

Notches on The Stick

"Roses and Rue," is the title of a volume of lyrics, classical and romantic, by Hon. W. A. Taylor, an Ohio writer, and the editor and proprietor of a leading news paper of that state. It is in "The Lotus Series," published by Charles Wells Moulton, and is one of the best of the dozen or more volumes in that series. It shows the scholarly and poetic bent of its author and discloses genuine taste and no little metrical facility. The tone is pure, and several of the sketches given of Shakespeare's women—particularly Imogen and Juliet—are quite charming. What heart has not been touched with tenderness for womankind from the story of Cymbeline's fair daughter, who, to quote Mr. Taylor's poem—

Was born unto infinite beauty,
and also to the end that we might know,
fidelity in suffering. "Of all Shakespeare's women," says Hazlitt, "she is perhaps the most tender and artless." Two or three, of the briefer lyrics may best exhibit Mr. Taylor's quality:

Janet.

Full tide was the sweet June weather,
When we roamed the fields together,
Through the purpling of the clover,
My coy Janet and I.

She was young and she was slender,
Brown her eyes, and soft, and tender,
And the sunshine lent its splendor
To the glory of her hair.

We were sweetheart, then and lover,
And we dreamed the old dreams over,
As we wandered in the clover,
My sweet Janet and I.

Paradise spread out before us,
With the blue sky bending o'er us,
And the birds and bees in chorus,
Sang us of the By-and-By.

O, sweet birds, and bees, and clover,
Happy sweetheart happy lover,
Still you linger and grow brighter
As the happy years go by.

Twenty years have passed us over,
And among the fields of clover,
We still walk and dream together,
My own Janet and I.

She's no longer young and slender,
But her eyes are soft and tender,
And the sunshine in its splendor
Finds no silver in her hair.

We are sweetheart, still, and lover,
As we wander in the clover,
And we dream our young dreams over,
My own Janet and I.

'Mong the birds and bees and clover—
A new sweetheart, a new lover,
Walk beside us and dream over
All the happy By-and-By.

O sweet birds, and bees, and clover,
Happy sweetheart happy lover,
May your dreams, like ours grow brighter
As the changing years go by.

The King's Highway.

Here one shall shall say; "The way is dark,"
And one shall praise the perfect day;
For each that weeps another laughs,
Walking upon the King's Highway.

Here merry-makers shout with glee,
And saddened mourners weep and pray;
While hucksters hawk their tawdry wares,
All moving on the King's Highway.

Hope walks erect beside Despair,
Love smiles, while Hatred's minions slay;
Virtue and crime touch robes and press
For room upon the King's Highway.

Age totters here, Youth lingers there,
As though the sun would shine away;
Beauty and the destroyer walk
Comrades along the King's Highway.

Here one hath only grief and threne,
And one hath only warblings gay;
The wise, the foolish and the blind,
Keep step along the King's Highway.

All came from out the lands of Hope
Which at Life's happy sunrise lay;
All quit their journey at the grave,
Which ends at last the King's Highway.

Why It Is.

"There are no songs like the old songs,"
And there's no love like the old,
For in age we find the silver,
But in youth we find the gold.

The fruit hath not the fragrance
Of the blossom young and fair;
And the honey dew of memory
Lingers on forever there.

In the evening all the shadows
Point toward the gate of day,
And the jewels that have charmed us
Shine along the backward way.

And the kisses were the sweetest
When life's lilacs were in bloom,
Nor can time nor grief e'er lessen
Their rich sweetness, their perfume.

'Tis because the sweetest stories
To us by the dead were told,
That there's no love like the old love,
"There are no songs like the old."

Bliss Carman in an instructive article in The Boston Transcript treats of Symbolism in literature, and speaks thus of Biblical Symbols:

"The greatest storehouse of symbolism, of course, is the Bible. That treasury of the world's best literature was written by very great poets. And most of our sorry mishaps in faith come from interpreting their poems literally. They were talking of affairs of the spirit; naturally their words could have no exact applicability to conduct or thought.

To say that the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, or that the sun stood

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still in the valley of Ajalon, is to make use of the most beautiful poetry. And we owe enduring reverence to the genius who could compass such expression. But to interpret it literally—what could be more stultifying to the soul. . . . And yet both of these beautiful scraps of symbolistic poetry are full of the gist of religion, and I believe their profound significance. I have no exact idea what the writer meant who declared that the sun turned back in the Valley of Ajalon; indeed, I am perfectly sure that the sun did nothing of the sort; But I have a fine sense of spiritual elation and freedom when I read those words; I partake of the poet's own rapture; I feel the same nobility of soul which he must have felt, when no mere statement of fact could suffice him, when he could only resort to symbolism as a means of expressing his emotional fervor.

Many exegetes will, in their interpretation of the above passages, insist on something more definite. They will not be so capable of Mr. Carman's method, nor so susceptible to "spiritual elation," through a poetic or symbolistic medium. They will say, surely this is meant; that whether the mere mechanism of the universe was, or could be, temporarily arrested, the spirit of the universe was then, and ever is arrayed on the side of just battalions, helping the ever-prolonged and righteous war that the good wages against the evil. Or, as Whittier has written it out:

"Still, to earnest souls, the sun
Rests on towered Gibeah,
And the moon of Ajalon
Lights the battle-ground of life;
To his aid the strong reverses
Hidden powers and giant forces,
And the high stars in their courses,
Mingle in his strife."

Now that the dog star is ceasing his rage, a few dogs are found to have gone mad, and many men. All our communities are badly fevered and a golden inoculation is said to be the only proper remedy. One excellent friend, writing from Montreal, confesses: "The chief topic of conversation here is the Klondike gold region. Everybody wants to shoulder a shovel and go. Little boys are buying toy picks and buckskin bags, determined to run away from school, and seek their fortune in the new El Dorado." Even the poets have been infected, we conclude, and in proof of this assertion we reproduce the following, clipped from Montreal papers:

The Too-Much-Gold River.

Which the Indians report to be situated beyond and to be far richer than the Klondike.

Far up the stern-precipitous Klondike,

In the Arctic drear, we are told,

There speeds a mysterious river,

"The River of Too Much Gold."

O say, ye powers of darkness!

Did the Yukon Indians dream

The longing they roused in our hearts chords,

When they named us that hidden stream?

There once was an El Dorado

Men crazed their lives to behold;

But what was the merely golden

To the River of Too Much Gold?

O, if we could stand on its border,

And after our sacks were distent,

Kick round us still beaches of nuggets,

Would we feel we could then be content?

Would we feel, as we shouldered our million,—

Pledge of pleasure ten thousand fold,

That even then this river

Was a River of Too Much Gold?

O, when will the heart of mortal

Be ready to cry "Enough!"

And what is the use of the struggle

For the "stuff" if it does not stuff?

But however it be, I am longing

As though it would free me from care,

For the banks of that Arctic river,

And a little of what is there.

—W. D. Lighthall.

As one bird answers another in the lone wilderness, so does poet tune his pipe in response to poet:

A Response to a Recent Lyric.

You sing of an Arctic river,

The River of Too Much Gold;

With you I should like to explore it,

Were it not so deadly cold.

On its banks our teeth would chatter,

And a longing for Montreal,

Would fill our eyes with water,

That in nuggets of ice would fall.

At seventy odd below zero,

And a wigwag the best hotel,

I might fail to act the hero,

And bolt with an Indian yell.

It is fit that a Jousquin Miller,

Who is pleased to pass as a joke

Should go as a Klondike tiller,

And poke to expand his poke.

Let the restless long-haired beaver,

On the Yukon build his dams,

But we, with our yellow fever,
Must blow on our itching palms:
Must struggle, as is the fashion,
And no one thinks it queer,
To cool our golden passion
With a little of what is here.

—Geo. Martin.

In the death of Rev. David Sherman, D. D., New England loses not only a minister of deep piety and devotion, but a literary man of ability and distinction. An able editorial and critical writer, he has done some of his best work in the last three years in the columns of Zion's Herald. His "New England Divines", "History of the Discipline" and "History of Wesleyan Academy" are his principal books, but his miscellaneous articles collected from the periodicals for which he has written during the past fifty years, would fill many volumes.

John Reade, poet and litterateur, of Montreal, has been ill for some time past, but is now on the way of recovery.

Hon. Chas. H. Collins writes: "I heard 'Auld Lang Syne' played by a German Band in San Jose. It seemed to me a great tribute to the power of Burns—that is to say, to his appeal to human sentiment, such as fills the breast of all right-thinking human beings. The Germans, with all their noble patriotic airs and love of country, fall back on the Scotch—'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' etc.—when they wish to express true pathos. It struck me as a fine subject—for a poem,—this German colony, exiled by choice from the vine-clad banks of the Rhine, away off in California, playing sweetly, and with a perfect comprehension of it, this beautiful Scotch air. Were I capable of putting into proper verse form I would do so.

Sunnyside, on the Hudson, Sleepy Hollow, and the Old Dutch church at Tarrytown, near which Washington Irving lies buried, are places dear to the heart and vivid to the fancy of the literary lover. This church, which is said to be the oldest in the State of New York, will celebrate its two hundredth anniversary October 10th, and 11th. It was built in 1697, and in its cupola hung a bell cast in 1685, bearing in Latin this motto: "If God be for us, who can be against us."

PASTOR FELIX.

BLEEDING FOR LAUDANUM POISON.

A Quart of Black Blood Removed and a Quantity of Brine Injected.

'With his respiration but five minutes we saved him.'

The speaker was chief of the medical staff at the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia. The man referred to had been brought there by the patrol wagon several weeks ago nearly dead from the effects of a quantity of laudanum which he had swallowed with suicidal intent, but who now, thanks to the sudden thought, or, more likely, the inspiration which seized Dr. Blackburn, when all the usual methods were failing to restore consciousness and death seemed but a moment to linger, is mighty glad that the breath of life still lingers in his breast.

'For hours we worked with him,' continued the doctor. 'We applied the stomach pump, but the blood had absorbed the poison. We tried other methods. We worked assiduously, almost frantically. Reluctantly we were forced to acknowledge that we could get no results, for the patient sank lower and lower. We were at our wits' ends.

'Suddenly this line of thought struck me: That man's respiration is but five in five minutes; he is practically dead. The stomach pump will do no good, for the blood has absorbed the poison and is pregnant with it. The only way to get it out of the system is to bleed him, to deprive him of the very essence of life, in order to give him life! Then I thought blood is largely a saline solution; we can prepare a like solution with the proportions the same and inject this into the body to take the place of the poison-filled blood. The body will do the rest; it will assimilate the solution and make it blood.

'The chance was a desperate one, but the circumstances called for it. So we bled the man, and the two pints which we let out were as black as ink, so pregnant with the poison was it. Quickly we injected an equal quantity of the saline solution; then with our anxiety at a high tension we stood around to watch and await results.

'Once we thought we detected a slight increase of respiration, but we dare not trust to much. A few minutes later we were sure of it. Slowly the respiration began to rise and slowly but surely the organs began to once more resume their functions. Still we watched, fearing a relapse. None came.

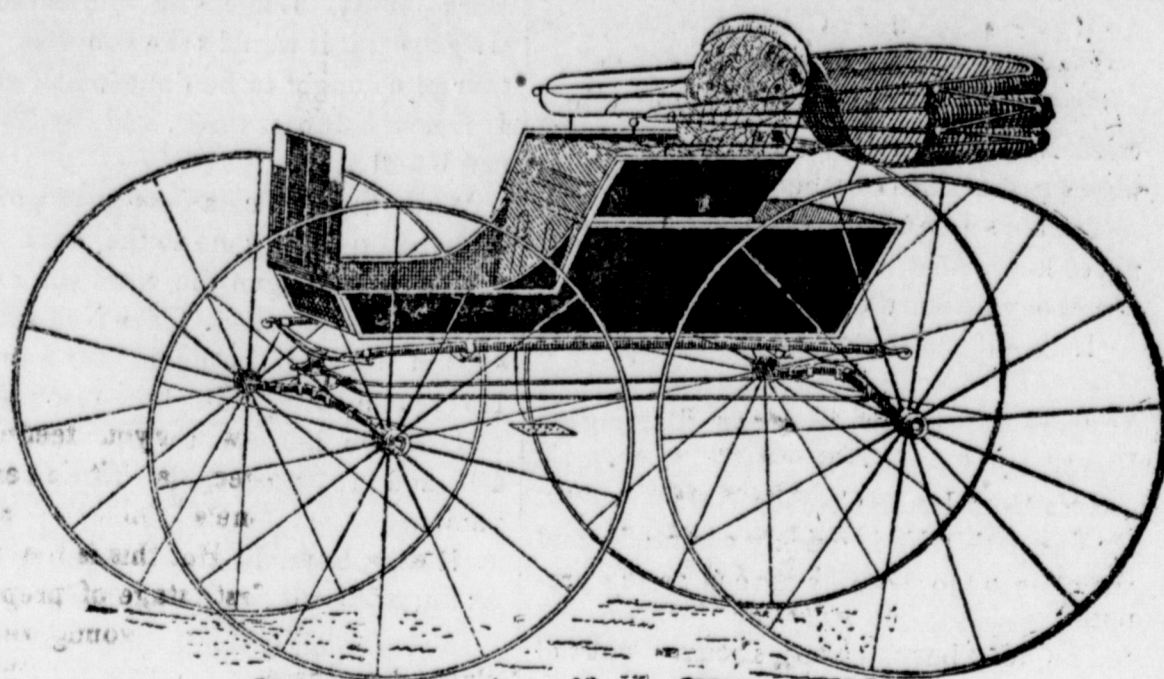
'Then, at last, the man was out of danger. He stayed under our care for a few days, and when we sent him away he had totally recovered from the effects of the poison which he had put into his system. Today he is a hale and hearty man.'

It is highly probable that this method of overcoming poison, is a novel one. No one seems to know of any like instance. At least, several reputable physicians of this

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

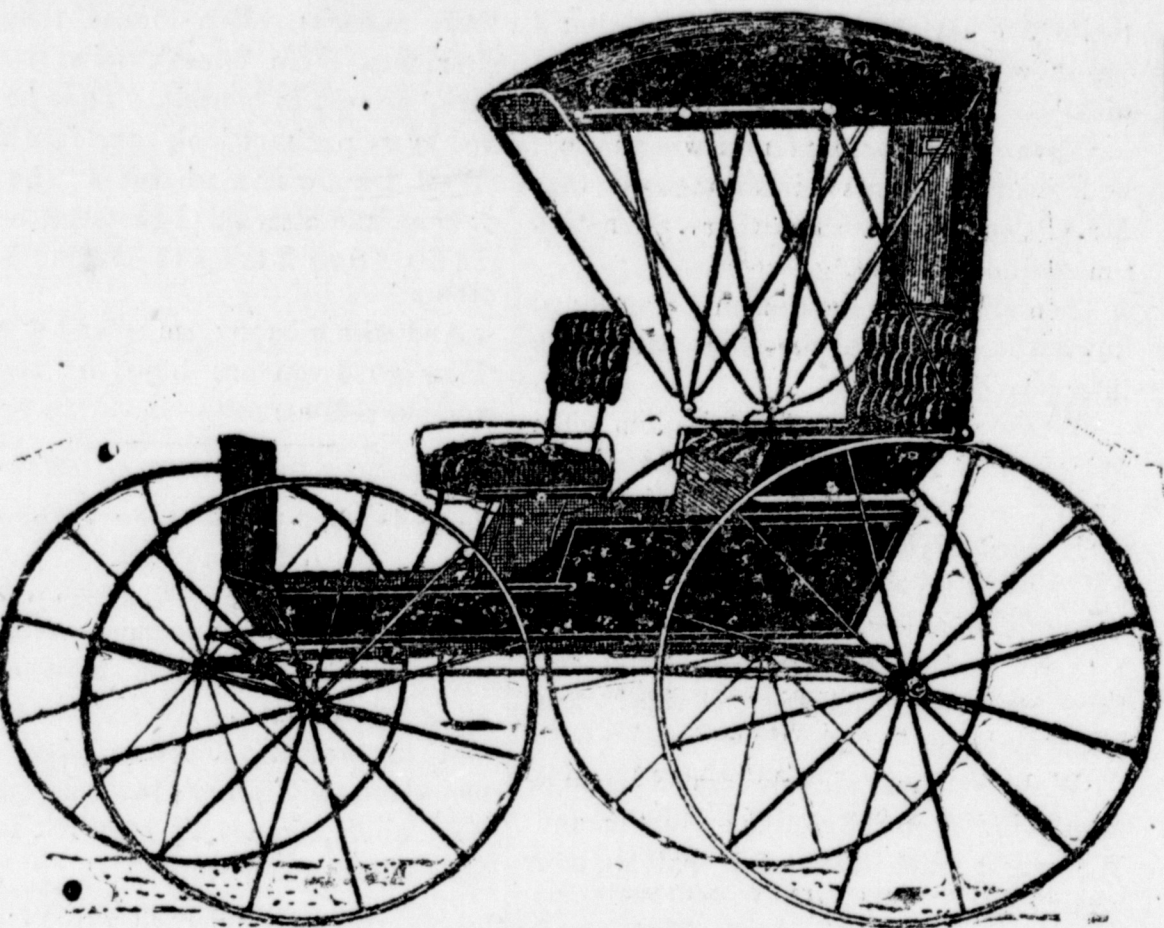
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city, when seen yesterday, said that no case of a similar nature had ever come under their notice, nor were they aware that such a method had ever been applied with success before. However that may be, the method is undoubtedly an efficacious one, and will probably be the means of saving the lives of many people who have swallowed deadly poisons accidentally or with a desire to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them.

LOUIS PHILLIP'S PLAYED "CRAPS."

The Game Was Introduced to New Orleans Society 100 Years Ago.

If there is one game to which the Savannah negro is devoted above all others it is craps. City or country, it is all alike. On Sunday the country negroes gather in little groups in the shade of the trees, out of sight of the 'big house,' and play all day long, or until the wages which they received on Saturday night are gone. In the cities they gather on the wharves, in the corners of warehouses, or any favorable spot out of sight of the 'cop' and play for any amount they may possess, from coppers to dollars.

The Savannah bootblacks and newsboys, like those of any other city, gamble away their earnings, and many a game is carried on in the lanes, the players often becoming so interested that they lose all thought of the policeman until that worthy appears in their midst and nabs a couple of the players. White boys play the game, too, but negroes of all ages and sizes 'shoot' craps. There is only one other game which equals craps in fascination for them, and that is policy, and, as policy is more liable to be interfered with by the police, craps has all the advantage.

There are fascinations about the game peculiarly African. It is not without its intricacies; the ordinary 'come seven, come eleven' plan of the game is simple enough, but there is a crowd around the players, and there may be a half dozen interested in the game and a dozen side bets. How they manage to keep the run of the game is a mystery to the ordinary observer, but they do so with unerring accuracy. Fights over crap games are rare.

The expressions common to the game

are amusing. 'New dress for de baby,' exclaims one. 'See my gal Sunday night,' exclaims another. 'De little number two,' says one as that unlucky number shows up. 'I eight you,' says another, meaning that he bets that number will not turn up again before the 'lucky seven.' And so it goes.

The City Council of New Orleans has just passed a law making the game of craps illegal. It does not matter where it is played, whether in the streets, in the club, or at home, craps is specially singled out as the most depraved of gambling games, not to be tolerated anywhere. The game according to a writer in Harper's, is of New Orleans origin and over 100 years old. Bernard de Marigny, who entertained Louis Philippe when he came to Louisiana, and who stood seventy years ago at the head of the creole colony of the State as its wealthiest and most prominent citizen—he was entitled to call himself Marquis in French—was the inventor, or father, of "craps," and brought it in high favor as the fashionable gambling of the day. When he laid off his plantation, just below the then city of New Orleans—it is now the Third district, but was then the Faubourg Marigny—and divided it up into lots, he named one of the principal streets "Craps," and explained that he did so because he had lost the money he received from the lots on that street in this favorite game of his. It remained Craps street until a few years ago, when a protest was raised against such a disreputable name for a very quiet and respectable street, especially given to churches. "The Craps Street Methodist Church" sounded particularly bad. After Bernard Marigny's death craps as a gambling game descended in the social scale, and was finally monopolized mainly by negroes and street gamins.—Savannah News.

"To My Life's End."

Old age brings many aches and pains which must be looked after if health is to be maintained. This depends more than anything else on the kidneys. "I am 85 years old," writes A. Daffin, farmer, Aultsville, Ont., "and have had kidney trouble five years. My son advised Chase's Kidney-Liver-Pills, and I obtained immediate relief. I shall use them to my life's end." You will find Chase's Pills equally effective for that lame back.