

Notches on The Stick

Coming to the banks of Tone
There did it rest, and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree. —WORDSWORTH.

To return to Coleridge,—we love to dwell upon that early association of the dreamer with Wordsworth, in the heyday of their poetic enthusiasm, and before the stream of his clear poetry had been lost in the sands of speculation. Still let us linger for a little at and about Stowey. It is good to be there. It is the poet's place apart, a little island in the world's sea of perplexing affairs. Here these fine spirits are freshly face to face. They are deep and earnest students. Their mental furnace is heated again and the curdlings are run into the most beautiful of their golden forms. Wordsworth like the lark, is apt, aloof or aloft; but Coleridge is Apollo's eagle, or Minerva's owl, now sweeping the dim cavern, now mounting cliff-ward, daringly sublime. They mutually respect each other; nothing has come to mar their intercourse; they are identical in their pursuits, and in taste sympathetic. Together they roam over the Quantock hills, "drinking in at every step new knowledge and impressions of nature." They sit together in the study at Stowey, or at Alforden. Often, going down the slopes of those hills together—(those heights for which the dreaming mariner might sigh, as he sailed up the channel,—

"O would I were on those green hills at play,
Not pent on ship-board this delicious day!"
they would see the scenes so dear to the verse of Coleridge his most beloved home:
"And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy crutch tower, and, methinks, the four huge
elms
Clustering, and mark the mansion at my friends;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace. With light
And quickened footstep thitherward I tread."

How cordially would Sara welcome her poet's return, with this ever congenial William and Dora! Wordsworth confessed that Coleridge was the only wonderful man he ever knew; while Southey declared, "Coleridge and Richman, with William Taylor make my Trinity of living greatness." Coleridge on his part has described Wordsworth's impress on him, during the recital of a poem "on the growth of an individual mind:"

"Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew."

Dora Wordsworth,—scarcely inferior to her brother, in her keen-inspecting, yet beauty-loving, eye, her discriminating judgment, and vivid power of depiction,—has given us a picture of Coleridge at this time: "Thin and pale, the lower part of the face not good; wide mouth, thick lips, not very good teeth, longish nose, half curling, rough, black hair; all forgotten in the magic of his utterance." Procter describes him in mature age, with a full, round face, a fine, broad forehead, rather thick lips, strange, dreamy eyes, which were often lighted up by eagerness, but wanted concentration, and were adapted apparently for musing and speculation rather than for precise or rapid judgement." Carlyle,—that master of picturesque yet perverse word-portraiture,—has given his appearance in advanced age: "The good man was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round and of massive weight but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring and surely much suffering man." Leigh Hunt, referring to his personal appearance, said, "He has a mighty intellect put upon a sensual body;" and Wordsworth put him in his poetic gallery, somewhat after the manner of Thomson in "The Castle of Indolence:"

A noticeable man with large grey eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
Depressed by weight or musing Phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, but not severe.

One notable era in the life of this diffusive man was that of his pulpit ministry to a Unitarian congregation of Taunton, while still resident at Stowey. Of the various

accounts, the most vigorous and impressive, as well as the most favorable, is that of Hazlitt, who walked ten miles, on a winter morning, from Wem to Shrewsbury, rising before dawn to accomplish his journey. "Never, the longest day I have to live, he says, 'shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, com'fortless one in the winter of 1798. When I got there the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: He departed into a mountain himself alone.' As he gave out this text his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. . . . For myself I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres.' But those mystically inspired monologues, which might delight a subtly-metaphysical mind like Hazlitt, would simply bewilder an average congregation; and so, it will not be strange if we learn that, on the whole, Coleridge was not acceptable as a preacher. To be concrete, pointed, practical, at least, is necessary; and here this majestic mind was unequal. Charles Lamb, however may be, supposed to vouch for Coleridge's competence as a preacher. One day the dreamy man said in his mildest tones to his humorous friend—'Charles I think you have heard me preach?' 'I've never heard you do any thing else,' was Lamb's instant reply.

We have alluded, in our sketch of Wordsworth's life at Alforden, to the misapprehension which arose among the rustics of Stowey, with reference to those, to them singularly acting poets. So laughably absurd was the whole thing that we recur to it, in closing this paper, hoping at least to leave our readers in good humor. Little they dreamed what eyes noted their goings forth, and what tongues descanted on their actions! Coleridge, especially, was so transparent that they said,—'As to Coleridge, he is a whirl brain, that talks what ever comes to the uppermost; but that Wordsworth he is a dark traitor. You never hear him say a syllable on the subject.'

Scotland recently celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Stirling, and in enthusiastic assemblies glorified her national hero. We have, by favor of a friend a copy of the Newcastle Leader, reporting the proceedings of the day in the old castellated town, and Lord Roseberry's humorously eloquent and patriotic address. Major Wallace, of Cloncaird a lineal descendant of the illustrious William's house, was present and took a prominent part in the observance. Roseberry, on rising, to propose the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Wallace," was greeted with cheers, and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow,"—which might be supposed applicable both to the speaker and to his subject. He said, towards the close of his address: "But for Wallace, Scotland might have been a remote or oppressed and neglected district, without a name, a history, or a friend; and the centuries of which they are so proud so full of energy and passing dramatic history, might have passed silently and heedlessly over a dark and unknown province. Wallace was in truth the champion who stood and prevented this, who asserted Scotland as an independent country, who made or remade, the Scots as a nation. [Cheers] It was for that every Scotchman put him in the highest place. It was for that they venerated his name when the dark and bloody memories of his time were memories and nothing more. It was for that they honored him when his foes were their closest and dearest friends. There were junctures in the affairs of men when what was wanted was a man—not treasures, not fleets, not legions, but a man: the man of the moment, the man of the occasion, the man of the destiny, whose spirit attracted, binds, and inspires, whose capacity is congenial to the crisis, whose powers were equal to the convulsion—the child and outcome of the storm. The type of this man was the same, though they found it under different names and different ages. It was the same whether they called it Caesar, Luther, Washington, Mirabeau, or Cavour. The crisis was the travail, and the birth of the man ended or assuaged it. [Loud cheers] They recognized in Wallace one of these men." In the evening, and during the night after this immense concourse had assembled and dispersed, pedilights and flares in the Wallace Tower made an illumination visible many miles away, The

freedom of Stirling will be officially conferred on Lord Roseberry on the ninth of October.

The Summer Encampment at "The Pines" Good Will Farm East Fairfield Me., has come to be a recognized institution, and a magazine is published giving the proceedings of each annual assembly with appropriate illustrations. This year the midsummer meeting was a great success, and the youth of the State of Maine and many adults spent a week of the highest and purest enjoyment, that nature with intellectual, spiritual, and fraternal intercourse can give. Principal Ainschley had provided a noble programme and ample entertainment. Dr. Orson Swett Marden, whose books "Pushing to the Front" and "Architects of Fate," have been such favorites with the young, was present, with addresses and readings. Just before this assembly a fine new stone chapel was dedicated, and the following hymn written for the occasion, was sung by a trained choir of Good Will boys:

As Moses, on the Holy Mount appearing,
Received the pattern of Thine ancient shrine,—
Thy word, O Lord, with awful rapture hearing,
So now we wait that perfect will of Thine.

Here now inspire us from Thy Sacred Mountain,
To which we look, as if Thy face to see;
And consecrate, out of Thy heart's deep fountain,
These walls we rear—a temple unto Thee.

O Thou, who sav'st the helpless and the lowly,
The outcast souls who gath'ring to Thy fold,
Gather them here—Thou gracious One and Holy!
And let their tearful eyes Thy love behold.

Here come to youthful souls with Thy salvation;
Here let the voice of prayer and praise arise,
Here shape the stones for Thy sublime foundation,
The Temple Thou art rearing in the skies.

How frail our work, however wrought and glided;
Transient our lives, where all is insecure:
Lord, in the House Thy glorious Hand hath builded
May we behold the things that shall endure;

"The Pines" is a recent addition to the "Good Will Farm" property purchased from Walter M. Smith, of Stamford, Ct., and is situated exactly on the opposite bank of the Kennebec. It consists of thirty acres of noble pine trees affording an ample shade, and the grounds are being fitted with such buildings as are required during its summer occupancy. It will be frequented by many societies who need a suitable place for their assemblies. Mr. Ezekiah Butterworth, of Boston, in the course of his dedicatory address, said: "Long after you are gone I expect great religious meetings will be held in this place. Long after you are gone I expect great educational meetings will be held here. Men die, but institutions live, and the Word of God lives, and the purposes of God in men live; and the purpose of God in Mr. Hinckley and Mr. Smith is bound to find expression long after we have passed away, and that expression here will be one of those things that make life worth the living." Preparations are in view for a still more successful next year at this pleasure ground of a beneficent institution.

PASTOR FELIX.

A GRATEFUL MONKEY.

The Gratitude to her Kind Physician and how it was expressed.

One more story, and a very remarkable and well-authenticated one, is to be added to the many which record instances of gratitude on the part of animals for surgical operations which have given them pain, but at the same time saved them from probable death. In the zoological collection at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris, there is a female monkey, Diane by name, which has long been a favorite with keepers and public. One day not long ago, the chief, keeper, Bigeard, found Diane in a corner of her cage holding one of her arms tightly with the other, and weeping great tears. While swinging and vaulting about the cage, she had fallen and broken her arm in two places.

The fracture was so bad and apparently incurable that the director of the garden thought it best to put the poor creature to death, to end her sufferings; but as a result of Bigeard's urgent appeals he consented to summon a physician—not a veterinary, but a "surgeon-enough" doctor of human beings. This physician, Doctor Tolmer, set the broken arm and put it, in a plaster cast, to the application of which Diane calmly submitted. She was then put in a roomy space by herself with a cat for a companion. With her arm in a sling, Diane patiently awaited her restoration to health, treating everybody as amiably as ever; but unfortunately

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nately the bones did not 'knit,' possibly owing to the artificial and greatly transplanted conditions of the monkey's life. A condition arose which made it necessary for the doctor to declare that he could not save the monkey's arm, and to advise that she be put out of her sufferings.

"But why could not her arm be amputated?" asked Bigeard.

"It is not practicable to anesthetize her," replied Doctor Tolmer.

"Let me hold her," said Bigeard, "and you may perform the operation without anesthetics."

"Well," said the doctor, "that will be a forlorn hope. We will try it."

Bigeard took his pet in his arms, carressingly but firmly. She seemed to recognize the fact that something must be done, which, however, was for her good. The arm was amputated; Diane shed tears copiously, but uttered no cry. Nor did she struggle at all; she did, indeed, set her teeth through the sleeve of Bigeard's coat, but did not touch his skin. This she seemed to do rather to have something to hold at than to resist. Human beings who have pain to endure feel the need of some point of physical support.

The terrible wound dressed, Diane was sent to rejoin her friend the cat. She now seemed quite comfortable; but the most interesting part of the story remains to be told. For a long time Doctor Tolmer came every day to see Diane and she, so far from entertaining a grudge toward him treated him as if she could not sufficiently express her gratitude. She watched for his approach, and on his arrival threw her self into his arms, continuing to exhibit her affection as long as he remained in the garden.

The arm healed, and Diane was restored to the cage with the other monkeys. The public found an additional element of interest in a monkey which played and gambolled with the rest, but which had only one arm.

Diane seemed to have completely resumed her former way of life, but on the moment when Doctor Tolmer entered the garden, she left all her sports to leap to the side of the cage and extend her remaining hand through the bars, in order that it might be affectionately shaken by the Doctor.

A RIGHT ROYAL ROBE.

Made of Hare Feathers for the Ruler of the Sandwich Islands.

A million dollars seems a pretty round sum to pay for a cloak, and probably even Worth never dreamed of asking so fabulous a price for the most elaborate of his garments. And yet in the National Museum at Washington is a cloak the cost of which cannot be reckoned at less than this vast amount, and ladies may be pleased to learn that it was not a woman, but a man, who was guilty of such a piece of extravagance.

Long years ago, when the Hawaiian Islands, small as they are, supported not one but several flourishing kingdoms, the kings, chiefs and nobles, whenever they appeared in public on state occasions, wore, instead of the purple and ermine of more civilized potentates, capes and cloaks of brilliant feathers. The ladies of the court were forced to content themselves with feather boas, as we should call them, known as 'leis.' These capes and collars were made from the yellow, red and black feathers of a few species of small birds peculiar to the Sandwich Islands, and called, from their habits, honey-suckers. Fashion ruled even in those days, and as

the yellow feathers were scarcer than the red, the yellow was the fashionable color, and the more powerful the chief the more yellow was his robe of state. These yellow feathers were found only on two or three species of birds, the finest coming from a bird called in the native language 'mamo' and known as Drepanis pacifica by ornithologists.

These birds, with their striking black and yellow plumage, were as dear to the hearts of the Hawaiian monarchs as they might be to-day to the hearts of patriotic Princeton students, and were sought for far and near throughout the islands. The populace paid poll-taxes in golden feathers instead of golden dollars, and as each bird furnished but a few feathers, the taxes may be considered as having been high. Some estimate of the value of the feathers may be formed from the prices paid in later times, when a piece of nankeen cloth valued at a dollar and a half was the equivalent of five feathers; but, after all, the great element in the cost of these cloaks was the time and labor, since the making of a single cloak required from fifty to a hundred years.

As the feathers obtained for taxes were very far from supplying the demand, the chiefs were accustomed to employ a regular staff of bird-catchers, much as a mediaeval baron had his staff of falconers. These skilled foresters prepared a sort of birdlime from the gum of the fragrant 'olapa' mixed with the juice of the bread-fruit tree, and with it smeared the branches of the flowering trees frequented by the honey-suckers.—St. Nicolas.

The Dangers of Croup.

We may expect to have croup with us shortly and the children as usual may be attacked. A plaster made by spreading "Quickcure" on a piece of cotton flannel, linen or cotton, will give more prompt relief than a mustard plaster, without causing burning or irritation. Keep it ready for emergencies. Also vaporize some "Quickcure" in the bedroom. See "Quickcure" book (free.)

Perfection.

Man's art. What is it? Ink and stone and varnish. And whether he portrays, describes, erects, His eye discovers soon the taint and tarnish. In all the imperfection he perfects.

Still, though it never be mortal given,
Perfection is, for he has felt its spur;
And though he gain it not, still he has striven,
And love of it has set his soul a-stir.

—J. Edmund V. Cook.

Solicitor—"Yes, madam, we will have to put down your correct age in the deed." Client—"Put forty-five, then, if you must have it, but for goodness sake write it as illegibly as possible."

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