

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX TALKS INTERESTING-
LY OF MANY MATTERS.Shakespeare Monument by Friends of the
Great Dramatist—Some Bright Canadian
Writers Spoken of by Dr. O'Hagan—Sel-
ctions of Beau Irai Poems.

From "Poet-Lore", (August-September)

we learn of the erection of a monument to
Heminge and Condell, the friends and
fellow-actors with Shakespeare, and the
collectors and first publishers of his works.
It is in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin,
Aldermanbury, and is of Aberdeen red
granite. These worthies "were buried in
the narrow ground enclosing the church,
now hemmed in by lofty warehouses, have
had, till now, no memorial other than the
printed page. The monument is highly
polished, and is surmounted by a bust of
the great master. It bears an open book
of light grey granite, representing the first
folio, one leaf of which has as its title-page:
'Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies,
histories and tragedies. Published accord-
ing to the original copies. London, 1623.'On the opposite leaf is marked: 'We
have but collected them, and done an office
to the dead . . . without ambition either
of self profit or fame; only to keep the
memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow
alive, as was our Shakespeare. John
Heminge, Henry Condell.' Each of the
four sides have bronze tablets, that on the
front reading: 'To the memory of John
Heminge and Henry Condell, fellow-actors
and personal friends of Shakespeare.' They
lived many years in this parish and are bur-
ied here. To their disinterested affection
the world owes all that it calls Shakespeare.
They alone collected his dramatic writings
regardless of pecuniary loss, and, without
hope of any profit, gave them to the world.
Thus they merited the gratitude of man-
kind.' On the left tablet appears the follow-
ing: 'The fame of Shakespeare rests on
his incomparable dramas. There is no
evidence that he ever intended to publish
them, and his premature death in 1616
made this the interest of no one else.
Heminge and Condell had been co-partners
with him at the Globe theatre, Southwark,
and from the accumulated plays there of
thirty-five years with great labor selected
them. No men then living were so com-
petent, having acted with him in them for
many years, and well knowing his manu-
scripts. They were published in 1623 in
folio, thus giving away their private rights
therein. What they did was priceless, for
the whole of his manuscripts, with almost
all these of the drama of the period have
perished.' On the right tablet is an extract
from the preface of the first folio, and on
the back, brief biographies of the two men,
with a quotation from Henry VIII:Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's
thy God's, and Truth's."In all this monument resting age no worthier has
been attempted."An Oaten Pipe" [The Fleur de Lis
Poets: J. Selwyn Tait and Son, 65 Fifth
Avenue, N. Y.] is the sixth volume of
verse put forth by its author, Rev. James
B. Kenyon, of Syracuse, N. Y., and yet
he has scarcely reached the stage of
maturity, and all the world appears to him
in the rainbow glory and freshness of morn-
ing. He writes in an elevated strain, and
adds dignity as well as beauty to what-
ever theme he touches. This idyllic muse
of Theocritus seems to have especial charm
for him, and several of his finest pieces in
this book, have been suggested by that
delightful Greek. This for instance, the
initial poem:

The Reveler.

"O graceful Amaryllis—regard, I pray you, my
heart grieving Pain. I would I could become your
buzzing bee, and so enter into your cave, penet-
rating the ivy and the ferns, with which you've cover-
ed in."—Theocritus, Idyl III.He shilled his life and woke my dream;
I heard his music clear and thin;
And then I found beside the stream
The flower-bell that he reveled in.The clouds were floating high and white;
A lagard breeze began to play;
Along the bank-side poured the light
From out the lavish heart of day.I knew that where the nectar pressed;
Up from the blossom's perfumed cell,
There I should find the tipsy guest,
His pining drowned in hydromel.O wassaler of summer's prime!
Gone are the goat-herd from the plain;
Across the fields of purple thyme
The yellow sunlight streams in vain.Drink to thy lover's memory;
Theocritus is in his grave
Beneath the far Sicilian sky,
And by the murmuring sun-kissed wave.The affection for the gentle Sicilian muse,
and emulation, not of his manner and
measures so much as his theme and
spirit, is in evidence throughout these
pages. The animation that he puts into
his verse as well as the joy he feels in the
contemplation of nature, may be exemplified
by a stanza of his "Chanson du Matin":Morning, morning everywhere!
Morning on the misty wood,
Morning on the gleaming flood,
Morning on the drowsy street.Morning o'er the meadows sweet;
Skies are fresh and earth is fair;
Morning, morning everywhere!He has happily retold the story of Theocri-
tus, in his thirteenth Idyl; how Hylas,
the son of Hercules, went to the fountain
for water, and being beguiled by the
Nymphs, fell sheer into the black water,
like as when a ruddy star hath fallen from
the sky sheer into the sea. The anxious
and vain search of the father is finely re-
lated,—how "thrice he shouted, 'Hylas!', to
the full depth of his throat, and thrice theboy heard; and a thin voice came from the
water; but though very near he seemed to
be afar off."'Hylas! Hylas!' rings the cry
Through the woodland mournfully,
Ever startling beast and bird,
Though no boyish shout be heard.Answering him whose weary guest
Drives him onward without rest
Up and down this alien coast
Seeking still the loved and lost.Vain thy search, O hapless one—
Sad son of Amoh tryon!
For the lad shall nevermore
Greet thee on a mortal shore.The various phases of the year are well
described. We like the lines entitled
'Autumn':Here is the melloe booming of the fall,
The fluting of the breeze, the sunset crimsoned rill;
O'er every field her smoky banners trail;
She sets her ruby sign on every hill.Her garments, drifting o'er the fallen leaves,
Are flecked with spangled purple of the vats;
And as she glides amid the amber sheaves
Her locks flow down in golden catenae.There meets a honey murmur on her lips;
Her throat is rained, her eyes are sunny clear;
She moves forever in a soft eclipse,
The rustic darling of the doting year.A writer recently alluded to the sonnet
as 'a form of verse that the mere rhymester
avoids.' We wish this were true. It is
confessedly one of the most difficult of
forms; but who, aspiring to verse, does
not attempt it? As the musical tyro tor-
tures the ear with his violin, till the instru-
ment is execrated; so we are tempted to
forego the exquisite mold of the sonnet
because so much cross is run into it. In
such examples, however, as 'Sappho,' 'The
Gypsy Queen,' 'After The Feast,' 'The
Advent' 'At Sunset,' and the two 'we give
herewith, it is seen how successfully our
author can cultivate this 'scanty plot of
ground.'

Salome.

Upon a salver in her rosy palms
She bears the slaughtered prophet's gory head;
Proudly, with placid face and queen-like tread—
Untroubled by a moment's rising qualmsTo vex her maiden bosom's happy calm—
She goes where azure wreathes of perfume spread
From smoking censors, and soft lights are shed
Round halls that throb with tabrets and with sham.Now smiling at her guilty mother's feet
She lays her gift . . . Ay, those stern lips are mute
That erstwhile, all unmet before the seat
Of kings, did dare proclaim sin's loathsome fruit:Yet, hapless woman! o'er these doom-clouds meets,
And fateful lightnings of God's anger shoot.Down the aisle he stinging goes
Where the gurgling water flows,
Where the swaying rushes are,
In his arms the brazen jar.Never yet was boy so fair:
Swallow-wort and maiden-hair,
Pansy bloom and green couch grass,
Kiss his white feet as they pass.Now he bends above the tide
Mirror clear from side to side,
Drops upon his glowing knees,
And his own bright image sees.O how pale is the pool!
O how sweet the waters cool!
Ah, how good it were to rest
In the fountain's flowing breast!Nevermore to rise and dip
With the wandering brine-balanced ship.
Hark! they call him from the strand;
So he thrusts with eager hand,
Through the water weeds and fern,
In the wave his bubbling urn.Lo! before his flushed eyes
Ivory bosoms flash and rise,
Faces sweeter than a dream
Smile upon him from the stream.And soft fingers light as mist,
Twine about his yielding wrist.
Slowly, slowly downward sink
Lower than the spry green brink,
To the fountain's pebbly bed
Wondering eyes and shining head.

The Hour-Glass.

The tawny sands slip downward in the glass
Noiseless and smooth, a pulse whose even flow
No boisterous winds can vex, howe'er they blow.A tide across whose breast no shadows pass.
Lo! yellow bees that drone in summer grass,
A mill whose mossy wheel has ceased to go,
A hawk above a woodland sailing slow,A sunny field reaped by a brown-armed lass,—
All these like visions rise upon my soul,
Till wholly meshed in Fancy's sorceries
While still the grains sift from the crystal bowl,I feel against my brow a phantom breeze,
And see o'er gleaming sands the long waves roll,
And hear the washings of the orient seas.

Laborare Est Orare.

Yes, "work is worship," said that h-ry man,
Who o'er the wintry sea, from his frore height
Of four score years and six, with ageless sight
Watched still the bodiless struggle in the vanOf the world's progress; for he did not scan
The fray as one who had not led the fight,
But as one who had battled for the right,
And freed his own soul from the coward's ban,
Yea, work is worship, work that's one with pain;Work born of consecration and of trust;
Work wrought with brute hand and weary brain,
Consenting to the meager cup and crust:
Such work is worship; 'tis not counted vain;
God marks his toilers by their sweat and dust.

Morning by Ontario.

Through night's barred gates a venturous light
Doth break;
The shadows vanish, and where far peaks rise
A splendor burns along the opulent skies;The birds are stirring and the winds awake,
Now bursts the meadows into many a flake
Of shining fire, and still the old surprise
Of morning kindles where a glory liesUpon the writhing bosom of the lake.
As you proud vessel parts with shining prow
A backward curling waste of molten gold,
Down treading the smooth waves, so onward nowA spirit craft fares 'mid the strange lights rolled
From other suns, while on my Love's dead brow
The new day prints its kisses sweet and cold.We had marked for citation some fine
lines on the Thousand Islands, but we
must omit them. There is an ode on the
death of Tennyson, entitled 'Farrington,'
and we have seen nothing that surpasses it,
unless it be the 'Lachrymae Musarum' of
William Watson. Like Watson and
Landor, Mr. Kenyon writes excellent
quatrains, and bits of verse that haunt the
memory. The philosopher of Chelsea and
Craignputtock, who made the air so blue
around him, is well bit off:

Carlyle.

A wandering cloud upon his haggard face
A shadow cast—he thought it doom's black pall
He saw a transient star shoot from its place,
And deemed the reeling heavens about to fall.Truth.
From level brows her eyes look straight before;
She falters not to see what lies beyond;
Her venture, travel stained, is streaked with gore;
From her free wrist down coils a broken bond.

Heaven Near.

How very near my heaven lies!
Who seeks may find the place
Within the azure of her eyes,
The radiance of her face.And of my perfect happiness,
How near the charmed land!
'Tis there where goes her whispered dress,
Where glimmers her white hand.I would my song were like a star
Hung in the purple depths of a star,
To lead her eyes, thro' gates of even,
To the kindling paths of heaven.I would my tongue were like a rose
From whose sweet heart the perfume flows;
The on her bosom it might lie,
And, breathing fragrant music, die.Mr. Kenyon's devotional muse we allude-
ed to some time ago, in connection with
that of his friend and collaborator, Dwight
Williams. A few biographical notes may
conclude these observations. He was born
at Frankfort, N. Y., April 26th, 1858, and
the scenes amid which he spent his youth
were those of the beautiful Mohawk valley.
He had an academic and collegiate training,
and was subsequently a teacher, until he
entered the ministry of the Methodist
Episcopal church in 1878. Mr. Kenyon
has been popular, both as preacher and
poet; and his contributions with acceptability
to Lippincott's, "The Atlantic Monthly,"
The Century, Outing, The Current, and
other leading publications. He was mar-
ried in 1878 to Miss Margaret Jane Taylor.
He is described as, 'of medium height and
fair complexion,' with 'broad, high fore-
head, sensitive mouth, and a somewhat
square chin.' His former books are: 'The
Fallen, and other Poems,' published when
he was sixteen; 'Out of the Shadows';
'Songs In All Season'; 'In Realms of
Gold'; and 'At The Gate of Dreams.''The Week', for Sept. 25th reprints
from 'The Catholic World', a compre-
hensive and appreciative article, by Thomas
O'Hagan, M. A. Ph. D., on 'Some Cana-
dian Women Writers'. Dr. O'Hagan has
in such an article done an excellent ser-
vice; for few are aware of the number of
ladies within, or of, the Dominion, who
have distinguished themselves, and who
are doing valuable work. To ourselves it
is a surprise and revelation. Of course the
list is not exhaustive, not could it be ex-
pected, but it gives a conception of the
scope and strength of our literature, and of
the virility and culture of our native intel-
lect which exhibits itself so liberally and
with such variety. Dr. O'Hagan traces
the origin of this stream which has now so
many affluents: 'Twenty years before
Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen had
written "Castle Rackrent" and "Pride and
Prejudice," Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of
the chaplain of the garrison at Quebec dur-
ing the vice-regal regime of Sir Guy Carle-
ton, published in London, England, the
first Canadian novel.' After this came
the work of Mrs. Moodie, novelist and
poet, one of the celebrated Strickland
Sisters. The latest of these preserves her
literary activity, in the person of the ven-
erable Catherine Parr Traill, who at ninety
years of age, is able to give her country
such books as 'Pearls and Pebbles,' and
'Cot and Cradle Stories.'Distributing these names to the various
provinces, we have them as follows:
Ontario. Isabella Velancey Crawford of
whose single book of verse Dr. O'Hagan
says, that it is 'royal throughout with
the purple touch of genius,' and Louise
Murray, author of the poem, 'Merlin's
Cave,' and the two novels, 'The Cited
Curate,' and 'The Settlers of Long Arrow.'These are no longer living. Agnes Maule
Macfar, (Fidelis), poet, novelist, and
general writer, who joins to her artistic vein,
'a strong subjective faculty,' and a breadth
of view rare among the women of Canada.
Few men excel her in the discussion of
social and educational topics. Mrs. Sarah
Anne Cuzon author of the dramatic poem,
'Laura Secord,' follows her closely along
all these lines. Mrs. Francis Harrison,
(Seranus), with her half French heart,
deals in the lore of the habitant, and fash-
ions delicately the villanelle. Katherine
Blake Watkins, (Kit), of the Toronto
'Mail Empire,' of whom Dr. O'Hagan is
somewhat laudatory in saying: 'It is doubt-
ful if any other woman in America wields
so secure and versatile a pen.' The word
'secure' is singularly used, we scarcely
know with what intent. 'Faith Fenton,'
editor, and correspondent, 'Felicious as a
writer of prose and verse.' Kate Seymour
McLean, of Kingston, a graceful cultivated
writer. Janet Carrochan, resident and
historian of Niagara. Mary Agnes Fitz-
Gibbon, grand daughter of the gal-
lant British officer, who distinguished
himself in the war of 1812, on the
Niagara peninsula. In her 'Veteran of

1812' she heralds her ancestral honors.

E. Pauline Johnson, with her Indian blood
and Indian lore, perhaps the best known
poetess of Canada. Helen M. Merrill, of
Pictou, gifted to enshrine in verse or prose
'a mood of mind or nature,' E. Helwyn
Wetherald, with her 'House of the Trees,'
—always at home and love with nature.Jean Blewett, of the little town of Glen-
beim, whose 'genius ranges abroad,' and
whose first book, 'Out of the Depths,' was
published at nineteen. Emily McManus, of
Kingstone, teacher and magazinist. Sara
Jeannette Duncan, (Mrs. Evarard), (Cotes)
now of Calcutta, author of 'A social De-
parture,' etc, whose bright name adds lustre
to her native land. Helen (Gragory)
Flesher, now of San Francisco, and Eva
Broddique, in Chicago, both of them active
accomplished women.Quebec has her share. Mrs. Leprohon
(Rosanna Eleanor) who did good work 'in
the fifties,' in prose and verse. She dwelt
in Montreal, and her novel, Antoinette 'de
Mirecourt,' is, Dr. O'Hagan says, 'regard-
ed by many as one of the best Canadian
novels yet written.' Mrs. J. Sadlier and
her daughter Anna T. Sadlier, who, in the
same city, have done work worthy of hon-
orable mention. Kate Madeline Barry,
the novelist and essayist, who resides at
Ottawa. The accomplished wife of a well-
known professor at McGill, Margaret Pol-
son Murray, industrious, versatile [and of
high ideals. Miss Maud Ogilvie, the bio-
grapher of Sir Donald Smith, and the late
Pr. mier, Abbott. Miss Blanche Macdon-
nell, kinswoman of the Abbe Ferland, whose
studies are of the old French regime. Amy
M. Berlinguet (Pope), of Three Rivers,
sister of the late Sir John Macdonald's
secretary and biographer, a descriptive
writer of 'clearness and readiness.'Nor need Nova Scotia be ashamed of
her showing. She has the romantic pen
of Grace Dean McLeod Rogers, who, has
gathered into her "Stories of the Land of
Evangeline," many a legend of the old
Acadian regime. Miss Marshall Saunders,
whose "Beautiful Joe" won the five-hun-
dred-dollar prize from the American
Humane Society. Dr. O'Hagan declares
the work is full of genius, heart and in-
sight." Miss Clotilda Jennings and the
Herbert Sisters—Mary and Sarah. Mary
Jane Katiman Lawson, also of Halifax,
long time a contributor to the periodicals
of the day, who "sang well" our author
says, when her lips were touched with the
genuine honey of Hymettus." Mary Rus-
sell Chesley, of Lunenburg, aggressive in
the conquest for woman's higher status.
Emma Wells Dickson, (Stanforth Eve-
leth) of Truro, whose romance of the pro-
vinces, "Miss Dixie," "is a bright tale
told in a pleasant and captivating manner."
M. Amelia Fitch, with her novel, "Ker-
chiefs to Hunt Souls," and Constance Fair-
banks, clever at verse or prose, and both
of Halifax. Sophie Almon Hensley, (of
Windor, now of New York,) a lady of
rich gifts and great energy, 'one of Cana-
da's best sonnetiers,' whose "A Woman's
Love Letters," reviewed in PROGRESS have
generally been highly spoken of in the
press. Dr. O'Hagan does not mention
Mrs. Irene Elder Morton, but her name
should not be omitted. She is not putting
forth much of her work, but her verse is
known to be of excellent quality, and has
had the endorsement of competent critics.For New Brunswick, we have such names
as Elizabeth Bostwycke Roberts, who, be-
ing a member of a highly gifted family,
adds her own lustre to the name. Mr.
O'Hagan does not err in declaring her
verse to be 'strong and artistic.' Miss
Grace Campbell, of Moncton, well known
to PROGRESS. And why should the name
of the accomplished Mary Barry Smith be
omitted, who certainly has earned a name
among the writers of Canada? We find
no mention of Prince Edwards Island, but
the name of Elizabeth McLeod has some
significance, and there may be others.The great West has its exponents. "In
the city of Vancouver, British Columbia,
lives Lily Alice Letevre, (Fleurange),
whose beautiful poem, "The Spirit of the
Carnival," won the hundred dollar prize
offered by the Montreal Witness. . . . Her
volume of poems, "The Lion's Gate," is
full of good things 'from cover to cover.'
Kate Hayes, 'far cut on the prairie from
the town of Regina,' is a voice of her re-
gion. 'Her poem, "Rough Ben," Dr.
O'Hagan declares 'unique of its kind.' Con-
sider this list of names; consider that many
of these writers 'are in youth, or in the
prime of life; consider the celebrity of some
and the excellence of much of their work;
consider what it implies as to the future of
literature in the Dominion; then say, candi-
dly, is there not in the showing some
reason for congratulation? Let every
lover of his land extend to these native
writers the proper and needed encourage-
ment.

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A shadow cast—he thought it doom's black pall
He saw a transient star shoot from its place,
And deemed the reeling heavens about to fall.