

## Notches on The Stick

Mine is no call to camps and arms;  
Yet here I will not stay,  
Bent on war's vigils and alarms  
To fling myself away.

And now occurred one of the most singular episodes in the life of this man, or any other man of similar character and qualification. He made his way to London, the mate where misery may lose itself to all but itself, and where if it wishes to succeed, Blackfriars bridge and the Thames will lend an opportunity. There, as in the sea, this strange vast intellect, this heart hungry too dependent man, was adrift. Night came down on him—a double night, a darkness not of that cloudy sky only, but of the soul; he found himself at the end of an aimless street-wondering, as the shadows gathered in Chancery Lane, where he sat down on a doorstep, in deep dejection and speculated on the future. "In this situation, overwhelmed with his own painful thoughts, and in misery of others,—for he was accosted by various kinds of beggars importuning him for money, and forcing on him their real or pretended sorrows." Not in vain could any such appeal be made; each applicant had his share, till the last coin in his pocket was gone. Then he moved on through Chancery Lane till pausing before a bill posted on the wall, he read: "Wanted, a few smart lads for the 15th Elliott's Light Dragoons." Here was a temptation like that to suicide. Thus he reflected: "Well, I have had all my life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses; The sooner I cure myself of these absurd prejudices the better; and so I will enlist in this regiment." Arrived at the place of enlistment, the old sergeant "with a remarkably benevolent countenance" accosted him kindly,—doubtless discerning in his face the marks of weariness and sorrow,—and asked him if he had been in bed that night. It was by that time early morning. This friendly scrutiny discovered a homeless wanderer, at his very wit's end. He was had to breakfast and to bed, before further inquest into his purpose should be made, or there should be any negotiation. When he awoke, "this feeling sergeant, finding him refreshed in his body, but still suffering apparently from melancholy, in kind words begged him to be of good cheer, and consider well the step he was about to take: gave him half a guinea, which he was to repay at his convenience, desiring him at the same time to go to the play and shake of his melancholy, and not to return to him. The first part of the advice Coleridge attended to, but returned after the play to the quarters he had left. At sight of him, this kind-hearted man burst into tears. "Then it must be so," said he. This sudden and unexpected sympathy from an entire stranger deeply affected Coleridge, and nearly shook his resolution; but still considering that he could not in honor even to the sergeant retreat, he kept his secret, and, after a short chat, they retired to rest."

The next morning the raw recruits are mustered by the sergeant, Coleridge among them, and are at an early hour marched on the road to Reading. There the regiment they were to join was quartered, under a general of the district, who it seemed was more a soldier in bearing, and less a humanitarian in his spirit, than the old sergeant. Inspecting the recruits, with a military air, he demanded of Coleridge after looking hardly at him,—"What's your name, Sir?" Just now the post is dauntless and ready, for he has appropriated a name from a door on London street, (Cumberbatch), improving it archaically, till it has quite a Cromwellian flavor,—Silas Jonken Cumberbatch;—for so it appears on record at the war-office. "What do you come here for?" demands the officer, quite as sternly, to one who must be made feel himself an intruder. "Sir" Coleridge replies, "for what most other persons come, to be made a soldier." "Do you think," queries the general, "you can run a Frenchman through the body?" "I don't know," rejoins the poet, "as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through before I'll run away." This is witty and prompt enough to justify all doubtful appearances. "That will do," concludes the general, and Coleridge is mustered in forthwith.

To what end this foregone prodigious drill of brain? It is bodily exercise that profits here. Coleridge tried to dignify the homely drudging business which he was now in, (classed with the unlettered boor, and directed in all his movements by men whose constant domineering practice makes them eminent, in that line at least), with classic reflections upon the hardships undergone by Caesar, Epaminondas and Leonidas. He is sage in his reflections, but awkward in his evolutions; his mind is preternaturally nimble, his body, (quite

## Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

## Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 2c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

untrained and undeveloped, hopelessly sluggish, and ludicrously awkward in all its movements. He is the butt, or the annoyance, of the drill-sergeant, who declares he will never be able to make a proper soldier of him, and who warns the members of the squad with most uncomplicated vociferation,—"Take care of that Cumberbatch! take care of him, for he will ride over you!" Coleridge can easily climb to a Lord Rectorship of the University, but will never get beyond the awkward squad of a well-drilled army.

Could Punch and Judy be more entertaining than his horsemanship, in the accounts we have of it. "Poor Coleridge, or Cumberbatch, or Cumberback, could never manage to rub down his own horse. The creature, he said, was a vicious one, and would return kick or bite for all such attempts; but then, in justice to the poor animal, the awkwardness of the attempts should be taken into the account. Cumberbatch at this time complained of a pain at the pit of his stomach, accompanied with sickness, which totally prevented his stooping, and in consequence he could never rub the heels of his horse at all. He would very quietly have left his horse unrubbed, but then he got a good rubbing down himself from the drill-sergeant. Between sergeant and steed he was in a poor case, for when he mounted his horse, it, like Gilpin's nag,

"What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more."

But the same amiable and benevolent conduct which was so interwoven in his nature, soon made him friends, and his new comrades vied with each other in their endeavors to be useful to him. They assisted to clean his horse, and he amply repaid the obligation by writing all their letters to their sweethearts and wives, such an amanuensis we may well affirm no lucky set of soldiers ever had before. Their lassies and good wives must have wondered at the new burst of affectionate eloquence in the regiment. "Poor Cumberbatch's skill in horsemanship did not progress. He was always encountering accidents and troubles. So little did he often calculate for a due equilibrium, that in mounting on one side—perhaps the wrong stirrup—the probability was especially if his horse moved, that he lost his balance, and, if he did not roll back on this side, came down ponderously on the other! The men, spite of their liking for him, [who could help it?] would burst into a laugh, and say to one another, 'Silas is off again!' Silas had often heard of campaign, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service. "From his inability to learn his exercise, the men considered him a sort of natural, though of a peculiar kind—a talking natural. This fancy he stoutly resisted, but no matter—what was it that he could do cleverly?—therefore a natural he must be."

His very hopeless awkwardness, however, worked really for his advantage. Something else may be found for him, and something else is found out about him,—this "talking natural" is an accomplished linguist—a scholar! What means this—*"Eheu! quam infortunius miserrimum est fuisse felicem,"* inscribed on the stable-wall under his saddle? Here is lore and regret enough for a caged Conqueror! Incidentally he is revealing himself. Having been stationed at the door of some place of public resort, through which the select and acceptable were passing the sentinel overheard such learned discourse as inevitably drew his interested attention. Two of his officers paused for a moment near him, talking about, and quoting Euripides. At the sound of the Greek lines, mistakenly attributed to that poet, Coleridge touched his cap and said,—"I hope your honor will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines;" where upon he gave them correctly. "Besides," Cumberbatch continued, instead of being in Euripides they will be found in the second antistrophe of the *oedipus of Sophocles*." The astonished officer exclaimed,—"Why, who the d— are you? old Faustres grown young again?"—"I am only your honor's humble sentinel," said Coleridge, and touched his cap again.

No wonder if the officer disappeared within, to inquire who the "odd fish" at the door may be. The surgeon had had his eye on him suspiciously, but is ignorant whence he came, and the whole Cumberbatch

family is a profound mystery. But he shrewdly conjectures him to be no "odd fish" out of anybody's aquarium, but rather "a stray bird from the Oxford or Cambridge array." His awkwardness at drill, his falls from his horse are canvassed and laughed over; but he had earned their respect and in the end, "the officer kindly took pity on the poor scholar, and had him removed to the medical department, where he was appointed 'assistant' in the regimental hospital. This change was a vast improvement in Mr. Coleridge's condition, and happy was the day also on which it took place, for the sake of the sick patients; for Silas Tomken Cumberbatch's amusing stories, they said, did them more good than all the doctor's physic. If he began talking to one or two of his comrades—for they were all on a perfect equality, except that those who were clever in their exercise lifted their heads a little above the awkward squad, of which Cumberbatch was by acclamation, the pre-eminent member, if he began to talk, however, to one or two, others drew near, increasing memently, till by and by the sick beds were deserted, and Cumberbatch formed the centre of a large circle. Many ludicrous dialogues occurred between Coleridge and his new disciples, with the 'geographer.'

"On one occasion he told them of the Peloponnesian war, which lasted twenty-seven years. 'There must have been famous promotions there,' said one poor fellow, haggard as a death's head. Another, tottering with disease, ejaculated, 'Can you tell, Silas, how many rose from the ranks?' He now still more excited their wonderment by recapitulating the feats of Archimedes. As the narrative proceeded, one restrained his scepticism till he was almost ready to burst, and then vociferated,—'Silas, that's a lie!' 'Dye think so?' said Coleridge, smiling, and went on with his story. The idea, however, got amongst them that Silas' fancy was on the stretch, when Coleridge, finding that this would not do, changed his subject, and told them of a famous general called Alexander the Great. As by a magic spell, the flagging attention was revived, and several, at the same moment, to testify their eagerness, called out, 'The general! the general!' 'I'll tell you all about him,' said Coleridge, and impatience marked every countenance. He then told them who was the father of this Alexander the Great,—no other than Philip of Macedon. 'I never heard of him,' said one. 'I think I have,' said another ashamed of being thought ignorant. 'Silas, wasn't he a Cornish man?' I knew one of the Alexanders at Truro."

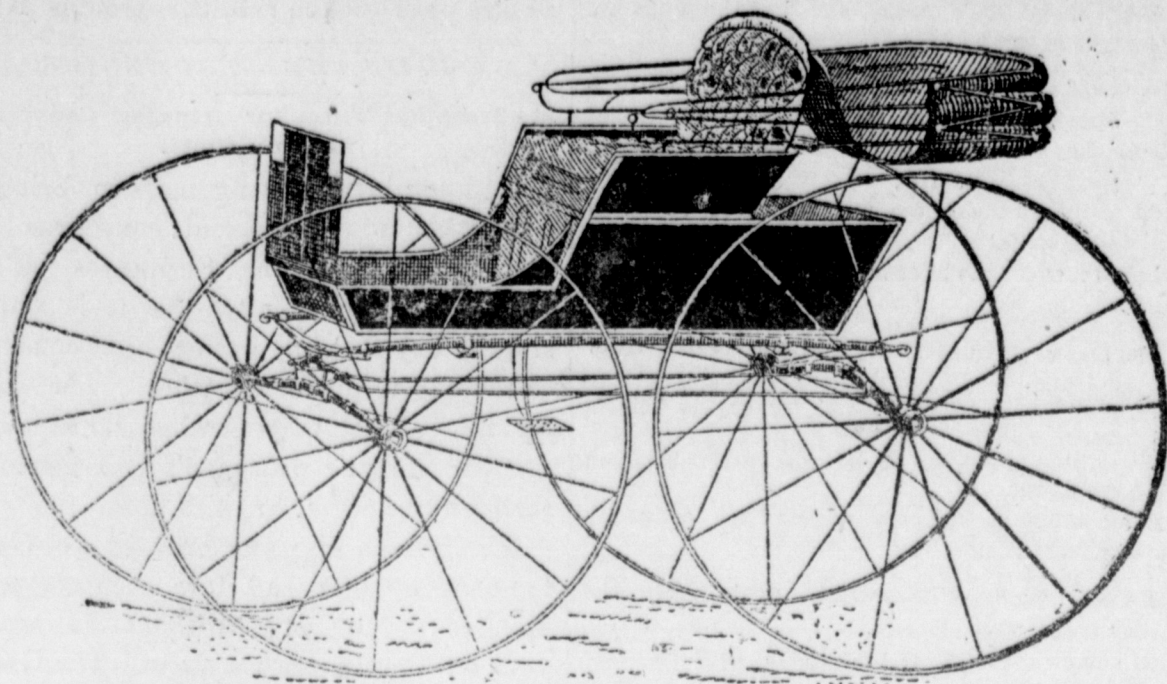
"Coleridge now went on, describing to them, in glowing colors the valor, the wars, and the conquests of this famous general. 'Ah,' said one man, whose open mouth had complimented the speaker for the preceding half hour 'Ah,' said he, 'Silas, this Alexander must have been as great a man as our colonel!' Coleridge now told them of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. 'I don't like to hear of retreat,' said one. 'Nor I,' said a second; 'I'm for marching on.' Coleridge now told of the incessant conflicts of those brave warriors, and of the virtues of 'the square.' 'They were a parcel of crack men,' said one. 'Yes,' said another, 'their bayonets fixed, and sleeping on their arms day and night.' 'I should like to know,' said a fourth, 'what rations were given with all that hard fighting?' on which an Irishman replied, 'To be sure, every time the sun rose, two pounds of good ox beef and plenty of whiskey.' Coleridge now told them of the heroes of Thermopylae; when the geographer interrupted him by saying,—'Silas, I know, too, where that there Mopply is, it's somewhere up in the north.' 'You are quite right, Jack,' said Coleridge, 'it is to the north of the line.' A conscious elevation marked his countenance; and he rose at once five degrees in the estimation of his friends."

What a picture this, of the greatest intellect then in Britain, amusing the rustic minds of these sick soldiers with the romance of history; and of the delicate tact by which he continues to win them, and remain void of offence. He is not there as Professor of History; and so if a young recruit thinks he knows the 'Hallsport' is at the mouth of the Thames he will not flatly contradict him. But these days are happily drawing to an end. He is recognized one day, and his friends are on his track. A former college mate encounters him on the street, one day, when the young dragon in full dress, who would have passed is called to a sudden halt: 'No Coleridge, this will not do; we have been seeking you this six months. I must and will converse with you, and have no hesitation in declaring that I shall immediately inform your friends that I have found you.' Not many days after the door of the hospital is suddenly opened and several gentlemen enter; who, singling out Cumberbatch where he sits at the foot of a bed, take him by the arm and lead him

## CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable, well constructed and elegantly finished.

## Here Are Two Distinct Styles.



SINGLE-SEATED BUCKY.

A very handsome and convenient carriage for all purposes.



DOUBLE-SEATED BUCKY.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle.

For prices and all information apply to

## JOHN EDGEcombe & Sons,

Fredericton, N. B.

Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

silent and unresisting away. As they go out, one of the astonished auditors, looking after the supposed deserter, is heard to exclaim sorrowfully,—'Poor Silas! I wish they may let him off with a cool five hundred!'

PASTOR FELIX.

### WHICH WAS CRAZY.

It is Not Always Safe to Jump to Hasty Conclusions.

Jumping to conclusions, so called, is a hazardous proceeding. Even the shrewdest of men will sometimes land in a bog before they know it. Here, for example, is a case in which the victim was no less a person than the famous Baron Van Humboldt. We borrow the anecdote from the Golden Penny.

During one of his visits to Paris, Humboldt expressed to his friend Doctor Blanche, the distinguished authority in matters concerning insanity, a desire to meet one of his patients.

"Nothing easier," said the doctor. "Come and take dinner with me to-morrow."

The next day Humboldt found himself seated at the dinner-table of the famous doctor in company with two guests to whom he had not been introduced. One of them was dressed in black, with a white cravat and gold rimmed spectacles. He had a smooth face, a very bald head, and sat with great gravity through the entire dinner. He bowed, ate, and said not a word.

The other guest, on the contrary, wore a great shock of hair, brushed wildly, his shabby blue coat was buttoned askew, his collar was rumpled, and the ends of his cravat floated over his shoulders. He helped himself, ate, and talked at the same time. Story after story did this incoherent person tell. He mixed the past with the present, flew from Swedenborg to Fourier, from Cleopatra to Jenny Lind, from Archimedes to Lamartine, and talked of politics and literature in the same breath.

At the dessert Humboldt managed to say quietly to the host, glancing at the fantas-

tic personage, who was still talking, "I am very much obliged to you. Your maniac amuses me immensely." The doctor looked startled.

"You made a great mistake about the maniac," he said, at the earliest moment when they were alone together. "The brilliant talker wasn't the lunatic; the silent one is my patient; the talker is the famous Balzac, the novelist."

### The Ruling Spirit.

The story is told of a Yankee housewife who was extremely neat, that she woke one night at the sound of her husband creeping softly out of bed and toward the light-stand.

"What's the matter, William she whispered; there's a burglar coming up the front stairs, and I'm getting my revolver!"

All was silence again, in the midst of which William crept noiselessly to the head of the stairs. Presently there was a loud report, followed by a mad scurrying of feet; then the husband came back lighted a lamp, returned to the stairway.

"Oh William, William, did he—"

"Yes he got away," said the husband.

"Oh I don't care so much 'bout that," the woman said, "but William, did he—"

"Did he what?"

"Did he wipe his feet before he started up the stairs?"

### An Ideal Candidate.

"There will be a clerkship vacant in the third division of the department of which I have the honor to be the chief," said the Appointing Power.

"I have the man who is ideally fitted for the place," said the Senatorial Influence.

"Are you certain?"

"Quite certain. He must be the man, because he wants the job, and he isn't fit for a position in business," Cincinnati Inquirer.

**PILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS.**  
Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.