

## Notches on The Stick

One of the most scholarly and graceful writers in Canada, and one of the most unobtrusive, is John Reade of Montreal. It must be that before this time many appreciatively recognize the modest initials, "R. V." under the significant caption, "Old and New," and turn to the paragraphs found thereunder, from time to time, in the Montreal Gazette, with the assurance of substantial information on various literary matters communicated in an agreeable style. We clip the following from the issue for April 9th:

"In the transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Mr. W. D. Lighthall gives an interesting sketch of a little known Canadian poet, with illustrations from his writings: The poet in question is Oliver Goldsmith, grand-nephew of the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and grandson Henry Goldsmith, the greater Oliver's brother. Henry, son and namesake of that brother, settled in New England, but, on the outbreak of the Revolution, he transferred his penates to New Brunswick and made his home in St. Andrews. There, as collector of customs, he lived for some years. He next removed to Annapolis, N. S., where he filled the position of deputy assistant commissary-general. Later St. John received him, and there he died on the 6th of June, 1831, aged 56. It was at Annapolis that his son Oliver was born in 1787. He is remembered in Canada chiefly for 'The Rising Village,' a confessed imitation of his great uncle's famous poem. 'The Deserted Village.' In the 'Bibliography of New Brunswick,' by W. G. MacFarlane, N. B., we learn that he entered the commissariat and eventually obtained the position that his father had held, that of D. A. C. G. He was master of Albion Lodge, St. John, where he resided for many years. In 1844 he removed to Hong Kong, whence he sent to Albion Lodge a set of solid silver lodge jewels. On his death at Liverpool, Eng., in July, 1861, Albion Lodge honored his memory by a ceremony said to be rare in that city—a 'Lodge of Sorrow.'

"Mr. Lighthall quotes the verses addressed to his brother Henry in imitation of the author of 'The Deserted Village,' whose brother Henry received the dedication of that poem:

"It then dawned your cheek a tear should flow  
For Auburn's village and its speechless woe;  
If while you weep you think the 'lowly train'  
Their early joys can never more regain;  
Come, turn with me where happier prospects rise,  
Beneath the sternness of Acadia's skies.  
And then, dear spirit, where harmonious lay  
Didst lovely Auburn's piercing woes display,  
Do thou to thy fabled relative impart  
Some portion of thy sweet poetic art;  
Like thine, oh! let my verse as gently flow,  
While truth and virtue in my members glow;  
And guide my pen with thy bewitching hand  
To paint the Rising Village of the land."

Mr. Lighthall then cites a passage describing the toils and hardships of pioneer life:

"Oh! none can tell but they who sadly share  
The bosom's anguish and its wild despair,  
What dire distress awaits the hardy bands  
Who venture first on bleak and desert lands;  
How great the pain, the danger and the toil  
Which marks the first rude culture of the soil.  
When, looking round the lonely settler sees  
His home amid a wilderness of trees;  
How sinks his heart in those deep solitudes  
Where not a voice upon his ear intrudes;  
Where solemn silence all the waste pervades,  
Heightening the horror of its gloomy shades,  
Save where the sturdy woodman's strokes resound  
That strewed the fallen forest on the ground!"

"Mr. Lighthall's paper is not all devoted to Oliver Goldsmith, jr. Its title is 'The Conditions of a Colonial Literature,' and he has selected the younger Goldsmith's works as an exemplification of the earliest colonial writing. The year 1825

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## Hood's Pills

(when "The Rising Village was published") is, in a colony, a long time ago," and has even "a flavor of antiquity." He then traces the development of English Canadian literature from Frances Brooke who wrote the "History of Emily Montague," to Isabella Vallancey Crawford; from Adam Kidd to Campbell and Roberts.

"In the same volume of Transactions, Mr. Percy W. Ames, F. S. A., secretary, R. S. L., contributes a paper on 'The Supposed Source of The Vicar of Wakefield.' After some suggestions as to the real and central attraction of the ever popular story, which he is disposed to find in the character of the Vicar himself Mr. Ames thus continues:

"The source whence it is believed Goldsmith derived the first idea of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' is entitled 'The Journal of a Wiltshire curate.' It is a mere fragment, consisting of the entries in a diary for one week and appeared in the British Magazine in 1776, accompanied by a declaration of its genuineness. It was there seen, of course at a much later date, by Heinrich Zschokke, who translated it into German, expanding it at the same time into a pathetic and beautiful narrative. This was re-translated from the German, under the title of 'Leaves from the Journal of a Poor Vicar,' and 1845 was included in Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Facts." It is also found in Julius and Other Tales from the German, by W. H. Furness, 1856. It is interesting to compare the treatment of the German novelist with the more famous 'Vicar of Wakefield.' \* \* \* \* The original fragment, 'The Journal of a Wiltshire Curate,' admittedly the nucleus of Zschokke's story, and presumably of Goldsmith's, contains the element which constitutes the charm of both namely the uncomplaining goodness of the principal character. It would become of great interest if the evidence in favor of the theory that Goldsmith derived his first idea of Dr. Primrose from the Wiltshire curate were strengthened by positive proof that he had actually had the 'Journal' in his possession." In an appendix Mr. Ames prints that interesting and fruitful fragment. Here is one of the entries: "Saturday.—Wrote a sermon which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively weary and excessively hungry; no more money than 2 1/2d. in the house. But see the goodness of God!" Then he relates how a strolling player whom he has helped turned out to be a man of fortune, who hearing of his distress, called and put a £50 note into his hand and next day presented him with a living of £300 a year! In a note Mr. Ames says that Zschokke, who, like his contemporary Goethe, was a warm admirer of Goldsmith, was apparently the first to suggest that the Wiltshire curate was the prototype of Dr. Primrose."

Mr. Morgan's Hand book of Canadian Biography, [Canadian Men and Women of the time: Edited by Henry James Morgan, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, William Briggs, 1898.] is one of the complete, most carefully prepared works of its class, and includes nearly every name of note in Canada of persons now on the stage of action. It is up to date, and it is a trifle bulky in form is not cumbersome, while it has the advantage of good white paper, clear black-faced type, and alphabetical arrangement. It is in good literary form, putting the facts in briefest space, while its personal characterizations and critical representations are cited from a wide range of authorities in Canada. It is a work of use and value, and of most painstaking industry, which may well find its way to the office or library of many a citizen of Canada, who has an honest pride in the accomplishment of his fellows, and who would know more particularly who they are and what they have done.

This book is but one of a series now in use from the hand of the same author, and none of them can exceed this in value. Most Cyclopaedias of Biography give information only concerning the departed; while we are not less interested in the living, who shape the destinies of the day and are the surest prophecy of tomorrow. A hand-book of this kind, written by an expert, with judgment and without bias or

partiality, is desirable, and will be frequently examined by thoughtful people interested in literature, statesmanship, theology, or whatever claims the attention of mankind. Of the foregoing works of the same author, a writer in the Montreal Gazette (John Reade, we presume) observes:

"More general contributions to history are the works of the Abbe Failon, of Mr. Parkman, of Dr. Scadding, of the Abbe Laverdiere, of Sir J. M. LeMoine, of Judge Haliburton, of Mr. Fennings Taylor of Dr. Miles, of the Abbe Casgrain, of Col. Gray, of Mr. Louis Tardotte, of Mr. Charles Lindsey, of Dr. George Stewart, and of Mr. H. T. Morgan. We might add very largely to this list, which serves rather to show the variety of ways in which historical talent may be advantageously occupied than to sum up what has been accomplished. Of all these writers there is none who is more deserving of the gratitude of his fellow-citizens than the last mentioned. Hardly a day passes, indeed, in which we, as journalists, do not refer to them for information and rarely do we refer in vain. His latest enterprise, 'The Dominion Annual Register,' the last issue of which we had the pleasure not long since of reviewing in these columns, will prove of exceeding value to the future historian. It is a repository of all that is really important in the history of the year, and it is the only source to which we can go, with the confidence that we shall not be disappointed, for political or general information. Yet this is only one of the results of Mr. Morgan's thoughtfulness, ability, and energy. His 'Celebrated Canadians,' his 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' his 'Legal Directory,' and his 'Parliamentary Companion,' are also contribution to history of superior interest and value. The two former have won deserved praise on both sides of the Atlantic, especially in the great English reviews, and we bespeak for the new edition of them, which is now in preparation, a reception even more favorable in proportion to Canada's greater and growing importance."

Whoever unrepining listens to adverse criticism, it is not the coming would be poet. He will follow hard the heels of Marie Corelli, who is out of breath with retorts upon the gentlemen who indicate her shortcomings,—and may possibly, in time get a step or two in advance of that lady. Tennyson, with less sensibility, may take unjust criticism with ignoble patience,—even the thick skinned Alfred Austin, my continue grimly silent,—but Mr. J. Gordon Coogler, having a soul of "fire and dew," will speak for the whole tribe an genus irritabile. And this is his message:

A Word From Mr. Coogler.

J. GORDON COOGLER,  
Author and Publisher of  
"Purely Original Verse,"  
Columbia, S. C.

Editor of the Commercial Advertiser:  
Sir—I am under many obligations to you for the lengthy and complimentary review accorded my works in your paper a few days since. I assure you it is appreciated. I enclose two verses from said works, which I trust you will publish; they are dedicated to those critics given to fun making. Thanking you again, I am very truly,  
J. GORDON COOGLER.

Columbia, S. C., March 31.

[Enclosure.]

Oh, jealous heart that seeks to belittle my gentle muse,  
And blow your damnable bugle in my lonely ears;  
You'll lie some day in expressing your recognition  
Of this very song you disowned in other years.

To the Young and Unjust Critic.

Challenge me to fight on the open field.  
And hurl at my head the fiery dart,  
Rather than belittle the gentle muse  
That issues from this lonely heart.

We have been pleased with some vivacious letters written by an Ohioan, now travelling in California, depicting Mt. Lowe and the San Gabriel Valley. The writer is Mrs. Nelly Fitch, a daughter of Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro, Ohio, who discloses in no small degree her father's observant faculties, as well as his

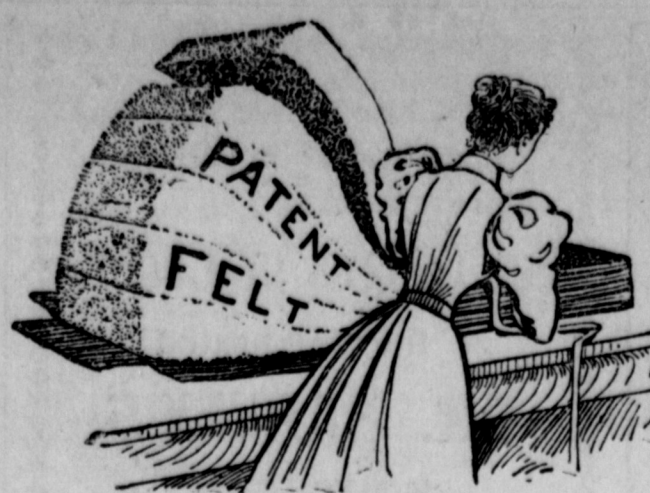
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independence of thought, and power of vigorous, animated literary expression.

Though Zola may now be tabooed in polite circles of France, he is rife with the public, and in higher favor with all who love truth and justice than ever before. No cabals can prevail against his popularity, while "Paris," his latest gift to the press, excels all his former works in the rapidity and generality of its circulation. "As for his photograph," says the Home Journal, "its sale has gone beyond the record of those of Sarah Bernhardt and Cleo de Merode in their palmist days. Meantime a subscription is being made for a medal in honor of the brave champion of justice and truth. It is to bear on its face the effigy of the illustrious writer, with these words: 'La Verite est en marche; rien ne Parretera' ('The truth is on its way; nothing can stop it?') On the reverse: 'Hommage a Emile Zola, 1898.'"

The Editor of Butler's Journal announces the publication of a collection of his poems, for which he solicits subscription from his patrons. We bespeak for him the favor of the readers of PROGRESS. Mr. Butler has made praiseworthy excursions into the border realm of Parnassus, and he is in prose an energetic and fearless writer. He has striven, and not altogether vainly, to promote the true welfare of his native land.

The Shah of Persia has lately awarded to Nathan Haskell Dole, of Boston, the unusual honor of a firman awarding him a medal in recognition of his variorum edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyam. "The document is written in elaborate Persian characters, and suggests in general the days of the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid."

A warm heart and gentle mind with generous sympathies, united to a fine poetic instinct, we know are expressed in the following sonnet:

The Cry of the Poor.

As mists unseen arise and silent float,  
To seek the dwelling-places of the rain,  
So from the earth ascends the cry of pain  
Until it finds the hills of God remote,  
To be transformed as its own antidote,  
And come again as torrents on the plain,  
To storm the evil, and remove its stain,  
And realize what prophets long since wrote.  
Ye curses of the ages blistering long  
The souls of men, and held for public good,  
And ye whose hands extort from human need  
The treasures won by love and toil, your wrong  
Shall forge the thunderbolt of your dismay,  
And smite your walls and sweep your towers away.

Rev. Dwight Williams.

Cazenovia, N. Y. Oct. 29, 1885.

"The Hillsboro Dispatch" is a new paper (Republican) issued at Hillsboro, Ohio, of which Hon. W. B. Tomlinson is editor and chief proprietor. Mr. Tomlinson speaks with decision on the present crisis: He says; "As well resort to diplomacy with a tiger in the jungle (as with Spain). We should learn from the present situation that the best way to avoid a fight is to be prepared and willing for it."

PASTOR FELIX

Woman's Pocket and the Wheel.

The wheel has done a good deal for the physical development of the new woman. A little incident that happened recently on upper Nineteenth street, says the Washington Star, gave interesting proof of this. A sweet-faced woman with silvered hair and clad in a plain gray dress was riding slowly along when she saw ahead of her a small boy pushing along on a tricycle and towing a little blue cart tied with a string to the axle of his vehicle. There were more youngsters further up the street, and the little chap was looking at them and trying to put on speed to reach them. A smile overspread the face of the silver-haired woman, and a sudden thought seemed to occur to her. She rode a little slower, held the handlebar with one hand and with the other found the pocket in her dress. Skilfully she guided her bicycle close to the little red cart, and as she reached it the disengaged hand drew from her pocket a big, round, red apple, which she deftly dropped in the little cart. The boy did not hear it and kept on. The woman rode past, then turned and came behind, riding slower than before. The youngster at length reached his playmates and dismounted. As he did so he saw his prize and jumped for it, then looked wonderingly around to see where it came from. The lady with

the silver hair watched him as she wheeled past and evidently had her full reward in the child's pleasure and astonishment. But the marvel to the man who saw it from the sidewalk was how a woman could find her pocket on a wheel.

## MR. P. RONDEAU.

Of Montreal cured of Anemia and 1544 e  
Appetite by  
Broma.

Mr. P. Rondeau commenced to feel towards the beginning of the year 1894 some uneasiness which grew worse. He had no taste for food. He did not even care for food which used to be his favorite dishes. His blood grew poor and he felt a general lassitude.

His family and his friends were alarmed at the rapid progress of his illness.

Several renowned doctors were called in and each gave his opinion, but all of them agreed that he suffered from poverty of the blood or anemia.

Mr. Rondeau grew weaker every day; he became weak and pale, being hardly able to walk. While Mr. Rondeau was in this bad condition, a friend, who paid him a visit for the first time, advised him to take Broma, an unrivaled tonic.

After some hesitation, he consented rather to please his friend than with the hope of a cure.

He commenced to take Broma without confidence, but he had hardly taken a few doses than a ray of hope pierced through the darkness. He continued to take this great remedy and with every dose he felt his strength returning.

His appetite came back rapidly under the energetic action of the Broma. His blood was renewed by this stimulating tonic and a new life seemed to animate him. Mr. Rondeau had a great number of friends who visited him and who showed their astonishment at his rapid recovery. This rapid and unexpected cure was everywhere talked of.

Innovation.

"Ah! my dear, of course you did not have your sewing circle to-day, when it was so stormy?"

"Oh, yes! Elwin, dearest. We had it by telephone."



## Bad Blood Will Out.

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## B. B. B.

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes:

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