

Notches on The Stick

Two slender reputations made during the past year, repair the loss to England's poetic treasury by the departure of such singers as William Morris, Coventry Patmore, and Mathilde Blind,—the forceful and melodic author of 'Birds of Passage,' Morris had well rounded a unique career, and, if he did not, like Tennyson and Browning, attain to venerable age, yet he lived to accomplish all that was possible to him in poetry. He brought to us of the grace and freshness of an earlier time, and gave some beguilement, it not tuition, to an undiluted age, that, under the guise of materialistic science, deals in disenchantment. An English writer describes him—'vigorous, austere, restless yet dreamy. . . Sunny-souled, clear-hearted, whose "witching muse," to borrow that muse's language, wore:

Gold on her head, and gold on her feet
And gold where the hem of her kirtle meet.

The author of the 'Life and Death of Jason' and 'The Earthly Paradise,' was not only poetical when he wrote verse, but he invested the common things of practical life with a regal imagination. 'It was within the fitness of things,' writes the author we have quoted, 'that he should have led the way to that picturesque movement of fine art decorating, aiming at nothing less than the reformation of English taste, the history of which the world now knows. In fact, the gradual picturesque widening of his outlook and nature will form delightful themes for the fitting biographer. His mental incursion into the magic of medievalism, his campaign against artistic degradation, his propagandism against the far wider evil of what he considered to be social degradation, all merged of course, into the scheme of beautifying life. His tree of life, for all its various branches is traceable to the one root, upspringing from the fairy underworld of Beauty.'

In an upheaval of revolts, in the midst of a warfare of reformer's trumpets, and cries of the multitude,—'Give! Give! though we can never be satisfied,' Patmore has lived a poetic life apart, in virgin simplicity and purity. He has kept safely by the sacred tradition of love in honor, the holiness of wifehood and childhood; and he has touched the deeper strings of human affection, unerringly, and so as never to fail of a response from the angel in the heart. Ruskin—austrerest of critics—long ago recognized and liberally praised, the sweetness, delicacy, serenity, purity, and spirituality of his song.

We have at hand that spotless poem—precious to the constant lover,—'The Angel in the House.' Lace-work is not so delicate as its weaving, or the touch it lays on the heart. Its rhymes and phrases are not strained or catchy, yet they cling to the ear. No dilettanteism in its meaning, form, or spirit. It is a domestic idyl—a sort of natural history of true love, refined and sublimated, in which the inception, development, and fruition of the

'Maiden passion for a maid'

move before us in beautiful order. 'There is seen and heard what is the true and the false; which are musically and clearly distinguished. It surprises and delights with curious felicitas, its occasional quaintness or perfectness of expression. We feel under all the beauty of form the sanity and wholesomeness of spirit—it is an exposition of right things, and we are conscious of true manliness in him who speak to us; he is a good teacher of the truth. It is a poem that the lover of good morals will quote and commend.

He had completed his career as a singer sometime before the record of his life was closed. 'His fame,' writes W. P. Ryan, in the Weekly Sun (London), 'has been an accepted fact with two generations of students. He passed away as the age of seventy-three. It is well to think, at least, that all his distinguished work was done; that the grim Reaper waited till the poet's harvest was ingathered. A delicate, dignified, august genius he had; a finer, more inspired spirituality than he was accredited with by the generality of the two generations; a poet of the humanity and divinity of love; of tenderness, modesty, sanity, and spiritual passion; a noble thinker; a fearless and glad interpreter of truth, he thought and spoke some of the worthiest and sweetest thought of his time. We need not discuss the vain question of his rank. To the true seekers after poetry 'The Angel in the House' and the 'Odes' are all sufficiently eloquent.'

Among the many interpreters of child-life which the age has known,—and to some of them we are prepared to bring high and grateful tribute,—there are none we can recall who have rendered truer or nobler service than Patmore. He under-

stands the child in the depths of his nature, and touches his spiritual side with greater sureness than any poet since Wordsworth. We have felt, and our readers will feel, the pathos and beauty of the following,—an example of love and faith, and a fulfillment of the promise.—'A little child shall lead them:'

The Toys.

My little son, who took'd from thoughtless eyes
And mov'd and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkind words,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed.
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
With his late sobbing wet.
And I, with woe
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with blue pills
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art.

To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys;
How weakly understood
The great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

Coventry Kearsley Deighton Patmore was born at Woodford, England in 1823. He became known as an author in 1844, when he brought out his first volume of poems; but his poetical reputation was greatly enhanced by the publication of 'The Angel in the House' and 'The Betrothal' in 1854. Following these, came 'The Espousals,' in 1856. 'The Unknown Ercs,' from which the poem given above is taken, appeared in 1877. His later works are 'Amelia,' an edition of his collected poems, and 'The Children's Garland' in the Golden Treasury Series. He was for a number of years assistant librarian in the British Museum, having lost his wife he retired to a home in Hastings, where his subsequent years were spent. One of his finest passages,—descriptive of the sweet voice of a lady heard by her lover as she sang in the church,—lingers in memory:

Her soft voice, singularly heard
Beside me, in the Psalms, withstood
The roar of voices,—like a bird,
Soe warbling in a windy wood.

PASTOR FELIX.

'SQUIRE AARON'S FAITH CURE.

He Made up his Mind Against Plumbago and so Didn't Come up to Crutches.

'The hain't no use o' talkin', said 'Squire Aaron Bump's, the Solon of Billingsville, in the Hemlock Belt, 'ter ye needn't tell me! If ye only make up yer mind 'n' make it up strong enough, tha hain't no more use o' yer having smallpox, erysipelas, roomy-tiz, fits, nor nothin, else, not even if they've got so clus to ye that ye kin feel 'em, th'n tha is fer yer havin' toothache w'en ye hain't got a tooth in yer head. Not a darn bit!'

Squire Aaron Bump's, as Justice of the Peace, has distributed the law around and about Billingsville with an impartial hand for forty years and more. He is a backwoods Solomon and a Daniel come to judgment combined. He has a strong contempt for conventionality in his office, and he scorns precedent. Once, when Elijah Jaggers, defendant in a suit before Squire Aaron, had lost his case, he kicked the Squire's deer hound, which was snoring on the floor. The dog yelped, and the Squire rapped on the table and exclaimed:

'That's contempt o' court, 'Lije Jaggers, 'n' I fine ye twelve shillin'.'

Elijah's counsel, Simeon Loveridge of Gershom's Hollow, protested.

'Y' can't do that, yer Honor,' said he. 'Tha hain't no precedent for setch percedings.'

Precedents be durned,' said the Squire. 'When I want precedents I'll make 'em, 'n' this'n is one o' 'em. You're fined twelve shillin', Lije Jaggers, fer contempt o' court.'

The Squire has been sapreme in the law alone in the Billingsville bailiwick all these years. He has been chief adviser in matters social, political, and financial, and with a person who couldn't 'make up his mind ag'in a thing' he has never had patience. Once one of his constituents, who wasn't famous for love of work, called on him, wearing a solemn visage.

'Squire,' said he, 'I'm a gointer hev a setto with the roomy-tiz. I kin feel it in my bones. My psp had it in the same way, 'n' were laid up sometimes ez long ez a month. Now, here's spring work comin' on, 'n' the roomy-tiz is taklin' of me. Like ez not I'll be laid up a month or more, 'n' what'n I gointer do 'bout my spring work?'

It was then the squire snorted with disgust and made the vigorous and philosophic remarks already quoted.

'Roomy-tiz!' he exclaimed, contemptu-

ously. 'Can't ye make up yer mind ag'in it?'

'But it's clutchin' on me already,' pleaded the apprehensive constituent.

'S'pose it is!' insisted the squire. 'Make up yer mind ag'in it, 'n' put on mustard, 'n' it'll be durn glad to quit clutchin'. Don't member the time I had the plumbago in the back, do ye? Course ye don't hev it. But it were clutchin' of me jist the same, 'n' if it hadn't been for me makin' up my mind ag'in it, 'tain't likely I'd 'a' been here now. Fust along w'en it took me, I thort the roomy-tiz were on my trick 'n' I tol' Mirandy so.

'Pooh! says she. 'Tain't no more the roomy-tiz,' says she, 'th'n it's the buck fever!' says she.

'Well, Mirandy,' I says, 'it's jist about ez likely fer to be the seven plagues th't played hob with the 'Gypsh' mummies,' I says, 'time the child'n of Israel was tryin' to git outen the woods,' I says, 'ez to be the buck fever. But wa't is it? I says

'Well, I've got a sort'n idee, Aaron,' she says, 'th't it's a crick in the back,' she says.

'If 'twere a pond in my back, all froze over, at that,' I says, 'n' a lot o' bush-whackers cuttin' holes in it to fish through the ice,' I says, 'it couldn't hurt no worse! I says.

'If it's ez bad ez that,' says Mirandy 'seems to me,' says she 'twouldn't be a bad idee to sen' to the country seat fer the doctor,' says she.

'Bein' ez the doctor were owin' me fer a cord or two o' wood, I thort I'd sen' fer him, 'n' I did. He kin over durin' the day, 'n' arter he'd felt my pulse, 'n' I had poked my tongue out like a snake shook up with a stick, he drunk nigh all the cider that was in a pitcher on the table, 'n' then ast me if I thort it'd snow 'fore night. That kinder riz my dander, 'n' I guess I must 'a' talked pooty loud.

'I don't keer a darn,' I says, 'wuther it snows 'fore tonight or wuther it don't snow 'fore seven years f'm 't'night,' I says. 'Wa't I want to know is,' I says, 'wa't's ailin' of me. Is it the newrallig or is it the oldrallig?' I says. 'Hev I got the gout or is it the bilious colic settin' down on my h'arth?' I says. 'Shell Mirandy order a bombyzine dress 'n' a black veil a yard long, or shell she go ahead, ez she's 'tending to do, 'n' git a red-striped calliker with trimmin's similar?' I says.

'Wull, sir, wa't does that aggravatin' doctor do but take another long pull at the cider 'fore he gives me his opinion. Then he up 'n' s'ys, ez cool ez it he were tellin' his wife to hev beans for dinner:

'Tha hain't nuthin' the matter with you,' he says, 'only plumbago in the back,' he says.

'Now, if tha's one thing I'd bein' fightin' shy of all my life it were plumbago in the back, 'specially sence the time I see how it swooped down on poor Ike Fleets o' the Bell Run deestric, 'n' kinked him up like a laurel root. So when the doctor told me that all that ail'd me were the plumbago I were so tickled over it that I felt like gittin' up 'n' takin' holt of him 'n' makin' the Coroner a New Year's present of him, then 'n' there. If I'd knowed then that his bill were gointer to be four shillin' more'n wa't he owed me I'd 'a' done it anyhow. Arter he'd gone away I says to Mirandy: 'Mirandy,' says I, 'I've fit with b'ars 'n' b'ars 'n' left enough o' my duds with 'em to set up a clothin' store. I've hed it hot 'n' heavy with painters 'n' cattymounts,' says I, 'n' I'd weigh 'bout forty pounds more'n I do now if I had the meat they've chawed off'n me,' says I.

'I've rasseded over a ten-acre lot with a wounded buck,' says I, 'him a-usin' me fer a plough a spell, 'n' me a-gettin' even with him,' says I, by usin' him fer a barrer a spell, till by the time I made him turn his toes to the sun ye couldn't ta' told either one of us from a bar'l o' skinned cels,' says I. 'I've got through with all them air rassels 'n' rough 'n' tumbles. Mirandy,' says I, 'but now I've run up ag'in the plumbago in the back,' says I, 'n' I guess the jig's up,' says I.

'Oh, I gues not, Aaron,' says Mirandy, comfortin' like. 'I had an aunt wunst, says she, 'ez had the plumbago fer ez long ez I could remember, 'n' by keepin' her kivered with stickin' plasters, 'n' by her usin' a couple o' hickory crutches, she managed to keep 'round fer twenty-five year 'n' better. Course,' says Mirandy, 'she were bent pooty bad, and couldn't lay down, but her appetite were good. It were so good that it wa't no on-common thing fer her to be took away from the table hungry, ez she wa'table to lit her hands off'n her lap, 'n' her folks 'd git tired cuttin' up her victuals 'n' feedin' of it to her. 'Don't you go 'n' git yer heart down in yer stockin's, Aaron, says Mirandy. 'I'll go fix up a lot o' stickin' plasters right away,' says she, 'n' run over to the carpenter's 'n' hev yer a couple o' good stiff hickory crutches made,' says she, 'so's they'll be ready w'en the plumbago hitches on to ye,' says she.

'Mirandy!' says I, 'wa't do ye take me fer? says I. 'You kin make up yer mind, I says, 'that tha hain't no plumbago ez ever got up 'n' humped the back o' no mortal bein', says I, 'ez is gointer tie my spine inter a double bow-knot,' I says, 'n' 'fore ye see me goin' round like a skip-knee on crutches,' I says, 'n' takin' my victuals an a fork second-handed, pervided I git any at all,' I says, 'you kin step over an' tell the undertaker that you've got a job fer him, jist my size 'n' heft!' I says.

'Then I turned to 'n' made up my mind ag'in that plumbago, 'n' made it up strong. Did the plumbago clutch me? Not a darn bit! Tha was a pound or two o' mustard 'n' two or three yards o' muslin less in our house w'en I got through th'n tha was w'en I started in, but I didn't add nuthin to the crutch crop 'n' the way I kep' on a choppin up my own feed were a caution to sassidge machines! So, all you got to do 'bout this roomy-tiz is to make up yer mind ag'in it, 'n' jist ez soon ez yer blisters gits well y' kin go on with your spring work, 'less you've sot your mind ag'in that, which wouldn't 'sprise me! Not a darn bit, it wouldn't.'

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

It will positively cure the many common ailments which will occur to the inmates of every family as long as life has woes. It soothes every ache, every lameness, every pain, every soreness everywhere. It prevents and cures asthma, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, diphtheria, gout, hacking, hoarseness, headache, hooping cough, influenza and neuralgia.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

Originated in 1810, by the late Dr. A. Johnson, Family Physician.

For more than forty years I have used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in my family. I regard it one of the best and safest family medicines; used internal and external in all cases. O. H. INGALLS, Dea. 2d Bapt. Ch., Bangor, Me.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room," Mailed Free. Sold by all Druggists. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.



A Choice of Reading.

Look Carefully Through 'Progress' Periodical Club List.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN PRICE.

By Subscribing Through "Progress," Readers of Magazines and Popular Weeklies, Class Papers, Reviews, &c., can obtain the Two Periodicals at a Price that Speaks for Itself.

With much care PROGRESS has made up a club list of newspapers and periodicals which can be had at a greatly reduced price by those who subscribe in connection with this journal and through this office. While the inducement is primarily intended for new subscribers the same is open to present subscribers who will send us the name of a new subscriber, PROGRESS in that event being forwarded to the new subscriber and whatever periodical is chosen to the person sending the subscription.

| NAME OF PERIODICAL. | PUBS. PRICE. | WITH PROGRESS | NAME OF PERIODICAL. | PUBS. PRICE. | WITH PROGRESS |
|----------------------------------|--------------|---------------|----------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| Advertiser, Boston, daily, | \$6 00 | \$7 00 | Globe, (Boston Sunday) | 2 00 | 3 25 |
| Amateur Gardening, | 50 | 2 00 | Godey's Magazine, | 1 00 | 3 40 |
| Amateur Sportsman N. Y., | 1 00 | 2 25 | Golden Days, | 3 00 | 3 30 |
| Amateur Photography, | 0 | 3 15 | Good Housekeeping, | 2 00 | 3 25 |
| American Horse & Carriage, | 2 00 | 3 50 | Good News, | 2 50 | 3 50 |
| American J. of Education | 1 00 | 2 15 | Good Words, (Eng.) | 2 25 | 3 40 |
| Anthony's Photographic Bulletin, | 2 00 | 3 15 | Harper's Bazaar, | 4 00 | 4 75 |
| Arena, | 4 00 | 4 25 | Harper's Magazine, | 4 00 | 4 50 |
| Argonaut, | 4 00 | 4 65 | Harper's Young People | 2 00 | 3 00 |
| Army and Navy Gazette, | 7 50 | 8 25 | Herald, (Boston Sunday) | 2 00 | 3 35 |
| Argosy, | 1 10 | 2 40 | Household, | 1 00 | 2 35 |
| Art Amateur, | 4 00 | 5 00 | Horse Review, | 2 00 | 3 15 |
| Art Interchange, | 4 00 | 4 90 | Horsemanship, | 3 00 | 3 75 |
| Art Journal, | 6 00 | 6 25 | Journal of Education, | 2 50 | 3 75 |
| Athenaeum, | 4 00 | 5 00 | Judge, | 1 00 | 5 75 |
| Babyhood, | 1 00 | 2 40 | Judge's Library, | 1 00 | 2 35 |
| Babyland, | 50 | 1 95 | Ladies' Home Journal, | 1 00 | 2 50 |
| Beacon, (Boston) | 2 50 | 3 40 | Life, | 5 00 | 6 00 |
| Blackwoods Edinb'g Mag. (E), | 8 00 | 8 50 | Lippincott's Mag., | 3 00 | 3 65 |
| Blackwoods Edinb'g Mag. (A), | 3 00 | 4 35 | Littell's Living Age, | 6 00 | 7 25 |
| Bookbinder, | 1 00 | 2 40 | Little Folks, (Eng.) | 2 00 | 3 25 |
| Book News, | 50 | 2 00 | Little Folks, (Am.) | 1 50 | 2 75 |
| Boys Own Paper, (Eng.) | 2 25 | 3 25 | Little Men and Women, | 1 00 | 2 35 |
| British American, | 1 00 | 2 40 | Live Stock Journal, | 1 00 | 2 20 |
| Cassell's Family Mag., | 1 50 | 2 75 | Longman's Mag., | 2 00 | 3 25 |
| Century Mag., | 4 00 | 5 10 | McClure's Mag., | 1 00 | 2 25 |
| Chambers Journal, | 2 00 | 3 40 | Milliner's Guide, | 2 00 | 3 00 |
| Chatterbox, | 50 | 2 00 | Munsey's Magazine, | 1 00 | 2 25 |
| Christian Witness, | 1 50 | 2 80 | New England Mag., | 3 00 | 4 00 |
| Churchman, | 3 50 | 4 90 | New York Weekly, | 3 00 | 3 75 |
| Church Union, | 1 00 | 2 15 | Nickle Magazine, | 50 | 2 0 |
| Clipper, (Sport) | 4 00 | 5 00 | North Am. Review, | 5 00 | 5 7 |
| Cosmopolitan Mag., | 1 00 | 2 50 | Our Little Ones and the Nursery, | 1 00 | 2 4 |
| Demorest's Family Mag., | 2 00 | 3 15 | Pall Mall Mag., | 4 00 | 4 55 |
| Detroit Free Press, | 1 00 | 2 25 | Peterson's Mag., | 1 00 | 2 30 |
| Donahoe's Mag., | 2 00 | 3 50 | Popular Science Monthly, | 5 00 | 6 25 |
| Dramatic Mirror, | 4 00 | 4 85 | Public Opinion, | 2 50 | 3 65 |
| Dressmaker and Milliner, | 1 00 | 2 50 | Puck, | 5 00 | 5 75 |
| Eclectic Mag., | 5 00 | 5 75 | Puck's Library, | 1 25 | 2 45 |
| Education, | 3 00 | 4 00 | Quarterly Review, (Eng.) | 6 50 | 7 00 |
| Educational Review, | 3 00 | 4 15 | " " (Am.) | 4 00 | 5 15 |
| Family Herald and Star, | 1 00 | 2 25 | Scotsman, | 2 50 | 3 75 |
| Family Story Paper, | 3 00 | 3 90 | Scottish American, | 3 00 | 4 00 |
| Fashions, | 50 | 2 00 | Season, | 3 50 | 4 65 |
| Field, (London) | 10 00 | 10 25 | Strand Magazine, | 2 50 | 3 50 |
| Firestone Companion, | 3 00 | 3 90 | Sun, (N. Y. Sunday) | 2 00 | 3 40 |
| Fortnightly Review, (E) | 7 50 | 7 75 | Sunday School Times, | 1 50 | 3 65 |
| " " (Am.) | 4 50 | 4 75 | Sunny Hour, | 1 00 | 2 40 |
| Forest and Stream, | 4 25 | 4 75 | Truth, | 5 00 | 5 50 |
| Forum, | 3 00 | 4 25 | Turf, Field and Farm, | 4 00 | 5 15 |
| Frank Leslie's Ill., News, | 4 00 | 4 85 | Witness, Montreal, daily, | 3 00 | 3 50 |
| Frank Leslie's Pop r Monthly, | 3 00 | 3 90 | " " weekly, | 1 00 | 2 10 |
| | | | World, (N. Y. Sunday) | 2 50 | 80 |
| | | | Young Ladies' Journal, | 4 00 | 4 75 |
| | | | Youths' Companion, | 1 75 | 3 25 |