

## Notches on The Stick

"The Legends of the St. Lawrence," by Sir James M. Le Moine, author of many useful works, are—in method and construction at least—a continuation of his "Explorations in Eastern Latitudes," given to the public several years since. We have the same pleasant romance of a yachting trip down the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Gaspe, and the conversations, narratives and songs, held by the author with his companions—and such companions too! One longs to be there—and thanks to the vivacity and skill of the writer, one is there, imaginatively, at least. Any one familiar with Jonathan Oldbuck at all knows just what a delightful mélange of fact and fancy—history, legend, folklore and description—we have. It is safe to say that this latest is not inferior in subject matter or in expression to its author's earlier books.

While yet the articles, which compose this book were in course of preparation, the following high words of recommendation were spoken by one of Canada's foremost critics and poets (John Read, of Montreal). There is one writer to whom—apart from his own ample contribution to our literature, both French and English—our poets and romanticists of either speech are deeply and avowedly indebted. Not they only. Read the prefaces of Parkman and you will know how highly he valued the aid and suggestions of Sir James Macpherson Le Moine. To us English readers Sir James M. Le Moine has been for thirty years and more a guide, trusted and revered, to all that is most romantic, most noteworthy in the story of the old regime and the new. Who that has visited Quebec with curiosity unsated as to the *vie intime* of that grand old fortress, has not found refreshment and satisfaction at the perennial springs of Sillery! Never were springs of knowledge entrusted by Providence to guardian more generous, more hospitable. "Through Dr. Bourinot's good offices," says our famous novelist, Gilbert Parker, "I came to know Mr. Le Moine of Quebec the gifted antiquarian, and President of the Royal Society of Canada. M. Le Moine placed in my hands certain historical facts suggestive of romance." Thus to Sir James and Mr. Fairchild's splendid collection of Canadians the world owes a debt of which "The Seats of the Mighty," must ever remind it. Whereof anon.

The "Dramatis Personae," who contribute to the synopsis on board the *Hirondelle*, or who manage that pleasure craft, now so elevated into literary repute, are: The Commodore, J. U. G.; Mac of the Isles, Sigmund and Navigator; Carleton, Sailing Master and Old Mariner; Jean Lavoie, Steward, chef-de cuisine, and weather-prophet; Napoleon Maturin, Able bodied seamen; Pierre, Cabin boy; Fox; Sillery Collie; The Lord of Ravensclyffe, (Mr. Geo. M. Fairchild, of Sillery) poet, sportsman, etc.; and latest mentioned, but neither last nor least, the doyen and untailing oracle of the group, Jonathan Oldbuck, Antiquary, Naturalist, Discoverer, and, we may add what he does not—Gentleman, who is none other than Sir James M. Le Moine, Master of Spencer Grange.

In the opening chapter, on "Historic Montreal," we have the legends of Rose Latulippe, and of Cadieux, the romantic old courier de bois, and the author of a plaintive lyric in the French tongue which has come down to us. Of Rose Latulippe—the rash and buxom French maiden who danced with a very shady partner at a dangerous hour—namely, beyond the hour of midnight on a Saturday—and was saved only by the timely arrival of the priest,—we have the best account we have yet found in prose; but we were familiar with it in the verse of Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), who has conveyed it in her happiest manner:

The story or balad of Mamselle Rose,  
Surname Latulippe, as the story goes.

"Dance, dance, little Rose, a word in your ear,  
You are dancing with Lucifer, what dost thou fear."

The Cure! the Cure! He takes it all in,  
From Rose, in her parlour of horrible sin,  
To Mother Macmote and the aged Seigneur,  
True whispering girls and the dazed voyageur.

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The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt  
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## Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

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insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

And breathing a hurried and silent prayer,  
And making the sign of the cross in the air,  
And saying aloud, "The church hath power  
To save her children in such an hour."  
He taketh the maiden by both her hands,  
Whilst Lucifer dark and discomfited stands.  
Snorting and stamping in fustian ire,  
He gains his steed with the eyes of fire,  
Who gives one loud and terrible neigh,  
And then in the darkness thunders away.

The original is given of the Lament of Cadieux, as well as an English version of which we will here give a few stanzas, regretting we have not space to copy the interesting account of the old voyageur, whose dirge was found after his death inscribed on a sheet of birch bark:

Thou little Rock of the High hill, Attend;  
Hither I come this last campaign to end!  
Ye echoes soft give ear unto my sigh,  
In languishment I speedily shall die.

Dear little birds, your dulcet harmony  
What time you sing, makes life more dear to me;  
Ah! had I wings that I might fly like you,  
Ere two days sped I should be happy too.

Lone in these woods I've known cares without end,  
Pondering for aye the fate of each dear friend;  
I ask myself Alas! and are they drowned?  
Or by the Iroquois so ruthlessly found?

O nightingale, go tell my mistress true,  
My little ones I leave them my adieu,  
That I have kept my love and honor free,  
And they henceforth must hope no more of me.

Here then, it is the world abandons me—  
But I have help, Savior of man in thee!  
Most holy Virgin, do not from me fly!  
Within your arms Oh suffer me to die!

In the Third Chapter the chansons, or "Songs of Old Canada" are treated, materials for which are drawn from the translations and notes of Mr. William McLennan's little book. Of these one of the sweetest and most musical is the "A la Claire Fontaine" of which Mr. McLennan says: "From the little child of seven years up to the man of silver hair, all the people in Canada know and sing the Claire Fontaine, one is not French Canadian without that." Mr. Le Moine informs us that "in Normandy they sing a similar chanson but the air which here is monotonous, but attractive, is different there." Of the translations we have seen we like the best Mr. Lighthall's, which begins as follows:—

Unto the crystal fountain  
For pleasure did I stray;  
So fair I found the waters  
My limbs in them I lay.

"This chanson" continues Mr. McLennan, "is typical in its airy mixture of rambling and poetry. The first stanza, it will be seen is practically meaningless; but there comes that beautiful little chorus, far more lovely in the quiet way in which the air tempts you to hum:

Long is it I have loved thee,  
Thou shalt I love always,  
My dearest:  
Long is it I have loved thee,  
Thou shalt I love always.

Sweet is the little address to the nightingale:

Sing, nightingale, keep singing,  
Thou hast a heart so gay,  
Thou hast a heart so merry,  
While mine is sorrows prey."

Certain blithe little nature sketches, here and there, show how fine an eye he has, and how lively a descriptive pen our author wields. Here is a specimen:

"One bright, early June morning, when all nature seemed alive with joyous revelry in the warm sunshine of young summer, I recollect visiting Portneuf.

"The road from the station was down a tortuous hill alongside the noisy, brawling, madly, tumbling, foam covered Portneuf river, entering its final race ere emptying into the St. Lawrence. What a delicious green the fields had taken on, and how fresh, the young verdure on the maple and birch beside the hemlocks' deeper tint! Among the softly murmuring pines, and balsams of the higher hillside, I heard my little friend, the white-throated sparrow, uttering in clear tones: Sweet! Sweet Canada! Sweet Canada!! but with his accustomed shyness, keeping well out of sight.

"After a glimpse of a mill through the trees, and a short distance further on, I come upon the old grist mill that in years gone by contributed many a sack of flour towards the supply of England, now alas! doing very little more than grinding up oats for the neighboring farmers. A dusty meal-covered miller stuck his head out of a window, and wishing us a bonjour! returned to his work. A few minutes more, and I came to the village of Portneuf cozily nestled under the hill on the bank of the St. Lawrence. A little wheezy market boat was tied up to the wharf, and the entire population of the place had turned out

to welcome Josette or speed Baptiste, or bargain and barter for all kinds and sorts of farm produce. I passed the pretty little church, and the presbytery where Abbe Provencher wrote his work, 'La Flore Canadienne.' Did Herr Peter Kalm botanize here in 1749? How I should have enjoyed botanizing through the neighboring fields and woods, I thought!"

We had marked for citation examples on P. 107 8, but must trust to the interested the duty of obtaining and reading this pleasant volume for himself.

Mr. William B. Chisholm, one of the literary critics of The Home Journal, N. Y., writes of Prof. Charles G. D. Robert last volume of verse, "New York Nocturnes," "To the druid one of the most charming concepts in this charming little volume will be, The Solitary Woods. man:

When the nut-fed chipmunks romp  
Through the maples' crimson pomp,  
And the slim viburnum flashes  
In the darkness of the swamp.

And he hears the partridge drumming.  
The belated hornet's humming—  
And the faint prophetic sounds  
That foretell the winter's coming.

One feels free to criticize a poet of established reputation—I may say fame—like Mr. Roberts, for it is precisely such to whom criticism conveys most beneficent meaning. The true poet will hearken to the critic, whether afar or near by. I ask then; why, Mr. Roberts, in these days of the recent 'clang of arms and clash of helmets'—the adjustment of new issues, etc.—should the song be quite so mystic and brooding? Is there no middle ground—no possible compromise—between a hit on Manila or Santiago, and one of those low, gentle cadences with which this sweet volume murmurs? Shall not the truest druid still call out his struggling fellow mortals in the language they are themselves using from day to day—which voices their hopes and fears and their last aspiration?" The term "druid," it occurs to us, is in danger of losing its original significance, and becoming a symbol of belittlement, as applied to the school of poetic nature lovers, or, if you insist, worshippers. We see no reason why the poet should abandon his "low, gentle cadences," even in time of war, if his taste and genius impel him to cultivate them. Mr. Chisholm further, and more properly observes: "'New York Nocturnes' has about as little to do with New York as 'Poe's Raven' had, but it is the recent thought of a true poet," [he might have added—who has taken up his residence in that city.] Full of gem-pictures and hints of higher than earthly dreams. Technically, too, it is true poetry, and not minor. Mr. Roberts has long since passed out of that, to the poet, odious category, and has now an acknowledged rank. Very true!

A gifted correspondent often mentioned in these columns, writes in praise of some fugitive lines on September, current in one of the magazines. He says: "I do not know the author. I wish I did. This is too fine not to be fathered by somebody—or mothered."

September comes across the hills:  
Hark to her welcome, strong and free—  
The diapason of the sea,  
The treble music of the rills.  
A flush dyes every vine and tree,  
The sunlit lead with rapture thrills:  
This is the Autumn's jubilee!  
September comes across the hills.  
Fragrance with lavish hand she spills:  
Magician of the year is she,  
To whom all nature bends the knee.  
Announced by woodland scents and trills  
September comes across the hills.

He speaks appreciatively of the recent Biography of Tennyson by his son: "Through the kindness of my friend, Rev. J. H. Earp, of Kenneth square, I have been able to procure from the Bayard Taylor Memorial Library there the 2 vol. life of Tennyson. This I have been reading of late, when I could read, and have found great pleasure in it. I have always admired Tennyson, but these volumes have only enhanced my high appreciation of the man. . . . What a beautiful poem that is of 'The Talking Oak'! I thought of it this morning as I went to the station across my neighbor's pasture and stopped to rest under a mighty oak whose branches spread sixty feet. This is the tree that suggested my Q. train, 'The Oak in Autumn':

O rock upon the towery top  
All throats that gurgle sweet!  
All starry culmination drop  
Balm dew to bathe thy feet!  
The rat, earth feed thy branchy root,  
That under deeply strikes!  
The northern mo-nig o'er thee shoot  
High up, in silver spikes.  
Nor ever lightning char thy grain,  
Eat, rolling as in sleep,  
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,  
That makes thee broad and deep!

Tennyson says that 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' was written in a few minutes. In that respect it recalls Holmes' 'Old Ironsides,' Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and Dr. Smith's 'My Country 'Tis of



SEE THAT LINE  
It's the wash,  
out early, done  
quickly, cleanly,  
white.

Pure Soap did it  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
with power to clean with-  
out too hard rubbing, with-  
out injury to fabrics.

**SURPRISE**  
is the name, don't forget it.

Thee. I can never agree with Carlyle, that Tennyson was 'a life-guardsmen spoilt by making poetry.'"

"Zion's Herald," the independent organ of Methodism in New England, is youthful at seventy-five years, as it is demonstrated by its recent memorial number. This vigorous exponent of religious thought, and of the polity and theology of the church it represents, has, under the editorial impulse and supervision of such men as Stevens, Wise, Copleigh, Pierce, Parkhurst and the two Havens, accomplished much for the welfare of mankind, during its years of influence, which were never more vital than in the last decade. The reminiscences of Rev. William McDonald, D. D., Rev. David H. Ela, D. D., Rev. Geo. M. Steele, D. D., Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D., Prof. S. F. Upham, D. D., Rev. D. A. Whedon, D. D., Rev. Wesley O. Holway D. D., and Miss Adelaide S. Seaverns ("Aunt Srens"), in this beautifully designed and illustrated number, recall the days of former success and prosperity. We are pleased to recognize in the Outlook department the capable pen of our friend, Chaplain David H. Tribou, U. S. N.

The notion that the Queen of England has a marked partiality for the writings of Marie Corelli has been much paraded, and we doubt not exaggerated. We have in a recent note obtained assurance that "there is no queen's novelist," either by letters patent or royal warrant, and Marie Corelli, it she arrogates this title to herself, does so without a shadow of right."

"I may say," explains a friend of Mark Twain, "that he reads everything in prose that is clean and healthy, yet he has never been able to find a line in Thackeray which interested him. Addison and Goldsmith are thrown away upon him, and Meredith, perhaps not unnaturally, provokes him to laughter. I asked Mr. Clemens one day how he explained this difference to the acknowledged master craftsman in his own trade. The explanation candidly given was, 'I have no really literary taste, and never had.'"

### Review of the Medical Record.

In the Medical Record for 17th Sept. Dr. Henry Morison describes Bottini's operation for enlarged prostate, and reports five cases from his own practice. He characterizes other operations for the relief of this condition as mutilating, unsatisfactory in results and attended with a high rate of mortality, and concludes that Bottini's simpler procedure may well replace them all.

Dr. George E. Davis discourses on the physiology of the liver but adds little to the common stock of knowledge regarding the manifold functions of this long suffering organ.

Dr. Knox, of Texas, contributed an article on Potts' fracture and describes the results in the first case he was called upon to treat as not satisfactory to the patient but of great benefit to himself.

Editorially Dr. Shady deals with the physical degeneracy of the Afro-American and refers to an able paper by Dr. Furness J. Shadd of Washington, recently submitted to a conference of leading members of the negro community of Hampton, Virginia.

Dr. Shadd points out that even under the most favorable sanitary conditions the death rate of negroes is more than double that of whites. The most fruitful causes of this alarming death rate are infant mortality, tuberculosis and scrofula. With regard to the great susceptibility of the negro to consumption Dr. Shadd remarks: "Consumption is the greatest enemy the negro has except his vices." After quoting a description of the manner in which the negroes live in the large cities "under the shadow of the Goddess of Liberty" Dr. Shady says that their unhappy condition is a public menace and should incite philanthropists to grapple energetically with the difficulties of the situation.

Zola has submitted himself to the tender mercies of a number of French expert

anthropologists and psychologists. After a careful examination they declare that he has orbicular contraction, cardiac spasms, thoracic cramps, false angina pectoris, sensory hyperaesthesia, obsessions, impulsive ideas and defective emotivity. He is a neuropath—that is, a man with a painful nervous system—yet they say that all this is not sufficient to affect in any appreciable manner his intellectual processes! I think it would have been better if, after stating his physical abnormalities, they had left us to draw our own conclusions regarding his intellectual processes."

The News of the week chronicles Oliver H. Payne's gift of \$1,500,000 to Cornell Medical College; that another sanitary inspector has pronounced Camp Wikoff all right; that President McKinley is appointing a commission to examine into the conduct of the commissary, quartermaster and medical bureaus of the War Department; that the first aid packets which were supplied to the soldiers have been most useful; that winter hospitals are being erected at Fort Monroe; that the Prince of Wales has displayed fortitude, good temper, and patience under the trying conditions resulting from his accident; that the number of deaths in India from the plague during the present epidemic has passed the hundred thousand mark; that Koch is going to study malaria; that famine is imminent at Kasan, Russia; that a movement is on foot to establish an art loan exhibition for hospitals, and that there have been several cases of yellow fever among the troops in Porto Rico. Clinical articles, reports of societies, correspondence &c., complete the number. Published weekly by William Wood and Company, New York.

### The Fire Bell.

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### Too Personal.

During a Scottish tour which the poet Wordsworth took with his sister, he was greatly struck by Kilburn Castle, and addressed a solemn poem to it. These verses happened to fall under the eye of a boy who had been asked by two ladies to read something aloud.

As innocent of its character as they, he began, in a tone intended to be impressively solemn, 'Skeleton of unflashed humanity!'

But the effect of the phrase was more immediate and more startling than anyone could have imagined. For one of the two listeners (and she was certainly very thin) leapt to her feet and exclaimed indignantly: "Well, I am the thinnest woman in Ireland, but I cannot approve of personal remarks!"

A brutal young man is one who would tell a girl who offers to mend his gloves that there is a hole in her father's coat.

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