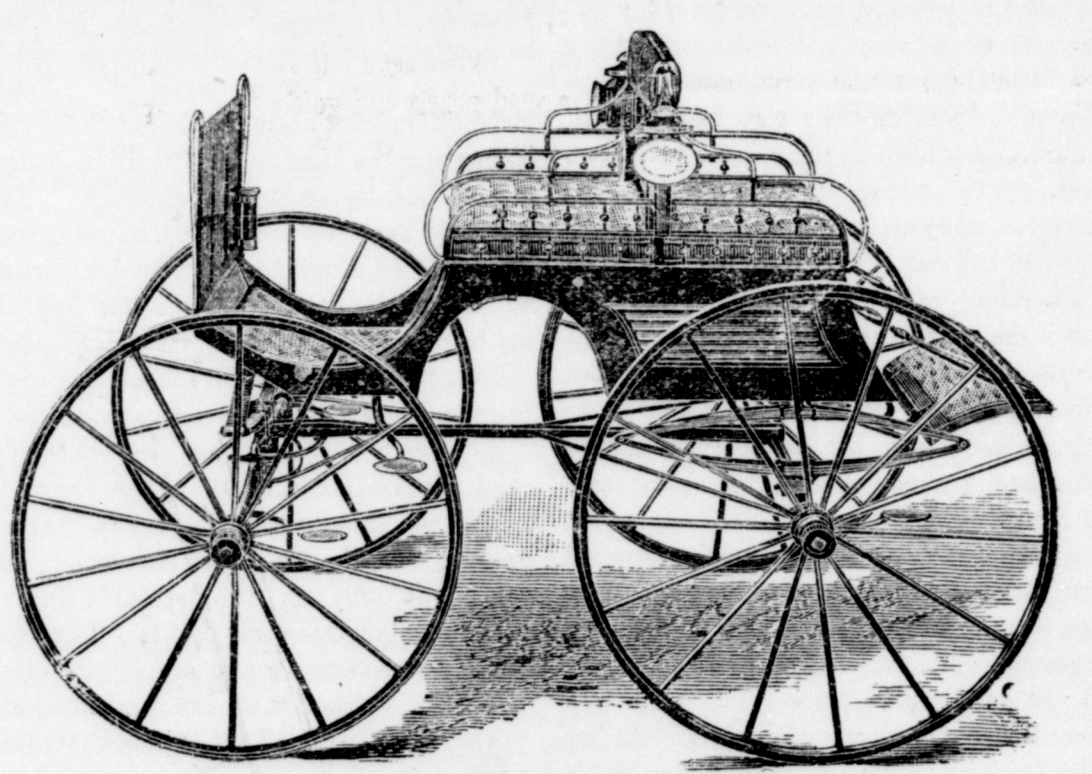
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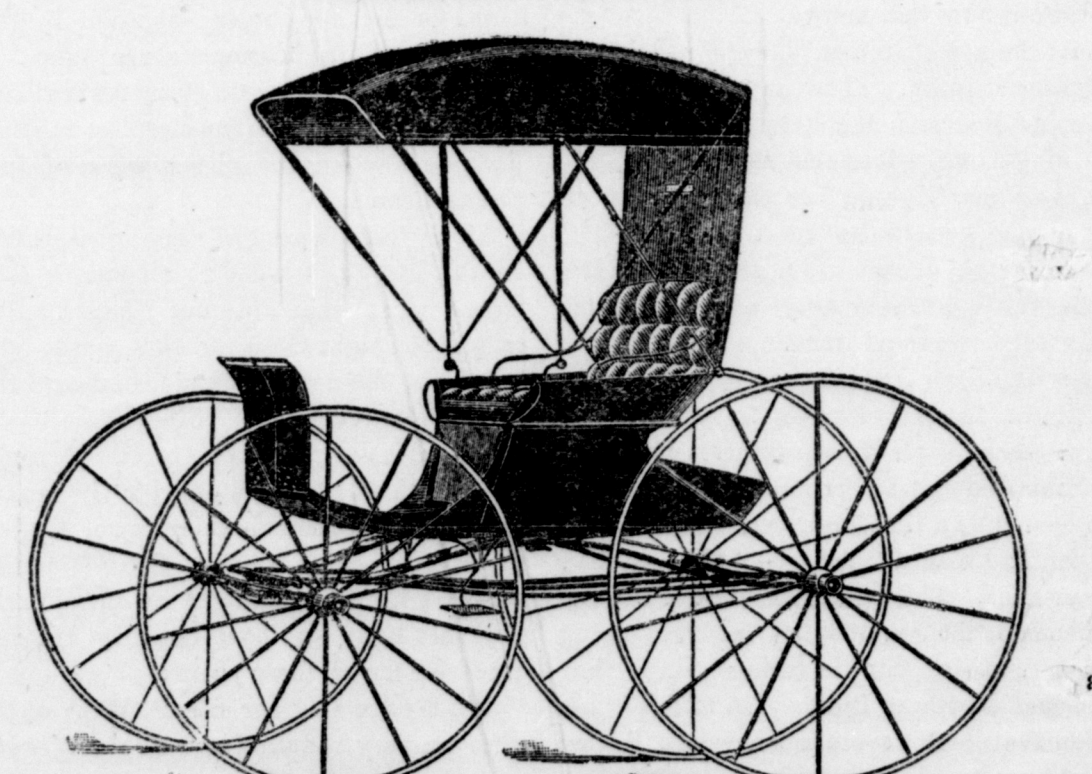
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