

SHE WAS VERY BONNIE.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON AS SHE IS PICTURED.

A Second Paper by Pastor Felix On the Poetess and Her Surroundings—Much of Her Writing Was Professional—Her Life Was All Too Brief.

The places poets choose, or that are forced upon them as a habitation, are not always such as we would suppose congenial. A girl's school to her must have been such; for it is with this place of the Misses Lance, and afterward Mrs. Sheldon, that her literary life is associated. Dear London, and, in its midst, dear Hans Place, and within No. 12, that dear bedroom, were more dear to her than all the world beside. There she sat and wrote and wrote, just as though she sat in some romantic garden bower, or the most poetical haunt the singer ever seeks. And there was a garden behind the house, whither she went, but not for musing. When she took her pen, she was shut in this little bed-room. A literary caller gives a reminiscence of her in this aforesaid garden. He says, "I recollect there was a little garden, which, if I remember right, you saw through a glass door from the hall. At all events a person full of poetic admiration once calling upon her saw a little girl skipping very actively in this court or garden, and was no little astonished to see the servant go up to her, and announce the caller, whereupon the little girl left off her skipping, and turned out to be no other than Miss Landon herself.

Mr. Laman Blanchard, who wrote a biography of her, gives some interesting accounts of her, describing her person and the place which, above all others, she regarded as home. Of the house, and its most noteworthy occupant, he reports: "Genius hallows every place where it pours forth its inspirations. Yet how strongly contrasted, sometimes, is the outward reality around the poet with the visions of his inward being. Is it not D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, referring to this frequent incongruity, who mentions, among other facts, that Moore composed his 'Lalla Rookh' in a large barn? L. E. L., remarks on this subject: 'A history of the how and where works of imagination have been produced, would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves. Her own case is in some degree, an illustration of independence of mind over all external circumstances. Perhaps to the L. E. L., of whom so many nonsensical things have been said—as that she should write with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pounce the butterfly's wing; a dilettante of literature would assign, for the scene of her authorship, a fairy-like boudoir, with rose colored and silver hangings, fitted with all the luxuries of a fastidious taste. How did the reality agree with this fairy sketch? Miss Landon's drawing-room, indeed, was prettily furnished, but it was her invariable habit to write in her bedroom. I see it now, that homely-looking almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common, worn writing desk, heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught beside the desk; a high-backed cane chair, which gave you an idea rather than that of comfort. A few books scattered about completed the author's paraphernalia.

"Nobody who might happen to see her for the first time, enjoying the little quiet corner of the room where the little lively discussion, which she liked still better, was going on, could possibly have traced in her one feature of the sentimentalist which popular error reported her to be. The listener might only hear her running on from subject to subject, and lighting up each with a wit never ill-natured and often brilliant; scattering quotations as thick as hail, opinions as wild as the winds; defying fair argument to keep pace with her, and fairly talking herself out of breath. He would most probably hear from her lips many a pointed and sparkling aphorism, the wittiest things of the night, let who might be around her,—he would be surprised, pleased; but his heroine of song, as painted by anticipation, he would be unable to discover. He would see her looking younger than she really was; and perhaps, struck by her animated air, her expressive face, her slight but elegant figure, his impression would at once find utterance in the exclamation which escaped from the lips of the Ettrick Shepherd, on being presented to her, whose romantic fancies had often charmed him in the wild mountains,—'Hey! but I did not think ye'd bin sae bonnie!'

"Without attempting an elaborate description of the person L. E. L., we cite this expression of surprise as some indication that she was far prettier than report allowed her to be, at the period we are speaking of. Her easy carriage and easy movements would seem to imply an insensibility to the feminine passion for dress; yet she had a proper sense of it, and never disdained the foreign aid of ornament, always provided it was simple, quiet, and becoming. Her hair was darkly brown, very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure, as before remarked, slight, but well formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white, and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears also were observably little. Her face though not regular in any feature, became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought,

every change and colour of feeling, lightened over it as she spoke, when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full; the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth not less marked by character; and, besides the glorious faculty of uttering the pearls and diamonds of wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as it knew how to smile winningly, or to pour forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which, not even excepting her bon-mots and apophorisms, were the most delightful things that issued from it."

A singularly engaging portrait this, of one gifted with a certain genius of youth,—a light, simple, merry-looking girl." To the superficial eye she might have appeared to be no other; but, without genius or talent, to be agreeable, ingenious, bright, obliging, joyous, devoted to such as have a right to look for affection,—these are something. She was a housemate who won upon the heart, and by her native goodness and kind-heartedness conquered the most critical observer. "You feel, said one who knew, 'that you could not be long with her without loving her. There was a frankness and a generosity about her that won extremely upon you. On the other hand, in mixed companies, witty and conversant as she was, you had a feeling that she was playing an assumed part. Her manner and conversation were the reverse of the tone and sentiment of her poems, but she seemed to say things for the sake of astonishing you with the very contrast. You felt not only no confidence in what she was asserting, but a strong assurance that it was said merely for the sake of saying what her hearers would least expect to hear her say. I recollect once meeting her in company, at a time when there was a strong report that she was actually, though secretly married. Mrs. Holland, on her entering the room, went up to her, in her plain, straightforward way, and said,—'Ah! my dear, what shall I call you?—Miss Landon, or who?' After a well-feigned surprise at the question, Miss Landon began to talk in a tone of merry ridicule of the report, and ended by declaring that as to love and marriage, they were things that she never thought of.

"What, then, have you been doing with yourself this last month?"

"Oh, I have been puzzling my brain to invent a new sleeve; pray how do you like it? Showing her arm.

"You never think of such a thing as love," exclaimed a young sentimental man, "you, who have written so many volumes of poetry upon it?"

"Oh! that's all professional, you know!"

exclaimed she, with an air of merry scorn.

"Professional!" exclaimed a grave Quaker, who stood near—"Why dost thou make difference between what is professional and what is real? Dost thou write one thing and think another? Does that not look very much like hypocrisy?"

"To this the astonished poetess made no reply, but by a look of genuine amazement. It was a mode of putting the matter to which she had evidently never been accustomed.

"And, in fact there can be no question that much of her writing was professional. She had to win a golden harvest for the comfort of others as dear to her as herself; and she felt, like all authors who have to cater for the public, that she must provide, not so much what she would of her free will and choice, but what they expected of her. Still, working for profit, and for the age, the peculiar idiosyncrasy of her mind showed itself through all."

This tendency indeed marred a character in many ways so excellent, and so attractive. It is the delight of some persons, of brilliant showy talents, especially those for discourse or conversation, to say the things that are startling, unexpected, and on the verge of absurdity. With some listeners this is taking in an extraordinary degree; but it is perilous to him who does it. Truth and sincerity are more valuable than brilliance or applause, and a soul's integrity is in the end more desired and desirable, than any amount of shrewd wit or intellectual audacity. But in her there was a capacity for better things; and experience of life might have corrected things that remained somewhat modified in her to the last; for, alas? her life was brief.

PASTOR FELIX.

Eccentric Sovereigns.

The King of Siam, who, according to late reports, has had a palace constructed which he can submerge in the sea at will, and so live under the water whenever he chooses, is not the only monarch who has indulged in eccentricities of this sort.

For instance, history has preserved the memory of the ice palace, built by the Russian Empress, Anne, who punished several of her dainty courtiers by compelling them to pass the night in this great chamber of state, where they were almost frozen to death.

The Czar Paul, ancestor of the present Emperor of Russia, constructed a room formed entirely of huge mirrors, where he spent hours walking to and fro in full uniform—a singular taste for the ugliest man in Russia.

One of the native princes of Java cooled his palace by making a stream fall in a cascade over the gateway; and the Indian despot, Tippoo Sahib placed beside his dinner table a life-size figure of a tiger devouring an English officer, the roar of the beast and the shrieks of the victim being imitated by hidden machinery.

Noses Made While You Wait.

The advance of surgery can furnish few more singular illustrations than is supplied by an operation in one of the London hospitals whereby the breast of a blackbird was fastened to a woman's face as a substitute for her nose, which had been so damaged that it had to be removed. The woman who had been a housemaid in a hotel had been struck in the face by a descending lift, which caused the injury that led to the operation. The operation has proved perfectly successful, with every appearance of the woman provided with a useful nasal appendage, though how it will perform its functions when the cure is complete remains to be seen.

Not Hard to See.

Master of Infant School—Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?

Six-year-old Pupil—Please sir, I have!

Master of Infant School—And where did you see it?

Six-year-old Pupil—On the elephant

HE OBEYED HIS ORDERS.

The Result was a Big Surprise to the Officer and His Guest.

Frederick the Great, whose brilliant victories elevated Prussia from an inferior to a superior position among European nations, was noted for the strictness to his military discipline. He trained his army to move like a machine. His soldiers were disciplined so to obey orders that they had no will of their own.

The discipline which the great Frederick stamped upon the Prussian army remains to-day in all the clearness of the original impression. Not long ago a little event took place at Poddowsk, a military station near Berlin, which shows what the German soldier's idea of obeying orders is.

The officer in command one morning posted a veteran in front of his own residence, with orders to pace up and down a certain distance, and on no account lower his gun from the "carry." The officer a pompous, self-important man, was expecting visitors that day, and he wished to impress them with his military style. Calling the soldier before him he gave his orders.

"You are to pace the distance assigned, with your gun at the 'carry.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, Commander."

"And on no account are you to deviate from your walk, or remove your weapon from its position. You understand?"

"Yes, Commander."

You will observe strict silence. On no account are you to speak with any one on your beat. You understand?"

"Yes, Commander."

"Very well; go and obey."

An hour after the officer's guests were ushered into his presence. They entered, each with a broad grin on his countenance.

"My friend," asked one of them of the host, "what is this procession in front of your house?"

"Procession! Procession! There is no procession!" blurted out the host, growing red in the face.

"But look for yourself."

The commander rushed to the window. There was the soldier, as stiff and erect as his own weapon, with eyes stolidly staring right ahead, marching solemnly up and down his beat, while following him was a mob of young street loafers armed with old brooms, sticks, pitchforks and other improvised weapons. Seeing that the soldier was apparently oblivious to all around him, one bold scamp had affixed to the sentinel's coat-tail a string, at whose end dangled a rusty tin can. And this unique procession had been going on for half an hour, to the intense delight of the guests as they arrived at the commander's house.

Out rushed the irate officer. The mob seeing him, dispersed, and he began to vent his anger on the sentinel.

"Idiot! Blockhead! Why did you not disperse them?"

"The commander forgets. I had orders not to remove my gun from position."

"True! But you might have ordered them off."

"The commander, pardon me, forgets again. I had orders not to speak."

"It is true, but—"

"There is no but. You ordered. I obeyed. What more can be said?"

Indeed, nothing could be said. The officer swallowed his wrath as best he could. It would be altogether unbecoming to punish a soldier for obeying orders.

One Egg For Ten.

One egg for ten guests is the allowance at a California ostrich farm, as I found when I visited one.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said our host, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to this expression, he wended his way to the paddock, and soon brought to the house an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there was then some misgiving as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could be no longer restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg laid upon the table.

But apart from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked, like a duck's egg, and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense! And it takes twenty-eight hens' eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked.

It was evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare, and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that ostrich egg was good.

THINGS OF VALUE.

A man never appreciates what a good servant his memory has been until he forgets something.

"Mother what shall I do for this dreadful cough?" "Take Puttner's Emulsion, my dear, it always helps our family.

There are two occasions when a woman feels perfectly happy. One is when she is first engaged, and the other is when she has the handsomest dress of her rivals on Easter Sunday.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.

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Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

The man whose work is criticized must have some merit in his work. It is better to have fault found in your performances than to have them so poor that even that cannot be found in them.

Soap in Fancy Biscuit.

A new terror has been added to life by the discovery that some large bakers are in the habit of using soap for the preparation of various kinds of fancy breads and biscuits. The soap is dissolved in water, oil is added thereto and the mixture is added to the flour. Thus are formed some of those delightful substances which seem to melt away in the mouth.

EX-MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

Hon. John M. Francis, One of the Thousands Whom Paine's Celery Compound Has Benefitted.



Among the men of international reputation in America no one is better known than Hon. John M. Francis, ex-minister to Austria.

The highest political honors have come to him unsought. Pres. Grant appointed him minister of Greece. Pres. Garfield had chosen him for the mission to Belgium. Pres. Arthur appointed him minister to Portugal, and in 1884 he was promoted to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Austria-Hungary, with a residence at Vienna.

At the last New York State election Mr. Francis was chosen one of the 15 delegates-at-large to the constitutional convention, which is to sit in Albany next summer, and his majority was the largest on the state ticket.

Mr. Francis is conspicuous among the really great editors of today as the founder, editor and proprietor of the *Troy Times*, which he has made a live, enterprising, clean and popular paper, and one of the ablest and most influential exponents of republicanism in the country.

The life and labors of Mr. Francis present one of the most attractive and instructive objects which one can contemplate. Industry, conscientiousness, absolute fidelity to duty, and preference for a high plane of

moral conduct, have been conspicuous traits of his character. They were the adequate guarantee of the eminent success that has crowned his efforts, and of the tribute of esteem that is paid to him.

Mr. Francis, though he has reached the psalmists allotted three score and ten, is in excellent health, and mentally vigorous and alert. The first of this year he went to California with his daughter to spend a few months.

Before going he requested Mr. William B. Wilson, who, under Mr. Francis and his son, Hon. C. S. Francis, is the wide-awake head of the business department of the *Times*, to say for him to the proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound: "I have used the medicine moderately and with favorable results."

The expression is characteristic of the dignified and conservative gentleman who, as last fall's vote shows, is in the right sense the most popular citizen of the empire state.

Mr. Wilson himself, writing an unsolicited letter to Wells & Richardson & Co., says of this wonderful remedy that makes people well:

"For some time past I have been using Paine's Celery Compound as a nerve and tonic, and have found its effects very beneficial. I have heard and know of its good work among my friends, several saying

that they 'could not keep house without it,' and never allow their supply to become exhausted. I shall always stand ready to say a good word for Paine's Celery Compound, for I honestly believe that it will do all that is claimed for it."

Among the thousands of testimonials that come to the proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound every year, are letters from grateful men and women in every station in life. Little did the Dartmouth's great professor realize the greatness of his benefit to mankind when he first prescribed this remedy that makes people well, and in the spring months is as much superior to all the ordinary tonics, nervines and sarsaparillas as the diamond is more brilliant than a piece of glass. It is the best spring medicine in the world. It makes people well.

It is the true specific for diseases arising from a debilitated nervous system and impure blood. It is a positive cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, liver complaint, neuralgia, rheumatism, all nervous diseases and kidney troubles. For the latter Paine's Celery Compound has succeeded again and again where everything else has failed.

The medical journals of this country and Europe have given more space to the many remarkable cases were the use of Paine's Celery Compound has made people well than to any other one object.

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