

Notches on The Stick

Ah, where are they whom we have known whose voices we have listened to, whose faces we loved again to see,—our teachers, our companions, our living friends? Where are the revered ones; the makers of beautiful things; the singer of songs; the revivers of old days, the forecasters of the new; the promoters of our faith; the mirrors and example of life; the ministers of love? Alas! they are gone! Yesterday that witnessed their presence, has melted into to-day, and they are not. They, too, like yesterday's sunset, have melted away. From some strange lips, perchance, we hear the word—Departed. Whither, we know not—for who knoweth the way of the vanished spirit?—but way and place are good. It is well, we doubt not. But when shall others be to us as they have been? When shall the new be as the old? We still linger awhile, to muse of them, to gather up their memorials, to write their epitaphs, to make ready for the announcement of to-morrow—He, too, has departed.

Sarah Ann Curzon is now a name that must be written in the annals of mortality,—a name of significance in the literary history of Canada. Her death preceded that of Davar and that of Lampman by several weeks; but the present writer has recently learned the fact through the casual mention of a correspondent. How quickly is awakened, a train of reminiscence, half pleasing, yet saddening,—as faded hopes and fancies are apt to be. For she was one of that hopeful company who heeded to us a distinctive era in Canadian letters,—an era however postponed, we yet foresee will at last arrive.

We will subjoin the account of this excellent and highly gifted lady given by Mr. Henry James Morgan in his "Canadian Men and Women of the time,"—the more willingly that his subject is too little known among the intelligent citizens of Canada.

"Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon, author, was born near Birmingham, England, in 1833, and with the exception of three or four years spent at a girl's school at Birmingham, received the usual education given at ladies' schools, taking language and music from private tutors. In addition, she owes much intellectual aid to her parents. She was married in 1858, to Robert Curzon, of Norfolk (now deceased); she came with him to Canada in 1862, and has since resided in Toronto. In early years she wrote little stories and hymns for the home circle, and sent various competitive pieces, in prose and verse, to the popular family periodicals of the day. On the founding of the Canadian Monthly, by Prof. Goldwin Smith, in 1872, her attention was drawn to Canadian literature, and she contributed to that magazine several papers of a simple character, as also a little verse. Later, becoming deeply interested in the status of woman, she took up the question of a woman's right to all college and university privilege in Arts, Science and Medicine; and, as a member of the then Toronto Woman's Club, contributed industriously to the discussions thereon in the daily press. She was also a strong advocate of Woman Suffrage writing in support of it in Canadian, English, and American newspapers, and editing a woman's page on the same lines in the Canada Citizen (Toronto). For two years she was sub-editor of that paper. Not finding it convenient to assume regular press duties, Mrs. Curzon's literary work has continued in its old form of occasional contributions fiction, essay and verse to periodicals of high standing published in Canada, among them being The Week, The Dominion Illustrated, Grip, The Evangelical Churchman, The Canadian Magazine. Her pen, however, has always been at the service of the public, and she has consequently done a good deal of unclassified writing. In 1887, she brought out "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812," a drama, illustrating a striking episode in Canadian history. This book aroused a very general feeling of interest in all the events of the campaign of 1812-14, and led to the formation of several historical societies and organizations having for their object the prosecution of original research and investigation. Since 1867 the greater part of her contributions to Canadian literature has been on historical subjects, to which have been added translation into English from Le Moine, Sulte, and other well known writers in the Province

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of Quebec. Mrs. Curzon has written pamphlets and papers for the Lundy Lane Historical Society, and she has read papers before the York Pioneer and Historical Society, and before the National Council of Women, presided over by the Countess of Aberdeen. She is an honorary member of the two societies first named, and of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, and in 1895 was elected President of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society. A member of the church of England, she is in politics a Liberal-Conservative. Protection she considers a necessity to Canada's commercial security, and she supports Imperial Federation, as the best hope of colonial development and national status."

It may be added that Mrs. Curzon was a woman of warm domestic affection, and of a disposition hospitable and friendly. Her character was such as to ensure general respect and confidence, and gave her great influence, apart from her literary abilities, in any direction she chose to exert herself. She won the commendation of high authorities. We remember a highly favorable review of her "Laura Secord" written by Hunter Duvar. Sir Edwin Arnold declared that she wrote poetry "with power and spirit." "She stands," said Mrs. Mary L. Campbell, "alone among women as representing the patriotism of old Upper Canada." Her later years were saddened by the death of her son, a young Canadian military officer, and by the prolonged illness and death of her husband. Her late residence is 15 Grenville street, Toronto.

We have a letter in rhyme from our too infrequent correspondent, Thomas Hutchinson, of Pegswood, Morpeth, Northumberland, England. We trust the readers of PROGRESS will not be dissatisfied with a small portion. We would give them the whole did not our modesty restrain us. We select the stanzas relating to Canadian poets and poetry in general:

"Canadian poetry is still
One of my bookish hobbies,
Though, entre nous, I fear it will
Not quickly equal 'Robbie's.'
Yet if it only, does but breathe
The country's strenuous spirit,
Then it is sure souls to allure,
Sans any other merit.
"Who are your leading poets now?
Is Carman full of bliss still?
Does Roberts' deathless love avow
To each Parnassian muse, still?
Are the two Scotts still in the sway
Of the poetic scramble?
Does Lampman still light up the way?
What now is heard of Campbell?
Oh dit—and I suppose it's true
As, say, a Sunday sermon—
To Canada's bid adieu
Her lit at recruit, Sherman:
To Cuba he has gone, I'm told,
To watch o'er dime and dollar,
And show how he his own can hold
As poet and as scholar.
"I wish him luck in his new sphere,
And hope that in Havana,
He'll win himself a comely dear,
And win the fair Diana.
For man's not made to live alone—
A kind of walking tube, eh?
A fact, I fancy, not unknown
To the 'm.m.'elles of Cuba."

Mr. Louis M. Elhemus contributes two memorial sonnets to our weekly melange. One was written on reading a notice prematurely recording the death of Lampman in 1893; and a second when his actual demise was announced. Our readers will judge their literary merit:

To Archibald Lampman.
Thou unpretentious singer in the clover,
Which all the world doth rarely wander to—
Thou singest as the bird that blossoms woo.
When May unbosoms all her timid roses;
Alone, unheard, yet sweetly as the linnets;
Sincerely, as the wind to brooks and woods;
Yet wast unknown to world's dull multitudes
And of its praise, while living, couldst not win
it!
But since thy life is fallen to the grave,
The world reads what thy poet-soul let it w.
How cruel is the world that treats us so!
It is a joy to know our songs should have
Sweet hearing, while we live unsought, alone—
But thou didst die ere aught of this was known.
He's dead, the young fair singer of the North!
Grim winter slew him; Nature had no ruth;
She bent the bow and killed the songful youth!
And now, so few their sorrow's dirge send forth—
For he of nature sang, and not of man.
Another victim of the blizzard's chill,
He lay ill, well attended, while a thrill
Of fond concern through all the people ran.
He sang of the large world, but could not tune
His lyre to the joys of rose-loved June.
O Muse! so fares it with thy fondest poet:
He dies, unsought by populace and kings—
While he, who writeth of the common things
The world applauds and feasts—and Fame doth
know it!

Mr. Elhemus writes of Kipling's illness; "I wrote the above sonnet, last week while the whole world was wild with anxiety about Kipling, who is improving now. Kipling is as great as the Pope, according to the prominence he received in the daily papers of New York city. Can he, Kipling, expect more?"

Dr. Theodore H. Rand, writing of the recent departed, says: "Hunter Duvar, Lampman, and, before them both, Mrs. Curzon, of Toronto,—three poets of note within six months; This is a large break. Duvar was our medievalist. He has, as he wrote me last summer, much unpublished manuscript on hand. I have some fresh things of his in my volume ('A treasure of Canadian verse,' soon to be published,) which have a unique witchery. . . I liked Lampman personally,—gentle, and of fine fibre, and I very much admired the sensuous sweetness of his muse, and the flawless way in which she built her verse. His early going is a loss indeed. I do not speak with full conviction, but from a conversation with him, of comparative recency, I entertained the idea that his muse would very soon assert her divine self in quest of the spirit and essence behind the sensuous glory of the world. We have a gleam of this in 'An Athenian Reverie':
Yet in that thought I do rebuke myself,
Too little given to probe the inner heart,
But rather went with the luxurious eye,
To catch from life its outer loveliness.
It would seem that Kipling's work is not done yet. How wonderful his popularity! He is both a result and a cause, and belongs to his time and day."

The New Brunswick Magazine for March contains the translation of an article written originally in French, by Hon. Pascal Poirier, entitled "The Acadians Desolate." The article, which is elegant and pathetic in its English dress furnished to the Magazine by its author. The second paper on "Old Times in Victoria Ward," by I. Allan Jack, D. C. L. besides its local interest as a record of that suburb of St. John, has the advantage of a lucid easy style. The praise given to the articles in former numbers to Rev. W. O. Raymond, M. A., and to James Hannay, is due to their continuation of the same subjects in the current issue. The magazine opens with a portrait of Lieut-Colonel Maunsell, D. O. C. and a First Paper by him on "The New Brunswick Militia." The series promises to be of much interest. In illustration of Dr. Jack's papers appears an engraving of "Lily Lake in 1840" showing a portion of the city in the distance." The number closes with the usual editorial addenda.

We have by the favour of Hon. Charles H. Collins Hillsboro, Ohio, a copy of "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast," by Minnie Walter Myers,—a highly interesting book descriptive of that luxurious summer land Mr. Collins recently visited in a most unpropitious season, when the winter-spirit had scattered broad-cast over the continent his morsels of ice and snow, and who was induced to curtail his visit on that account. Miss Myers a most agreeable writer, is the sister of a devoted physician who resigned his life in the discharge of duty at Memphis some years ago when the city was scourged with yellow fever. We have recounted the history and legend, of the choctaw and cherokee Indians, and other primitive natives of the Gulf shore. Then the early French, the Creoles, and their English successors. The Acadians have also their chapter; and we have a vivid picture of New Orleans and its society, spirit, habits and customs. Beauvoir the residence of Jefferson Davis in his later years, and the "mysterious music of the sea," to be heard on the shore at Pascagoula, are the subjects of charming discourse. We can commend this work as a manual to any one who proposes to visit the scenes it so lovingly describes.

By favor of Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett, of Ward, Del. Co. Penn., we have copies of "The Phoenix," a literary organ of Swarthmore College, near West Chester. It contains several fine poems by Prof. Russell Hayes, heretofore mentioned in these columns, as the author of a volume of verse of excellent quality. We copy the following sonnet:

Jijinta and Bottom,
What charm and beauty in that sylvan scene!
We were forgetful of the world apace
The while we marked the spirit's grace
Of airy elves around their winsome queen,
There in the dim, deep moonlight forest green;
And but for Bottom with his monstrous face,
Earth's one intrusion on that fairy place,
It were a dream, harmonious and serene.
Shakespearean beauty and Shakespearian wit
In this immortal comedy combine,
A pagan's fair of mirth and melody,
Wherein the Bard with wondrous hand doth knit,
In link of link of fragrant poetry,
The union of the earthly and divine.

Hon. Charles H. Collins writes us:

Our Farmers Require Health and Strength for Their Life Work.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Is the World's Best Spring Medicine.

It Restores All Sick and Physically Broken Down Farmers to Perfect Manhood and Strength.

The successful farmer must be a healthy man. The sick and physically broken down farmer cannot successfully compete with his vigorous strong and hustling neighbor.

Farm work and the care of stock may be looked after by paid help, but the results are usually unsatisfactory. There are serious leaks and losses from work carelessly or half done; this is clearly seen when the harvest is gathered in.

Farming work when properly pursued is conducive to health, strength and robustness. Farmers, however, like men in other occupations, neglect the fundamental rules of health that their father so carefully observed in their time. Worries and anxieties about riches and position, overwork, irregular dieting, exposure to sudden changes of weather, late hours, lack of sleep and proper rest, make wrecks of many farmers before they are middle-aged.

To-day the ordinary farmer's troubles may be enumerated as follows: dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, liver complaints, kidney disease and blood trouble; there are some of the commonest life destroyers.

Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L. L. D., American's greatest physician, was in his time esteemed as the "farmer's friend." He closely and honestly studied the important subject of "constantly increasing sickness and mortality in rural life"; he noted the causes, and his life



work was devoted to the perfecting of his world-famed prescription, Paine's Celery Compound, which has proved of such inestimable value as a life saver. No class of men are more deeply indebted to Dr. Phelps than the farmers, because he saved thousands of them from the grave.

The farmer who had tired, sickly feelings at times, pains in the back and side, who is restless, sleepless, despondent, dyspeptic, rheumatic or suffering from blood diseases, should not fail to use Paine's Celery Compound. No other medicine so quickly reaches the root of trouble and danger.

The ailing man is soon made active, energetic, healthy and robust. The shrunk-

en, tired nerves, the tissues and the muscles are all truly fed and nourished; the digestive organs are toned and work with perfect regularity, and the blood becomes fresh and pure.

In addition to all this grand work, Paine's Celery Compound bestows a long and happy life, keeping the user of the great medicine free from aches and infirmities of advancing years.

Dear farmer friends, health and strength should be your portion. If you fully value life and its great work, and desire to extend your usefulness in your sphere of life, follow the example of the thousands who have banished disease by using Paine's Celery Compound nature's life renewer.

"Charles G. D. Roberts is making a name in the United States. He is the one Canadian writer (unless we cite Carman as an equal in repute) who has a reputation in the United States equal to any of the American writers, and he deserves it. I read all his prose and verse with much pleasure, and recognize him as entitled to a front rank in literature with writers of this or any other country." His recent poems too well known for citation here, entitled "A Ballad of Manila Bay," and "Jonathan and John," have a genuinely American ring.

Zangwill's critical sentences are like burrs to stick, and are as pregnant as epigrammatic. Take the following for example: "Behind the great novel lies all the brainwork which makes the historian and essayist, plus the magic work of creation . . . Fiction is not only the fullest, but the highest, truth. The novelist is not only a scientist but an artist. He has to stimulate the sense of beauty. Humor is the true way of reading life. Humor is the smile in the eyes of wisdom. Without humor I hold that there can be no great novel of life."

We have recently been reading some reminiscences and memorials of the Civil War, especially the actions on the Gulf shore and the Lower Mississippi. The

following lines may be taken to be our note and comment thereon:

Campfire Memories.
Ours is the memory of those glorious days
When bugle-notes awoke the slumbering morn,
When drums made sound for battles to be born,
And fields of blood met the soldiers' gaze,
Again the batteries of Fort Hudson blaze,
And roaring dahlgrens thunder a reply,
As dauntless Farragut goes sailing by,
Who fleets almost the hostile shores that graze.
Ours are the memories can never die,
While still a comrade lives who wore the blue,
Who at Chalmette his ready rifle knew,
And saw at Irish Bend the foe man fly,
Such scenes in song and story live again,
When at their campfires meet the boys of Maine.
PASTOR FELIX.

THE HEART WAILS.
Of Thousands Have Been Turned Into the
Joy Songs of the Cured by the Almost
Magic Medicine, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the
Heart—it Relieves in Thirty Minutes.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, was for five years a great sufferer from heart disease—spent some time under experts in Kingston hospital without getting any benefit and was pronounced incurable. She commenced taking Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and when she had taken three bottles all dropsical tendencies, palpitation and pain left her, and she has had no return of it, and ascribes her cure to this greatest of heart remedies. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

A Bright Detective.—Inspector of Police 'Why didn't you report at eleven o'clock, as I told you to? It is after twelve now.' Detective: 'Confound it, sir, one of those pickpockets I was shadowing has stolen my watch!'

Dr. Bolus: 'I'll tell you what, Squills, drugs ought to be cheaper.' Squills (chemist): 'Cheaper! Why? Bolus: 'So as to bring sickness within the reach of all.'

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