

## Notches on The Stick

Ferdinand Freiligrath [Fri-lig-ra] is the poet of freedom in modern Germany. He has been called the "German Whittier," and not without reason, since he wrote ringing fiery lyrics, akin in spirit to the Quaker poet's "Voices of Freedom." He was also known as "the friend of America," who longed to see a measure of civil liberty like that enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic, conceded to his own beloved country; and, when he was obliged to fly from his own land, Longfellow invited him to come to the United States,—an invitation he appreciated, though circumstances arose to prevent his acceptance of it. He commenced his poetic career with a book of lyrics in the rich Oriental strain, popular at that time in Germany, full of spirit and color; which gave him rank and influence as a writer; but all this prestige and popularity he resigned at the call of the spirit within him to sing the songs of freedom, and entered upon a career that involved much persecution. Like Uhland and Harwegh, he was not only a writer of lyrics, but a man of action and of a heroic temper,—a patriot, whose bold ringing notes made tyrants tremble. His songs were regarded as incendiary by the government of his day, and upon the publication of his book entitled, "My Confession of Faith," action was taken against him that obliged him to fly to Brussels. There, in 1846, he issued his "Cairn," containing songs that were like the sounding of a trumpet. The poet found it necessary to move further away; so he went to London, and remained there till the outbreak of the revolution at home, when he returned to his country, and put himself at the head of the Rhineland democracy at Düsseldorf. He was, however, a better inspirer and singer than leader, and upon the publication of an inflammatory lyric, "The Dead to the Living," he indiscreetly exposed himself to arrest and imprisonment. But, upon trial, a jury of his countrymen acquitted him.

As a specimen of his political songs we will give a translation of his "Black, Red, and Gold," which we do not wonder had an ill relish for the tyrants of that day. We wonder if the stars are more pleasing to those of to-day.

How long is grief and darkness, we  
Oblivious were to conceal it,  
Now from its grave we set it free,  
And to the world reveal it.  
How shines and ripples each fair fold,  
Hurrah, thou black, thou red, thou gold!  
Powder is black,  
Blood is red,  
Golden the bright flame-flickers.

It is the flag our fathers knew,  
The same old colors showing,  
Young wounds to gain, have died to do,  
Beneath it we are going;  
The conflict now so well begun  
Shall cease not till the field be won.  
Powder is black, etc.

Maidens whose dainty fingers wrought  
The flag we are upholding,  
While we the stock of lead we brought  
Were into bullets moulding,  
Not were men met to dance and sing  
The banner that you made shall swing.  
Powder is black, etc.

Think you the land you can persuade  
To be for freedom grateful,  
Whose towers, with each its battlement,  
Your laws denounce as hateful?  
Electors, heed those words of curse,  
Lest we usurp grand-ducal powers.  
Powder is black, etc.

Freedom with us means no nothing more  
Than childish pastime—breaking  
With foolish race an arsenal door,  
And sword and musket taking;  
Marching a little while, and then,  
Bringing the weapons back again!  
Powder is black, etc.

To battle, then, thou German flag,  
To battle do we take thee;  
And com'st thou back a tattered rag,  
Then new again we'll make thee.  
See our fair German maiden's smile,  
That would be a wit worth their while,  
Powder is black, etc.

And he who makes for thee a song  
Trusts that its fate will let it  
The master find who shall ere long  
To stirring music set it;  
Then shall ring out a chorus grand  
From our united German band,  
Powder is black, etc.

The translation is by Louis Frederick Starrett, of Rockland, Me., a lover and student of the minor German muse; and, though we have given about half the number of stanzas, the reader can get some idea of the spirit and meaning of the whole. He has translated another of Freiligrath's revolutionary poems, entitled, "The Free Press," in which he describes the printers as they are engaged in melting up their types to mould them into bullets. It contains these stanzas:

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Stern y to his fellow-workmen thus the master-printer said:  
"Muskets will be used to-morrow, and there will be a great deal of lead.  
Well our types will serve the purpose; be it cut to spend the night  
Melting them, and making of them metal messengers of right.

"Even to the prince's estate, O my molten types, then fly!  
So ring, sing the song of freedom, till it ring against the sky.  
Strike the slaves and mercenaries, strike the men bereft of wit!  
They who would a free press throttle,—fools although they highest sit!  
Perish, they and all their workings! Freed from, in inference then,  
When their mission is accomplished, we can get our types again,  
Gather up the battered bullets, cast them clearer than before—  
Hark! I hear the trumpet sounding; there's a knocking at the door."

In another poem Freiligrath has compared the world to a chess-board, upon which he is moved from point to point. "Ever, he says, 'this game goes on, in which freedom contests with tyranny; blow after blow is given, move follows move, and never comes the order for resting. Lately I dwell in Holland; anon I found myself in Switzerland; but even from the land of Tell I feel that I shall soon be bounded. But I am ready. The free waves are dancing around the homes of Norway, making sweet music. I hear now a rattle out of France that sounds like the breaking of fetters. Never yet did England send away the exile who found his way to her; and if she could, the hand of one who would befriend me is extended from the far Ohio. Plenty of moves! Then what need I care how far or how fast I am fated to go? Though they try it they cannot checkmate me!" But, with all his resigned indifference, his exile heart naturally longed for his own German land. He addresses a band of emigrants who, with their goods and chattels, are leaving their native country for "the far and wooded west," beyond the Western Ocean, and we can read the language of his own heart in the words with which he speaks to them:

O say, why seek ye other lands?  
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;  
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;  
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn,  
Ah! in strange forests you will yearn  
For the green mountains of your home,—  
To Duichand's yellow wheatfields turn,  
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roan.  
How will the form of days grown pale  
In golden dreams that softly by,  
Like some old legendary tale,  
Before fond memory's moistened eye.

Bayard Taylor declared—"The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring," and so it is in the case of Freiligrath, for some of the tenderest, sweetest heart songs in the German language—a language abounding in tenderness—are from his pen. Such a tearful heart reaching thing is his often quoted,—"Oh love so long as love thou canst" which for pathos is worthy to be put beside the prose of Irving in that favorite passage from his exquisite essay on "Rural Funerals" in "The Sketch Book." It is redolent of the same spirit:

O love so long as thou canst love!  
O love with true affection deep  
The hour draws near—The hour draws near  
When thou among the graves must weep  
Rich in a generous and magnanimous spirit, as well as of fatherly love is a poem he addresses to his son, Wolfgang, who is in the field as an army nurse:  
"Be strong, my Wolfe, be earnest,  
As well thou mayest be;  
Whichever way thou turnest  
Sad sights thou'lt yet must see.  
Be glad thy help to render,  
For those thou help'st feel;  
Nor let thy heart so tender  
The sight of suffering steel."

Full of tenderness too is his "Rest in the Beloved," beginning,—"O, here for ever let me stay, love!" The sympathetic heart beats in them all.

Freiligrath was a lover of friends, of home, of wife and of children; a passionate lover of his country; a hater only of oppression and wrong, and these men ought to hate. He became accepted at last, his idea accredited, and he died in his own land, one of the acknowledged masters of German song. He is distinguished as a translator, and some of the finest master pieces of England, France and America have by him been rendered into the tongue of the Fatherland, as only one true poet can render another. Long fellow appreciated his muse, and that appreciation was returned as the German's translation of "Hiawatha" testifies, which is described as "a marvel of fidelity and beauty."

His portrait presents a face full of vitality, benevolence and courage,—the evidences of the best type of Teutonic manhood.

Freiligrath was born in the home of a schoolmaster in Detmold, June 17, 1810, and died at Cannstatt, in Wurtemberg, March 18th, 1879,—a devotee of fame and freedom.

One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die.

We are indebted to Mr. Thomas Hutch-

inson, of Morjeth, Northumberland, for a copy of The Newcastle "Leader," containing an account of the Burns Birthday Celebration at Newcastle. The Rev. Frank Walters, a Church of England clergyman, who gave the address of the occasion, said of Burns' peculiarly attractive power: "Burns not only bestowed upon them [his admirers] the priceless gift of his genius, but in some mystic way his works propagated his unique personality to future generations. They read Burns' poems, and felt it was something more than mere literature that had been written and handed down to future generations. As they read the printed page they could feel the throbbing of the poet's heart and the very beating of his pulse. Englishmen had their Academic societies to study the works of Shelley and Shakespeare. Scotchmen had no such academic societies in connection with their reverence for Burns. They had glorious suppers and dinners to celebrate their national poet, and they almost felt as though his living presence was with them as they chanted his praises and sang his songs. Charles Lamb was once asked by a friend in company, what they would do if Shakespeare opened the door and walked into the room. 'We should all rise from our seats and stand before him in silent reverence,' was the reply. They would not do that with Burns if he came walking among them with his stalwart form. They would do something very different, indeed. They would find a seat for them by their side; they would provide for him, with a plate, and especially a glass,—to sing, as only he could sing, one of his own glorious songs."

Rumor brings to us the intelligence that from the choir of Canadian Singers death has taken one of the strongest and the most unique—John Hunter Duvar. We have not yet learned the immediate occasion of this sad event and defer for the present what we might now say had we certain items of information. We have long been among his admirers, and believe his name and works are destined to be remembered and honored by Canadians.

The Bookman for February contains the following:

**Goldenrods.**  
A hillside flaming with golden fires,  
Torches that wave when the wind is still,  
A splendor of spears with fretted spires—  
The golden rods holding the slope of the hill.  
A gruesome whirper of withered stalks,  
Spectral and dim in the moon's pale ray,  
A rustle of leaves in the lonely walks,  
And the ghosts of the goldenrods stole in gray.

A correspondent writes from Springfield Mass., in a private letter: Last evening we went to hear Zingwill. . . He is exceedingly clever. He gave his lecture on "The Children of the Ghetto,"—just sparkling with wit and satire—full of cute stories; and, with all he made out the Jews a great people. . . I mail you a 'Homestead' having his picture—a very good one, too;—not hairy enough, though, for he certainly has a shock of hair. Paderewski's is a slight growth beside his. He is very slight, and his hands are very thin, fingers long and almost claw-like. He has a nervous manner,—hands in and out of his pockets, fingering the front of his vest, and getting his dress-coat tails up on his arm, and then standing with one foot on the other—ridiculous.—And yet all the time complete master of himself. I presume he is a fad, but he was an entertaining one. He was secured here by Mr. Laski, the President of the Hebrew Club of this city."

The "night has gone on wings of fury past," leaving the "sparkling heaps that glisten in the sun," after the chief storm of the winter. But on the day falls a double shadow, with all its boast of joy; for yesterday we learned that Hunter Duvar is no more with us, and today we hear that Archibald Lampman is also gone. A copy of the Montreal Daily Star comes to my hands, and as I unfold it my eyes rest on the words: "The Dead Poet: [In Memoriam Archibald Lampman]" It is a tribute of four Sonnets by Arthur Weir. What means it, then, that our singers go so soon? Do they bring no boon to this needy world? Alas! and is it folly in us to feel reverence, tenderness, regret! Then

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let it be ours, now that "the gates of the city," higher than that he sang of, "open wide for his passing."

PASTOR FELIX.

### A FISHERMAN'S TRIALS.

Exposure While at Sea Brought on an Attack of Sciatica Which Caused the Most Excruciating Agony.

Mr. Geo. W. Shaw of Sandford, N. S., follows the occupation of a fisherman, and like all who pursue this arduous calling is exposed frequently to inclement weather. Some years ago, as a result of exposure, Mr. Shaw was attacked by sciatica, and for months suffered intensely. He says the pain he endured was something agonizing, and he was not able to do any work for some months. His hip was drawn out of shape by the trouble, and the doctor who attended him said that it had also affected the spine. After being under the care of a doctor for several months without getting relief, Mr. Shaw discontinued medical treatment, and resorted to the use of plasters and liniments, but with no better results. He was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and finally decided to do so. After using them for a couple of weeks, he found a decided relief, and in about two months' time every trace of the trouble had disappeared, and he has not since been troubled with any illness. Mr. Shaw says he occasionally takes a box of pills to ward off any possible recurrence of the trouble.

Those attacked with sciatica, rheumatism, and kindred troubles, will avoid much suffering and save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset of the trouble. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### THE WOODEN INDIAN SMASHER.

Double Misfortune of the Reduced Dealer in Pure Havana Cigars.

"Misfortune overtakes us in unexpected ways and mine may be worth your attention. I was ruined by a tobacco Indian." The speaker was one of half a dozen City Hall Park benches who had been forced to take refuge in the Post Office corridor by a fierce rain squall. There was an air of shabby respectability about him which distinguished him from the other benches.

"Thank you, sir, for your attention," he continued, "and I may preface my remarks by saying that I was in the tobacco line before I was reduced. You may have noticed my sign at 60 Third avenue. It read: Vincent Bowditch, tobacco and pipes. Try our secret five-cent Havana cigars. Bowditch is my name, as you may judge for yourself, and in those days there wasn't a more active young business man on the avenue. I have always maintained that to draw customers you must make your store attractive. I set up a fine wooden Indian in front of my shop and I was proud of it.

He was a high-class Indian, and a type of manly beauty. I am slight, and my legs are bowed, but I can appreciate manly beauty as well as the next man. The Indian drew trade, and as I prospered I expended my surplus capital in fittings for my shop. I joined the Jolly Fives Association, and I was an eligible young man. My heart had never been touched, however, and I was bound to marry for love. One afternoon when business was dull an agent for a sign manufacturer came in and said:

"Mr. Bowditch, you are a man of sentiment and of taste. I have here a photograph of a new figure which we are making for the trade. I think that you will want it.

"The figure, according to this photograph, was that of a young woman with short skirts smoking a cigarette. I bought it. When it arrived it surpassed my expectations. The figure was only about four feet high, but it was beautifully made. The girl's hair was blonde and her complexion was bright. You will pardon my referring to it, and I do it in all modesty; her ankles were trim and above them the limb bulged generously. When I placed the young woman on a table in the rear of the shop I said to myself.

"There is my ideal of female beauty. I will never marry until I can find a girl who looks like this figure."

"You may call me foolish if you will, but I am a man of sentiment, and I am proud of it. That female figure was company for me in my shop, and it seemed at times as if she understood my thoughts. When I left the shop I carried her image in my mind and I looked for her counterpart. It was at the annual masquerade and civic ball of the Jolly Fives that my ideal was realized. I went dressed as a page in a costume lent me by the property man of the Thalia Theatre. I was not the only thin, bow-legged man on the floor, so I didn't attract much attention. The evening was well begun before she appeared on the floor. The moment I saw her was one of great excitement to me. She was the image of my cigarette girl, even to the blond hair and the short red skirt and the—you will pardon me, won't you?—the ankles. That was the turning point of my life, and when the floor manager asked me to get a lady

on the floor to fill out a square I asked her to dance.

"Sure," said she. "Why wouldn't I?" "I am naturally quick at repartee, but my emotion overcame me. I could only look at her.

"What's wrong?" said she in the all hands round.

"Then I told her of my love for her and at first she laughed. I knew it was sudden and I went on to tell her about my tobacco shop and the nice business I was doing.

"Is this a song and dance you're giving me?" she asked.

"On my honor as a dealer in pure Havana cigars," I said.

"An' you got stuck on me because I looked like a wooden cigarette girl?" said she.

"That first suggested your image to me," said I, and then she told me that her name was Rosy, and she promised to marry me after she had investigated my business. I was then a happy man. I can tell you. Rosy worked in a Grand Street store, and she said she would drop in after 6 o'clock the next night and look me up. It was in the days when tight trousers were the fashion, and in honor of Rosy's visit I put on the most fashionable pair that I owned. I was behind the counter when Rosy called and after a short talk about business she said that she thought she would marry me. I pointed out the wooden cigarette girl in the back of the shop to her, and she said she hoped that she didn't look like that. Then I walked from behind the counter to show her my wooden Indian.

"Heaven help us!" she said, as she looked up at my fashionable trousers.

"This is my wooden Indian, Rosy," said I, and its worth lots of money to me."

"She was still looking at my trousers and I was nervous.

"Isn't this Indian a fine type of manly beauty?" I said. Then she looked at the Indian, and then back at me, and then at the Indian. Her eyes lighted as she studied my Indian and her face softened.

"I can't go you Vincent," she said, "but I'm dead struck on the Indian. I'll never marry till I find a man like him," and out she flounced.

"Now, wasn't that a hard trick for fate to play me? With an axe I smashed that wooden Indian. My customers left me, and at the end of six months I was the ruined man you see before you. My only recreation is wandering around after day-smashing wooden Indians. Can you help me, sir, with a car fare to Harlem? There are lots of wooden Indians up there. Thank you, sir, and better luck to you than I have had." And he hurried out into Park row.

### WON HIS CASE.

Said He Must Die, But He Relied Under South American Kidney Cure, and Diabetes Was Absolutely Cured.

A prominent legal right in a Canadian Western town treated and died for years for what the doctors diagnosed an incurable case of diabetes. He became so bad that he had to quit his practice, other complications setting in, and his sufferings were most intense. Almost as a last resort he tried South American Kidney Cure, and, to his own surprise, immediately began to improve. This is over a year ago. He continued taking this greatest of kidney specifics, and to day he is a well man. Sold by E. C. Brown, and all druggists.

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