

Notches on The Stick

The longest part of Leigh Hunt's active life in England was spent in the suburbs of London, "in what Milton called 'garden houses'; for some years in Chelsea near Carlyle, and afterwards in Edwars Square, Kensington,—a square of small neat houses, built by a Frenchman, it is said, in expectation of the conquest of England by Buonaparte." In his "Reminiscences" Carlyle gives us this glimpse:

"Leigh Hunt was continually sending us notes; most probably would in person step across before bedtime, and give us an hour of the prettiest melodious discourse. . . . Figure and bearing of the man, of a perfectly graceful, spontaneously original, dignified and attractive kind. Considerable sense of humor in him; a very pretty little laugh, sincere and cordial always; many tricky turns of witty insight, of intellect, of phrase, countenance, tone and eyes well seconding; his voice, in the finale of it, had a kind of musical warble, (which we vernacularly called it,) which reminded one of singing birds. He came always rather scrupulously, though most simply and modestly dressed. 'Kind of Talking Nightingale,' we privately called him. He enjoyed much, and with a kind of chivalrous silence and respect, her (Mrs. Carlyle's) Scotch tunes on the piano."

We have all heard the apocryphal account of the origin of Hunt's lines, "Jeannie kissed me," how that Carlyle's Jeannie gave him the invaluable smack, for gladness at hearing her Thomas was to have a pension. But of course a poet's love song needs a legend. At Edwars-Square Hunt lived under his customary restriction of poverty, wrote for bread-money, and fought hard times. Indeed through all his life, almost till the last, he never was released from this necessity. "All his life-long," writes S. C. Hall, "his income was limited; it is indeed notorious that he was put to many 'shifts' to keep the wolf from the door." It boots not to argue the causes; his misfortunes had made large pecuniary draughts upon him; he was never very pennywise, doubtless, nor were his literary tasks profitable as merchandise;—in journalism, so to speak, these brothers had been the fathers of too many dead dogs. So, though he was no spendthrift; though 'he was utterly indifferent to what are called the 'luxuries of life,' and was 'simple in his ways, and temperate almost to the extreme,' the wolf of destitution was often nearly at the door. As his son Thornton, writes,—"The plan of working, the varied and precarious nature of the employments, an inborn dullness of sense as to the lapse of time, conspired to produce a life in which the receipt of handsome earnings alternated with long periods that yielded no income at all. In these intervals credit went a long way, but not far enough. There were gaps of total destitution in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted." At last in the 1844, when Sir Percy Shelly had succeeded to the estates of his grandfather, his father's friend and benefactor was remembered with an annuity of £120; and in 1847, he was, through the agency of Lord John Russell, placed on the pension list, and received thereafter, "in consideration of his distinguished literary talents" the sum of £500 a year.

Leigh Hunt's person has been clearly described by his intimates. He has been pictured by his son "as in height about five feet ten inches, remarkably straight and upright in his carriage, with a firm step and a cheerful, almost dashing ap-

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proach." Through others we have seen the sensitive, yet brave and delicate spirit in that form of marked features; the hair wiry straight and dark,—afterward grizzled as he grows into age,—and parted in the centre; the dark-complected face, with its full black eye-brows, "firmly marking the edge of a brow over which was a singularly upright, flat, white forehead, and under which beamed a pair of eyes, brilliant reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humor."

His wife died in 1857. Life was then empty and more lonely, for his sons had gone forth from him, or were dead, and he began to feel the most pitiable and pathetic of all earthly circumstances, the solitude of age. "When last I saw him," writes one to whom he was known, "he was yielding to the universal conqueror. His loose and straggling white hair thinly scattered over a brow of manly intelligence; his eyes dimmed somewhat, but retaining that peculiar gentleness yet, brilliancy, which in his youth were likened to those of a gazelle; his earnest heart and vigorous mind outspoken yet, in sentences eloquent and impressive; his form partially bent, but energetic and self-dependent, although by fits and starts,—Leigh Hunt gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin that 'wears the mossy vest of time,' but which in assuming the graces that belong by right to age, was not oblivious of the power and worth and triumph enjoyed in manhood and in youth."

After having lived in so many homes, none of which were his possession, this good and gentle and gifted man died in the house of a friend, but one whom he had long tried and greatly valued,—C. W. Reynell, in High street, Putney. We have a print of the house before us, as we write, and, as it appears from the street, does not seem the most prepossessing of habitations. But it is said there was a good garden in the rear, where the poet loved to ramble, to admire the flowers, of which he was a special lover. Immediately in front is the old gabled, quaint-looking Fairfax House, in which, it is said, Iretton lived, and where that general and Lambert often met.

Not vainly had this lover of his kind cultivated the humanities. He lacked not friends to stand about his bed and minister, nor eyes to weep when he was dying, and after he had passed into that world of the beautiful whose treasures he sought to import into this. His grave was made in Kensal Green, where, after some years, a monument was raised by public subscription, adorned by the accomplished chisel of Joseph Durham. It was inaugurated on the poet's birthday, 19th of Oct., 1869, Lord Houghton presiding on the occasion, delivering an address full of gracious and generous utterances in praise of a truly worthy man. We read in the Life of Dickens, by Forster, that he was bidden, but declined on the plea that such a solemnity was not agreeable to him. The inscription is simple. On one side we read his memorable line:

"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

What at the end, shall we say? This was a man to love, and, on the whole to respect. Not that in mien and action, while he lived, he was of the irreproachably heroic kind, who command our reverence. There was a brave soul in him behind much constitutional timidity. There is something in the very mould of a man that may fill us with a momentary awe, and make us say, "Sir, and My Lord," when he cannot live as a subtle power in our lives after he has passed by. His virtue is too cold reserved and self-respecting. But Hunt, with all his foibles and innocent vanities, at which the wise and prudent were offended, which provoked the jibes of enemies and the titter of friends, steals into our thought like a sunbeam and into our hearts like the aroma of spring woods, to remain there forever. A life that was capable of communicating so much pleasure combined with so much profit, must, in spite of sorrows, and vexation, and much infirmity, have been a happy life. As Samuel Smiles says, in his admirable sketch of our subject,—"It is the heart that makes life sweet, not the purse,—it is pure and happy thoughts, a well stored mind, and a genial nature full of sympathy for human kind." And these were his possessions who descended to his

grave without bitterness or regret, accepting all the events of his life as on the whole the best that Providence could have assigned him.

"The Prisoner of Chillon,"—on the whole the noblest and most spirited of Byron's tales in verse, full of the pathos of domestic love and sorrow, and of the crushing out of the heart the love of freedom,—was written in 1816, shortly after the author left England for the first time, and while he was living with the Shelleys in Switzerland. It was early one of our choicest intellectual treasures, and we are persuaded that 'twill never lose its charm while the heart is capable of responding to such sentiments.

Our correspondent, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Pegswood, Morpeth, Northumberland, England, writes: "I am still—slowly—adding to my collection of Canadian poetry. One of my greatest prizes this year, so far, has been a copy of the edition de luxe of 'The Habitant and Other Poems,' by Dr. Drummond of Montreal. It is simply a lovely book, both in get up and contents. But there is a book I haven't yet seen—nay, I do not even know its title, though I have heard of its publication,—that it will be necessary for me to purchase; I mean the new book of poems by Bliss Carman. Mr. Sherman gave me a hint, a month or two since, that it would be worth buying." The reference is to Carman's book of sea poems; "The Ballad of Lost Haven" if we remember rightly, is the title.

"The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," by Thomas Gray, was completed in 1750, having been begun in 1742. Few poems have been rewritten more times, or been subjected to more fastidious revision, till each stanza is well-nigh perfect. For a time it was circulated among friends of the poet, in manuscript form, and was first printed in 1751. It at once began its career of popularity, and became, as one has declared, the most widely known poem in our language. Dr. Johnson, who subjected the poet's Odes to severe criticism, ex-cerpted the "Elegy," saying: "The 'Churchyard' abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning 'yet even these bones' are to me original; I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

Our good poet has written many agreeable personal addresses, similar in manner to the one following:

To Mrs. Olive Bush Lee.
1808-1858.

By Dr. BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

Again the hand of April sets,
In dreamful beauty born,
On sunny slopes her violets
To glad thy natal morn.

With liquid notes the air is stirred
To greet thy rounded year,
The blue-birds' tender trill is heard,
The robins song of cheer.

Thy pilgrim feet have wended long
Beneath a changeful sky,
While April bloom and April song
Have marked the years go by.

What wine of love to-day shall fill
Thy cup to overflow,
In lands where snow-wreaths linger still
And where the jacinthes blow.

And near and far love's wishes sped
From loyal hearts again,
Shall lay her crown upon the head
Of four-score years and ten.

And every heart will breathe one hope
And frame one tender prayer,
That God will lead across the slope
And make thy sunset fair.

Wordsworth's "Intimations" of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

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ON

SURPRISE SOAP

hood" was composed partly in 1803 and 1806, in the maturity of its author's powers, and it contains some of his noblest thoughts in their most exquisite garb of expression. It arose out of peculiar psychological experiences, which he relates, and the whole poem is suffused with emotion, subtle and profound. Its beauty and sublimity are without question, whatever may be said of its philosophy; and it has by Emerson been justly characterized as the "high-water mark of English thought in the nineteenth century." The "Ode to Duty" is also a poem of great dignity, strength and beauty.

Denis Diderot the brilliant French Encyclopaedist, wrote, in advanced life, to Mademoiselle Voland: "The man of mediocre passion lives and dies like a brute. . . . If we were bound to choose between Racine, a bad husband, a bad father, a false friend, and a sublime poet, and Racine, a good father, good husband, good friend, and dull worthy man, I hold to the first. Of Racine the bad man, what remains? Nothing! Of Racine the man of genius? The work is eternal." This comes dangerously near the assertion of the identity of genius with irregulated passion,—a notion that has sometimes falsely obtained. Happily we are not in want of instances of most powerful passions, disciplined and restrained,—Dante, Luther, Wordsworth; and we need not pause to enumerate the exalted geniuses who were not only "sublime" poets but sublime men; and who knew how to be good husbands, good fathers, and good friends,—though they were not "dull." Would Diderot so choose? So would I.

No thoughtful reader of George Eliot's "Romola," can doubt the strength and greatness of the work, nor that she put the intensity of her soul into it. It involved deep reflection, wide research, and the absorbed brooding of a great genius, before it was produced. It is not so pleasant, nor so easy reading as some of her books—"Silas Marner" for instance,—but it exercises the reader more and takes a deeper hold upon him. It is a remarkable portrait of a remarkable man, and of a remarkable age. As is usual with works of such calibre, its idea was long present with the author before it was shaped and written, and its effect upon herself was marked. In her own words: "I began it a young woman, I finished it an old woman." Now that the four hundredth anniversary of Savonarola's tragic martyrdom is here, (May 23, 1488) this book may profitably be read again.

Of Gladstone the editor of the Home Journal fitly writes: "A king among men, despite his limitations. He lacked the firmness of Cromwell or Wellington; but neither Cromwell or Wellington loved England more truly. They lacked his Hyperion brow, and silvery tide of speech. He lived amid the old inspiring geni of Latin and Hellenic lore, yet he lived on the tongues of Britons as well."

PASTOR FELIX.

THE MISSIONARY'S PUMP.

They Thought it was Magic and so Made a Little Test.

Lobengula, the late king of the Matabel of South Africa, was a friend of the Rev. E. Carnegie, an English missionary, at Hope Fountain, several miles from Bulawayo. The Matabele warriors, on the other hand, looked with suspicion on the missionary and all his works; but they knew better than to molest the friend of their king. Time after time, in passing the mission house, they noticed a force-pump at work, supplying water for the family and for irrigating the garden. Understanding what it was for, their untutored minds concluded it was some sort of magic. It was 'intagati,' or bewitched, and they watched to see how it was managed that they might turn the white man's magic against himself. One moonlight night a party of picked warriors repaired to the bank of the stream where the pump

was. On trying it, they were jubilant to find that two men at either handle could do the trick. Turn and turn about they kept the pump going for two hours, determined that the missionary should have all the magic he wanted, and a balance in hand. Then, exhausted, they went home, ignorant of the fact that they had filled the missionary's tank to overflowing. His good wife hoped that a similar supply of 'magic' might be furnished every week.

EXPRESS MY FEELINGS!

A Minister was recently trying to make a telephone connection. The sweet telephone girl at the exchange was probably exchanging confidence with her Sweet-heart. The minister "hello'd" several times, but got no answer. He was in a hurry, and the inattention put him out. A lay friend came behind him. He turned to the latter. "My dear fellow," he said with a look of mingled wrath and misery, "would you kindly express my feelings?" Ladies never use strong language, but if anything would tempt them it would be the mangy appearance of their dress or jacket after using any other dyes but TURKISH DYES. The ladies of Canada use the TURKISH DYES. They now appreciate their worth. TURKISH DYES will never wash out. No other dyes will stand a soap and water test. The TURKISH DYES invite it, soap only brings out their lustre. Every color (72) has its own beauty. Every color is perfect. No ill tempers when you use TURKISH DYES. No spoiled garments. Try them and see how you can augment your wardrobe with beautiful garments which ordinarily would have been thrown aside.

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The Left Side of the Face.

Photographers, in their constant study of the face, find that the left side makes the more pleasant picture, and that the profile as seen from the left gives a more correct likeness than when viewed from the right.

They Never Come Back.

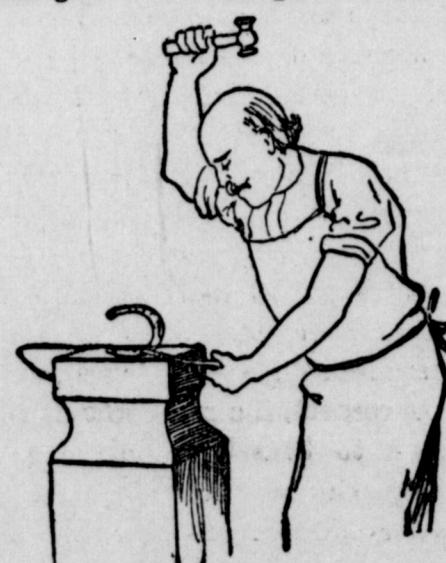
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This notice has just been issued by a Southern blacksmith: "De copartnership heretofore existing between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owe will settle wid Mose."

STRENGTH CAME BACK.

The Anvil once more rings with the strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Thos. Porteous, the well known blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells how sickness and weakness gave way to health and strength. "For the past four years my



nerve have been very weak, my sleep fitful and disturbed by dreams, consequently I arose in the morning unrested. I was frequently very dizzy and was much troubled with a mist that came before my eyes, my memory was often defective and I had fluttering of the heart, together with a sharp pain through it at times. In this condition I was easily worried and felt enervated and exhausted. Two months ago I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, since that time I have been gaining in health and strength daily. They have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and now I sleep well and derive comfort and rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nervousness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar complaints goes without saying." Price 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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