

Notches on The Stick

The laurel ripens, and Pierian blooms
Mantle above his brow.

Silas Comberback had ceased from being,—save as a highly grateful and affectionate memory; but Samuel Taylor Coleridge still lived, and flourished much as a strangely-bound and imprisoned spirit can. He is ever like one, having something of angelic light and grace, mingled with his recessitous earthliness; looking forever between the bars of circumstance, and dragging behind him some tateful incubrance. But he had the claim to remembrance among the rude and simple men of barracks and encampment, if kindness consideration and even noble self-sacrifice, could purchase it. It has been justly said that one of his acts while at Reading, must ever stand in the annals of humanity as "of the truest heroism." For six weeks isolated from his companions, he watched over a delicious comrade during a most malignant attack of smallpox. In a dreary outhouse, deserted by all others, he remained, "guarding the poor sufferer from himself during violent delirium, administering medicine, and when capable of listening, sitting by his bed and reading to him." No wonder if they looked after his retreating form with tearful eyes, and a sigh of loneliness. His superiority had been felt and dimly discerned; his like would never be there again. His friends had difficulty in obtaining his release; but when procured, he interposed no objection.

Miss Milford, whose father lived at Reading, records the effecting of the arrangement for his discharge, which was done at their house. Ogle, his captain, related at their table one day the story, of the learned recruit, when it was resolved that effort must be made to secure his discharge. This must be done by obtaining a substitute. The poet had always a grateful recollection of Mr. Milford's zeal in his cause.

Coleridge poetical and literary career now commences. He returned to Cambridge, but his stay was brief. Away to Oxford where Southey is, for a visit. It was then a burning time (so to describe the era), all along the ground, and the air was electric, France was in the first throes of her Revolution; and thither generous, ardent eyes of youth were turned. This enthusiasm of liberty was loftier in no heart than that of Coleridge. He himself expresses it in that noble "Ode," one of the highest compositions of its kind,—so Shelley thought,—in the language:

"When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath that smote air, earth and sea,
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free.

Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang amid a slavish band!

For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blest the paeans of delivered France,
And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name."

He found in Southey his first great kinship. This young spirit was also alive. Hopes like these had this world ever seen before? Liberty, like a new splendid, healing sun was rising, after all this long world-weary tarrying, and these bright spirits were drinking the first beams. Wordsworth, too, was aglow with that magic fire, looking back sadly to the radiant time, he afterwards said:

"Oh, pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars that then stood
Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!"

And now what milky-way scheme is this that rises aphrodisiac-like from the Coleridgean brain! a splendid impracticability, such as he was ever fond of hatching; and this one out of the egg that Rousseau had laid. Here is a vision of a primitive, virtuous, benevolent, community, to be established on virgin soil, beyond the sea, and to be called a Pantisocracy; and of this, a score or so of dreamers and poets may be drummed up for a nucleus of first membership. Southey readily adopts it; George Barnett, his college friend, thinks it fine. There are plenty more to come; and now, let us set off westward, immediately,—that is to Bristol, the native town of Southey. So Robert and George go first, Samuel—for these are dear friends, remember,—soon follows them, and they all live together under one roof; enlisting in their ranks, young Robert Lovell, the Quaker. The particular location is to be determined. Campbell sings—perhaps later—

"O! Susquehanna's side fair Wyoming;"
and, surely, if you will be as far as you may from rigid or effete society, and start something golden new, that poetic elysium is most eligible. To Susquehanna's banks let us accordingly go; plough our unleased soil, reap our own corn, and add to our

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

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insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

patriarchal piety and virtue all the calm and romance that Plato and Boccaccio even knew. But what about the money? Hateful thought! that the enterprise of angels must languish for the countenance of Mammon! It was well said: "Without the root of all evil, they could not rear this tree of all good fruits." But cotton is kindly, a little credulous to a young author of merit, and he has cash, in some limited degree. They need money very much, to pay for even their lodgings. This publisher, it credulous is also shrewd; and he is not to be imposed upon by any dreams of a "transatlantic Eden,"—while he listens smilingly, he chuckles under his breath, and says to himself,—all these impossible actions will be translated into poetry, by and by, to my benefit, or some one else's. "The dream gradually came to an end," (though it died sullenly in the breast of Coleridge, who was slow to give it up). "Lovell died unexpectedly, being carried off by fever, brought on through a cold, caught on a journey to Salisbury. Symptoms of jarring had shown themselves amongst the friends, which were rather ominous for the permanence of a pantisocracy. Coleridge had quarrelled with Lovell, because Lovell, who was married to a Miss Frier, opposed Coleridge's marriage with her sister till he had better prospects. Coleridge and Southey quarrelled about the pantisocracy afterwards. The most important results to Southey and Coleridge of this pantisocratic coalition were, that they eventually married the two sisters of Lovell's wife." Profits of their authorship, which were to wait them to their Utopia, were insufficient to pay their rent; they were obliged to devise farther schemes literary or lycean. They take the lecturer's desk, and while Coleridge expatiates on the English Rebellion and Charles the first, on the French Revolution and Philosophy, Southey dilates, yet with exactness, on General History. The men and their methods were here fore-shown;—"Coleridge all imagination, absence of mind, and impracticability; Southey, with less genius, but more order, prudence and worldly tact." This contrast between the two is marked so clearly and in such terms of justice by William Howitt, that we venture it: "Both of those remarkable men began by proclaiming the most ultra-liberalism in politics and theology—both came gradually back to the opinions which early associations and education had riveted on them unknown to themselves, but with very different degrees of rapidity, and finally with a very different tone. Coleridge ran through Infidelity, Unitarianism, the Philosophy of Berkeley, Spinoza, Hartley and Kant; and came back finally to the good old church of Englandism, but full of love and tolerance. Southey, more prudent, and notoriously timid, was at once startled by the horrors of the French committed in the name of Liberty; saw that the way of worldly prosperity was closed for life to him who was not orthodox, and became at once orthodox. But the consciousness of that sudden change hung forever upon him. He knew that reproach would always pursue the suspicious reconversion, and on that consciousness grew bitterness and intolerance. Coleridge, having wandered through all opinions himself, was afraid to condemn too harshly those who differed from him. He contented himself with loving God, and preaching the true principles of christianity. Southey on the contrary, stalked into the fearful regions of bigotry, assumed in imagination the throne and thunderbolts and Deity and,

'Dealt damnation round the land
On all he deemed his foes.'

But this was the worst view of Southey's character. He had that lower class of virtues which Coleridge had not, and out of his prudence and timidity sprang that worldly substance which Coleridge was never likely to acquire, and by which he kindly made up for some of Coleridge's deficiencies. Coleridge could not properly provide for his family; Southey helped to provide for them, and invited Coleridge's wife and daughter to his house, where for many years they had a home. In all domestic relations, Southey was admirable; he failed in those only which would have given him an name, perhaps, little short of Milton for glorious patriotism, had he proceeded to the end as he began.

Among other things, Dr. J. M. Buckley

excels in the brief editorial paragraph, which has a certain pertinency grace and suggestiveness, from his hand, rare in that species of newspaper writing. We always turn to the page of the Advocate where these occur, sure of being interested. We introduce to our readers a specimen, entitled "Nature's Ceaseless Charm;" though those entitled "Sheridan," "No Doubt," "History," or "Amenities of Parliamentary Practice," might serve as well:

"When at Ocean Grove on July 27, to address the Woman's Home Missionary Society at its annual meeting, we rode from the Grove to Sea Girt, where the governor of New Jersey reviewed the militia of the State."

The ocean was in a most commanding mood; not tumultuously dashing upon the shore but majestically rolling against it. The sky was divided between vast expanses of clear blue and the battlements of a coming thunderstorm. The fields were beautiful in the green, resulting from previous rains, and we could but think of Jean Ingelow's words:

For me the freshness in the morning hours,
For me the water's clear tranquillity,
For me the soft descent of chestnut flowers,
The cushat's cry for me.

For me the bounding-in of tides; for me
The laying bare of sands when they retreat,
The purple flush of calm, the sparkling glee
When waves and sunshine meet."

She was as really a poet of nature as John G. Whittier."

We had returned, after many years, to Willis' still delightful "Rural Letters." The old charm is there. When will his deprecators be able to write such a piece of characterization as that of D'Israeli and Lord Durham, in his account of their evening interview at Lady Blessington's? There much skill and grace are exhibited; yet there, too, Willis fell short of true and deep insight. He says: "Well—D'Israeli is in Parliament, and Lord Durham is on the last round of subject greatness. The viceroy will be premier, no doubt; but it is questionable if the author of Vivian Gray does more than carry out the moral of his own tale. Talking at a brilliant table, with an indulgent and superb woman on the watch for wit and eloquence, and rising in the face of a cold, common-sense House of Commons, on the look-out for froth and humbug, are two different matters. In a great crisis, with the nation in a tempest D'Israeli would flash across the darkness very finely—but he will never do for the calm right hand of a premier. I wish him, I am sure, every success in the world: but I trust that what ever political reverses fall to his share, they will drive him back to literature." Indeed! What an inscrutable face and what a reserve of power, by Willis unwritten: Vide the philosophical citation in the very letter containing this estimate of Disraeli: "Genius," says the best philosophical book I know of, wherever it is found, and to whatever purpose directed, is mental power. It distinguishes the man of 'fine frenzy,' as Shakespeare expresses it, from the man mere frenzy. It is a sort of instantaneous insight that gives us knowledge without going to school for it. Sometimes it is directed to one subject, sometimes to another; but under whatever form it exhibits itself it enables the individual who possesses it to make a wonderful and almost miraculous progress in the line of his pursuit."

We have known the Rev. William Rice D. D., late of Springfield, Mass., and can appreciate the excellent things said about him in the press, religious and secular. A venerable, yet youthful-hearted progressive man; a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church; useful, devout, and without reproach; a representative man in ecclesiastical, educational, and civic counsels; an apt, ready, powerful, yet courteous debater; the builder-up, and administrator, of one of the best libraries of New England—that at Springfield; a progressive thinker, a lover of art and literature; an instructive, and frequently an eloquent preacher, and a kindly benevolent man; a model husband and father, the head of a home it was ever a joy to enter;—his death brings to many a heart a sense of personal loss. His wife was Caroline Laura North, daughter of Hon. Wm. North of Lowell Mass. Their children are—Rev. William North, Rice, D. D., professor of Geology in Wesleyan University; Rev. Charles F. Rice, D. D. of Epworth church, Cambridge Mass; Edward H. Rice, an able scholar and teacher now deceased; and Mrs. Caroline L. wife of Prof. Crawford, of Wesleyan University. Dr. Rice's name is always associated with the revision of the hymnal of the M. E. church in which his faith and judgment were chiefly instrumental.

PASTOR FELIX.

Becoming a Novelty.

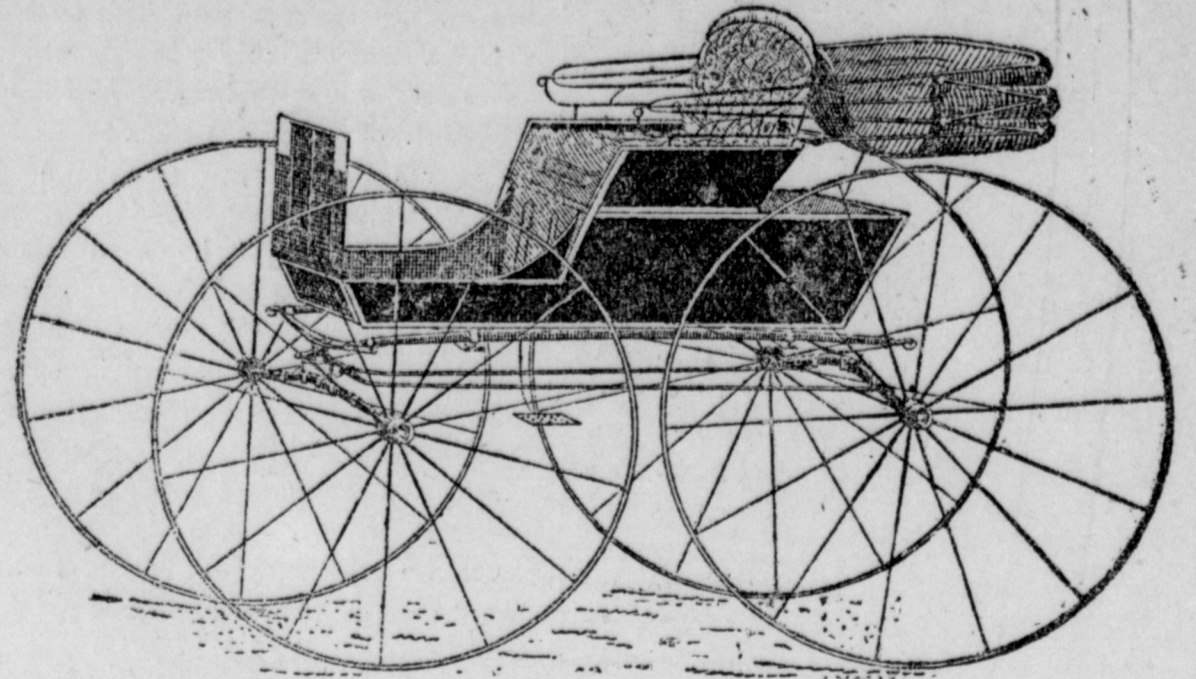
"What a queer look that fellow across the corridor has."

"Yes; he has the pedestrian face. Doesn't ride."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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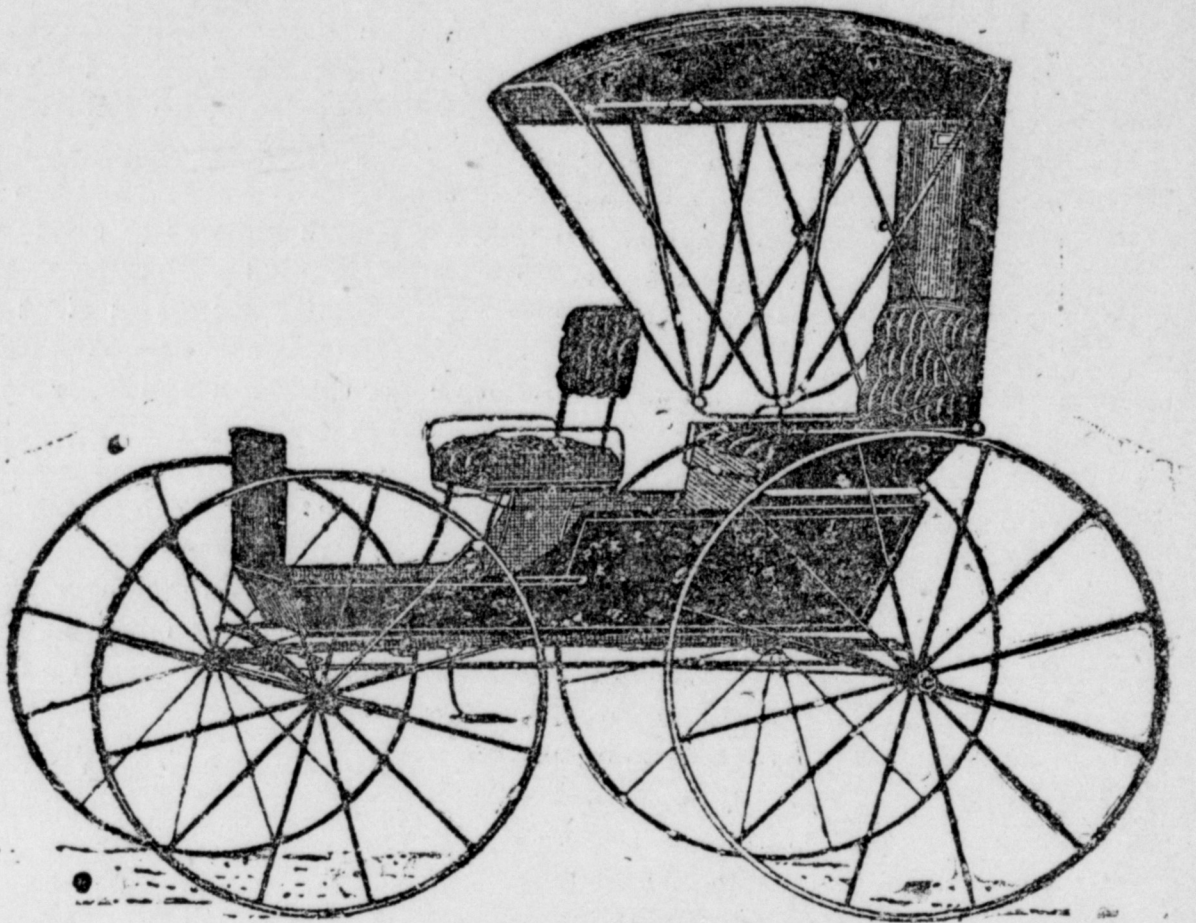
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AN OLD SUN-DIAL.

Indications Which May Prove How a Boy is Inclined.

An interesting story is told of an old sun-dial in Pennsylvania which is worth repeating. In the first part of the last century an honest Irish emigrant named Porter settled near Philadelphia. Among his sons was one named Andrew, whom he tried to make into a farmer and then like his brothers a carpenter. But Andrew would have nothing to do with the plow or the plane. He hid in corners, poring over some mathematical books that had come into his possession.

One day he found the design of a sun-dial in one of them, and resolved to make one. He walked eight miles to a soapstone quarry, found a slab and carried it home on his back. Full of zeal he went to his brothers' shop and used their saws and chisels in his work. When they came home in the evening the dial was finished, Andrew was triumphant, but every tool in the shop was nearly or quite ruined. They drove him into the street in a fury of anger and contempt.

His father, now convinced that he was an idle good-for nothing, who would never fully earn his bread, bade him go and fit himself for school-teaching, that he called the 'lazy man's work.'

Andrew gave himself to hard study for the summer and then went to the astronomer, David Rittenhouse, and asked him to lend him a book on conic sections.

"How long have you studied mathematics?" demanded the great man.

"Three months."

"And what do you know of conic sections?" Rittenhouse rejoined, with withering contempt.

But after asking the boy a few questions he not only lent him the book, but advised him not to waste his time in the country, but to go to Philadelphia and open a mathematical school.

This poor farm-boy was afterward Gen. Andrew Porter, an officer in the War of

the Revolution and an authority on mathematical science in the young republic.

There are plenty of farmboys now who dislike farmwork. It wouldn't be wise to idly that because of this indolent disposition they are Andrew Porters in embryo. An easy basis for judgment is to not the use they make of their idle time. Do they give it to conic sections or to baseball?

A Timely Rebuke.

A lady riding on a car on the New York Central Railway, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen, occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation. He used much profane language, greatly to the lady's annoyance.

She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

The lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

A Stage Improvement.

An actor a member of the 'Little Theatre,' of Moscow, has recently obtained a patent on a novel prompter's box. The new box is placed beneath the box formerly used, and consists of peculiarly constructed sides of thin, carefully-seasoned wood, covered with violinvarnish. This box is covered with two layers of felt and paper pulp. The prompter is placed much deeper than heretofore, and the acoustic qualities of the new prompter's box can be heard by the audience, while, on the other hand, even the slightest whisper emitted by him can be plainly understood upon any part of the stage.