

Notches on The Stick

We have "More Songs From Vagabondia," in the key made familiar to us by Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. Richard Hovey,—with designs by Tom Meteyard. We listen while this joyful company goes by, and are fain to join such merry fellows in their march, and with the sound of tabor and rebeck we feel like tossing up our silken cap for good fellowship sake. What good company they are!

Three of us without a care
In the red September,
Tramping down the roads of Maine,
Making merry with the rain
With the fellow winds a-far
Where the winds remember.

Three of us with shocking hats,
Tattered and unbarbered,
Happy with the splash of mud,
With the highways in our blood,
Beating down on Deacon Platt's
Where last year we harbored.

"We've come down from Kennebec,
Tramping since last Sunday,
Loping down the coast of Maine,
With the sea for a refrain,
And the maples neck and neck
All the way to Fundy."

Would they but come a little earlier in the season they might sample the mosquitoes, which are now unusually large, lively and luxurious. Furthermore we read, finely, and in this wise:

"For every one
Beneath the sun,
Where autumn walks with quiet eyes,
There is a word
Just overheard
When hill to purple hill replies.

"The wind that blows
My autumn rose
Where Grand Pre looks to Blomidon—
How great must be
The company
Of roses he has leaned upon,

"Since first he shed
Their petals red
Through Persian gardens long ago,
When Omar heard
His muttered word
Rumoring things we may not know!

"Our brothers ghost
He is a most
Incorrigible wanderer;
And still today
He takes his way
About my hill of spruce and fir;

"Will neither bide
By the great tree,
In apple lands of Acadie,
Nor in the leaves
About your eaves
Where Scituate looks out to sea."

Do you think you will be able to discern the voice when Esau speaks? Or may you sometime be a perplexed Isaac, feeling about in uncertainty? For instance, who wrote "Barney McGee," "Shakespeare Himself," and "Buie Anna-john"? That lifting measure is catching:

"Buie Anna-john was the king's black mare,
Buie, Buie, Buie Anna-john!
Satin was her coat and silk was her hair,
Buie Anna-john
The young king's own.
March with the white moon, march with the sun,
March with the merry man, Buie Anna-john!

But we feel quite sure of our author in the characteristic memorial on Stevenson, which is of the best:

You hearken fellows? Turned aside
To the road-house of the past!
The prince of vagabonds is gone
To house among his peers at last.

The stainless gallant gentleman,
So glad of life, he gave no trace,
No hint he even once beheld
The spectre peering in his face.

But gay and modest held the road,
Nor feared the shadow of the Dust;
And saw the whole world rich with joy
As every valiant farer must.

I think that old and vasty inn
Will have a welcome's guest tonight,
When Chaucer, breaking off some tale
That fills his hearers with delight,

Shall lift up his demure brown eyes
To bid the stranger in; and all
Will turn to greet the one on whom
The crystal lot was last to fall.

Keats of the more than mortal tongue
Will take grave Milton by the sleeve
To meet their kin, whose woven words
Had elvish music in the weave.

Dear Laub and excellent Montaigne,
Sterne and the credible Defoe,
Borrow, De Quincey, the great Dean,
The staidy leisurist Thoreau.

The festive soul whose dark romance,
By ghostly door and haunted stair,
Explored the dusty human heart
And the forgotten garrets there;

The moralist it could not spoil,
To hold an empire in its hands;
Sir Walter, and the broad who sprang
From Homer through a hundred lands,

Singers of songs on all men's lips,
Tellers of tales in all men's ears,
Movers of hearts that still must beat
To sorrow feigned and fabled tears;

Horace and Omar, doubting still
What mystery lurks beyond the seen,
Yet bide and reassured before
That fate navexed Virgilian men;

These will companion him to-night,
Beyond this iron wintry gloom,
When Shakespeare and Cervantes bid
The great joy-masters give him room.

No alien there in speech or mood,
He will pass in, traveller more;
And portly Ben will smile to see
The velvet jacket at the door.

Much in Little

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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.

The single sonnet in the book, we suppose is the work of Mr. Hovey, and is entitled "Accident in Art."

What painter has not with a careless smutch
Accomplished his despair?—one touch revealing
All he had put of life thought, vigor feeling,
Into the canvass that without that touch
Showed of his love and labor last so much
Raw pigment, scarce a scrap of soul concealing!
What poet has not found his spirit kneeling
A sudden at the sound of such or such
Strange verses staring from his manuscript,
Written he knows not how, but which will sound
Like trumpets down the years? So Accident
Itself unmasks the likeness of Intent,
And ever in blind Chance's darkest crypt
The shrine-lamp of God's purposing is found.

And surely those Whitmanian verses are from the same hand:

The Bather.

I saw him go down to the water to bathe
He stood naked upon the bank.
His breast was like a white cloud in the heaven that
catches the sun;
It welled with the sharp joy of the air.
His legs rose with the spring and curve of young
birches;

The hollow of his back caught the blue shadows;
With his head thrown up to the lips of the wind,
And the curls of his forehead stir with the wind,
I would that I were a man they are so beautiful;
Their bodies are like the bows of the Indians,
They have the spring and grace of bows of hickory.
I know that women are beautiful, and that I am
beautiful;
But the beauty of a man is so little and alive and
triumphant,
Swift as the flight of a swallow and sure and as the
pounce of the eagle.

"The Hearse-Horse," "The Night-Washers," "Mr. Moon," "Mary of Marks" and "Lal of Kilrudden," are veritable poem with prototypes. In this we have a good point put with vigor. The voice is like the voice of Mr. Carman:

Hem and Haw.

Hem and Haw were the sons of sin,
Created to shawl and shirk;
Hem lay round and Haw looked on
While God did all the work.

Hem was foggy, and Haw was a prig,
For both had the dull, dull mind;
And whenever they found a thing to do,
They yammered and went it blit.

Hem was the father of bigots and bores;
As the sands of the sea were they,
And Haw was the father of all the tribe
Who criticize today.

But God was an artist from the first,
And knew what he was about;
While over his shoulder sneered these two,
And advised him to rub it out.

"They prophesied ruin ere man was made;
Such folly must surely fail!"
And when it was done, "Do you think, my Lord
He's better without a tail?"

And still in the honest working world,
With posture and hint and snirk,
These sons of the devil are standing by
While Man does all the work.

They balk endeavor and baffle reform,
In the sacred name of law;
And over the quavering voice of Hem
Is the droning voice of Haw.

There are many beauties scattered through these pages,—single lines, or passages that arrest the eye:

"I can hear the vesper sparrow
Under the silver star."

"Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea."

"That soft Hel'nic laughter;
That velvet voice of hers."

Although Browning has written:

"A good girl, with the velvet in her voice."

"A real, an illusion,
A rapture a crisis
Of bells in the air!"

"Hush!
... There's a ringing of
Delicate chimes;
And the bluish
Of a veiled bird's morning
Beats in the rhymes.

Listen!
Out of the merriment,
Clear as the glisten
Of dew on the brier,
A silver warning;
Sudden, a dare—
Lyric experiment—
Up like a lark in the air,
Higher and higher and higher
The song shoots out of the blunder
Of thought to the blue sky of wonder
And broken strains only fall down
Like pearls on the roofs of the town."

Of the finest yet unmentioned are "The Mocking-bird," "A Vagabond Song," "In A Copy of Browning," "Hunting Song," "From King Arthur," "In A Silence," "Nocturne: In Anjou," "Nocturne: In Provence," and "June Night in Washington," an "The Mother of Poets," and the closing rhymns of the book, we have hints of good fellowship:

"Over in Kingscroft a toiler is writing,
The boyish old man whom no fate ever floored;
Carl's in New York with his briefs and his logic,
That subtle mind like a velvet sheathed sword.
"Blomidon welcomes his brother in silence;
Grand Pre is luring him back to her breast."

"If any record of our names
Be blown about the hills of time,
Let no one sunder us in death—
The man of paint, the men of rhyme.

Of all our good, of all our bad,
This only one thing only is of worth,
We held the league of heart to heart
The only purpose of the earth.

The closing piece, "At The end of The Day," is excellent and noble in conception and utterance:

"There is no escape by the river
There is no flight left by the fan;
We are compassed about by the shiver
Of the night, of the marching men.
Give a cheer!

For our hearts shall not give away.
Here's to a dark tomorrow,
And here's to a brave today!

"Now shame on the craven truckler
And the puling things that moan!
We're a rapture for our buckler
That outwears the wings of hope.
Give a cheer!

For our joy shall not give away
Here's in the teeth of tomorrow
To the glory of today."

We have chosen to fill the space assigned with examples, rather than comments. On the whole, the second series of "Vagabondia songs" is equal to in volume and quality with the first. PASTOR FELIX.

BILLY MULLIGAN'S LAST DAY

A Terror of the Pacific Slope Who Made His Taking-off Memorable.

His name was included in the little list of Nevada desperadoes made by Mark Twain in "roughing it," said the Nevada pioneer in an up-town hotel last night. He did not say "Mark Twain," by the way, but "Sam Clemens," the name by which all old Nevadans and Californians knew the famous humorist. The pioneer was talking of men of his time who had died with their boots on, and Billy Mulligan was the character who just now was to the front. Some of the hostile mix-ups and shooting matches in which that young Irishman had taken a hand had been related, and now the narrator had come to the day of his taking off.

Billy Mulligan had run a long string, and lasted a good while for a man of his temper and practices—for he was tough, out and out," continued the pioneer. "His neck was in danger in the days of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, and he ran some narrow chances with the law and lynchers afterward. He was a brave, desperate man, handy with weapons, and would fight 'at the drop of the hat.' But he pulled through all trouble until the time came, which seems sooner or later to befall almost every desperado, when the strain of danger and the effect of constant drinking and excitement got the better of his nerves and judgment. When a desperado gets that way there are two courses that he may take—quit the country, quit drinking and get to work at an honest calling, or stay and get killed. The last was what Mulligan chose, but he kept the business in his own hands and forced the pace to the end.

It was at Carson City that the end came to Billy Mulligan. The cards had gone against him all night. The liquor he had drunk had made him ugly as he walked out of the Esmeralda saloon one morning. Next door was a laundry, and a Chinaman, ironing clothes, lifted his face to the window just as Mulligan was passing. Without a word the desperado drew his pistol and fired through the glass, blowing the Chinaman's brains out; then went on to the hotel where he was staying, and upstairs to his room opened near the head of the stairway, and when the Sheriff's officers came to arrest him for killing the Chinaman he stood them off with his revolvers. They knew it meant certain death to try to rush up the stairway, and they stopped at the foot to consider.

John Coleman, a particular friend of Mulligan, who was with them, tried to persuade him to surrender.

"No use, John," said Mulligan. "I shan't be taken alive. This is my last day and the game'll end right here. You keep away and don't get mixed up in the trouble."

Coleman was working along up the stairway as he talked, with the object, perhaps, of getting near enough to the desperado to disarm him.

"Stop where you are, John," said Mulligan; "one step nearer and I'll kill you."

Coleman made another step forward and Mulligan shot him through the heart. He permitted the others to take the body away, keeping them covered with his pistols all the time. A crowd gathered in the hotel and the public square which it faced, and plans were discussed for capturing Mulligan.

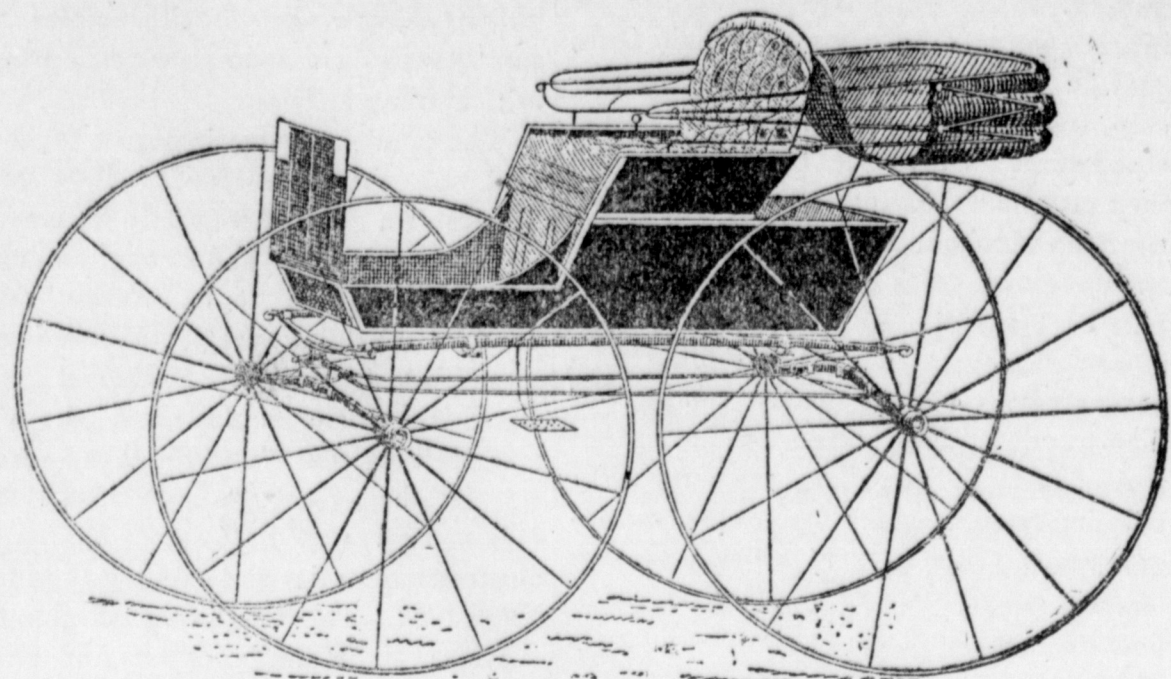
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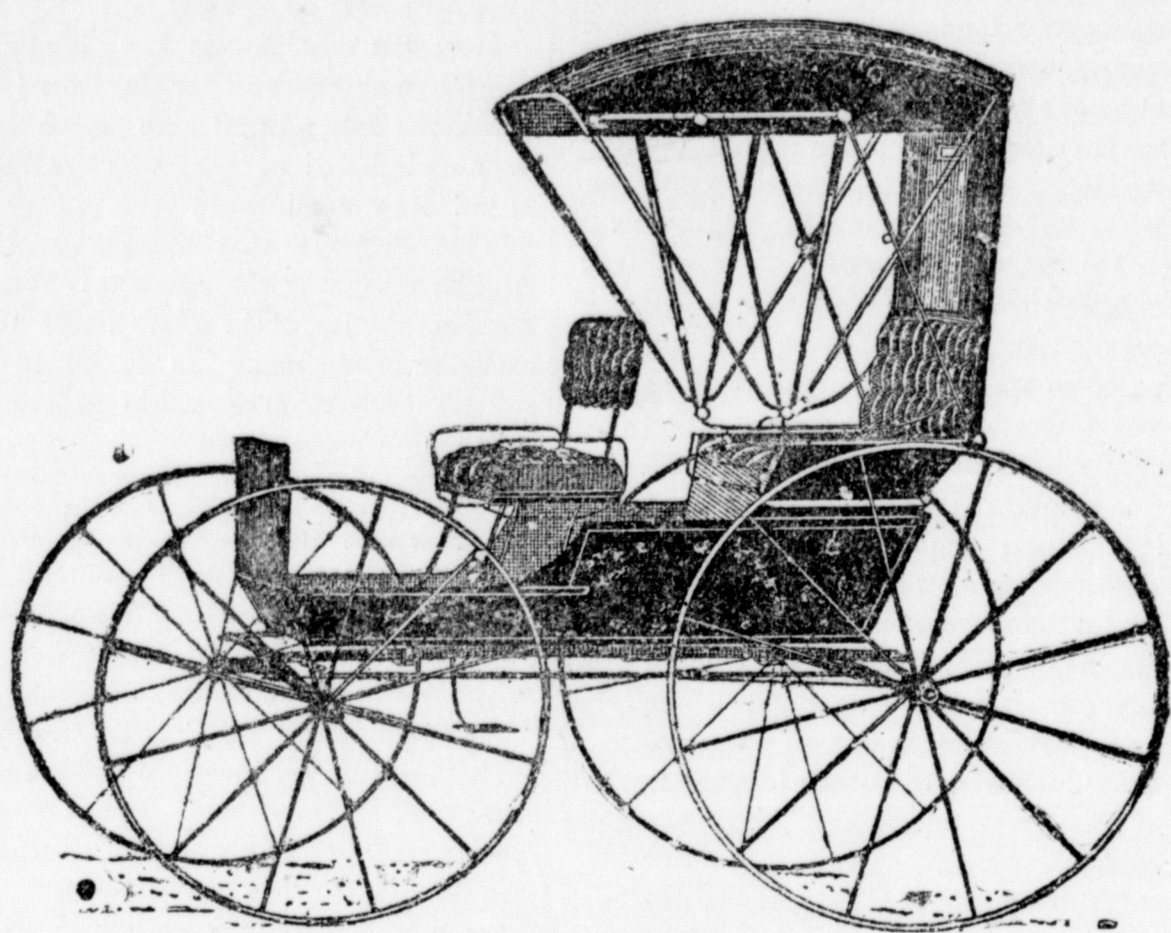
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ing Mulligan; but his character for deadly desperation was such that volunteers were scarce. At last it was decided to call out the militia company and take the desperado in his stronghold by regular assault.

The troops were mustered in double line in the public square, facing the hotel, and waiting the order to advance. Through the window of his room in the third story Mulligan could be seen now and then as he walked to and fro between the stairway and the window keeping watch against a surprise in either direction. Then as the face of the desperado appeared once more at the window, one of the soldiers fired with his rifle, killing him instantly. It was an expected shot which undoubtedly saved several lives that would almost certainly have been sacrificed in carrying the room by storm.

Killy Mulligan was a New Yorker by birth, and was a typical representative of the old-time California 'tough' gambler—a class which got its tone and manners from the New York of the volunteer firemen and "Dead Rabbit" days. Quick of motion—some of them could pick a fly from the wall with the thumb and finger four times out of five—stern and short-spoken except where it was part of their game to be suave, rough-and-tumble fighters, fashionably dressed, with more of ornaments than Southern gamblers often wear, and distinguished by heavy black mustaches—they ran their course in San Francisco, which was head quarters from which they went to the new mining communities to stay while these flourished or until they were driven out. They had their day—most of them were shot or hanged, or they died in want. Here and there stranded in some out-of-the-way Western community some decrepit survivor is found of the old gambler-desperado class of which Billy Mulligan was a shining example."

DON'T EAT EGGS WHEN ANGRY.

A Boston Man says it is Dangerous and May Cause Death.

"Never eat eggs when you are angry," said A. E. Stewart of Boston. "My attention was first called to this strange fact by the tragic and sudden death of a lady acquaintance in Boston several years ago. I accepted her husband's invitation to dine with them. Just as we were going into

dinner a servant did something that caused the lady to fly into a terrible rage. She had been irritable from some minor complaint for several days, and her husband calmed her ruffled feelings sufficiently for the dinner to be eaten in good temper. I noticed that she ate an unusual large amount of soft scrambled eggs. Fifteen minutes after we left the dining room she was a corpse. She died in frightful convulsions before the nearest doctor reached the house. The doctor was unable to ascribe the cause. A few months later I was visiting a brother in Connecticut and one of his sons died under similar circumstances. Before breakfast one morning the boy, who was about 15 years old, had a fight with a neighbors boy. Before his anger had subsided my nephew was called to breakfast. He ate four soft-boiled eggs. Had I known as much then as I do now I would have prevented it. In less than a half hour after breakfast the boy died with exactly the same symptoms that were present when my friend's wife died. This set me to thinking about the matter.

It wasn't long after this before a Beacon Hill friend of mine expired suddenly after a meal. The doctors, as usual, were divided in opinion on the cause of death. Some of them contended that it was heart failure, whatever that is, and others are still holding out that it was apoplexy. Inquiry by me developed the fact that my friend was very angry when he sat down at table and that he ate five eggs. With these developments I searched no further for the cause of his death. He was angry, ate eggs, and he died. If these are not links in the chain of cause and effect the human intellect is incapable of logical thinking."

Tore His Flesh in Agony.

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