

Notches on The Stick

In this time of hurrying events, and martial military and naval, we have been looking for some equal utterance in song, expression of popular exultation, but have not yet found the decisive thing. The press has swarmed with attempts at rhyme but few indeed are the realizations. No triumph-song, no hymn of marching or cannonade; no picture in immortal measure of navies that ride the seas with unwonted splendor of achievement; no melody of watching and the camp-fire, or the moving of great armies, like "The Battle Hymn of The Republic." "The Star Spangled Banner," has sounded forth in the trenches about Santiago, from lips thrilling with martial enthusiasm; but no one has volunteered to give us the equal of that song, though it is quite possible to surpass it. Some spirited lines have, indeed, here and there been written, but few with that inevitable ring and cadence that speak for the time to come. One of the best of the few lyrics we have seen is that of John Hay, from which we give a stanza: "Land of unconquered Pelayo, land of the Old Campeador! Sea-girdled mother of men! Spain, name of glory and power; Cradle of world-grasping emperors, grave of the reckless invader, How art thou fallen, my Spain! how art thou sunk at this hour!"

For the patriotism of Spain can thrill us, as well as the patriotism of America, and the brave admire the brave. Before Cervantes made his memorable dash from the harbor of Santiago, he said to his men, in a spirit worthy the ancient Greeks:—"If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, and in noble, honorable battle." And so they chose to die.

Worthy of quoting are the lines of Charles W. Thompson, printed in the New York Sun, on the remark of Captain Philip to restrain the cheering of his men, when the red and yellow flag was pulled down on the Almirante Oquendo: "Don't cheer, the poor devils are dying." This is the sound of it:

"The victor looks over the shot-churned wave
At the riven ship of his foeman brave,
And the men in their life blood lying;
And the joy of conquest leaves his eyes,
The lust of fame and of battle dies,
And he says: 'Don't cheer; they're dying!'"

"Cycles have passed since Bayard the brave—
Passed since Sidney the water gave,
On Zuyphen's red and lying;
But the knightly echo has lingered far—
It rang in the words of the Yankee tar
When he said: 'Don't cheer; they're dying?'"

"Why leap our hearts at our Hobson's name,
Or at his who battled his way to fame,
Our flag in the far East flying?
The nation's spirit these deeds reveal—
But none the less does that spirit peal
In the words: 'Don't cheer; they're dying.'"

Worthy also of citation are the stanzas of John James Meehan, first published in Leslie's Weekly, and written when the "Wonderful Race of the Oregon" had been completed:

Lights out! and prow turned toward the South
And a canvas hiding each cannon's mouth,
And a ship like a silent ghost released
Is seeking her sister ships in the East.

A rush of water a foaming trail,
An ocean bound in a coat of mail,
A deck long-lined with the lines of fate,
She roars good-by at the Golden Gate.

On! on! Alone, without gong or bell,
But a burning fire, like the fire of hell,
Till the lookout starts as his glasses show
The white cathedral of Callao.

A moment's halt 'neath the slender spire;
Food, food for the men, and food for the fire,
Then out to the sea to rest no more
Till her keel is grounded on Chili's shore.

South! South! Go! guard thro' the unknown
wave,
Where chart nor compass may help or save,
Where the hissing wreaths of the sea abide,
And few may pass thro' the stormy tide.

North! North! For a harbor far away,
For another breath in the burning day,
For a moment's shelter from speed and pain,
And a prow to the tropic sea again.

Home! Home! With the mother fleet to sleep
Till the call shall rise o'er the awful deep;
And the bell shall clang for the battle there,
And the voice of guns is the voice of prayer!

Once more to the songs of the bold and free,
When your children gather about your knee;
When the Goths and Vandals come down in
might

As they came to the walls of Rome one night;
When the lordly William of Doloraine
Shall ride fly the Scottish lake again;

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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, cleanse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

When the Hessian spectres shall flit in air
As Washington crosses the Delaware;
When the eyes of babes shall be closed in dread
As the story of Paul Revere is read;
When your boys shall ask what the guns are for
Then tell them the tale of the Spanish war,
And the breathless millions that looked upon
The matchless race of the Oregon.

Of course this is rather echoey of a past muse, but it records in fluent stanzas a notable event. Now, after all utterance of admiration anent the brave deeds of the American people; to terminate Spanish rule on this side of the Atlantic; and of that purpose the following is offered as an attempted expression:

The Flight of Tyrants.

The bright Antilles shall be free,
At bold Columbia's word;
The Islands of the Eastern Sea
Have Freedom's bugle heard.
Tyrants! your destined hour is nigh!
Like hawks ye fought, like hawks ye fly,
Like hawks ye darted on the prey;—
The weak, the helpless, would ye slay?
Lo! Freedom rises—strikes her blow!
Go! Go! Go!

Ho! Tyrants, on your quaking thrones,
With lips all pale and dumb,
For blood and tears your fall atones;—
Rejoice! the hour is come!
The worth of man ye soon may learn;
Ye may repent, ye may return,
No longer pitiless, refuse
Hope to your kin ye break and bruise;
To learn your duty ye are slow;—
Go! Go! Go!

The meek, the wise, the kind, shall rule;
The proud shall be no more;
Your hour has struck, your cup is full,—
The measure runneth o'er.
God hath a throne—can ye not see?
Heaven with an azure canopy
Where Mercy dwells with Power, where Love
Hath thunders that may Earth remove;
Resist not Him whose sword is nigh!
Fly! Fly! Fly!

Ye cannot beckon back the dawn,
Ye cannot bar the day;
The car of Destiny moves on,—
Blind! Will ye block the way?
Will ye ingloriously ride
In your false chariot of pride,
Nor can the Christ—the Captive's Friend,
Your victims from your wrath defend?
His gracious prowess ye must know:
Go! Go! Go!

Revenge is not the hero's cry;
"Thy Mercy bears the rod;—
But ye must hasten—ye must fly,
For Justice is of God!
No slave may till our Western field,
No base blood blister on our shield,
No conquest-flag go floating o'er
Th' reproachful waves from shore to shore:
This word 'th' foes of Liberty,
Flee! Flee! Flee!

Is it the case that while we fight with
harder and more powerful implements, we
use soter and weaker words? We have
evidently not forgotten the art and spirit
of warfare; shall not the art and spirit of
song prevail?

The writer of literary paragraphs, under
the heading, "As We Were saying," in
the Montreal Herald, gives the following
account of a venerable Canadian authoress
whom he designates "A Notable Figure:"

"The peculiar distinction of being the
oldest living author in all Her Majesty's
dominions belongs to Mrs. Catherine Parr
Traill, who is now living, at the advanced
age of ninety-seven, in her little home at
Lakefield, Ontario. Mrs. Traill, in her
old age, shows a keen and unflinching
interest in all that makes for the welfare and
improvement of her race and country. For
eighty long and busy years she has main-
tained a literary activity that is as aston-
ishing as has been the persistent neglect
her work has met with from us Canadians,
among whom she has labored so many
years. Today Canada owes more to her
than it does to any woman writer who has
identified her literary life with that of our
Dominion. Mrs. Traill, has done much to
enlighten England on the subject of col-
onial life in America. She has shown to
other lands, truthfully, conscientiously,
and tenderly, the character of our country.
In all her work there is a wholesomeness
it would be well to see more of in our
younger generation. Her early "Back-
woods of Canada," her study of "Our
Forest Trees," her pictures of "Life and
Scenery in the Wilds of Canada," and her
admirable "Studies of Plant Life in Can-
ada," will pass down in Canadian history
as substantial elements in the foundation
of that national literature which our slowly
awakening country hopes some time to
possess. There are those among us who
lament that we have no such literature,
and those who say we never shall have
one. Time alone will tell. We are a young
strong nation, seeking a voice, aspiring to;

ward some fit and adequate expression of
the lives we live and the dreams we dream.
Some day that voice shall be found.

"But, in the meantime, could any better
opportunity be offered Canadians to show
genuine sympathy with our as yet sporadic
literary aspirations than at present exists
in the case of Mrs. Traill. This aged lady
is now living in extremely straitened cir-
cumstances. Twice the Canadian Govern-
ment has recognized the extent of our
country's indebtedness to her, by two small
grants, such as the Imperial Government is
in the habit of making on a more generous
scale. But what, at the present time, could
be more gracefully appropriate, more fit
and proper, than that the people of this
country should directly and spontaneously
show their gratitude for one who has lab-
ored for them so long and so devotedly.
Such an action, from her own people could
not but bring solace and pleasure to the
evening twilight of a long life. I should be
indebted for any suggestions from the read-
ers of this column who are willing to co-op-
erate with me in inaugurating a memorial
fund that shall take the form of some fitting
tribute to Mrs. Traill, the most venerable
figure in our Dominion, and the most es-
teemed lady now writing in the English
language. If any is taken, it must be taken
at once. If any such move has already been
made, I shall be grateful for information
regarding it."

The London Critic has high praise for
Bliss Carman, for it declares he is hardly
read enough on the other side of the
Atlantic, much as they admire him.
"He is probably the best of all contem-
porary colonial poets. His haunting
cadences live in the memory, and a great
spirit breathes through his verse. His is
the joy that is born of bold living. He
knows and sings of the sea in her moods,
and echoes of her music give his poems a
feeling of vastness and romance.

His "Ballads of Lost Haven" show all the
notes of his earlier work." A new volume
of his poems, "By the Aurelian Wall, and
Other Elegies," is just issuing from the
press of Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

The young negro, Paul Lawrence Dun-
bar, whose poems dealing with simple life
among his own people have great sweet-
ness, is engaged on his first novel, "The
Uncalled." Although in their oral tales,
says a foreign journal, the negroes show
considerable power of humor and imagina-
tion, they have done very little in American
literature. Their opportunities have been
many, but the genius of the people does
not show itself in literary forms. It is
possible they may exhibit a tendency to-
ward expression in art when they are
thoroughly assimilated with their environ-
ments; but at present it seems that one of
the causes of the prejudice existing against
them in the states is that they originate so
little.

Sienkiewicz has reasons for congratula-
tion in the attitude of the American press
and people toward his books; and he ex-
presses it in a letter to his English trans-
lator, Jeremiah Curtin: "I receive a
multitude of letters from America: In a
few weeks upwards of two hundred and
seventy have come to me, and eight or ten
new ones arrive every day. These letters
are so many in number that, in view of
my work and family afflictions, I have
been unable to answer them. I shall send
replies to all those letters, but not till I
have finished 'The Knights of the Cross.'
That work done, I shall take up at once
the letters sent me from America, for that
country and the people who are masters of
it are to me truly and profoundly sympa-
thetic."

Andrew Lang refers to "Quo Vadis,"

DYSPEPSIA.

"For over eleven years I suffered
terribly with Dyspepsia and tried every-
thing I could think of, but got no relief
until I started using Burdock Blood
Bitters. I had only taken one bottle
when I commenced to feel better, and
after taking five or six bottles was
entirely well, and have been so ever
since. I feel as if B. B. B. had saved
my life." Mrs. T. G. JOYCE, Stanhope,
Que.

B. B. B. cures Biliousness, Sick
Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspep-
sia, Constipation, Coated Tongue,
Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Kidney
Disease, and makes the blood
rich, red and pure. It is a highly
concentrated vegetable compound.

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the dose for adults;
10 to 30 drops for
children. Add the
water yourself.

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St. John, N. B.

somewhat satirically, yet with concession
to "that really powerful and original
writer, in his article on "The Religious
Novel," in Longman's Magazine. "Byron" he
says, "writes of a certain sacred poet
that he

Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke.
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch.

The modern novelist also makes his
raids on the New Testament. Here he
finds plots and characters ready made.
The curious result is that many of the
clergymen applaud the process, while the
ordinary man of letters is aghast at what
he thinks the irreverence and bad taste." It
is, indeed, a question if these works,
supposed to illuminate Scriptural subjects,
does not tend to lower them at last in the
public esteem, and to degrade them, as
did the miracle plays of the Middle Ages.

It seems that the two forthcoming novels
by Crockett, referred to in various literary
journals as "The Brigands" and "The Sil-
ver Skull," respectively, are really one
book, whose title is "The Silver Skull." This
story was at first called "The Brig-
ands" by its author, as it is a tale of adven-
ture in Italy in the early part of the cen-
tury, and brigandage is essentially a feat-
ure of a story of Italy at the period when
the French had departed from Italian soil
and the Austrians had not yet arrived there.

We were but this morning perusing the
work of a Swedish novelist, Mrs. Edgren
which illustrates the sentiment of Boyesen:
"A man who is known to have broken
many hearts is naturally invested with a
fascinating charm to women who have yet
hearts to be broken." Poor Arla, in "A
Rescuing Angel," thinks true love must
be between herself and Captain Lagers-
kiold, because she has "such an awful pal-
pitation of the heart when he comes." She
declares: "When I merely catch sight of
him far off on the hill in Kommandorsgatan
I felt as if I should strangle." And farther
"Captain Lagerskiold is a bad, bad man!"
sobbed Arla, and rushed out of the room,
hiding her face in her hands." But Arla is
only the breakwater between the bad man
and her sister, the innocent Gurli.

Albert Mathews, (I Paul Siegvolk,) an
author and lawyer of New York city, is
the writer of pregnant paragraphs, under
the title of "Chediasms," in the New York
Home Journal. Here is a late specimen
of his style: "A politician possessing
great power and influence through official
position, was engaged in a project that was
dubious in morals and threatened diast-
rous consequences. He was asked by a
discreet citizen if he believed he would be
sustained by public opinion. Public opin-
ion said he, with a politician's reckless
sneer, I can manufacture it, at will, by
the yard." And he did. But I must con-

less in all candor, the rope he made was
not quite long enough; and when he hung
suspended by it, at a later day, his feet
could not touch the ground."

"Don't Worry Nuggets," is the rather
queer title of a little pocket volume pub-
lished by Fords, Howard and Hulbert,
containing selections from Epictetus, Em-
erson, Eliot, and Browning.

PASTOR FELIX.

Embarrassing.

A certain gentleman, who is an expert
in the sign-language, relates that one
morning lately he was on the top of a tram-
car, when he became interested in a dis-
cussion between two mutes.

"I want your advice," said one of them,
using his hands as vocal organs.

"I shall be happy to oblige you," said the
other.

"Are you well up in the tricks of women?"
inquired the first one.

The second man modestly admitted that
he knew something of the gentle sex, al-
though he disclaimed being an oracle.

"Well," resumed the one who wanted ad-
vice, "you know I am in love with Mabel.
At last I made up my mind to propose to her.
Last night I made the attempt."

"And she refused you?" eagerly inquired
his friend, his hands trembling with excite-
ment.

"That is what I am coming to," said the
first. "I don't know whether she did or
not. You see, I was somewhat embarrass-
ed, and the words seemed to stick on my
hands. And there she sat, as demure as a
dove. Finally my fingers stuck together,
and I could not say a word. Then Mabel
got up and lowered the gas."

"Well," what is bothering me is this.
Did she do that to encourage me and relieve
my embarrassment, or did she do it so that
we could not see to talk, and so stop my
proposal?"

The Laziest Men In The World.

Most Chinese mandarins pass the whole
of their lives without taking a single yard
of exercise. The late Nanking Viceroy
(father of the Marquis Tseng) was consid-
ered a remarkable character because he al-
ways walked 1,000 steps a day in his private
garden. Under no circumstances whatever
is a mandarin ever seen on foot in his own
jurisdiction.

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