

## Notches on The Stick

The Scottish poets, Dunbar and Drummond, were only a century apart, or a decade more,—scarcely time enough in these days greatly to modify a language; and yet by what amazing differences are they characterized! Alike in classic scholarship, in their attachment to courts and in their devotion to poesy and to nature, they are in many things widely asunder, Dunbar took the sunny cheerful side of life, like Chaucer; and Drummond the sombre and pensive. But the great contrast is in their language, for Dunbar is to be ranked with Scotland's dialect poets, while Drummond wrote the purest classic English of his time. Dunbar sounds in every way as antique as Chaucer who preceded him by a century, (Ch. 1328. Dun. 1465, Drum. 1585); while Drummond sounds to us more modern than Spenser, who was his master, or, indeed, than any English poet of his period. Take this bit which might easily be the product of some rhymers of to-day who had affected an archaic subject.

### Madrigal.

This world a-lusting is,  
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce's Death;  
His speedy grey-hounds are  
Lust, sickness, envy, care,  
Strife that ne'er fails amiss,  
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.  
Now if by chance we fly  
Of these the eager chase,  
Old age with stealing pace  
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

Or more especially this, which Aldrich or one of our poets have written:

### The Universe.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,  
If we the leaves and sheets could turn with care—  
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame  
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,  
Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,  
His providence, extending everywhere,  
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,  
In every page and period of the same,  
But silly we, like foolish children, rest  
Fair dangle ribbons, leaving what is best;  
On the great Writer's sense not taking hold;  
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,  
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Would Aubrey De Vere have written a sonnet in simpler or purer English?

Turn now to the earlier and the greater poet;—for Dunbar in his native endowment is little inferior to Chaucer, and has been pronounced by so good a judge as Scott, "a poet unrivalled by any that Scotland ever produced,"—which is saying a great deal, if not a trifle overmuch, when we remember Burns. His strain is sweet and fanciful, and in it the charm of Scotland's youth lives again, with the scent of hedge-rows, the wealth of dewy roses and all the splendor of mornings whose perfume and melody went into the soul of the poet. But the spirit and style, as well as the vocabulary, harks back from Drummond:

### From "The Golden Targe".

Bright as the stern of day begueth to schyne  
Quhen gone to bed war Vesper and Lucine,  
I raise, and by a rosere me did rest:  
Up sprang the golden candle matutine,  
With clere deirbeit beimes cristalline,  
Gladdening the merry fou in their nest;  
Up raise the lark, the hevyn's menstrel fyne  
In May, in full a mornow myrthful leste,  
Full, angel-like thir birds sang thair hours  
Within thair courtyns grane, in to thair bours,  
Apparailt quhite and red, with blomes suete;  
Anasmit the felde with all colouris,  
The perly droppis schuke in silvir schouris;  
Quhill all in blame did brach and leveis dote,  
To part fra Phobus did Aurora gret;  
Her cristall teris I saw hung on the flouris  
Quhill he for lute all drank up with his hete.  
For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,  
The birds sang upon the tender cropis,  
With curious notis, as Venus chapel clerkis;  
The rosis yong, new spreading of their knoppis,  
War powderit brycht with hevilly berial droppis,  
Throu beimes rede, blynyng as ruby sperkis;  
The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis.

Now will you smile, my reader, over these primitive accents,—this touch of virgin loveliness, so fresh and infantine as to rank it with the choicest in our early literature?—That word, "hevinly," starts up in memory a form and face the reverse of poetic. But I can see and hear the worthy brother, on whose lips lingered the dialect of an English midland county, who always began his prayer with the words,—“Hevinly Father.” We will perhaps spoil such delicious lines by trying to put them into modern form:

Bright as the star of day begins to shine,  
When gone to bed are Vesper and Lucine,  
I rose, and by a rosery did me rest:  
Up sprang the golden candle matutine (of morn-  
ing),  
With purifying beams, clear, crystalline  
Gladning the merry birds within their nest;  
Up rose the lark, the heavens' minstrel fine  
In May unto a mornow mirthfullest,  
Full angel-like the birds sang out their hours  
Behind their curtains green in their deep bowers,  
Apparelled white and red, with blossoms sweet;  
Enamelled were the fields with colored flowers,  
The pearly drops shook down in silvir showers;  
While all in balm did leaves and branches meet,  
To part from Phobus did Aurora gret (weep);  
Her crystal tears I saw hang on the flowers  
Which he for love drank with his lips in heat.

## Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

## Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. etc. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Or suppose we give the last stanza in a prose rendering:

For Maytime mirthfulness the birds were skipping and hopping merrily on the tender twigs of the thickets, uttering their curious notes, as if they had been chapel clerks (choiristers) of Venus. The young roses, spreading abroad their knobs (bunches), were brightly powdered with dew-drops that through ruddy beams burned like ruby sparkles; while overhead the skies rang with the shouting of larks.

We might quote passages not so full of archaic Scotticisms, for with Dunbar, as with Burns, there is a difference in the quantity of dialect that he uses.

Here follow some specimens a la the Seminary Journals:

Johnny Quiz.—Mamma, is Dinah a widow?  
(Blush not, reader,—Dinah is the family mare!)  
Ready Mother.—Yes, my dear, a grass-widow.  
Johnny Quiz.—And what is a grass widow?  
Ready Mother.—It is a widow whose husband did of hay-lever.

Questions in Universal Supposition,  
Submitted to the candidates for the non-collegiate degree of *Misunderstanding*.

By ONE OF THE PROFESSORS OF IGNORANCE.

1. What kind of fish are the Upanishads?
  2. Is, Y or War-shys a suitable time in time of peace?
  3. What sort of garb do the R'g Vendas wear?
  4. Describe the wild animal known as the Minx.
  5. How many Houris are in Paradise day?
  6. To what line of Kings belong the Eddas?
- Have you read Pellony's book, entitled, "Walking Backward?" etc., etc.

While reading Dryden's "Hind and Panther," to-day, we were lead to contrast one of his passages with that of another illustrious convert from protestantism,—Cardinal Newman. There is in this work of the earlier poet, which combines in happiest form its poetical and argumentative styles, a few lines of a personal character.

"My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;  
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,  
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,  
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.  
Such was I, such by nature still I am;  
Recline (the church) the glory and be mine the Shame."

Newman, in his celebrated lyric, one of the choicest of our hymnic possessions, (which we adopt as most expressive of our best attainment toward trustfulness and submission, little deeming it to be an argument used to justify a reprobated course,—or one, at the best, dubious to many,) says of himself:

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years."

The first writer was a man of strong sense and of immense intellectual energy, but without a high ideal of life—without poetic or prophetic vision, like Milton's,—and also destitute of chivalrous loyalty; a man who held his pen the implement of his trade and the minister to his worldly fortune. That he followed the real bent of his mind, and, in the superfluities of the matter, was honest, is probable; but the reason chosen for entering the Roman Catholic Church and the peculiar juncture of affairs, naturally gave rise to suspicion. The later writer had a more subtle, if a less vigorous, intellect, and a vastly superior ethical nature,—though with a somewhat morbid spirituality, cloistral and austere. Of his deep sincerity, his moral integrity, his religious earnestness, we can entertain no doubt. We also remember a more simple, child-like nature—that of Faber, who yielded to the allurements of the "milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged."

A writer of literary notes declares that the publication of his "Songs of Action" discovers Dr. A. Conan Doyle to be poet, as well as novelist. That he is such was shown in small compass by the following lyric in his "The White Company":

### The Bowman's Song.

What of the bow?  
The bow was made in England;  
Of true wood, of yew wood,  
The wood of English bows;  
So men who are free  
Love the old yew-tree  
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?  
The cord was made in England;  
A rough cord, a tough cord,  
A cord that bowmen love  
So we'll drain our jacks  
To the English flax  
And the land where the hemp was wove.

What of the shaft?  
The shaft was cut in England;  
A long shaft, a strong shaft,  
Barbed and trim and true;  
So we'll drink all together  
To the grey goose feather,  
And the land where the grey goose flew.

What of the men?  
The men were bred in England;  
The bowmen—the yemen—  
The lads of date and flail,  
Here's to you—and to you!  
To the hearts that are true  
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

John Ruskin no longer addresses us, as in the day of his power; yet still he lives at his Bratwood home, and takes note of that ever changing beauty of the sky, and the landscape he was so apt to paint, in its manifestation about Coniston. He may be seen walking abroad nearly every fair day, and is in good health for one who approaches that stage of life wherein we are supposed to have little pleasure. It is said that he is not free from the old annoyances that gave piquancy to his themes, for certain local builders are marring the landscape by their unsightly edifices reared in his neighborhood.

Young Prim enters with the declaration that Uncle Sam is about to be married. He is going to have Anna. That, objects, Madame Pursey, would be bigamy, for he has already wedded Philip Hines' darter, Miss Manilla.

English men of letters have a fair chance of governmental recognition. W. F. Henley, poet, essayist, editor, etc., has recently received from the civil list of his native land a pension for his services to English literature.

A wife sometimes proves a man's best counsellor, in literature as in other concerns. He who is fitted for criticism will do well to defer to her who cares most for his fame. Now it is rumored Mrs. Kipling rescued that famous poem the "Recessional" from the waste paper basket to which her husband had consigned it, and gave it to an applauding and grateful public. If this is true it is only an additional instance of feminine taste and penetration. The resonant star zas strike at once the ear and the heart, and may constitute the most welcome part of his message to posterity.

We learn by The Critic that "Elmwood is saved, and the home of James Russell Lowell will be turned into a memorial park. The enthusiastic men and women who had the matter in hand had to raise a good many thousand dollars within a given time, and the money came in so slowly that they were in despair; but now they have the full amount and a little over." The care for places consecrated by the memory of our greatest men is one of the hopeful signs of the time. Many there are to whom mammon is not the only thing worthy their seeking.

The initial number of The New Brunswick Magazine fulfils the promise of the prospectus. It is recently in our hands, but the most cursory examination assures us of its excellence in the particular line chosen. It is greatly to be desired that this venture shall have a patronage and a pecuniary support equal to its merits.

PASTOR FELIX.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine has been found of great service in croup and whooping cough. No house where there are children should be without a bottle.

Senor Sagasta, the Spanish statesman, is remarkably deficient in the graces of oratory, a fact the more noteworthy in a country whose very peasants are impressively eloquent. He has, however, a remarkable gift of sarcasm, which, combined with his imperturbable manner, no doubt explains his influence over a people so hot-blooded and impulsive as the Spanish. His relations with the Queen Regent are almost paternal in character, and the wrinkled, kindly-looking old Minister stands very high in the esteem of both Queen Christina and her son, the young king. Senor Sagasta is a Grand Master of the Spanish Order of Freemasons.

M. TESLA has repeatedly declared that it would be possible to send out from the earth an electric vibration which would reach the planet Mars, so that if there were people and instruments there to receive it, telegraphic communication might be opened up between the earth and that distant world.

Yellow stories are not confined to the war; you can hear a yellow story on a man any hour of the day.

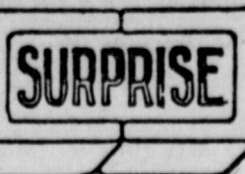
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### LIVING ON MONKEY MEAT.

A Story Told by an American of Six Months in Oaxaca.

Living in Mexico is often a disastrous experience to the foreigner who is not acquainted with localities and customs. In the case of John Bascon and his companion an Englishman named Martin Hayes, their experience was such, but it was also interesting. In conversation with Mr. Beacon that gentleman stated the following to a reporter:

"Not long ago I came up from Guatemala with an Englishman named Martin Hayes, and we had three burros laden with goods. We prospected all along the line to Tonelado, and stopped one week with an Indian at Tehuantepec. While there we learned that in the district up to Tonelado there was plenty of gold, as another Englishman had passed through there with \$8,000 which he had panned out at a certain point somewhere in the region of San Pablo, in Oaxaca. We traced the gold along the streams for sixty miles, and reached as far as San Miguel. We were very hungry by this time, having run short of provisions and, going across the mountains, were told that we should be careful as banditti were numerous. Soon after two men met us not far from San Miguel, and they both had rifles. They ordered us to halt, but I pulled a revolver and took their guns away from them and marched them on in front of us. When we arrived at San Miguel one of them entered a complaint before the Jefe Politico charging us with holding them up, but the Jefe knew the men too well to listen to their story, and the result is one of them is still in jail at that place.

"When we left San Miguel we secured a mozo to guide us to where the Englishman referred to found his gold, but when we got there the mozo would not stay, as it was known the Englishman had returned and died there. We found his skeleton, with the legs and arms eaten off, and the mozo being fearful he would see the ghost dead, left us to ourselves. We went across a river and camped in the adjacent woods. Along the stream we prospected for gold, and in two weeks we found gold which went about twenty-five cents to the pan. We remained there about six months, and all that time we lived on monkey meat and green bananas, and both too, without salt. Just think of it! Nothing but monkeys, and occasionally a fowl or two, and not a tortilla or common hot cake. Well sir, my partner, Martin Hayes, of London, England, died four months after from the privations suffered during that time, and I don't suppose his wife and family ever heard of it. But we got some gold all right, and monkey meat would have been good enough for me if we had only had some salt."

Gold Coast.

The Gold Coast is a long way from the Cape of Good Hope. The latter is one of

the termini of Eastern Africa—the former is wholly in Western Africa. The Gold Coast takes its name from the precious metal having been discovered there in abundance by the early Portuguese and English navigators.

### Her Method.

Uncle Bob—Yes, my wife allus believed in tyin' a string to her finger to remember things.

Uncle Bill—She has one on her finger most of the time, I notice.

Uncle Bob—Yes, 'ceptin' when she has somethin' very partiikler to remember. Then she leaves off the string, an' when it ain't there she remembers why.

### What O' That?

"Do you think your sis'er likes to have me come here, Johnny?"  
"You bet. You take her to the theatre and bring her chocolates."

"I'm glad I can make her happy."  
"Yes, and the feller what she's engaged to don't mind it, either, for it saves him that much money towards housekeeping."

### Enjoying the Contrast.

Husband—It seems to me that you come to my office a good deal more than there is any necessity for.


Wife—I can't help it, dear; your manners in the office are so much nicer than they are at home, that I like to enjoy the contrast.

### Both Flow.

Dr. Jalap.—I hate to speak of it, Mr. Stikkum, but seeing that it is more than a year since I attended you and the bill is still stancin', I must say that you are rather slow pay.

Mr. Stikkum.—But you must remember it was a slow fever I had.

Mistress—Do you call this sponge cake? New cook—Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum.



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