

Notches on The Stick

To one who reflects upon the tuneful and emotional character of the Negro race, their fervid temperament full of wild music, it may seem singular that they should be so destitute of anything like a superior artist in verse; that the race has produced orators, and musicians, of a crude type, very frequently, but never a poet of mark. Even the sweetest songs which express the old slave-life, with some of the sentiments most congenial to every heart, are the product of the white man. But when we reflect that poetry in any high realm of that art, is the out come of the most refined and exalted spiritual and intellectual power we may conclude that the race has not yet come to that estate which may render such art possible. But that the race will arrive at that estate—nay is arriving—seems evident by the appearance of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, a poet, not indeed of a large but of a genuine type. That poetry, as well as music, is latent in the race, is manifested by the most unlettered in the utterance of rude prayer and homily; but it requires a certain degree of intellectual strength and refinement to give the artistic form and literary value to the crude material. Dunbar—who bears cognomen not in the least syllable African, and who is the second to adorn the name with lyrical honors—is of pure negro blood and feature, with an expression of noble intelligence and an artistic sensibility to which his verse bears witness. He was born in Ohio in 1872, and is now a resident of Dayton in the State. His "Lyrics of Lowly Life," endorsed by William D. Howells in a preface full of warm commendation, have given him a wide currency. He has enjoyed the patronage or rather the championship, of the people of his own state and nation. The poems that stamp him as unique are chiefly those written practically in dialect and expressive of the life of his own people, with which he is in the most perfect sympathy, and about which he may be supposed to have exact knowledge. His poetry, other than dialect, is harmonious and fluent, and sometimes striking in thought,—as in the lyrics we are about to quote,—but on the whole, not of a quality to give the author a wide reputation if he had been a white rather than a colored man.

Conscience and Remorse.

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience—
"Good-bye for eye and eye,"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away.
And conscience smitten sorely
Returned not from that day.
But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of the peace;
And I cried: "Come back, my conscience;
I long to see thy face."
But conscience cried: "I cannot;
Remorse sits in my place."

Mr. Howells, in his "Introduction" says: "So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be, with entire truthfulness. I said that a race which had come to this effect in any member of it, had attained civilization in him, and I permitted myself the imaginative prophecy that the hostilities and the prejudice which had so long constrained his race were destined to vanish in the arts; that these were to be the final proof that God had made of one blood all nations of men. I thought his merits positive and not comparative; and I held that if his black poems had been written by a white man I should not have found them less admirable. I accepted them as an evidence of the essential unity of the human race, which does not think or feel black in one and white in another, but humanly in all." Perhaps a few examples will best reinforce this critical opinion, with such of the readers of PROGRESS as have had no opportunity to examine his volume:

When De Co'n Pone's Hot.

Dey is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go,
Jes' a-waitin' down creation,
Lak an ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a picaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
T'well it seems about to slop,
An' yo' feel jes' lak a racah,
Dat is trainin' 'n' to trot—
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.
When yo' set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' yo' se jes' a little tished
An' perhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists, 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
And de smell comes po'm' out;
Why, de lectric light o' Heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When de cabbage pot is steamin'
An' de bacon good an' fat,
When de chittlins is a-sputterin'
So's to show you wha dey's at;
Tek away yo' sody biscuit,
Tek away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin'
An' it's roacin' mighty zib,
An' you want to jump and holla,
Dough you know yo' d'betah not,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

I have heahd o' lot o' sermons,
An' I've heahd o' lots o' prayers,
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuk me up de stairs
Of de Glory-Lan' an' sit me
Jes' be'low de Mastah's throne,
An' have let' my heart a-singin'
In a happy a-fah tone;
But dem wud's so sweetly murmured
Seem to tech de soles spot,
When my mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

The Corn-stalk Fiddle.

When de corn's a' cut and de bright stalks shine
Like de burn shud spars of a field of gold;
When de field-mice rich on de rubbins dine,
And de frost comes white and de wind blows cold;
Then it's heigh ho! follows and li-diddle-diddle,
For de time is ripe for de corn-stalk fiddle.
And you take a stalk dat is straight and long
With an expert eye to its worthy points,
And you think of de bubble strains of song
That are bound between its pithy joints—
Then you cut out strings, with a bridge in de middle,
With a corn-stalk bow for alcorn-stalk fiddle.
Then de strains dat grow as you draw de bow
O'er de yield'g strings with a practised hand;
And de music's flow never low but low
Is de concert net o' a fahy band.
Oh, your dainty songs are a musty riddle
To de simple sweets of de corn-stalk fiddle.
When de eve comes on, and de sun's work is done,
And de sun drops down with a tender glance,
With deir hearts all prime for de harmless fun,
Come de neighbor girls for de evening's dance,
And dey wait for de well-known twist and twiddle—

More time than tune—from de corn-stalk fiddle.
Then brother Jabez takes de bow,
While Ned stands off with Susan Blad,
Then Henry stops by Milly Snow,
And John takes Nellie Jones's hand,
While I prail o' w' Mandy Biddle,
And scrape, scrape, scrape goes de corn-stalk fiddle
"Salu' your past'ers' comes de call,
"All join hands and circle round,"
"Gaud' in de back," and "Balance all,"
Foot steps lightly spurs de groen!
"Take your lady and balance down de middle!"
To de merry strains of de corn-stalk fiddle.

So de night goes on and de dance is o'er,
And de merry girls are homeward gone,
But I see it all in my dream once more,
And I dream till de very break of dawn
Of an imp' h dance on a red-hot griddle
To de creak and scrape of a corn-stalk fiddle.

Accountability.

Folks ain't got no right to censur o' hah folks about
der habits.
Him dat giv' de squirls de bush-tails made de bob-
tails 'o' de rabbits.
Him dat built de great big mountains hollered out
de little valleys,
Him dat made de streets and driveways wasn't
shamed to make de alleys.
We is all constructed diff'ent, d'ain't no two of us de
same;
We can't he'p o'ush likes an' dialikes, if we're bad
we ain't to blame.
Ef we're good, we needn't show off, case you bet it
ain't o'ush doin'.
We gits into en'tain channels dat we jes' can't he'p
pu'usin'.

But we all fits into places dat no o' hah ones could
fill,
And we does de things we has to, big or little,
good or ill.
John can't tek de place o' Henry, Su and Sally
ain't alike;
Bass ain't nuthin' like a suckab, chub ain't nuthin'
like a pike.

When you come to think about it, how it's all
planned out it's splendid.
Nuthin's done er evah happens, 'doubt hit's some-
fin dat's intended;
Don't keer what you does, you has to, an' hit sholy
beats de dickens—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mastab's
chickens.

"A Corn-Song," "The Old Apple-Tree,"
"An Ante-Bellum Sermon," "A Banjo
Song," "Song of Summer," "The Rivals,"
and "The Spellin' Bee," are pieces [not
less characteristic.

Since our mention of "A Canuck Down
South," by Arthur Weir, we have oppor-
tunity for greater familiarity with its pages.
It is, by no means a dull book, for the
style and humor are as variant as scene
and subject, which change continually. As
a member of a group of invalids, in search
of health, though at times hinting on the
grave, the author never lapses into the
gloomy, or the querulously sentimental

strain, [but like Hamlet adorns even the
grim front of death with blossoms of poesy
and humor. It must be confessed that fre-
quently this humor has a very jaunty holi-
day attire, and has the sound of 'boyish
smartness;—as, for instance, where the
sure footedness of the burro in narrow
places is spoken of as being "the envy of
politicians;" or where he describes a trail
from Sierra Madre to Wilson's Peak "on
which two counterfeit bills could scarcely
pass one another." Yet all this serves to
pique the appetite of the reader and to en-
courage him to proceed, and it is not the
blame of many books of travel that there
is in them an excess of flavor. Our author
combines the reflective and descriptive
habit of the scholar and poet, with the
practical turn of the man of affairs, and the
observant eye of the savant. He dis-
covers himself likewise, as a family man, the
knight of "The Princess," not inattentive
to the claims of the "enfant terrible," who
must be pecked in the "top drawer" as he
persisted in calling the upper berth [sec-
tion." We are entertained by sketches of
different members of the party, with
episodes of travel; sketches also of the
country through which the train passes
with historic allusions. So "On the
Trial of the Voyageur," and "Across the
Prairie, and over the Divide" we travel
with them into the land of sunshine and
roses. Interesting as the voyage is, we
are inclined to felicitate the Post and his
"Princess," and the children, especially,
when they are out of the rolling confine
into that snug cottage "In Arcadia." "A
short drive through avenues shaded with
pepper trees, eucalypti, palms and live
oaks, brought us to the cottage [in Sierra
Madre,] that was to be our California home
a sweet little place sun smitten all day
long, its verandah gloomed with morning
glories and climbing roses and its carriage
drive lined with broad-leaved palmettos
drawn up soldierly on either side, as
though to keep in check the mob of
orange and lemon trees that crowd the
ranch. Here in the golden afternoon was
gathered a party of reunited Canadians, and
while the children romped in the garden,
petting one another with roses and carn-
ations or playing hide-and-seek behind banks
of chrysanthemums, Diogenes and I talked
of the long ago, and offered such incense
of tobacco (brought from Canada) to the
Manitou as would have made Barrie write
a second volume in honor of 'My Lady
Nicotine' and have shamed the tribute of
the Algonquins who guided Champlain be-
yond the Chaudiere Falls." His resting-
place is presently transferred to a shoulder
of "the Sierra; and that he is at home there
is manifest from the commencement of
Chapter V: 'Nineteen of the Sierra
peaks rise to a height of 10,000 feet, and
seven of them rise still higher, until Mount
Whitney wears the crown, rising to the
height of 14,000 feet. Some of these sum-
mits are still warm with volcanic heat.
There they stand, white-headed, with
glaciers moving along their flanks, as if a
thousand years were but as yesterday, let-
ting loose the mountain streams that go
singing down to the sea. There is the
divine sculpture of the rocks, the lakes
that mirror those eternal ramparts, the
great forests that sing in the storm and
sigh in the summer breeze, and the groups
of sequoia overmatching in height and cir-
cumference any other conifers on the globe.
There the clouds come down and kiss the
mountain, and the lesson is renewed every
day of eternal repose and majesty and
strength. The mountains are not solitary,
but are rich in floral and animal life.
There butterflies flit and birds sing and
huge grizzly bears come out of caves and
caverns. There the Mariposa lily unfolds
its petals and the snow-plum, red as blood,
springs in a day mysteriously out of the
margin of receding banks of snow. And
there the lakes repose in bowls with
the mountains for rims.' But, as we wish
to incline the reader to purchase and read
this book, we will quote only so much as
may show its character in its more eloquent
and poetic parts. The rest may be taken
on trust, for there is something suited to

the taste of many. It may be had in
paper covers, from the publisher John
Lovell, of Montreal, for the small sum of
25 cents. Several lyrics and sonnets, ap-
propriate to the text, are inserted, that
first appeared in his last collection of verse,
"The snowflake and Other Poems."

A modern English poet has written a
lyrical allegory, of which we give the sub-
stance in our prose. Will the reader
name to us the author, and put upon the
poem his interpretation?

"One day I cast into my garden a flower-
seed, which, when it had grown and bloss-
omed, many pronounced a weed. They
came and went, looking with disfavor and
discontent upon it, and spake slightly of
me and my flower. But it grew at last
so tall, and put on a crown so beautiful,
that it conquered dislike and provoked
envy; so that thieves climbed over my gar-
den wall, rifled my seed and sowed it
broadcast, till all the people, claiming its
fragrance and beauty, called it Splendid!
Now that all, having obtained possession
of my seed, can raise my flower, it has be-
come cheap, and they call it a weed again."

We copy from the Hants Journal the fol-
lowing paragraph: "Rev. John A. Faulk-
ner has been appointed Professor of His-
torical Theology, Drew Seminary, Madison
New Jersey. Mr. F. was born at Grand
Pre, graduated at Acadia College Wolf-
ville, in 1878, and at Drew Seminary in
1881. He has had a distinguished career
and been a man of much research."

It may be concluded that he who takes
his place beside such men as Dr. Henry
Buttz and Samuel F. Upham—both noble
examples of character and masters of the
art of teaching—has something to bestow,
as well as receive. Drew is justly proud
of its faculty, and is in the front rank of
Theological institutions in American Meth-
odism. The other day the corner stone of
the Drew Seminary Chapel and Adminis-
tration Building was "well and duly laid,"
by Bishop Andrews; and "the rich tones"
and "perfect articulation" of the blind
preacher, William H. Milburn, D. D.,
Chaplain of the United States Senate,
were heard expansively, to the joy of many
assembled listeners. If equal to the de-
mands, Dr. Faulkner is not to be commis-
ered, as he will not lack inspiration.

We have "Selections From The Poems
of John Irvine" (of the firm of Imrie and
Graham, Printers and Publishers, Toronto)
This appears to be the work of a right
warm-hearted man, of no inconsiderable
gift, and it makes its appeal to the sym-
pathies and affections, as to the moral side
of man. He sings of the common and
familiar things that interest us all,—the
love of home, of country, of childhood, of
nature, and of God,—in such a way as to
be easily understood, and to impress the
heart. Mr. Irvine is a Scotchman born,
and glories in it; but that does not prevent
him being a very loyal, enthusiastic Cana-
dian; he is not ashamed of the Maple Leaf,
nor silent about the Heather. Two edi-
tions of his poems have been sold, and he
is about preparing another. It may be
justly conceded that these songs and poems
have done their useful part in inspiring the
feelings of patriotism and religion, and
that kind of sentiment which tends to
purify and sweeten society.

PASTOR FELIX.

The Misplaced Finch.

A well-known Archbishop of Dublin was,
towards the end of his life, afflicted by his
absence of mind, that led often to start-
ling developments. The most devout of
men—the best of husbands—he figured in
one anecdote that might have got a less
well-know pietist into trouble. It was at
a dinner given by the Lord Lieutenant
of Ireland. In the midst of the dinner
the company was startled by seeing the
Archbishop rise from his seat looking
pale and agitated, and crying: "It has
come—it has come!"
"What has come, your grace?" eagerly
cried half-a-dozen voices from different
parts of the table.
"What I have been expecting for years
—a stroke of paralysis," solemnly answered
the Archbishop. "I have been pinching
myself for the last two minutes, and find
my leg entirely without sensation."
"Pardon me, my dear Archbishop," said
the hostess, looking up to him with a quizz-
ical smile, "pardon me for contradicting
you, but it is me that you have been pinch-
ing!"

A Deterrent.

Badger: "Charley, you are a man of
more than average talent. Why is it you
never did anything to make yourself
famous?"

Mildmay: "I have been tempted to do
something grand now and then, but I
desisted when I reflected how many noodles
and nonentities might be named after me."

The Young Harvesters to Their Grandire— (Dedicated to Rev. B. B. Fynde, on his 88th birthday.)

PRELUDE.

Dear Brother Fynde,
With a living rhyme
We hail return
Your natal time,
And wish the Heaven-sent years may shed
Their richest blessings on your head.

With songful cheer,
And steadfast heart,
For many a year
You bore your part—
Still doing what you found to do;
Now some may sing a song for you

The well-set will
It can but thrive,
And prosper still
At eighty-five:
Would that for five and eight y more
We might be happy on this shore.

Yes, to inspire
And swell my song,
We might desire
Your life so long,
If it were kind, or wise, or best
To keep the pilgrim from his rest.

Sorrow was yours
Amid the years;
When closed the doors
Then tell your tears:
Sorrows might be for God to know,
But sunshine to your friends you show.

My rhyme I weave,
My rhyme you live:
Be they receive
The cheer you give!
May never clouds around you close
But evening suns shall change the rose.

A little song,
A little story—
To you belong
This allegory;
For you knew, once upon a time,
The reapers and the harvest rhyme.

A little song,
A little story;
'Mid that high throng,
In that great glo,
O may the heavenly harvest-chime
Breathe sweeter song and richer rhyme.

September's sun is broad and bland,
The fls are dreamy-sweet,
The grass is shorn, and all the land
Waves with the ripen'd wheat.
Hie to the harvest—ye who can!
The reaping time begin!

And let each young and lusty man
Now thrust his sickle in.
A ruddy, rad'ant group are they,
With hearts and cheeks aglow;
And from the door the grandire gray
Looks after while they go.

He sees the yellow-waving prize,
He feels the soft sunshine;
The tears of longing fill his eyes,
And gleams of And Lanz Syne.

"O bonnie days that now are fled!
For you my spirit burns,
When sometimes o'er this whitening head
The sun of youth returns.

"The gift of strength, how loth we yield!
The boon of toil, how dear!
My heart is in the harvest field—
Why stand I lagging here!"

But when the harvest sun is low
Morn's carol but is dumb,
And back, with heavier step and slow,
The wearied reapers come.

"Alas!" they say, "our force must yield,
Though brave our hearts and true;
Weighty and wile the harvest-field,
But they who toll are few."

The grandire leaves his easy chair,
Chirping with youthful joy;
And from his presence cark and care,
Like mist at morning, fly.

He cheers them and they can but heed,—
New wine each heart upbears:
They see him cast the hopeful seed
In stonier fields than theirs.

They see him clear for them a way,
With song and merry din;
They see him on the harvest-day
He thrust the sickle in.

He praises them with generous fire;
They all his worth declare;
The old man's courage they admire,
And long his faith to share.

If at their lot they might complain,
When wearied and depressed,
The thought of him, made young again,
Shall animate their breast.

"Hail to our Sire!" the young men say;
"Him long to us Heaven spare!
We hang our wreath of mint and bay
Upon his easy chair."

PASTOR FELIX.

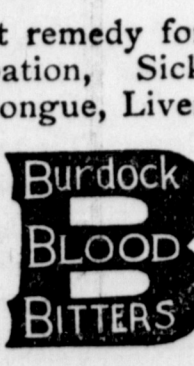
Hampton Corner, Me., Dec. 13, 1898.

BILIOUS

"Last summer I was troubled with
Sick Headache and
Biliousness, and could not sleep
at night. I tried several doctors
but to no effect, and got com-
pletely discouraged. At last I
saw an advertisement telling about
Burdock Blood Bitters. My hus-
band induced me to try it, and to-
day I am using the third bottle, and can
truly say it has done me a wonderful
amount of good. I feel better
than I have for years, and am con-
fident I owe my restored health to
B. B. B." MRS. EDWARD
BECK, Riverside, N.B.

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Headaches, Coated Tongue, Liver
Complaint, Jaundice, Blood
Scrofula, Blood
Humors, and all
Diseases of the
Stomach, Liver, Kid-
neys and Bowels.



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