

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

MR. D. J. DONAHOE, A SINGER OF
MANY SWEET SONGS.

The Distinctive Notes of His Muse Faithfully Described—He has a Passion for Nature and a Love of Depicting Native Scenes—Other Interesting Matters.

Daniel J. Donahoe, a cultivated gentleman, and a busy prosperous member of the Connecticut bar, is also known in some quarters as a lover of literature, and a writer of tasteful poems, and songs that have in them the saving qualities, sweetness, simplicity and sincerity. Some time ago we made mention of his latest collection, "In Sheltered Ways." We have now his earlier publications, "A Tent by the Lake," "Idyls of Israel," and a poem read at the recent dedication of a new school building at Middletown. The two distinctive notes of J. dge Donahoe's muse, as exhibited in these volumes are the passion for nature, the love of depicting native and familiar scenes—and a deep religiousness, which is experienced by the reader of his beautiful New Testament pictures. We select a passage from the Idyl of the Transfiguration:

Taking with him three—the Man of Rock
And the two Sons of Thunder—Jesus came
High up the mountain side, where the sweet air
Cooled by the snows above, but odor-winged,
Refreshing came and wooed their throbbing brows.
And Jesus went a little way apart
And standing with pared head against the sky,
Long time alone, with burning words that flowed
In deep toned harmony upon the night
Where moon and stars stood listening, he remained
Communing with the co-eternal Sire.

Now carried with the long day's journeying,
And heavy-eyed, they wrapped their abbas round
them,
And on the pleasant greenward lying down,
Though pressed with care, soon slept beneath the
moon.

How long they slept they knew not: but their ears
Were pleased in sleep with sounds of holy joy,
Of hymning voices and of harpings sweet.
That in full diapason o'er them swelled,
Flooding the world with holy peace and love.
Then soothing radiance on their eyelids falling
Rested them from slumber, Lo! on every side
What blessed vision meets their waking sight!
What rays of heavenly splendor fall around!
Above them in the air the Christ appears.
In Raiment whiter than Mount Hermon's snows;
The light that from his flaming features shines
Is brighter than the sun but dazzles not,
So pleasantly it falls, Upon His Right
The Giver of the Law is seen, who sleeps
By angels buried in the vale of Moab;
Upon his left the Sacred Scribe whom God
In burning chariot drawn of fiery steeds,
'Mid whirling tempests rapt to Paradise.
And with the living glory overthrown,
The Sons of Thunder and the Man of Rock
Fell down upon their faces to the ground
In silent adoration and in fear.

And while they prostrate bowed amid the glory,
Lo! the eternal visitants were heard
In thrilling voices speaking with the Christ;
Speaking of the departure, of the doom,
The death, disgrace, and glorious victory,
To be accomplished at Jerusalem!

'A Tent by the Lake,' is modelled somewhat after 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' and 'The Tent On The Beach.' It recounts the woodland recreations of three youths, William Walton, Josiah Ashley, and Arthur Easterly, who spend four days in camp, boating, fishing, and telling stories:

The sunset flame was in the west,
What time they sought a place to rest,
And slowly crept a rolling fog
O'er thy fair lake, poet a pang,
Beside whose silver water bright
They pitched their canvas for the night,
Behind the tent the shadowy wood
In all its ancient grandeur stood,
As dark and silent as the past;
Before it, broad and mist-o'er-cast,
Unruffled in the moon's calm ray
The sweet expanse of water lay.

The several songs sung and stories told, on these ambrosial evenings, stow Judge Donahoe's talents as poet and story-teller at their best. We have found some of his sweetest songs in this volume,—such as the following:

I heard the robin singing
Hush in the budding tree,
That late by surly tempest
Was swayed upon the lee.
The swollen and rushing streamlet
Resounded down the dell,
Where late thro' lingering snow-dribs
And frozen bars it fell.
And soft the southern breeze
Low-murmured in the pine,
Where 'twere all the winter
I heard the north wind whine.
And bird and book and breeze
Still to my soul did say:
Oh, truth awakes from sorrow,
And beauty from decay.

Our poet's skill in framing the sonnet is shown in some recent examples, not to be found in the volumes we have reviewed:

Life and Hope.

Now breathes the south wind softly down the hills,
And mild the moon illumines the misty air;
The rivulet darting from his mountain lair,
Runs in loud laughter past the rumbling mills;
The nothing sun a sweet new life instils
Into the crusting earth, and everywhere
Rejoicing green replaces winter's glare,
While every heart with rapturous gladness thrills,
The blackbirds babble in the cedar tree;
The bluebirds and the robins softly sing
In tremulous gladness, weakened by the spring;
The russet song-sparrow thrills on the leaf;
And from each wood and field sweet voices rise
Chanting the glory of deep azure skies.
O, shall the Spirit, life's pale winter gone,
With the cold clouds that linger in his train,
Spring to new life upon some loftier plane,
Where fairer robes and brighter may den?
Shall she then wake unto a warmer sun,
And breathe the fragrance of serene air,
Perfumed by flowers unfading, sweet and rare,
And hear the voices singing round the throne?
Yea! for the stars burned most divinely bright
What time the northwind made his weariest moan
When woods were bare, and all the meadows
White,
And every sound of happiness was flown,—
They seemed to speak in words of living light,
'Look up, O soul! Thou'rt not for earth alone.'

Judge Donahoe has been recognized by the discerning as one of the most merit

rious of the rising poets of New England; and though poetry has with him been a pastime, rather than a profession, it has not been without its reward. He is but a young man yet, having been born on the 27th February, 1853, in Brimfield, Mass. Like many another New England boy, he struggled up to the eminence and success of his later years through poverty and toil. Up early at morning, walking six miles to his work, rain or shine, he had little chance for day dreams. But when the reason came for the awakening of his mind he earnestly longed for an education and determined to attain it. This he accomplished by working over time to obtain the needful money, and by studying late at night. Young men who do this know the value of an education and it is something to them when they get it. In the year 1871 he was entered at Wesleyan University, Middletown Conn., and distinguishing himself as the poet of his class. He did not complete his course there, but at the end of his first year he engaged in legal studies, taught school and did whatever he could find to do by way of self assistance. He was admitted to the bar in 1875, and opened an office in the town of meriden, where he established a profitable practice, and took rank eventually among the first men of his profession in the State. In 1871 he was married to a lady who inspired several of his most tender poems, and some of his saddest,—for he lost her in 1887. On Oct. 7th, 1891 he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah A. D'Arcy. Judge Donahoe early in life began versifying, and his first efforts were published in the local papers; but his writings in later years have appeared in papers and magazines of national repute. He is an earnest and pure singer, and his harp is never awakened save in the interests of virtue and piety, or to voice his delight in this fair world of God. The following love-song is one of his tenderest and most delicate.

Like a Fragrant Flower.

My love is like a fragrant flower
That blossoms in the dew,
And drinks the balm of every shower
That falleth from the blue.
She falls me not, in care or dole,
This lovely flower of mine;
For then the sweetness of her soul
Seems all the more divine.

Her beauty fills my life with cheer,
Her sweet and tender voice
Is heavenly music in my ear,
And makes my heart rejoice.
So light and full of soothing power,
So tender and so true—
My love is like a fragrant flower
That blossoms in the dew.

It is a good thing for the professional man to have a life apart; to have a little by-way, such as poetry affords, aside from the more feverish and exacting pursuits of his life. Whatever his brother-lawyers may think of his talents and accomplishments in this line we congratulate him that he can turn aside from bench and bar, from Coke and Blackstone, to some cool and quiet walk by Arawana, and sing such a song as this:

Beauty Waneth Not.

Say not that beauty wanes; each year
The loveliness of nature breathes
More softly on my soul; I hear
The catbird, where the rose vine wreathes,
Singing his song in careless ease;
And from the woods, dark-garmented,
The vernal's thrill, like odors shed,
Comes floating on the breeze;
While the fine strain the wood-thrush sings
To the departing day,
Such peace unto the spirit brings
As will not pass away.

I walk beside the placid stream,
Amid the flowers and waving grass,
And see each grace and glad gleam
From its deep bosom as I pass;
And as I wait the coming night
I know each day that glideth by
Draws me more close to the Most High
And fills my soul with light,
The shadows lengthen from the hills,
The breeze is full of balm,
And the All-father's presence fills
The world with holy calm.

The German emperor has decided against Hauptmann, and there is probably one more burning heart in Prussia. Alas! that it will not burn with love and loyalty to the Hohenzollern. The annual Schiller prize, bestowed on the ground of literary merit, has repeatedly been diverted from its proper recipient, for political reasons; and the same thing has occurred this year. Two prizes were to be given, and by the advice of the committee of experts, one should have been awarded to Gerhart Hauptmann, for his 'Hannele,' and the other to Wildenbruch, for his 'Henrich IV.'; but William has arbitrarily bestowed both gold medals on Wildenbruch, for the alleged reason that Hauptmann is too revolutionary; and a natural pulse of indignation is felt throughout literary Germany. A contemporary says of Wildenbruch that his 'loyalty and Hohenzollern patriotism are beyond cavil.' The Emperor is a man in some respects capable of winning the affections of his people and the respect of the world. What a pity that he should sow right and left dragon's teeth of all sorts and sizes, regardless of the 'reaping, by and by!'

On hearing that the death of the Cuban leader was due to treachery we shared the general indignation, and expressed it in the manner following:

MARCH.

March on! O hero spirit, still bright and still victorious!
We thought to hail thee living when thy sunny land was free:
March on! though down to death by the base and the inglorious!
The armies thou didst proudly lead shall still be led by thee!

March on! O brother-sworn of all who strive for freedom!
A people all devoted thy summons shall obey:
They shall not lack a captain to marshal them and lead them—
Thou shalt not be in the battle's van, as thou wast yesterday.

March on! with all thy slay's oars, in battle's trust
Still meeting,
Touch every living man with Hope's immortal energy!
Fight with resistless weapons, till blood red Spain
retreating,
Shall fall from thy last foot of soil, and, flying, seek
the sea!

March on! This bitter shame—this deed of evil
omen,
Shall work for proud His pania, far deeper woe and
pain;
For more to be withstood than ten thousand living
foemen
Are the brave, the ardent, spirits she's untimely
slain.

March, with the marching host, their unflinching
purpose voicing,
Till on Havana's highest wall thy banners planted
be!
March on! thy morning cometh, with speed and
with rejoicing—
Morn of Macco's triumph, when Cuba shall be
free!

Writers of repute, especially such as are known for their urbanity, have frequent applications by literary aspirants for criticisms on their productions. In many instances these criticisms it is expected will be approbations, and much perplexity is felt by one who aims at truthfulness without offence. Perhaps no literary man of the present day has had more of such applications than Dr. Holmes, and no one has met them with more kindness and candor. In evidence of his candor, at least, we reproduce a letter which, it said, was written to a young man who had sent him a manuscript with the request that he would return it with his criticism. Four postage stamps were enclosed, all of which the "Autocrat" stuck on the envelope which was to be returned, and made his answer as follows:

'Dear Sir: I do not like to be asked to criticise young people's poems. That task belongs to the editors, who are glad enough to snap up anything of real excellence. You have chosen a very unpleasant subject, and treated it with very moderate skill and success. I do not think any of the better class of magazines will accept it, but some of the newspapers will give it a corner, very possibly.

I answer your letter at once upon receiving it, but I assure you I read it, carefully, and you have my opinion for what it is worth. I do not like to like to criticise young people's poems. Why? Because they are rarely of any considerable merit, and I do not like to be called upon to tell them so; neither do I wish to praise what does not deserve it. If my opinion disappoints you, ask some one else, as many and as good judges as you can find.

Yours sincerely,

O. W. HOLMES.

Surely the recipient of this should have found no fault therewith.

PATERFEX.

THE RICH MAN.

Ian MacLaren Presents Him in a New and Better Light:

In all times the rich man has been a target for the shafts of writers, and never more so than in these days of our own. It is somewhat novel, therefore, and indeed refreshing, to discover Ian MacLaren, essentially a man of the people, a champion of the much-berated possessor of wealth. His is a qualified and discriminating appreciation, it is true, and the most interesting because of these conditions.

It has been the fashion of literature to put this man in a pillory, says the distinguished Scotch author, and to make play with him, and to leave the impression that any scribbler who could string together a few verses, although neither he nor his verses had any claim to character, stood higher by the true standards of worth, and was of more value to the community. This man is also apt to give himself away by too often insisting on his own history, and by speaking as with his own sword and bow, and not by the good favor of the Almighty, he had achieved his success. But it is common speech which does him most injustice, and quite confuses the situation. For it is asked, 'How much is he worth?' and then the answer is given in figures. If this were indeed the exact value surely his life had been a sad fiasco, and he himself was of no account. What he is worth is another thing from what he possesses, and if you go into the matter his fortune becomes a mere symbol to be transferred from figures into qualities. Just as half a dozen books stamped with university arms show that a young scholar has made a fair beginning in culture, or a simple bronze cross on a soldier's breast proves that he has played the man on the field of battle, so does honorable success in business bear witness to character. It means that a fellow called to his work in his calling has not been idle and careless—flinging away his opportunities and denying his duties. It means that he has not yielded to the lower impulses of his nature and done foolishly, to the weakening of his mind and body. It means that he has resisted temptation to trickery, deceit and unprincipled work of all kinds. This ten or hundred thousand pounds are in themselves only dust and vanity. But consider them as x, and work the equation out, and they read industry, perseverance, thrift, intelligence, self-denial and integrity. This gold is but another word for brain and conscience, and proves that one has done the work laid to his hand with all his might, and in so doing has built up his manhood.

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

Spinal Disease and Hemorrhage of the
Kidneys Cured.

Carried from His Chair to His Bed for Eighteen Months.

Mr. F. A. Gendron, lumber measurer, well known in this city and at Hull, and who has suffered for the last two years from a painful malady reputed to be incurable, has recovered in a marvellous manner during the past month. Many celebrated doctors had treated the patient, and one after another had abandoned the case in despair. Mr. Gendron suffered from a terrible malady of the kidneys which had brought on locomotor ataxia—really a softening of the spinal marrow. Lying helpless upon a bed of sickness, his case seemed to be really incurable. Indeed, those who looked upon him in that state believed him to be at the end of his life, and it was with difficulty that they could believe their eyes yesterday when they saw him walking around to our office. To what is to be attributed this cure? Mr. Gendron states it himself in the following affidavit, deposited and sworn before a notary.—*Le Canada, Ottawa, September 20, 1895.*

OTAWA, September 20, 1895.
I declare solemnly that, after having suffered more than two years from complicated malady of the kidneys, which reduced me to the most complete helplessness, I was cured perfectly by using Dr. Ryckman's new remedy called "Kootenay Cure." I recommend this medicine to the attention of all, especially of those who are suffering from diseases of the kidneys.

F. A. GENDRON.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

MONTREAL, August 12, 1896.

My wife, Mrs. Thomas Bird, suffered for a long time with kidney trouble, which finally became so aggravated and painful that she was compelled to enter the hospital. Her case was pronounced by the physicians who examined her to be Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, and after a long course of treatment she was discharged from the hospital as incurable and informed that she had only a few years to live. While making arrangements for sending her to England I was persuaded to give her your medicine, Kootenay Cure. After taking the medicine for a time, she began to improve and has since continued to do so. At the present writing both she and I are satisfied that she is cured, and that Kootenay has been the means of saving her life. She now has a good appetite, sleeps well, has a good color and her kidneys are working with regularity. No one who knows her terrible condition last winter could realize to-day that she is the same person, such a remarkable change has taken place. Wish- ing you continued success with your wonderful medicine, I remain,

Yours gratefully,

THOMAS H. BIRD,

Porter, Queen's Hotel.

It not obtainable of your dealer will be forwarded, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle, by addressing S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Send for "Chart Book," mailed free.

RHEUMATISM.

OTTAWA, August 7th, 1895.

I cannot find words to express my gratitude for the services Kootenay Cure has done me. I had been treated by the best physicians in Ottawa for Rheumatism, but they told me that my case was so complicated, my trouble having originated from La Grippe, that any relief they could give would only be temporary. Just at this time I heard of Kootenay Cure. I had very little hope of relief at first, the Rheumatism having settled in my muscles and almost destroyed my nerves. However, I determined to try once more and began to take the medicine, and in my case, I felt and has since continued to do so. At the cally speaking, old things have passed away and all things have become new. I can go anywhere, unaided. My nerves are as strong as ever they were in my life and no change in the atmosphere has any effect on me now. I cannot thank you enough, but write this so that some other sufferer may read it and seek relief. You can refer any person to me at my residence, 199 Albert Street, Ottawa, and I shall be only too happy to give them any information in my power.

Yours gratefully,

MRS. THOMAS A. BIRD,

199 Albert St., Ottawa.

BARMEN IN LONDON.

Some Very Respectable Girls Choose This Vocation Voluntarily.

Under the title, 'Feminine Types in London,' Jesse Francis Sheppard gives in the Nouvelle Revue an account of the London bar maids.

'They are recruited,' he says, 'among the bourgeoisie as well as among the lower classes. Some of the most interesting types can be found in the bars or public houses of the west end, close to the fashionable theaters. Among them are very many perfectly respectable girls who have chosen the career of a bar maid in order to make a living, and, especially if they are pretty, to get a chance to get a rich husband.'

'A public house, situated at the angle of one of the principal thoroughfares, is both a gilded palace and a mine of gold. It exercises a strange fascination upon the poor country bumpkins who have just enough to pay for a drink; but the dude coming out of a theater, the country greenhorn, the fashionable snob, and the frequenter of the music halls are always to be found there. It is among these that the bar maids hunt for a husband. If there is one class of London society more stupid than another it is that one which includes the frequenters of the public houses. With a pipe in his mouth and a glass of beer or whisky in front of him, the young Englishman, dressed in fashionable style, with a slight and elegant figure and regular features, remains standing for more than an hour paying pretty little compliments to one or several of these ladies.

'The bar maid judges her customers by the cut of their clothes. If you want to attract her attention you must present yourself with a silk hat and a handsome cane in your hand, and a suit cut in the latest fashion. The high hat is de rigueur. Without that there is no possible chance of success.

'It was not without difficulty that I managed to get an interview with one of these young ladies, whose intelligence was equal to her beauty. At first I was astonished at finding so much intelligence in an Eng-

lish girl; but I learned that she was Irish, and that explained the mystery. Her father was dead and her mother was left without resources. So she was determined to come to London and look for a husband, by posing behind a bar in Piccadilly.

'I was hardly more than three days here,' she said with an amiable and roguish air, 'when I understood why it was that so many pretty English girls don't get husbands. When they are beautiful they are generally stupid. When they are intelligent they are cold, masculine and ugly. Englishmen travel a great deal and meet in their ramblings through the world very many sprightly women, and they do not care for pretty girls who don't know how to chat with them.'

'But in this mixture that come here to drink and chat,' I said, 'how do you distinguish the men of the world from the others?'

'I recognize them by three things,' she said boldly by their figure, by their clothes and by their complexion. For the most part they are tall and thin, dressed in the latest fashion, and having a complexion more or less bronzed. This last trait is the sure sign. Seeing that I looked astonished, she added: 'Nothing can be more simple. An English gentleman, if he has a fortune, passes three-fourths of his time hunting and in other open-air exercises. The chaps who remain always in London have a paler and more delicate complexion, and moreover, the expression of their faces is quite different from that of the others.'

'Noticing with what attention I was listening to her, she continued: 'The gentlemen that I refer to have nothing elegant about them except their clothes, for their conversation lacks novelty. How can a man who understands nothing but hunting and cricket interest an intelligent woman? The conversation that goes on here in the name of wit makes me tired, but these gentlemen are the easiest of all to deceive. They are great big children in everything except sport and politics.'

'But you are always engaged,' I said, 'and it is difficult to get an opportunity to

chat with you. You must already have had several offers of marriage.'

'I have been only one month here, and I have already had three. Two were from very rich sportsmen; but riches alone won't do for me. What I am after, she added laughing, is a title. You know I must have a title.

'At this moment the play in one of the neighboring theaters was over, and the public house was invaded by a crowd of men, more or less stylish. The beautiful Irish girl kept herself somewhat aloof, and only served customers that had the appearance of gentlemen.

'Well, I left London. A few months afterward on returning there I wanted to see once more my beautiful Irish barmaid. She was gone. Another lady was in her place, and she told me that Miss Clara had left to marry the second son of a prominent nobleman.'

A Potato That Lived a Ton.

Charles W. Simmons, who lives on a farm near Pleasant Home, yesterday brought in from his farm a curiosity. It consisted of a late rose potato grown in the root of a tree. The potato vine seems to have crept into the root, and the new potato then started down in the depths. It flourished in its strange surroundings and developed into a large and well formed potato. The room in the root was too small for its expansion, and so the spud exerted not less than a ton pressure on the root until the side was split open. The root is about three inches in diameter and six inches in length. About an inch of the spud protrudes from one end. It is quite a curiosity and all who have seen it say they never saw anything like it before.—Morning Oregonian.