

Notches on The Stick

We have had glimpses, at favoring seasons, of "the inspired charity boy," and have spoken of him as he appeared to us; but now our latest word shall be relative to the man, in his proper character. Augustine Birrell, one of the most delightful essayists of our time, and who had almost as strong a distaste for Coleridge as Thackeray had for Swift,—writes in "Obiter Dicta":

"There are some men whom to abuse is pleasant. Coleridge is not one of them. How gladly would we love the author of 'Christabel' if we could! But the thing is flatly impossible. His was an unlovely character. The sentence passed upon him by Mr. Matthew Arnold (parenthetically in one of his 'Essays on Criticism')—'Coleridge had no morals'—is no less just than pitiless. As we gather information about him from numerous quarters, we find it impossible to resist the conclusion that he was a man neglectful of restraint, irresponsible to the claims of those who had every claim upon him, willing to receive, slow to give.

"In early manhood Coleridge planned a Pantisocracy where all the virtues were to thrive. Lamb did something far more difficult: he played cribbage every night with his imbecile father, whose constant stream of querulous talk and fault-finding might have goaded a far stronger man into practicing and justifying neglect.

"That Lamb, with all his admiration for Coleridge, was well aware of dangerous tendencies in his character, is made apparent by many letters, notably by one written in 1796, in which he says: 'O my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! And let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship: these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence. I rejoice to hear that you are reconciled with all your relations. This is surely as valuable an aid to reflection' as any supplied by the Highgate seer.

"Lamb gave but little thought to the wonderful difference between the reason and the understanding. He preferred old plays—an odd diet, some may think, on which to feed the virtues; but however that may be, the noble fact remains, that he, poor, frail boy! (for he was no more, when trouble first assailed him) stooped down, and without a sigh or sign took upon his own shoulders the whole burden of a life-long sorrow.

"Coleridge married. Lamb, at the bidding of duty, remained single, wedding himself to the sad fortunes of his father and sister. Shall we pity him? No; he had his reward—the surpassing reward that is only within the power of literature to bestow. It was Lamb, and not Coleridge, who wrote 'Dream Children: Reverie . . . Godwin! Hazlitt! Coleridge! where now are their 'novel philosophies and systems'? Bottled moonshine, which does not improve by keeping.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

We admire Mr. Birrell and in his judgment half approve him;—Coleridge had an infirm character. But we should not have had the heart to contrast the two life-long, loving friends to the disadvantage of either. Against the pathetic figure of the gentle Lamb the arrow of rebuke might be cast, but it would be all in vain. Must we not also make allowance for the attractions and repulsions due to the other mind—that of the critic? We remember the acute partialities of Johnson, Macaulay, Thackeray, and many others. Johnson could berate Milton. Thackeray was fitted to be unjust to Congreve. We know it beforehand, as soon as we find how he has spoken of Dickens, Hood and Heber,—if so be we read the book backwards. Macaulay could not respect Scott; and Carlyle growlingly asks what he lived and wrought for. What does the ozone that clears and enriches the ocean air, exist for? Is not a healthy literary influence, aside from any set aim or morality, "its own excuse for being?"

But, after all our judgments and preferences, our tastes and distastes, we must fall back on the time-honored dictum of him who also claims the charity of mankind:

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's repressed.

Coleridge neglected to provide for his own family, you say, and allowed that task to devolve upon another, and a hard working man. A serious charge, truly, at the first blush. If a man, wantonly or carelessly does this, we are apt to visit him with seri-

ous displeasure, and, if he have no redeeming powers and qualities, to despise him. But we like to exercise charity toward all, and certainly we shall do it toward Coleridge. Knowing what we do, scanning his well known infirmity, giving due regard to heredity and the disposition of his qualities we shall still feel at liberty to suppose this at least possible,—that he could not provide for his family; and that Lamb did what he did—(his plain duty, you may say, however glorified by generosity.)—because he could, as well as would. Scorn them, or excuse them as we may, it is my conviction that some are born into this world, among the many incapable of economical morality, who yet have extraordinary literary and intellectual ability. There are some to whom even the rudiments of mathematics are all their life time an almost impossible task; and there are those who cannot husband and direct into profitable channels, such powers—and they may be unusual and exalted ones—as they possess.

Thus we find that the persons who might, with the best reason, have blamed him, were the ones who had the most charity for him. That he grieved them, we do not deny; but with the man still before them, and all his frailty open to their eyes, they loved and cherished him still. The qualities in him that commanded their attention were not overlooked or ignored, and he enjoyed their veneration, as well as their affection, to the end of his life. It was no contemptuous pity that kept him so many years in the home of the Gillmans. He won their affectionate admiration, and they guarded him as a miser does his box of jewels his bag of gold, jealous lest the treasure they prized be stolen away, or injured in their care. Southey—severe moralist, quickly indignant at imposition!—had the greatest cause to complain; but no feeling he entertained involved repudiation of Coleridge or the challenging of his character and reputation. Wordsworth clung to him through all his life, and when the seer had departed he lamented him:

"Nor has the rolling years twice measured,
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;
The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth."

We well know how Lamb loved him, from the day of their forlorn ages in the cloisters of Christ's Hospital,—saving the name!—till, after sixty-two years had passed of this singular and splendid yet cramped, existence, his mortal part was laid at rest at Highgate. If we cannot love him, he was beloved by those nearest him, and by those who knew him best. If we must blame him, if we must use him to point a moral, let us while we admonish, and exercise that charity toward the memory of another that every one would fondly desire to be bestowed upon his own.

For this "subtle lynx-eyed intellect, this tremulous sensibility to all good and beautiful," this "truly empyrean light," however "imbedded in such weak laxity of character," was not given entirely in vain. It became a light, an inspiration and a long delight to many of the most vital and powerful spirits of the time; and that he was a good and worthy man at heart, the reverence of great and small, and the reverence mingled with affectionate regard, of the Gillmans, amply attest. But this great light was soon to cease from its earthly shining. He should feed the birds, water the flowers, pat the heads of the children who met him, and delight the ears of men no more. He rested at once from labor and sorrow on the 25th of July, 1834; and was buried in the church-yard at Highgate, near the Gillman home. Lamb, who survived him only a brief season, wrote: "When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world,—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve.

Of all the nerve-tonics—bromos, celerics or nervines—your doctor will tell you that the Hypophosphites are best understood. So thoroughly related is the nervous system to disease that some physicians prescribe Hypophosphites alone in the early stages of Consumption. Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil, emulsified, with the Hypophosphites, happily blended. The result of its use is greater strength and activity of the brain, the spinal cord and the nerves.

Let us send you a book all about it. Sent free.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

But since I feel how great a part he was to me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an effectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touch stone of all my cogitations. . . . He was my fifty years old friend without any dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house where he died more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gillmans more than while they exercised their virtues toward him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel."

So, with reverence for his powers and virtues, with sympathy for his weaknesses, and charity for his failings, we entertain the memory of this truly great and good man; and with one of his latest pious musings we relinquish the pleasant task of delineating some incidents of his life, and some phrases of his character:

"Stop, Christian passerby! Stop, child of God! And read with gentle breast, Beneath this sod A poet lies, or that which once seems he— O! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C. ! That he, who many years, with toll of breath, Found death in life, may here find life in death! Mercy for praise—to be forgiven, for fame, He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same."

PASTOR FELIX.

He Stopped It.

Maccabe, the ventriloquist, was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a river steamboat, and, having made friends with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine-room. He took a seat in the corner and pulling his hat down over his eyes appeared lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to creak. The engineer oiled it and went about his duties. In the course of a few minutes the creaking was heard again and the engineer rushed over, oil can in hand, to lubricate the same crank. Again he resumed his post, but it was only a few minutes before the old crank was creaking louder than ever. 'Great Jupiter!' he yelled, 'the thing's bewitched.' More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the crank squeaked again, when slipping up behind Maccabe, he squirted half a pint of oil down the joker's back. 'There,' said he, 'I guess that crank won't squeak any more.'—Spare Moments.

THOROUGHLY GRATEFUL.

MR. STEPHEN BELISLE GLADLY TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED.

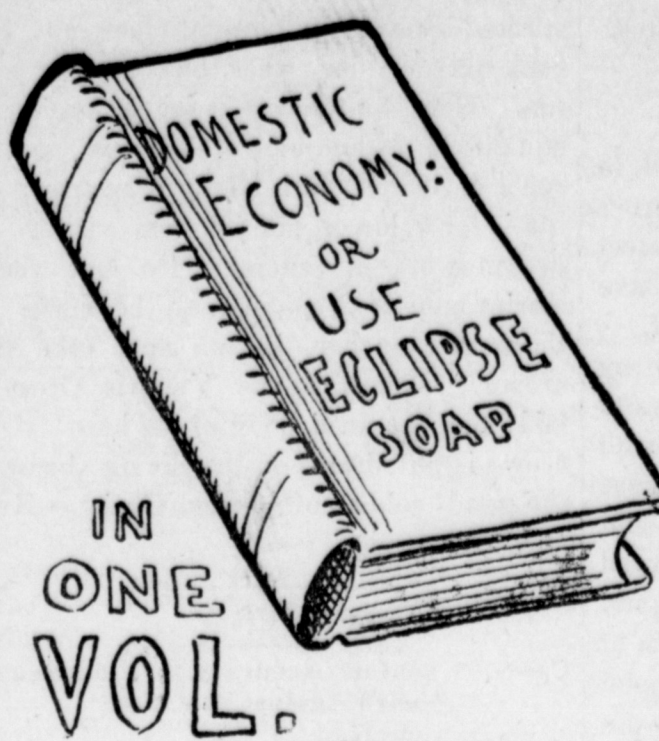
After Other Remedies Failed to Help Him, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made Him a Healthy Man.

From the Montreal Herald.

Down on William street the bulk of the butter and cheese trade is done and it is there that the Montreal cold storage and freezing company's mammoth building is located. In the summer time, when extensive shipments are being made, the big block is a veritable beehive. Several well known exporting firms have their warehouses in this building and one of them is Wm. T. Ware & Co. Their head warehouse man is Mr. Stephen Belisle, who, as his name indicates, is a French-Canadian and in the prime of life. If ever there was a grateful man on the face of the earth to day that man is Stephen Belisle. After suffering indescribable agonies for several months, he is now the picture of health and feels that it is his duty to tell all the world how he was restored to health and happiness. Mr. Belisle explained his troubles, now fortunately a thing of the past, to a reporter of the Herald recently. "My work called me to all parts of the warehouse," said he, "and sometimes I went into the freezing room without my coat or cap on and then back to the other parts of the warehouse to the warmer atmosphere. About a year ago I became very ill with a complication of diseases. I was suffering with indigestion, biliousness and the resulting nervous disorders such as sick headache and loss of appetite. I began doctoring, but I seemed to grow worse every day. I slept very little, and as time went on I was not able to do any work, and even the exertion of moving about would tire me out. I had a very poor appetite and what food I ate did not agree with me. I also suffered from a severe pain in the back and side. During that time I had tried many medicines but they gave me no relief. I had become so weak and my system was so run down that life was a burden to me. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I did with extremely beneficial results. I commenced taking the pills about Christmas time and now I am feeling so good that I thought it my duty to write the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and let them know how extremely grateful I am for the cure their medicine has effected in me. I had taken only six boxes when my condition of health was a paradise to what it had been for some months previous. Mr. Belisle is a quiet unassuming man and evidently not given to over enthusiasm, but there was no mistaking his earnestness when recounting his experiences to the reporter. He will always be a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

COMPLETE



satisfaction is the verdict of all who use

ECLIPSE SOAP

Right every time. Have you tried it?

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

Granby Rubbers

Are out again this season in new styles and in all the new Shoe Shapes, right up to date, but with the same old "wear like iron" quality that has always characterized them, because they are honestly made of pure Rubber.

BE SURE YOU GET GRANBYS THIS YEAR.

LONG LOST BOOK RECOVERED.

Loaned to a Friend, It Disappeared for Forty-Five Years.

A London book hunter of the last generation gave to his son as the 'nest egg' of his future library a translation of 'The Life and Character of Theophrastus,' minus the title page, but attributed to Coleman. On giving this book to his son the father wrote his name on the fly leaf. A few years afterward the son, accompanied by his beloved books, went to Jamaica, where the translation in question was borrowed of him by a military officer, on service in that colony. This officer, being unexpectedly transferred with his regiment to another colony, quitted Jamaica very suddenly and inadvertently took with him the borrowed translation, a circumstance which caused great annoyance and regret to its owner, who prized it very highly as being the gift of his father and containing that parent's handwriting. He made various attempts to learn the whereabouts of the officer who had so carelessly carried off the treasured volume, but could never obtain any tidings of him, and at length relinquished the effort and gave up the book for lost.

Five and twenty years afterward the book hunter, having returned to London, was one day strolling along the Old Kent road and peering about him as usual, when he came to the shop of a dealer in old iron, near the then existent turnpike gate which formerly stood nearly opposite the burial ground. As he glanced into the dingy depths of this shop he suddenly espied his lost translation stowed away upon a shelf. Hastily entering the shop he bought back his missing treasure for the sum of sixpence, which the man of iron seemed to think himself very lucky in getting in exchange for it. The presence of his father's handwriting on the fly leaf was still as legible as ever, and rendered it certain that the volume, so strangely recovered, was the identical one the loss of which he had so long deplored.—Chambers' Journal.

How many people are ashamed to go into company on account of their foul-smelling breath, caused from catarrh or cold in head? If they would study their own interests they would soon have sweet breath like their neighbors. There is one sure cure for Catarrh and that is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Give one blow through the blower and you get relief immediately. Price, including blower, 25 cents.

She Smoked With the Driver.

'When I came out on my regular trip the other morning,' relates the Lee stage driver, 'the only passenger I had was an old lady of very demure manners. I was most dead for a smoke, but I had sort of got it into my head that the old lady was a tussy party. When we got along a piece, however, I got to fingering my tobacco, and by and by, I just couldn't resist the temptation. So I turned round to the old lady and asked her if she had any object-

ion to my taking a whiff or 'two. She straightened up like a monkey on a stick. 'By gosh, young man,' she shouted, 'you've hit me just where I live. I've been hankering for a smoke all morning. Gimme a match.

'She pulled out a black T. D., and I tell you mister, me'n that old lady made the stage look like a steam engine going up a grade.'

A Drummer's Mistake.

The Kennebec Journal tells of a Bangor 'drummer' who tried to save a lady from leaping from a rapidly moving train. After he had thrown his arms around her and dragged her back into the car she recovered from her surprise enough to call him all the names in the feminine vocabulary and explain that she went out on the platform to wave her handkerchief at some friends. The passengers appreciated it all, but the 'drummer' didn't seem to enjoy the situation.

Some people save all their sympathy until a man is dead; they make his grave sloppy with their tears.

SILVERWARE
OF THE
HIGHEST GRADE.
THE QUESTION
'WILL IT WEAR?'
NEED NEVER BE ASKED
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE
TRADE MARK
1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK
AS THIS IN ITSELF
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.
BE SURE THE PREFIX
> 1847 <
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.
THESE GOODS HAVE
STOOD THE TEST
FOR NEARLY
HALF A CENTURY.
SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Buy
Dominion Express Co's Money

Orders
FOR SMALL REMITTANCES.

Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be

Cashed on Presentation