

HER THEME WAS LOVE.

PASTOR FELIX TELLS FURTHER OF LETITIA E. LONDON.

Her literary and personal characteristics—What Howitt says? Her Genius—she took the step she declared to be fatal to her nature.

Sad were my shades; methinks they had Almost a tone of prophecy—I ever had, from earliest youth, A feeling what my fate would be.

So did Miss London cause her heroine in "The Improvvisatrice" to speak. Was she uttering a word for herself? We must not indeed speak of fate,—that is pagan, and far from optimistic. But the same ideas and feelings will recur, under whatever name; and whether the penalty of our own, or the sin of another, shall come upon us, the sensitive spirit may have a shivering foreboding of the rod. Or the end may seem dark in the distance, while they go bravely on to meet it. There are who find the awe of destiny expressed in the oracles and the oldest and most sacred of literatures; and here and there the soul ever has lived that felt itself a devoted spirit, whether for weal or woe. Not only the "sunset of life" lends "mystical lore," when "coming events cast their" forward shadows. The cry of sorrow runs through Jacob's life; Saul has foreboding, which the witch confirms. It seems written on the brow of some,—be gay, but be not happy. Alas! they find in life's cup of porridge a secret malignity, and with the constancy with which a constitutional weakness repeats itself, they are thwarted and denied.

This tone—wholesome and true or not—is marked in L. E. L. There is a peculiar cry in her, as insistent and distinct as that in Byron. Under that easy society air and mien, there is a secret shudder; and whenever she tries to sing, the burden of her song is,—For me and for all such, this world is ruinous. Love is a sweet thing, but who eats its fruit perishes; its seed is sorrow and death. Beware the engagement of your affections; live fancy free;—above all, beware of marriage! This announcement of martial woe is made again and again, throughout her writings. She is the Cassandra of the bridal bower; and as she lies stretched on the floor, the bottle which held the prussic acid grasped in the stiffened hand, her act and end form to the imagination, a consistent conclusion to all her sayings.

Love, then, was her theme;—not love, radiant, triumphant, with the orange blossoms unwithered; not love in the bosom of fidelity, under the bower of ease, and in the chamber of peace; not love, enduring through long years, and bringing in the fruits of the years like golden sheaves. No, but love won to be betrayed; love flouted and scorned and trodden; love, the asp's bite, the midwife, the upas shadow, "the most fatal and melancholy of human passions." In every instance, with her,—it is not that—

Lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray.

But the noble and constant, also, are overtaken in their way. There are no exceptions; no abiding light amid the lasting shadow. "Of all the episodic tales introduced into the general design of the principal poem, not one but terminated fatally or sorrowfully; the heroine herself was the fading victim of crossed and wasted affections. The shorter poems which filled up the volume, and which were mostly of extreme beauty, were still based on the wrecks and agonies of humanity."

One would think this must have degenerated into a mawkish sentimentalism which the public would have detested. But no, the very tone helped the popularity of her verse. The young were wild over it. It met the imaginative hanker of the time, which was for all manner of manufactured woe. Yet she was not an echo of Byron, at all. Indeed no writer was ever more marked in her individuality, nor had a note that anyone might catch and recognize more quickly. It did not need the magic initials to put it beyond question if the poem were hers. There was an inevitable stamp of style, subject and treatment. The theme we still love, the doctrine mistaken. One remarks,—It was not the less remarkable, that, in almost all other respects, she retained to the last the poetical tastes of her very earliest years. The heroes of chivalry and romance, feudal pageants, and Eastern splendour, delighted her imagination as much in the full growth, as in the budding of her genius."

Mr. Howitt's remarks on her genius are so opposite that with them I feel like supplementing the foregoing remarks: "It might be imagined that this morbid indulgence of so strong an appetite for grief, was but the first shadow of the playful foot in the sunny shallows of that flood of martial experience, through which all have to pass; and but the dallying, yet desperate pleasure afforded by the mingled chill and glittering eddies of the waters, which might hereafter swallow up the passer through; and that the first real pang of actual pain would scare her youthful fancy into the bosom of those hopes and fancies with which the young mind is commonly only too much delighted to surround itself. But it is a singular fact, that, in spite of her own really cheerful disposition and in spite of all the advice of her most influential friends she persisted in this tone from the first to the last of her works, from that time to the time of her death. Her poems, though laid in scenes and times capable of any course of events, and though filled to overflowing with the splendors and high-toned sentiments of chivalry; though enriched with all the colors and ornaments of a most fertile and sportive fancy; were still but the heralds and delinquents of melancholy, misfortune and death. Let any one turn to any, or all, of her poetical volumes, and say whether this be not so, with few, and in most of them, no exceptions.

"I should say, that it is the young and ardent who must always be the warmest admirers of the larger poems of L. E. L. They are filled with the faith and the fancies of the young. The very scenery

and ornaments are of that rich and showy kind which belongs to the youthful taste; the white rose, the jasmine, the summer garniture of deep grass and glades of greenest foliage; festal gardens with lamps and bowers; gay cavaliers, and jewelled dames and all that glitters in young eyes and love-haunted fancies. But amongst these, numbers of her smaller poems from the first dealt with subjects and sympathies of a more general kind, and gave glimpses of a nobility of sentiment, and a bold expression of her feeling of the unequal lot of humanity, of a far higher character. Such, in "The Improvvisatrice," are "The Guerilla Chief," "St. George's Hospital," "The Deserter," "Gladesmere," "The Covenanters," "The Female Convict," "The Soldier's Grave," etc. Such are the many that might be pointed out in every successive volume. But it was in her few last years that her heart and mind seemed every day to develop more strength, and to gather a wide range of humanity into their embrace. In the latter volumes of the "Drawing-room Scrap Book," many of the best poems of which have been reprinted with the "Zenana," nothing was more striking than the steady development of growing intellectual power, and of deep, generous, and truly philosophical sentiments, tone of thought, and serious experience.

But when L. E. L. had fixed her character as a poet, and the public looked only for poetical productions from her, she suddenly came forth as a prose writer, and with still added proofs of intellectual vigor. Her prose stories have leading characteristics of her poetry. Their theme is love, and their demonstration that all love is fraught with destruction and desolation. But there are other qualities manifested in the tales. The prose page was for her a wider tablet, on which she could with more freedom and ampler display, record her views of society. Of these, "Francesca Carrara" and "Ethel Churchill" are unquestionably the best works, the latter pre-eminently so. In these she has shown, under the characters of Guido and Walter Maynard, her admiration of genius and her opinion of its fate; under those of Francesca and Ethel Churchill the adverse destiny of pure and high-souled women. These volumes abound with proofs of a shrewd observation of society, with masterly sketches of character, and the most beautiful snatches of scenery. But what surprise and delight more than all, are the sound and true estimates of humanity, and the honest boldness with which her opinions are expressed. The clear perception of the fearful social condition of this country, and the fervent advocacy of the poor, scattered through these works, but especially the last, do honor to her woman's heart. These portions of L. E. L.'s writings require to be yet more truly appreciated.

"There is another characteristic of her prose writings which is peculiar. Never were the feelings and experience of authorship so cordially and accurately described. She tells us freely all that she has learned. She puts words into the mouth of Walter Maynard, of which all who have known anything of literary life must instantly acknowledge the correctness. The author's heart never was more completely laid open, with all its hopes, fears, fatigues, and enjoyments, its bitter and its glorious experiences. In the last hours of Walter Maynard she makes him utter what must at that period have been daily more and more her own convictions. I am far cleverer than I was. I have felt, have thought, so much! Talk of the mind's exhausting itself! never! Think of the mass of materials which every day accumulates! Then experience, with its calm, clear light, corrects so many youthful fallacies; every day we feel our higher moral responsibility, and our greater power."

There is for us but a brief rehearsal of the few remaining, and latest deplorable events of her life. That step she declared fatal in its nature to all, became as to her;—she married, and then died. O folly for such a woman to entrust her future to a man who in no sense, could she have been supposed to know! Yet charity still tremblingly hopes it was no volition of hers by which she fell.

PASTOR FELIX.

It was a luxury. Some time ago a certain wealthy gentleman, well known for his extreme stinginess, drove up hurriedly in his carriage to the door of the celebrated Dr. S., of Manchester. He was in a state of acute discomfort and fear, from the simple fact that at the moment a piece of fish-bone was sticking somewhere in the region of his throat.

Dr. S., however, removed the dangerous obstacle, and the gentleman breathed freely. "Thank you, thank you, doctor," he exclaimed, much relieved. "I swear I will never eat salmon again—never! And with what ease you removed it—a mere minute's operation, was it not? How much—a what is your fee?"

"Half a guinea," replied Dr. S. "Half a guinea!" exclaimed the gentleman, "for half a minute's work! Impossible!"

"But, consider," said Dr. S., "a salmon bone!"

"What has that got to do with it?" "Oh, a great deal," replied Dr. S. "Had it been halibut or fresh haddock, I should have charged less—perhaps 5s.; codfish or eels, 2s. 6d. would have been ample payment; mackerel, 2s.; while red herring I might even have removed free of charge; but salmon at this time of the year—well, really, Mr. B., one has to pay for these luxuries."

He Understood Arithmetic.

Some years ago there lived in the city of N.—a rather eccentric old man, remarkable for his shrewdness who kept a pork shop. Some young fellows, thinking to have some fun with him, entered his shop one night and asked what his pork was a yard. The old man promptly replied—

"Five shillings."

One of the young fellows then said—"I'll take a yard."

"Where is your money?" said the old man.

The five shillings were laid down, which the old man quickly pocketed, and then produced three pig's feet with the remark—"Three feet make one yard."

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

EIGHT LONG YEARS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.

A Well Known Goderich Lady Restored to Health and Strength After Physicians Had Failed—Gives Her Experience for the Public Good.

(From the Goderich Signal.)

The marvellous change which has taken place in the physical condition of Mrs. Culoden Fraser, Britannia street, during the past twelve months has been the chief topic of conversation among her many friends and acquaintances of late, and to all who know of the terrible manner in which she has been afflicted, her lifting up appears to have been little short of miraculous. Mrs. Fraser has a wide circle of acquaintances in Goderich and vicinity, having resided in this town for over thirty years—ever since her husband, who was a merchant in Bayfield, retired from business and located here. Having heard of the wonderful change that had been brought about in her physical condition, a representative of the Signal called upon Mrs. Fraser at her pleasant home to congratulate her upon the improved state of her health, and to find out in what manner the happy change had been effected. He was graciously received and the following statement was voluntarily given by Mrs. Fraser.

"It is now over eight years since one morning as I was performing ablutions, and when passing my hand over my face, I experienced a pain on the cheek similar to that which is felt when a thorn which has penetrated the flesh is touched. The pain continued after that and appeared to move all over my face and head. From the cheek it went to the upper lip, then to the lower lip, then to the forehead and head and then to the eyes. So intense was the agony which I suffered that I was unable to touch my hair and eyebrows, and my eyes felt like veritable balls of fire. My gums were so affected that I was unable to masticate my food, and as a result I suffered greatly from lack of nourishment. My face became so contracted from the effects of the pain that my best friends could hardly recognize me, and the only relief I could get was from chloral and the use of opiates. Finally my local physician, who had been tireless in his efforts to help me, said he could do nothing for me, and my case seemed utterly hopeless. I then went to Clinton and consulted one of the most skilled practitioners in that town, who diagnosed my case and said he could recommend no treatment that would benefit me. I came home utterly broken down and not knowing what to do. I had read in the newspapers of the marvellous results accomplished by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but as I had never placed much confidence in proprietary medicines so widely advertised, and had relied more on the methods of skilled practitioners, I had not given the matter of using them much thought. As a last resort, however, I determined to give Pink Pills a trial, and had two boxes purchased at the drug store of James Wilson. From the first box I cannot say that I experienced any noticeable benefit but by the time I was half through with the second box I knew I was mending rapidly, as the terrible pains had ceased, to a great extent, and I had begun to feel more like my former self. That was last fall, and when my friends heard that I was recovering they began to drop in rapidly and congratulate me. As a result of the excitement consequent upon the fact that sometimes as many as ten or a dozen would come in to see me during the course of a day, I had a relapse—a return of the old pains—but I continued to take Pink Pills, and am pleased to say that I gradually got back to my normal condition, in which I am today. This summer, since August, I have been entirely free from the malady, which has never been the case during the previous seven summers, but I occasionally take the Pink Pills, as my doctor advises me that it is well, so as to ward off the disease. I attribute the marked improvement in my health solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and have not failed to recommend their use to many of my friends who have made enquiry as to the benefit derived by me from them."

In conversation with Jas. Wilson, druggist, it was learned that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a large sale in Goderich, and that many can testify to their great value as a blood builder and nerve tonic. Mr. Geo. A. Fear, druggist, also speaks highly of the results attained by the use of Pink Pills among his customers, and says he finds them the best selling remedy in his store.

Such remarkable cures as that of Mrs. Fraser have been but too few in the past. Thanks to the better knowledge that the people are obtaining of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they are now becoming more numerous. This medicine contains in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an invaluable specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in a similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either address, at 50 cents or six boxes for \$2.50.

In China, drunkards, as well as total abstainers, are almost unknown. Gambling debts are preeminently debts of honor there, and are more willingly and speedily paid than any others. To pay them a Chinaman will pawn all his property and even sell his children.



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Mr. T. M. Humble, journalist, Parkdale, Toronto, says: It gives me great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I was troubled with an exceedingly heavy cold during the winter and after two or three doses of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine was completely cured. It may seem almost incredible, yet such however are the facts, and I cheerfully testify to the benefit I received.

Mr. George T. Gorrie, 67 Yonge St., Toronto, says: It is with pleasure that I can testify to the good effect secured by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine in cases of coughs and colds. I took a bad cold on the train coming from Montreal but fortunately happened to have a bottle with me and after taking three doses I felt the good effects immediately. I recommend it highly to all my friends.

Mr. A. Lamontagne, 340 Montcalm St., Montreal, says: I am pleased to say that after having suffered for years from chronic bronchitis, I have been completely cured by using six 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, and I therefore forward you this unsolicited testimonial.

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