

Notches on The Stick

The personality and literary splendor of Nathaniel Hawthorne seem to have cast into shadow the qualities of his wife, who was unquestionably a rare wife and a remarkable woman. She has risen in general estimation by the recent publication of the "Memories of Hawthorne," by his daughter, Rose H. Lathrop. She had largeness of mind, with warm affections and quick sympathies, and knew how to express her thoughts in literary form, and with elegance and propriety. Had she devoted herself to the pen she might have won her laurels, equally with Jeannie Welch Carlyle; but she had the gift to understand the superlative excellence of her husband's genius, and to stimulate it to its best productiveness. As her daughter in the preface confesses: "It will be seen that this volume is really written by Sophia Hawthorne, whose letters from earliest girlhood are so expressed, and so profound in thought and loveliness, that some will of sterner quality than a daughter's must cast them aside." Their suppression would not be desirable; for we have so little of this class of literature possessing the real charm of a union of such qualities as met in her must give, that we cannot afford the loss of so precious a quota. If her clear mind and graceful expression of thought may give pleasure, so also with her benevolence and charity.

Glimpses then, of the life of Hawthorne may be had through these familiar letters of his wife; such glimpses as heighten our appreciation of his life, especially in its domestic and its spiritual phases. She says of him: "I do not believe there is another spirit so lit by disturbed by its body as his." This is likely, for few writers have lived so absolutely in the world of thought and spirit, and perhaps few have ever found the body a more perfectly adapted instrument. She sees her husband clearly, as well as tenderly; and there is a peculiar charm in seeing a man of his type and calibre through the eyes of her who loved him best. She seemed to have delighted in the exercise of her rare critical power, and her insight into individual character. She has hit off in a happy manner the peculiarities of eminent persons with whom she came into contact, and in a few phrases we have pictures we feel must be to the life. She seizes upon these salient things when given by others, and reproduces them, as if they gave her pleasure. As for instance when a certain Mr. Homer describes John Adams as he sat in church,—"at eighty-three a perfect beauty," with cheeks, as unwrinkled as a girl's, and as fair and white," his head "a noble crown," so attractive "that any woman would fall in love with him." We have this vivid picture from their life in Italy; Browning in the foreground, with his vital, dominant personality: "I went with my husband to call at Miss Hosmer's studio. Mr. Browning darted upon us across the piazza," and again, at another time, "I met Mr. Browning, or rather he rushed at me from a distance, and seemed to come through a carriage in his way." Mrs. Lathrop, then a little girl, recalls his radiant sociability, his merry talk, "surpassing anybody" she knew, "in sounding gaiety of voice" and fullness of "glorious cheer." She thinks this social glee, this robust vitality, of Browning acted as a tonic on her father, for she writes: "I have wondered whether the Faun would have sprung with such untainted jollity into the sorrows of today if Mr. Browning had not leaped so blithely before my eyes." And Hawthorne himself may have entertained a similar conception of the poet's influence upon him, judging from this appraisal: "Browning's nonsense is of a very genuine and excellent quality, the true babble and effervescence of a bright and powerful mind; and he lets it play among his friends with the faith and simplicity of a child."

As a specimen of Mrs. Hawthorne's critical skill, or at least of her impression of style, we have her contrast of Froude and Macaulay. Whether we accept her censure as just or not, we cannot think it altogether unreasonable. "Froude's style is wholly unlike that of the stately but rather tiresome unchangeable canter of Macaulay's. Macaulay takes care of his style, (a good thing as we judge to take care of) but Froude is only interested in his theme. I do not suppose any one historian has yet climbed up to the pinnacle of perfect impartiality, unless my darling Herodotus, who has the simplicity of a child, and no

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theories at all. But Macaulay's style tires me. He is so ferociously lucid that he confuses me as with too much light. The regular refrain of his brilliant sentences, finally has the effect of a grand jangle of musical instruments."

Hawthorne, it appears, had no inflated notion of his own work or of his literary consequences. This appears from his half humorous reference to himself as for many years obscurest literary man in America. His obscurity did not disconcert him, though it was inconvenient. Of his feeling with regard to his books, immediately upon completing them his wife writes: "As usual, he thinks the book good for nothing and based upon a very foolish idea which nobody will like or accept. But I am used to such opinions, and understand why he feels oppressed with disgust of what has so long occupied him. He has regularly depised each one of his books immediately upon finishing it." How different his temperament from that of Dickens, who grew in his attachment to his characters, and parted from each of his books, upon finishing, with a sort of tearful regret; or Thackeray, who felt, when one of his great novels was completed, that he had achieved a triumph. So are men differently moulded.

But if he was little in his own esteem he grew great in that of others. It has fallen to the lot of few literary men to be regarded by his peers of song and story with more affection and deferential reverence. If what he heard sounded like flattery, its ill effect was neutralized by his self-deprecatory temper. "Believe me," writes Motley to him, "I don't say to you half what I say behind your back; I have said a dozen times that nobody can write English but you." To Longfellow he was Aladdin of the unfinished tower. But the master praiser is Holmes, who made this delightful confession to the ear of Rose: "I delighted in suggesting a train of thought to your father. Perhaps he would not answer for some time. Sometimes it was a long time before the answer came, like an echo; but it was sure to come. It was as if the high mountain range, you know!—The house-wall, there would have rapped out a speedy babbling response at once; but the mountain!"

Their connubial love and home-life were ideally beautiful. Whether we find them at Salem, or Berkshire, or Lenox, or Concord, whether we follow them to England or Italy, we find the same harmony of wedded hearts, the same identity of interest and mutual sympathy. It was a love that poverty nor misfortune could becloud, and that no worldly success could heighten or diminish. Fit as it was that Sophia Peabody should become his earthly stay, it was fitting that she should survive him. Though in lonely widowhood, she did not repine, but estimated life in a hopeful and cheerful spirit. "I have enjoyed life," she said, when the earthly life was almost ended, "and its hard pinches have not too deeply bitten into my heart. This is because my hopeful temperament, together with the silent ministry of pain, has helped me to a perfect belief in the instant providence of God, in his eternal love, patience, sweetness. To stand and wait after doing all that is legitimate is my instinct, my best wisdom; and I always hear the still small voice at last. It man would not babble so much we could often hear God. The lesson of my life has been patience. It has made me feel the more humble that God has been so beyond count benignant to me. . . . With 'lowering clouds' I have never been long darkened, because the sun above has been so penetrating that their tissue has directly become silvered and golden. Our own closing eyelids are too often the only clouds between us and the ever-shining sun. I hold all as if it were not mine, but God's, and ready to resign it." Of old we have read the praise of a good woman; and if we must hesitate to say of this one, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all," we may justly and fearlessly say that here is one candidate for preeminence of virtue.

Of Prof. Charles G. D. Robert's stories we can prefer none to his latest, "A Sister of Evangeline" (Lamson Wolfe & Co., Boston). "The Forge in the Forest" raised in us expectations which this book fulfils, because of the use the author has

made of his affluent materials. We have a tale of engrossing interest, founded on the deportation of the Acadians; but the great charm lies in the atmosphere of romantic beauty with which the poet invests his work. This is his characteristic quality, by the spell of which he makes our past seem fair. Thomson may excel him in depicting local types, and in the delineation of purely modern Canadian peoples; Parker may surpass him in the exposition of military character and the sterner and more sombre circumstances of war in feudal Canada; but none can surpass Roberts in the power of casting over the past of our country, and over the landscape and human life, the sunny and beautiful veil of romance, and giving to them the hue and cadence of poetry. Never, since Longfellow laid down the pen beside the last page of "Evangeline," has the Acadian landscape been invested with so serene and soft a light, or had so idyllic a charm imparted to it, as in "A Sister of Evangeline." Read, for confirmation of these words, his opening chapter, or the scene under the apple trees, with its exquisite song, or the wandering of the hero of the story in the woods at Grand Pre, which, for realistic and yet poetic, description of the minutiae of woods-life, equals anything we ever read. The story of the deportation and the burning of the villages, as well as the events on ship board, is very finely told. It is the old tale of true love, which finds obstruction, which does not permanently deflect its course. We linger, in fancy, after the book is closed, with the fair Yvonne, and her lovers, the kind old Father Fafard of Grand Pre, the quaint and rude benevolence of Grul and Mother Pêche and the gloomy turbulence of the Black Abbe. Prof. Robert's diction appears at its best in this book, where it flows in a clear and easy strain. The strain of weirdness, the sense of the haunting mystery of life, pervading several of our author's books, are not wanting here. Roberts must be ranked among the foremost writers of poetic prose on this side the Atlantic.

The following is from the Bangor Commercial, of Jan. 27th:

"The quaint epitaph upon the tombstone of Richard Thomas, who is buried in the Fort Hill cemetery in Winslow, has been often published. The stone at the head of his wife's grave has been a quaint epitaph, probably the labored effusion of Richard himself. It is as follows:

How lov'd, how valu'd
Once, avails thee not.
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
This all thou art?
And all the proud shall be."

Richard Thomas has evidently in his lifetime had access to Pope's "Eulogy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," a classic often on the lips of verse-lovers of fifty years ago;—as we have often heard it in solemn and measured cadence from Master B—, a pedagogue who took real delight in old English literature. It will be seen that the lines have suffered some disfigurement at the hands either of printer or engraver.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, or name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!"

Standing in their proper connection, as a part of a really pathetic poem, the lines have force and propriety; but detached, and taken as an epitaph, they seem somewhat cold and stilted,—which accounts, perhaps, for the editor's criticism.

"The Methodist Review" gives warm critical commendation to the late work of Bliss Carman,—"By The Aurelian Wall."

We presume the paragraphs we quote are from the pen of the editor Dr Wm. V. Kelly. We confess to a liking for Bliss Carman's work. The poet's spirit is in him, the sensitive, impressionable, responsive soul, the wonder and the awe, the deep

ecstasy, the solemn joy, the winged imagination, the felicitous expression of genuine feeling, the fine shaping of crystalline phrases, and over all and under all a sense of the Greatness which lies around our incompleteness. After liberal quotation, much of it in a free paraphrastic manner, he concludes; "Bliss Carman, we say again, has the true poetic spirit. This new volume makes us call him once more the poet of the wind and the rain. The one blows the other through his pages. Here are twenty-seven verses of wind-songs which are also sung for Andrew Stratton's death. In pauses of wind and rain is the whip-poor-will's cry by night and the thrushes fluting by day. To the poet, life and the world are wonderful and beautiful." A better characterization of our New Brunswick-lyrist we have not seen.

The editor of the New Brunswick Magazine gives us another of his chronicles of the sea, in the February number, which is entitled "The Cruise of the Reclab," and details the adventures of mariners who went from St. John to search for buried treasure on Sand Cay near Turk's Island, an expedition as fruitless as such are apt to be. Other articles of excellence are, "Old Times in Victoria Ward," by I. Allen Jack, D. C. L.; "Governor Thomas Carleton," by W. F. Ganong, Ph. D.; "At Portland Point," (Eighth Paper,) by Rev. W. O. Raymond, M. A. "Our First Families," (Fifth Paper,) James Hannay; and "An Historic Spot," (namely the scene and site of the old Canadian village at Grand Pre,) by J. F. Herbin, B. A. Besides we have the usual editorial departments. The credit of the magazine is well maintained by the current number, and alluring promises are made for future issues.

PASTOR FELIX.

How Sound is Carried.

From a high ridge in Berkshire there is occasionally to be heard the sound of the firing of guns at Aldershot, thirty miles to the eastward. These guns are chiefly noticed in the summer time, when there is very rarely any east wind to help the sound. Occasionally the reports are mistaken for distant thunder, and thus cause alarm at a time when hay harvest is in progress.

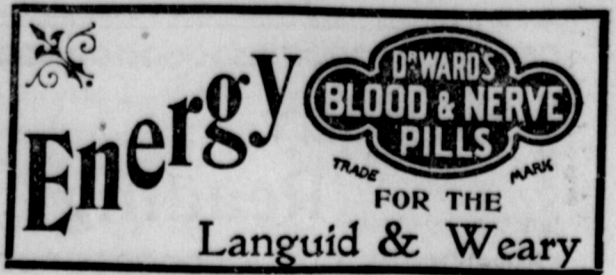
There is, however, a saying in the district that the "guns are worse than thunder" and this because they forecast not a passing or local storm, but rather the approach of generally unsettled weather. It is easy to prove that it is a continuity of a uniform moisture-laden air stretching across that part of the country that is the cause of the phenomenon. The testimony of seamen and other trained observers goes to show that homogeneous moist fair or mist is the readiest vehicle of sound; that dry air seldom or never conveys sound so readily, while an atmosphere of varying density renders all sounds capricious. From a sheltered, quiet lawn the Aldershot guns had not been heard all through the late summer until far on in one afternoon in the middle of August, when their sound rolled out with great distinctness, the weather to all appearance remaining unchanged and the barometer standing firm and high. In the night, however, thunder was heard for some two hours, the first time for many weeks, and in the morning the guns were heard again more distinctly than before. In this case sound had been the clearest, and indeed the only telltale of a humid layer of the atmosphere brooding over the country side.

Public Attention

Is at present being directed to Catarrh-czone, and much interest has been aroused by its marvellous effect upon disease germs. Catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, and such maladies instantly disappear when this apparently mild pine-scented gas is inhaled. It penetrates wherever air can go. Messrs. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., have generously intimated that sample outfits of catarrh-czone will be given our readers free, for a short time, if sent for immediately.

White Victims of Cannibals.

The cannibals of the upper Mobangi River in Africa, are again making white men the victims of their appetite for human flesh. According to a despatch from Antwerp, four Belgian commercial agents, in the service of the Antwerp Trading Company, have recently been killed and eaten. The Mobangi River is the largest tributary of the Congo, and no rivers of Europe, except the Volga and Danube, equal it in length or in the volume of water. Its 1,500 miles of river banks are densely peopled, most of the way, and the inhabitants are the most inveterate cannibals in the Congo basin. In other parts of the Congo region the first explorers were able to buy food with beads and brass wire, but along the Mobangi these articles of trade were not desired. "Give us men to eat," shouted the natives, "and we will give you all the manioc, goats and chickens you want. We don't want your trade goods, and we will sell you nothing except for men." Grenfell, Van Gele and the other pioneers on the



Mobangi used to tell of the expeditions of large canoes they met. Hundreds of men were paddling up and down the river bound for destinations sometimes scores of miles from their starting point. They were not on the war-path, but were simply on their way to other tribes to buy slaves for consumption, and coming home the bottoms of their canoes would be covered with poor wretches bound hand and foot, whom they had purchased.

Warning and Advice To All Those Going Deathward.

How to Meet and Vanquish Kidney Troubles.

Paine's Celery Compound the Sufferer's Only Salvation.

Too many men and women forget the fact that the kidneys are most important organs of the body. They are wonderfully constructed machines that filter all poisons and impurities from the blood. When, through disease, they are unable to do their regular work, poison and death are carried to all parts of the system. When the kidneys are disordered, the unfortunate victim is quickly and surely brought to a knowledge of the dangers that develop Bright's disease and Diabetes. The back aches; there is indigestion, dropsy, inflammation of the bladder and a constant call to urinate. There is generally abundant sediment in the water; sometimes it is pale in color, frequently it is slimy and streaked with blood.

Any of the symptoms noted above should create alarm, and warn the victim that he or she should at once, make use of Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that can put to flight all symptoms of a dreaded and deadly disease. The action of Paine's Celery Compound is prompt and telling in the most aggravated forms of kidney disease; it searches out every weak spot, and its healing virtues bring strength and regular action to every organ. What Paine's Celery Compound has done for others in the past it will do for you now. Do not hesitate or procrastinate poor sufferer; lay hold on Paine's Celery Compound at once, and health will be your reward. It cures surely and permanently.

Great Men.

Everyone, who goes about the world, at last comes to know that there are few great men. He finds that the great man of fame on being met is only ordinary. Here and there is a seven-footer, and here and there is a four footer; but the difference is small. He finds that Browning's prayer, "Make no more giants, God," is unnecessary. He comes to say, "After all, the difference between men is not worth boasting over." This discovery has important bearings. It makes one a democrat, a socialist and a Christian; a democrat, for all are equals; a socialist, for the rights of all outweigh the privileges of the few; a Christian, for there is none good but Oae, that is God.—Christian Advance.

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