

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX TELLS OF AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SCOTT.

A Letter That has Recently Come to Light in Which he Denies the Authorship of the Waverly Novels—The Unusually Way in Which the Letter was Elongated.

The 'Independent' for Nov. 19 brings to the public attention the least desirable of all memorabilia concerning Sir Walter Scott, since the tendency must be to diminish the esteem with which his multitude of admirers wish to regard him. Gen. James Grant Wilson produces what he terms a 'remarkable letter,' addressed to 'Samuel Warren Esq., 4 City Road, London,' and now in the possession of his son, the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D. D., Rector of St James Church, N. Y. This document, written seventy-three years ago,—while the authorship of the 'Waverly' novels was yet undisclosed is an answer to an adroit attempt, as it would appear, on Mr. Warren's part, to possess himself of a secret so widely coveted. Scott was generally suspected; and the man who could make the 'Magician' betray himself might triumphantly announce what would cause all care to tingle. Warren certainly did an ingenious thing, which put Scott to his trumps, and we fancy must have roused in him some secret indignation. Warren was 'then a young medical student,' who 'was preparing, during his leisure hours, a work which a few years later appeared as a serial in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Before its publication in the 'Edinburgh periodical' he wrote a letter from London, dated July 26th, 1823, to Walter Scott, asking as the author of 'Ivanhoe,' 'Kenilworth,' 'Rob Roy,' and other of the 'Waverly' novels, if he would kindly advise him as to the best method of publishing the imaginary work ('Diary of a Physician') on which he (Warren) was at that time engaged. Scott's reply is certainly explicit and well calculated to turn aside the anxious enquirer. It is dated at Abbotsford, 3rd August, and is in the following terms:

Sir: I am favored with your letter of 26th. which some business prevented my sooner replying to. I am not the author of those novels which the world chooses to ascribe to me, and am therefore unworthy of the praises due to that individual, who ever he may prove to be. It is needless, therefore, to add that I cannot be useful to you in the way you propose. Indeed, if you will take my advice, you will seek no other person's judgment or countenance in the project of publishing which you enter into, than of an intelligent bookseller who is in a good line in the trade. Although no great readers, unpretending to particular taste, those gentlemen whose profession is to cater for the public acquire much more accurate knowledge of what will give satisfaction to the general reader than can be obtained by a man of letters in his closet. They have also ready access to good judges, and their own interest presumptively commands them to give as much encouragement as possible to genius, or anything approaching it. Excuse these hints from one who has had some experience, and believe me, Sir, Your most obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

The generous reader, who rejoiceth in the truth, and to whom not only Scott the author, but Scott the man, has been an object of admiration, will regret not only the writing of this letter, but also the occasion by which it was elicited: but more than all, the uselessness of its publication. It is only fitted to the purpose of detection, and the only reason for its revelation is that suggested by the Laureate's bitterest strain:

Proclaim the fault he would not show;
Break lock and seal: betray the trust:
Keep nothing sacred; its but just
The many-headed beast should know.

Such is the bent of the time, and no reputation is too precious to be made a sacrifice, if anything lies under the cover to be revealed. We can fancy what many will say: 'If that letter had been in my possession I would not have given it to the public.' But who knows, with certainty, but that the most steadfast would yield to the spirit that cries, 'Give! Give!' and is still unsatisfied.

Scott had probably more than fanciful reasons for keeping his secret. It is true, he did not guard it very jealously among his friends. The Ettrick Shepherd must have been persuaded beyond conjecture, before he had his copies labelled, 'Scott's Novels'; and the author's facetious correction was probably accompanied with a smile of admission. One by one, such of Scott's intimates, in the Old Country and in America, as he felt he could trust, were satisfied as to his authorship,—among them Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck, who, as Gen. Wilson says, 'on his return from Europe, in January, 1823, sent the novels to the binder with directions to title them Scott's novels.' There was one other, of whom we have on a former occasion written in these columns,—Hew Ainslie (1792-1878), who wrote 'The Ingleside,' 'On W. T. Tattam,' and many other sweet Scottish songs. When a young man he was employed in the Register House, Edinburgh, where on one occasion Scott, as clerk of the Court of Session, in lieu of handing him a court document, gave him a chapter of the 'Heart of Midlothian,' which Ainslie returned, remarking: 'This is the wrong paper, Mr. Scott.' Ainslie, as he assured the writer, never betrayed the secret, nor made any allusion to the incident until the authorship was announced. To have written a novel, however successful or powerful in the estimation of certain religious people was a detraction; and probably such a literary reputation may have been little assistance in the social and official circles amid which Scott was accus-

tomed to move. But for whatever reason, he strove to guard his secret from the public, and only admitted his authorship of the then famed and universally admired novels, when compelled to do so by his financial failure.

Hor. Charles H. Collins has written much to us concerning the caves, and mounds, and other natural and archaeological wonders in the neighborhood of his home in Southwestern Ohio. The far West has numerous attractions of the sort on a more gigantic scale; but the rocky gorge of Brush Creek, and the Forks of Paint show Nature in such blended majesty and beauty as may well win the steps of the tourist. Hon. Henry W. Hope, who reside in the very centre of the Cave region,—and who is the proper expositor of its varied charms, and the historic and legendary associations therewith,—has sent us a set of photographic views of the Rocky Fork of Paint,—the most prized scenic attraction of Highland County. To-day we have received the poem given herewith, which the author declares "a real experience, not a myth!" Mr. Collins writes: "The foregoing happened over forty years ago, in Clermont County, Ohio. Our friend, Henry W. Hope, had a similar experience a few months since in opening a mound near Paint Creek."

The Tumulus.

(A Reminiscence of Boyhood.)

With ardent hopes, while life was new,
We comrades tramped each weary mile,
To us 'mid scenes as weird and strange,
As haunted foot-prints on the Isle;
We searched the depths of forests grim
For mounds within whose ashen bed
The warrior bands of mythic days
Entombed their jewelled kingly dead.

Fair rose the dawn of autumn time,
On woodlands crowned in red and gold,
Where garnered spoils of centuries
Were crumbled in the pliant mould;
Our wandering steps passed rudely o'er
The buried wrecks of storied night,
While naught but rustling lizards stirred,
And, swiftly gliding, fled in flight.

From skyward heights we heard the bark
Of squirrels calling to and fro,
And from the distant hills the caw
Of southwards flying carrion crow:
The unseen grouse drummed from the copse,
Or whirring rose in terror wild;
While droning insects monotone
To sleep the fairy glens beguiled.

Uncertain yet, with eager hearts,
By thickets dense and overgrown
We traced the long and devious trail,
Guided by youthful hopes alone;
Our vandal hands forced wood and wold,
Where clustering vines obscured the day;
Our ruthless feet crushed dainty shrubs
Which bloomed beside the lonely way.

We dug—we trenched, for many a day,
Till weak and weary, sick and sore;
And found, with all our labors past,
Some crumbled bones, and nothing more!
Who reared the mound, and whose the bones?
Our toiling quest gave no reply:—
No sign, no sound, no syllable
From crumbing bones, or earth, or sky.

Vain—vain our toil, and dead our hopes!
The dusty mass beneath the mound
To us, as to the sages wise,
Its story and its fate unfold.

No voice called forth from ancient night
These spirits to revive their clay;
No Power unrolled the scroll of Time
Its hidden secret to betray:
But all we saw and all we knew
Of warrior kings, or wealth, or glory,
Were ashes, and a dusty mass
Of crumbled bones, and nothing more.

"Massey's" for December completes the second volume of a Canadian periodical that promises continuance, and compares quite favorably with Munsey's, McClures and other attempts to furnish an attractive and popular monthly at a moderate price. Beside the publication of Crockett and Anthony Hope, we find a gratifying array of Canadian authorship. Bernard McEvoy has an illustrated article on 'Laurence Alma Tadema.' 'The 2nd Ottawa Field Battery, Canadian Artillery,' by Major A. S. Woodburn, and 'George Du Maurier,' by W. T. Thorold, are also articles, with illustration; appealing to diverse classes of readers. Prof. Wm. Clarke, D. C. L., gives his third article, 'With Parkman Through Canada.' Miss Pauline Johnson's prize story, 'The Derelict,' appears in this number, and a Christmas story, 'The Vigil of Francis Bourne,' by Fergus Hume. One of the best of all brief things in these pages is the Quatrain by Martin Butler, entitled, 'Life.'

A struggle, a cry, a pain;
We enter this life's abode—
A struggle, a cry—again
We stand in the presence of God.

There are poems, ornamentally printed, and decorated by the artists F. H. Brigden and C. M. Manly, A. R. C. A., by William Wilfred Campbell, ('The Humming Bee,') Mrs. Harrison, ('Serena,') ('Christmas, 1896'), G. E. Theodore Roberts, ('My Hearth Friend'), Bliss Carmen, ('A Lyric of Frost'). We are a little surprised to find in the department entitled 'The Literary Kingdom,' something about 'the pedantry of Wadsworth.' Who is Wadsworth? Is there in the mind of writer and typographer some confusion of the names of Wordsworth and of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, that the blunder chronicled above turns up so persistently? Then the proof-reader, who came after was not afflicted with the "super-sensitive eye."

Mrs. Grundy, of the Tri-mountain, we found in a state of unusual agitation during the term of our staying at Boston recently. It was all about the acceptance of 'The Bacchante' by the Board of Commissioners of the Public Library. But the protesting peoples, who have stumbled at the name of

this gleeful form of grace, will be reconciled when they have long enough surveyed it in the centre of the Court, with the fountain playing about it.

The recently-erected Art Museum at Springfield Mass, is in itself a work of art as well as of architecture. So light and cheery and so home-like it seems within and without, that the visitor who comes once will feel the attraction, and desire to come again. It is not yet crowded to confusion with articles of all kinds. Indeed, it was built mainly that a proper display might be had for the Smith collection which it is expected will be donated to the city. A richer exhibition of arms, ancient and modern, especially of eastern nations, perhaps is not to be found in this country. The paintings are few, but choice, luxuriously framed, and with the wall-space yet at disposal are so arranged as to produce the highest artistic effect. This building, the Public Library and the recently-opened Park, are possessions of which the city may well be proud.

It is the fortune of but few ministers of the Gospel to maintain for a period of fifty years so harmonious a relation with one church and community as that of Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, with the church of the Pilgrims and the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. But the doctor is in every respect an exceptional man and minister. He has walked and lived in the golden mean, enjoying the confidence and esteem of men in all estates of life. He has lived on terms of the most delightful intimacy with clergymen of all denominations in his own city, and in New York, and no acrimonious or controversial spirit has ever marred their intercourse. He is the master of a most fascinating style of oratory, and in a city that has known such pulpits as those of Beecher and Chapin, his has for many years been a principal attraction. His Semi-Centennial Sermon, entitled 'The Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God,' as it appears in the N. Y. Independent for Nov. 19th, is an excellent example of his luminous, expansive, and thoroughly evangelical style. It well repays the reader's attention, by reason equally of its manner and its matter.

PATERFEX.

A matter of Business.

Mamma—'Freddy, you've been a very good boy lately, I'm glad you are beginning to learn that we should do to others what we should have them do to us.'

Freddie (contemptuously)—'Learning nothing. If you want to know what I'm doing, I'm getting popular with Santa Claus.'—Harper's Bazar.

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AMERICAN WINES.

Little Variation in the Annual Production of the United States.

Tales of a ruined wine crop, or of a plenteous wine crop, breaking all records, are not rare from other countries, particularly those in which the wine interest is considerable; but in the United States there are no sudden and spasmodic changes, for the production of American wines continues year by year to be almost the same. By the census of 1880 the number of gallons of wine produced in the vineyards of the United States was 23,500,000. By the Federal census of 1890 it appeared that the vineyards of the United States produced in year, ten years later, 24,300,000 gallons, and in the estimate of the American Consul at Havre, made for all the countries of the world in 1891, the product in that year was 23,700,000. Last year it was 23,500,000 gallons.

It is this steadiness of production which may account, in some measure, for the lack of development of the American wine trade. The figures certainly seem small when compared with a product of 700,000,000 gallons each in France and Italy, 600,000,000 in Spain, 250,000,000 in Austria, and even 125,000,000 in Portugal, a small country, not as large as the average American State. About two-thirds of the native wine produced in the vineyards of the United States comes from California, and New York follows second with 2,500,000 gallons in a year, Ohio with 2,000,000, Missouri with 1,250,000, and Virginia with 500,000. The wine product of the other States, with the exception of Illinois, is almost insignificant. California produces most largely the red wine sold in the table d'hôte restaurants as vin ordinaire of France, and Missouri and Ohio wines are for the most part cheap American substitutes for genuine German Rhine wine. There are many varieties of wines grown in New York State, but the lighter white wines predominate, and some of these are thought to be palatable, though, as the figures show, the sales of New York wines are not extensive.

American wine is not very largely exported, the total for the last few years

averaging about 900,000 gallons a year. American wines are imported into Canada, and into some European countries; but in the latter they are used more largely for blending purposes with native wines than for direct consumption, if the statements of some importers of foreign wine are to be believed, and certainly there is no general market for American wines abroad, the non-wine producing countries of Europe, England, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, and Sweden being otherwise supplied. A considerable amount of native Russian wine is made in the southern part of that country. A formidable substitute for wine, long the universal drink in Paris, is absinthe, the consumption of which has doubled in the French capital since 1885 and now amounts to 3,600,000 gallons a year.

IN THE DECEMBER HEAVENS.

An Interesting Month for Star Gazing—Venus in Her Loveliest.

December is an interesting month for star gazing, particularly if one can reinforce the naked eye with a good opera glass or a field glass. At 10 o'clock in the early evenings of the month and 8 o'clock at its close, some of the finest constellations are above the horizon, while over us and about us is a host of smaller objects, interesting to study even with unaided vision. Facing the north, at the hour indicated, we may see the great dipper, or, as our English friends prefer to call it the plow, barely above the horizon, directly beneath the pole star.

Above the pole, and nearly overhead is Cassiopeia, the lady in the chair, a constellation easy to recognize from the configuration of its five brighter stars, which give one the idea of the chair part of the figure. On our right, midway between the horizon and the zenith, is Capella, or the kid, a star of the first magnitude in the constellation Auriga, and on our left, nearer the horizon, is Vega, in the lyre, also a star of the first magnitude.

As we face the east, bringing Capella on our left, we have directly in front of us the Pleiades, about half the horizon, and below this cluster and slightly to the right is Aldebaran, "the bull's eye" the principal star in the group called Taurus. Orion is now rising in the exact east, with its three

brilliant forming the "belt," almost perpendicular to the horizon.

Toward the south the lone star Fomalhaut, in the southern fish, as the only conspicuous object, while low in the west, Altair, in the eagle, and to the right of this star, and at a higher elevation, is the splendid constellation Cygnus, the swan, sometimes called the northern cross. The great square of Pegasus is nearly overhead. The moon is now on the 5th, passes to its quartering on the 12th, is full on the 20th, and at its last quartering on the 27th. There are seven conjunctions with the planets during the month, most of which much to large an amount of clear space between the two heavenly bodies to be of much interest to us. On the 12th Saturn is in full conjunction with the sun and therefore for the rest of the year numbers with the morning stars the vacancy thus created among the evening stars being taken on the 28th by mercury, when on that date is in superior conjunction and move toward its far eastern swing, in which motion it is continuing as the year closes.

"Odorama," the perfect teeth powder, goes further and lasts longer than any other. Druggists—25 cents.

Could it be?

A group of veterans belonging to a Grand Army Post in New Hampshire were talking over the state of the country during the recent hard times.

One of the company painted the government in such dark colors that a certain Mr. A., who is of an excitable temperament, overwhelmed by the recital, broke out with the following tragic exclamation: "Comrades, is it possible that we died in vain!"

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