

Notches on The Stick

The moon this evening seems to have borrowed half the glory and fervor of the sun, as we see her shining at the full between the arching elms of our street. The mass of leaves, here and there slightly colored, make a luxurious foil for her magnificence, where she sits in sultry state in the eastern dome of the firmament, while in the opposite play the hot and restless flashes of some distant cloud. Summer, that lingered apart from us through her proper cycle of July and August, sits in our midst with hazy garment widely spread. So stifling an atmosphere as that of parlor or study cannot be breathed with ease and satisfaction; and at eight o'clock we sit outside the open door, gasping at the very memory of the day, while the children gambol on the lawn bit we have bordered with sunburned asters, and send their cheery voices abroad.

What a noble scheme is this in the midst of which we sit! The whole creation seems to have taken an extra burnish.

"Mamma, what makes it light, and what makes it dark?" asks hopeful with up-raised eyes, as he plucks his mother's gown.

"Why, it is God," she asseverates, with solemn assurance.

"Yes, I know it," he responds, "Cause God has the sheenery to do it with."

"Look yonder to the horizon and see the gorgon in the north-west wink his eye,—and be thankful he is not at hand to look at you."

"It is the family poet who volunteers this classic allusion to the distant cloud, more somnific and ashy in its habitude than the fellow who frowned and blazoned over us yesterday at sunset, while the gress turned greener and glistened with a strange magnetic lustre.

"Quite a wink he wunk, that time," exclaims bold sixteen approvingly, as the distant cloud pulsates through its gray bosom with lambent fire, and an angry fist seems lifted out of it filled with arrows.

"Would that cloud might drift round to us," says pater-familias, arriving after midnight. I think we may risk any stray bolts for the sake of what our good sister P—, terms 'mercy-drops' from 'mercy-clouds,' while you, good-wife, would sleep all the sweeter for the thunder. Dust may be a beautiful thing when the sunset chooses it for its medium, as I saw it yesterday while coming up street, (Lo well properly describes it,) and I am not involved in it:

"Dear native town whose choking elm each year With eddying dust before their time turn gray, Pining for rain,—to me thy dust is dear; It glorifies the eve of summer day, And when the western sun half sunken burns, The mote thick air to deepest orange turns, The westward horseman rides through clouds of gold away."

Very well! But the horseman himself may have different reflections, as we ascertain while riding home in that dry stifling cloud that evening.

Our friend, Thomas Hutchinson, after his outing on the Northumbrian coast has recovered his pen, and we are surprised he makes no mention of the ghosts of Scott and Bishop Percy. Perhaps he did not get in sight of Warkworth or Lindisfarne. "What a grand thing," he affirms, "it is being a teacher—at holiday times! Write and bairns and I have been at the seaside for a month,—at a place called Calleroats close to Tynemouth. It is a capital place to stay at, but (or perhaps, because), the natives are about a century behind present day civilization. Nearly all the men are fisher-folk, and the men earn their bread, in a great part by the sweat of their wives' brows. And buxom ladies the wives are, and as strong as horses. But, after all, there's no place like home. . . I am glad you like 'Harry.' It is not a newly published book, but I thought it would interest you, so I got my bookseller to send you a copy. . . while I was off a-holidaying. But I am sorry I cannot enlighten you as to the authorship of it. Naeboby kens. I have seen it attributed to the late Mrs. Clive, the lady who once told us 'Why Paul Ferrol killed his wife.' (It is to be suspected he had no justifying reason); but I am confident in my own mind that she did not write it. 'Mrs. Jerningham's Journal' is a poem of a similar nature, and is exceedingly difficult to obtain. My own quest for a copy lasted nearly five years. Nor, I am sorry to say, can I give you any particulars about Menella Smedley, at present, but I shall try to do so later on. By the same post as this letter I send you a Newcastle leader: the leading article tickles me immensely, and so I think will tickle you; but what will your friend, R—, think of it? Is Dr. Rand an entirely new star in the poetic firmament of Canada? He is certainly a bright one."

Much in Little

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The story of Harry is at least told in easy and pleasant verse, with a lilt quite exhilarating. A sorrowful, but faithful wife is the supposed story-teller; she recites her monologues in a bewitching strain of sweet girlish prattle that goes musically on to the close. A woman of sense and sensibility, who has committed herself and her fortunes to a husband by her esteemed as entirely noble, she commends herself as the possessor of that charity which thinketh no evil, which suffereth long, and is kind. Meanwhile her idolized hero discovers himself as made of baser clay, lapses into vicious pleasures, and eventually into crime, becoming a fugitive from justice. The search for him at his home is described in these stanzas:

"It's no use trying to 'ide 'im, my dear," Said one, in a really fatherly way; "In course we knows that the gentleman's ere; An' 'till he turns up we shall 'ave to stay."

"The gentleman's here? but no one has come; And no one can come—it is much too late. Mr. Vane is out—he will soon be home, But I really must ask you not to wait."

The man laid a finger against his nose; With a horrible slyness looked at me: "We understands all that ere, I suppose; But you'd better come to terms," said he.

I stared at the man with vacant eyes, That dreamily questioned him how he dared? And suddenly saw, with extreme surprise, It was a policeman at whom I stared.

The five of us stood in the pleasant hall; And four were policeman, and one was I; And Harry had never come home at all; And the clock struck one with a gasping sigh.

The policeman, all but their chief, proceeded to search the house. He continued in the hall. Suddenly the young wife realized the situation:

I rushed to the door and flung it wide— A frightened creature can anything dare— And I saw the darkness that lay outside, And I heard the silence,—and nothing was there.

"Harry! Harry!" was all my cry, As I stood alone at the open door; And the night heard me—and so did the sky, And the wind and the earth—and nothing more.

I turned from the door with a sad surprise: I could call for my love and call in vain; And I met that horrid policeman's eyes, Keenly and quietly watching my pain.

He suddenly called for his men to come; So they made their appearance one by one; And he said, "The gentleman's not been 'ome, And she 'asn't a notion what he's done."

Hitherto she has not been ignorant of his declension into evil habits, nor has she failed of gentle expostulation; but she has been fertile in the excuses with which love covers the defects of its object:

"You are my angel," he cried with a kiss; "I fear lest your wings are spreading to fly; And his angel I ought to be, in this; For 'tis he who is tempted, and not I. O, women have no temptations at all; They have only to keep their white lives white; But men are so tempted, that men must fall— O wonderful Harry who stands upright!"

And again; Harry conquers whenever he plays, Billiards require grace agility, skill; No one without them can hope to excel; But Harry never did anything ill That it is manly and right to do well.

Poor child! she had yet to learn the weakness and littleness of her hero. He came to her secretly, possessed himself of money and made his escape. In a frenzy of passionate devotion she rejoins him on the ships at Liverpool, and they set sail together for the South Seas. After a life of some years in the bush, Jack Devize, who was supposed to have been slain by Harry in his passion that evening in Bellhaven, and had fallen backward over the cliff into the water—this same Jack turns up at the cabin. The ghost caught his hands with a cheer almost And shook them right manfully where it stood, Shouting, "I'm neither a phantasm, nor a ghost; I am Jack Devize, and am flesh and blood."

The prodigal, who has long since come to his right mind has no barrier to keep him from his father's house; so they all return to their native country and are happy:

From the midst of the sea the white cliffs rise— The snowy white cliffs of the ocean gem! And they smile their welcome into our eyes As Harry and I smile back on them.

Standing together alone on the deck, With a hope that almost becomes a fear, We can watch that wonderful little speck Crowd into places unspeakably dear.

Is it years or days since we sailed away? And are we returning the self-same track? Did we cross the ocean yesterday And is it today we are coming back?

And oh! to stand on the well-known road In the bright uncertain English weather; And oh! the hearts that are free from a load, And oh! the hands that are knit together! And oh! to see Rover leap to his side With a yell as if he doubted his sight! I thought the old dog would have really died In his vehement soag of delight.

And I know the present is not a dream, For I feel a touch and a well-known kiss; And they are not phantoms that shine and gleam From days that are past with a solemn bliss.

From days that are lit by a heaven-ray, To kindle our hearts and strengthen our faith; For Harry and I are changed in a way, Like people whose eyes have looked on death.

Coventry Patmore gave us a beautiful ideal of courtship and connubial felicity as it subsists between two equal spirits, who are in their integrity as uniform as in their devotion. We do not pretend to compare that rare poem with this, as a work of art; but, while we commend this, as having an excellence and value of its own, to show how a noble love may vindicate its devotion to an unworthy and unequal partner, by becoming his defence and shelter in the hour of peril, and an ultimate means of his restoration to virtue and happiness. The dear woman, who pictures her own rare nature so unconsciously in these naive artless accents seems worthy to take her place among the worthy heroines of song and of romance.

Menella Buts Smedley, to whom this little book is dedicated, "as a tiny token of boundless love and admiration," is an English poetess concerning whom we "are desirous of further information" when we wrote to Mr. Hutchison. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology," which gives one example of her style in the "The Little Fair Soul" gives us the few following facts: That she was born in 1820 and died in 1877; that delicate health made necessary her residence at the sea-side town of Tenley, where she lived for many years; that she published three volumes of verse, many of the poems in the collection entitled "Child-World," and that entitled "Poems Written for Children;" also that she was the author of several successful prose tales.

The unknown poet has some quotable lines concerning Harry's dog.

Keeping by Harry, a friend who is fond Follows as closely as follow he can: Is there an earthly affection beyond The love a good dog feels for a good man?

It twenty people fling down twenty gloves Our Rover has never been known to fail; He picks out the glove of the man he loves And brings it triumphantly, wagging his tail.

Rover and I, under shadow yew, Listening for Harry's dear step on the path— He always hears it the first of the two, Which gives me a feeling half joy half wrath.

By divers states can our spirits be moved, Our hearts will answer to many a touch, We love one creature for being much loved, And we love another for loving much.

By delicate touches are souls stirred, Fraught with a meaning life never reveals: I wonder the Bible says not a word Of the faithful love that a good dog feels.

The East was cursed by an ignoble species of the canine family. I think Inspiration would not withhold the palm of merit from a genuine specimen of the shaggy rover of Newfoundland, or the "faithful hound" of St. Bernard. Neither "old dog Tray," nor "honest Luath," I believe would have been scorned by the gentle St. John, or the loving Nazarine, with the invidious epithet,—"Without are dogs." PASTOR FELIX.

TOO MUCH CRIME.

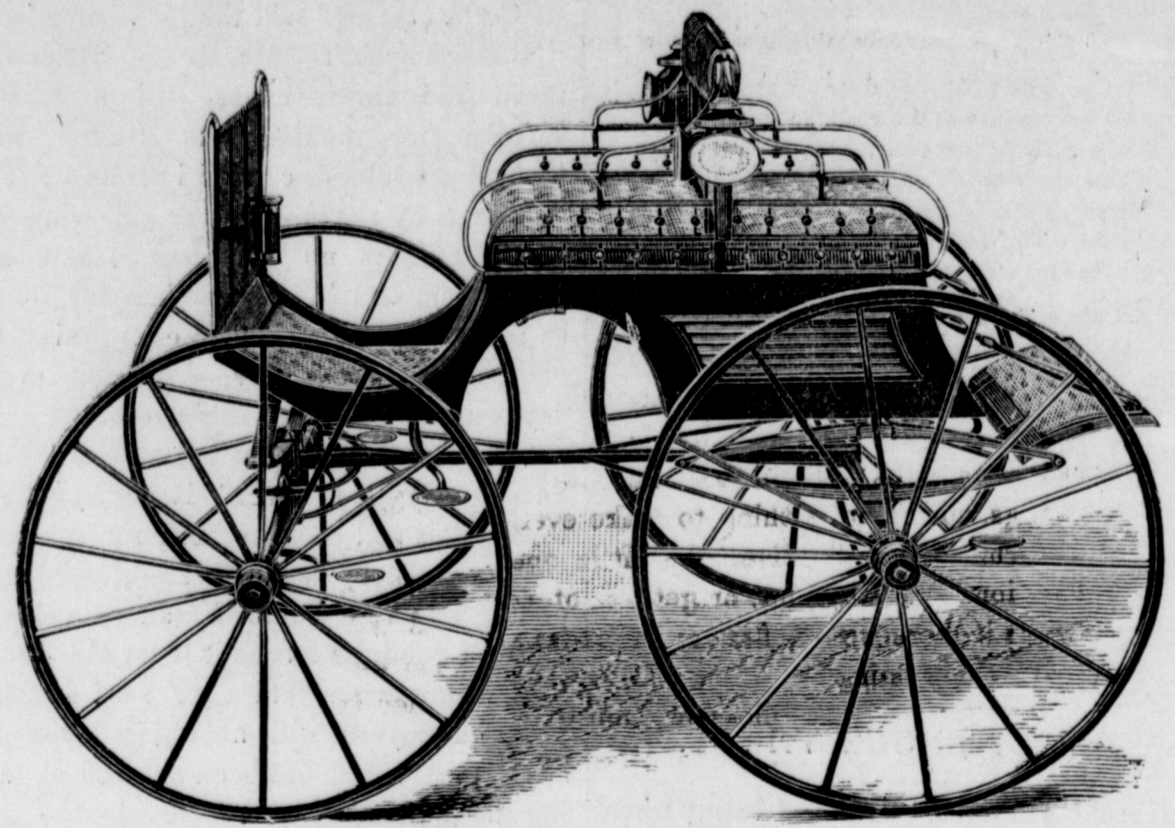
Thieves in America are not improving in Their Manners.

Thieves in this country are not improving in their manners any more than in their morals. They never were desirable persons and never were needful to the community; but they were not always or invariably the imbruted creatures that some of them show themselves in our time, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The murder of a sexton in his church is one of their characteristic performances, and we hear from various parts of the country of deeds of violence as adjuncts to peculative industries. In Havestraw a number of men went the rounds of the town robbing tills and shooting at those who objected. In several Western states thefts have been accomplished by means of firearms and bludgeons. On the roads of New Jersey many people have been stopped and beaten as an incident to having their pockets emptied of money and watches. One of the particularly atrocious performances of the ruffians is that of torturing their victims to make them confess where their money has been hidden. Generally they have no hidden money. The hiding of cash is not a practice of our time. When a man has a few dollars ahead he puts them into the bank, or invests them in stock, in either case putting them not only out of the reach of thieves, but temporarily out of his own. The folly of hoarding is best illustrated by one or two successes of the robbers notably that in Chicago, were three desperados broke into the house of a man who foolishly kept his money in his house. He had \$1000, the savings of his life. This money the burglars got after they had burned his feet to make him tell where it was hidden. There are no arrests. The moral of the incident is that it is wiser to follow the common practice of placing one's savings in a bank, or at least in a safe deposit vault, where no other can get at them. One thing, however, is daily forced on the attention of the public,

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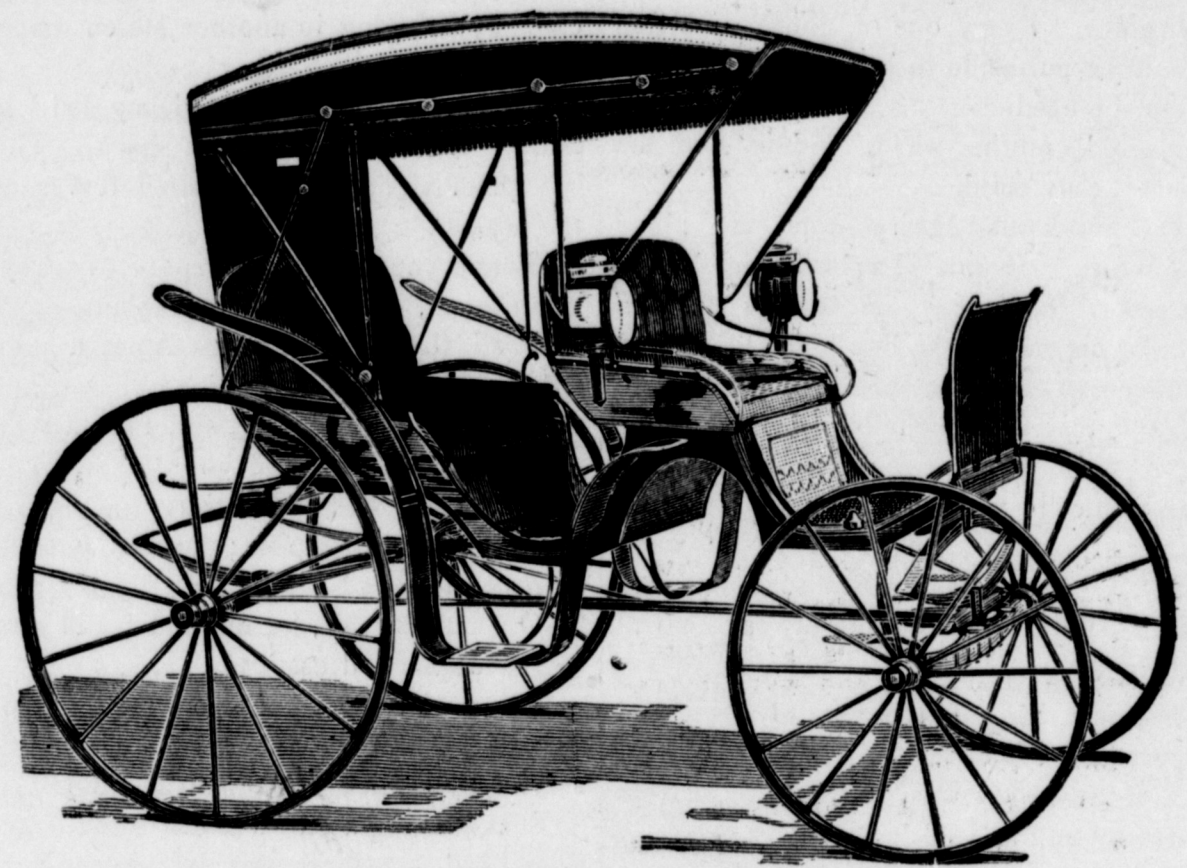
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and that is that there is too much lawlessness, too much law, and too little work by the police. Our cities are the abiding-places of a class that needs a stricter supervision, and there is strong need of a more exemplary speed in our courts. If we had a colony for the off-scouring of society like that to which the European nations propose to send their anarchists, the community would gradually be purged of its undesirable classes—its drunkards, tramps, beggars, loafers, wife beaters—in fact, of that class that if not actively criminal, becomes criminal on slight encouragement, begets criminals and is criminal in its affiliations.

PRINCE LUIGI'S FEAT.

He Scaled Mt. Elias Without Loss of Life or Difficulty.

Whatever else may be said of the scaling of Mount St. Elias, accomplished successfully and without any loss of life by a party led by the intrepid Prince Luigi of Savoy, it deserves to be ranked among the great feats of human daring and endurance. It took pluck, patience and intelligence to achieve an undertaking so hazardous, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The mountain forms one of a group of four. A glance at the map shows this. Another group of four is set down plainly at a point much farther south. But the truth is that the innumerable islands skirting along the South Alaskan coast are little else than mountain peaks. The irresistible impression made by them is that they are simply the high points of a vast mountain range, the ordinary levels being below the surface of the sea. The view of Mount Blanc from Chamouni has always been regarded as in its way the grandest of spectacles, but Mount Blanc is 15,781 and Chamouni is 3000 feet above the sea level, taking the Mediterranean as the base of observation, while these Alaskan mountains are to be seen from the ocean level. One, at least, of the island peaks is higher than Mount Blanc. We refer to Mount Crillon, which is fully 100 feet higher. Mount St. Elias, which is on

the mainland, but so near the coast as to be of the same family as Crillon, is now known to be 18,120 feet in height. One Alaskan peak is now furnishing gold-bearing ore for the largest stamp mill plant in the world, and others may still be richer.

Science owes much more to mountain climbers than it seems disposed to admit. The Prince of Savoy has set at rest one conjecture as to the peak which he scaled; it is not volcanic. At least no signs of volcanic action were discovered. This may prove a base line of calculation for geologists of very great scientific importance. One of the greatest of men, the most learned man, probably, the human race ever produced—Alexander Humboldt—acquired much of the material for his great work, "Cosmos," by mountain-climbing. He had the intrepidity of Luigi and an incomparable ability to derive knowledge from exploration. The best part of Humboldt's life was devoted to exploration and its literary results. He it was who scaled Chimborazo to the altitude of 19,286 feet, and, as the result of much similar original research, acquired intelligence of the very highest importance. No other man can ever hope to rival Humboldt but Prince Luigi may, by seconding the work of the Mazamas, encourage the continuance of explorations which shall be to the far north Pacific coast range what Humboldt's were to the tropical and semi-tropical portions of that same range.

Quite Different.

There are fine distinctions, though usually with a difference. In the days when Scotland was even stricter in its observances than it is now, a visitor to Edinburgh was whistling in the street on Sunday. "Mon," said another, reprovingly, "ye maunna whistle."

"I am whistling to my dog," was the conciliatory answer. "Oh," was the concession, "ye may whistle to the doogie, but ye maunna whistle."

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