

THE LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

Monarchs whose kingdom no man bounds,  
No leagues uphold, no conquest spreads;  
Whose thrones are any mossy mounds,  
Whose crowns are curls on sunny heads.

The only sovereigns on the earth,  
Whose ways are certain to endure;  
No line of kings of kinmost birth  
Is of its reigning half so sure.

No fortrees built in all the land  
So strong they cannot from it free;  
No place made too rich, too grand,  
For them to roam triumphantly.

No tyrant so hard-hearted known  
Can their diplomacy resist;  
They can usurp his very throne;  
He abdicates when he is kissed.

No novel in the world so small,  
So meanly built, so equalled, bare,  
They will not go within its wall,  
And set their reign of splendour there.

No beggar too forlorn and poor  
To give them all they need to thrive;  
They frolic in his yard and door,  
The happiest kings and queens alive.

Oh, blessed little kings and queens,  
The only sovereigns in the earth!  
Their sovereignty nor rears nor leans  
On pomp of riches or of birth.

Nor and when cruel death lays low  
In dust each little curly head,  
And other sovereigns crownless go,  
And are forgotten when they're dead.

But these hold changeless empire past,  
Triumphant past, all earthly scenes;  
We worship, trust to the last,  
The buried "little kings and queens."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CARDON.—Our cartoon this week refers to the endeavours of Oscar Wilde, the Apostle of "Estheticism" so-called, to instil the principles of the sunflower and the lily into the bosom of Uncle Sam. In another column we give a description of Mr. Wilde from the pen of an enthusiast.

OLD ENGLISH PANELS.—The designs which we give on another page for panels may also be utilized as valentines by those who like putting their own handiwork upon the souvenirs which they send to their friends on the 14th February. The rage is now for early English in decoration so the present designs will be found most appropriate.

TO THE NORTH POLE IN A BALLOON.—In reference to our illustration of Commander Cheyne's proposed method of reaching the North Pole, we subjoin Mr. Coxwell's (the practical exponent) own calculations upon the subject:—First. As to the supply of gas. This would be provided in a compressed state in tanks taken out in the steamer, and the chemical materials for producing hydrogen would be also carried, so as to generate it on the spot, if necessary. Three balloons would be inflated, and subsequently attached in a triangular form to light spars, so as to afford an opportunity of using two trail-ropes to ride over all obstacles without rising very high in the atmosphere. The three distinct bodies of gas would thus be united, and by easing off one of the attachments the respective balloons would form in line, and thereby present little more resistance than one when it becomes desirable to arrest their progress. Secondly. Reduced speed or anchorage could be effected by an elongated apparatus, composed of the third spar, with grapnels affixed, which would grip in the ice and bring the balloon to a standstill. Thirdly. New strong silk balloons would be almost perfect gas holders, so that fresh inflation would be unnecessary. If one of the balloons became damaged, means would be provided to save the gas and transfer it into the other balloons, which would do for returning—hence the importance of using three combined instead of one large balloon. By regulating the length of the trail-ropes with the windlasses, they could be confined to those air currents most suitable for the route. The cars might contain lamp-stoves, with safety gauze wire protectors, to impart warmth; and the cars, partially or wholly covered, would contain provisions for fifty-one days, with sledges, &c. In the triangular disposition of the balloons, as shown in the illustration, the application of the trail-ropes is seen easing the balloons over each eminence, and yet allowing them to advance horizontally. Whenever it becomes desirable to form the whole in line, as it would be before descending, the only measure required would be to detach the third spar, and thus utilize it for anchoring without putting with its weight. The balloons would then swing round after the spar, and grapnels would be let go and lowered by the windlass, in order to trail in the longitudinal direction, represented in one of the illustrations.

THE MARKET PLACE, CHATHAM.—Our illustration of this thriving little Ontario town is taken from a photograph kindly sent us by Mr. A. Macfie of Chatham.

THE ENGLISH BALLOON ACCIDENT.—The balloon accident which occurred a few weeks since on the south coast of England, when Mr. Powell, M. P., was carried out to sea in an unmanageable balloon, has gained additional interest by the discovery of the balloon and Mr. Powell's body in the Pyrenees according to one account, the balloon having travelled across France and over the mountains into Spanish territory. Mr. Powell was discovered frozen to death by the

cold to which he had been exposed in crossing the Sierras. On our back page we give an illustration of the balloon and its original occupants.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

HARPER'S Magazine for February is a very strong Number both in the literary and the artistic sense. We have an interesting description of Philadelphia by George P. Lathrop, beautifully illustrated. Another paper of unusual literary merit is Mr. W. H. Bishop's "Commercial, Social and Political Mexico," also illustrated. Mrs. Anna Bowman Blake's personal sketches of "French Political Leaders" are admirable; and Mr. Joseph Hatton contributes a paper entitled "Henry Irving at Home," a large portion of which is made up of Mr. Irving's own recital of interesting incidents and phases of his histrionic career. A novel and most striking feature of the Number is the first instalment of Mrs. John Lillie's serial tale, "Prudence: a story of Esthetic London," which promises to be a very strong and interesting exposition of a peculiar phase of English life. This novelette was written and in the hands of the publishers before the comic opera "Patience" was brought out. Du Maurier, whose cartoons in Punch bearing on the subject of estheticism have attracted so much attention, very effectively illustrates the story. The figures in his full-page illustration in this number are portraits that will be easily recognized by those familiar with London society. A noticeable feature of the *Editor's Drawer* is the introduction of contributions from eminent American humorists, in addition to which there is the usual variety of facetious anecdote.

"LAIDE," (*An Ugly Woman*), is soon to be published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Its author is the famous Mme. Adam, Editress of the *Nouvelle Revue*, being the Republican Madelon of Paris, who is now commanding the attention of all Europe, and is about to visit St. Petersburg at the invitation of the Czarina. Other books in press by this firm are: "Winning the Battle," by Mary Von Erden Thomas, "Monsieur le Ministre," by Jules Claretie, a political novel of France, and supposed to be a pen and ink portrait of Gambetta's life as Minister, and "Manon Lescaut," by the Abbé Prevost.

THE February *Atlantic* opens with a poem more than four pages long by Mr. Whittier, entitled "The Bay of Seven Islands," and those who enjoy Mr. Whittier's poetry will find this one of the most attractive features of the magazine, although it contains two additional chapters of Mr. Lathrop's engaging story "An Echo of Passion," and the opening chapters of "The House of a Merchant Prince," a serial story by W. H. Bishop, the author of "Detmold." Miss Sarah Orne Jewett contributes another of her delightful New England stories, entitled "Tom's Husband," and it is hardly saying too much to pronounce any number of the *Atlantic* which contains a story by Miss Jewett as a red-letter number on that account. Apropos of the centennial of Daniel Webster's birthday, Henry Cabot Lodge writes a very just and excellent paper on his career and character. E. P. Whipple contributes an admirable critical essay on Richard Grant White's works. Edith M. Thomas, one of the most promising of our younger writers, has a charming out-door paper entitled "Ember Days." Herbert Tuttle describes "Some Traits of Bismarck." Other articles in the number very well worth notice are Mr. Dudgeon's concluding paper on "The Origin of Crime in Society," a strong article on "The Refunding Bill of 1851," by J. Lawrence Laughlin.

BISMARCK.

BY HERBERT TUTTLE.

One secret of Bismarck's power of fascination over the German people lies without doubt in the intellectual sympathy which was established between them after 1866. Up to that time he had been judged only by the outward, superficial, and transient aspects of his policy, without reference to—for the greater part even in ignorance of—its ultimate aims; and this is equally true of Conservatives and of Liberals. The Conservatives saw him trampling the constitution of Prussia under his feet, and that act of destruction seemed so praiseworthy that they refused to search into his motives. The Liberals saw only an arbitrary, violent, reckless course, which the laws did not permit, which no public programme made clear, and which no prospect of success encouraged; they condemned what they could not understand. But Subow changed that as by a touch of magic. All parties hastened to embrace and applaud the successful man: the Liberals because he had achieved their purpose; the Conservatives because he had achieved it with their means. The greatest statesman of the age, he was also recognized as the most characteristic of Germans,—the type as well as hero of the nation; a combination of Luther, Goz von Berlichingen, and Marschal Vorwärts; a brawny, swaggering giant, fond of eating, drinking, and fighting, gifted with a coarse, telling humor, ready with the Latin of a "corps" student, yet with a serious purpose beneath the noise of spurs and beer glasses, beneath Billingsgate doggerel and insolence, and a will which admirably served his purpose. No such picturesque character has ap-

peared in Germany since Frederick the Great, and in some respects he understands his countrymen better than ever the hero of Sans Souci did. He has never, for instance, shocked their religious sense by his own indifference. He is a blunt, stern, almost brutal rationalist, while Frederick, except in war, showed a strong taste for foppish, sentimental, and fantastic methods. It is impossible to imagine Bismarck playing an unskillful flute, or composing French ballads, like a love-sick school-boy. The deadly foe of everything like dilettanteism, he saw at once through the shallowness and insufficiency of the Liberal plan; put Germany "in the saddle," as he had promised; fought out the battles of his generation with "blood and iron, not with Parliamentary speeches;" and restored the mediæval brigands to the place which had so long been usurped by a race of dyspeptic philosophers. Nay, he even confirmed in a startling way one of the favourite theories of the philosophers themselves. They had long taught, some of them, that civilisation was but an unsubstantial polish, beneath which was hidden the savage man in all his picturesque ugliness. Bismarck rubbed off this polish, and presented the original, uncorrupted German; a brawling trooper, equipped for desperate work; fighting with Barbarossa, robbing with Carl Moor, burning towns with Tilly, saying mass with the priest before sacking his church, and drinking with the landlord before robbing his till; a strange compound of frankness and ferocity, of depravity and superstition, of barbarian morals and barbarian valor. This personage, little changed by time, with more decorum, indeed, but less humor, more method, but less generosity, he called forth to complete the task on which poets, pedagogues, and barristers had spent their feeble strength. It was a hazardous game, and, confident of success, the bold gambler did not neglect to provide for failure. A popular legend credits him with the intention of blowing out his brains on the battle-field, if Sadowa had been lost. The plan was worthy of him, and is not improbable; but it has been stated by the Prince himself that his more reasonable purpose was to flee to America, in case of disaster, and found a new existence this side of the Atlantic. What a field of speculation is opened by the thought of so illustrious an exile! What a commotion would have been caused among the crude triflers of American politics if this martial figure had stalked upon the scene with helmet and sabre and cavalry boots!—*February Atlantic*.

OSCAR WILDE.

[Wishing to present our readers with an accurate sketch of this truly great man, and feeling that our Philistine pen was totally inadequate to do justice to the task, we arranged with ardent "aesthete" to prepare us the accompanying article, into which, as will be seen, he has thrown his whole soul.]

The Master is among us, and although the worshippers of the Beautiful will hasten to lay their lilies at his grand and earnest feet, there be those who know him not. To them it may be told that the Master is the son—speaking after the manner of worldlings—of Sir William Wilde, a well-known Irish oculist, and of Lady Wilde, that sweet soft thistle of poesy, in whose verses, signed "Speranza," are found the promise and potency of the poetry of her marvellous son. He is about twenty-eight years old, and graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1878, when he won the Newdigate Prize for English verse, and he has since devoted himself to the cause of which he is the revered leader. He is tall, with broad shoulders, and yet with a lily-like grace of form. His face is oval, with a chin of imperial splendour and an earnestly precious nose. His hair flows over his shoulders, and, like the glorious dawn, he is beardless. Clothed with a white lily, and a few other less utterly divine garments, he is Beauty and Soul and Horticulture and Silent Music mingled together.

It is as the incarnation of æstheticism and the avatar of the unutterable that the Master is chiefly known in this country. Americans have gained some little knowledge of him from studying the solemn and beautiful ceremonies of *Patience*, a "mystery," which the profane vainly regard as a trivial and amusing farce, and in which the master is held up to our admiration under the guise of Bunthorne. Æstheticism has been rashly defined as the search for the Beautiful, but those who have studied the words of the Master, as written in his volume of poems, know that this is but half the truth. The aesthete reveres Beauty, but he also reveres all that is unthinkable and intensely unformed. He perceives the supernatural beauty of ugliness, the nearness of the infinitely remote, and he is, as one of the minor æsthetic poets has exquisitely sung,

"As pure as the perfume of parting,  
And subtle and saintly as sin."

The Master has laboured but in vain if he has not taught the great and bluish-yellow truths. He has shown us how blessed and compact are the hollowness and worthlessness of life. He has led us with his beckoning lily into the enchanted land where all is beauty, and where by comparison even gas and gaiters would seem prosaic and earthly. He is come as the missionary of the æsthetic to the benighted millions of America to whom a lily is nothing but a lily, and who have never dreamed that it is music and religion and ancient and modern languages and

the use of the globe and a perforated chest-protector. To doubt his success would be to doubt the sanity both of the Master and of his disciples.

While he is here the Master will not only lecture—as the earthly-minded would doubtless characterize his priceless utterances—but will produce on the stage a tragedy which he has written. We who may live to see not only the beginning, but the second or even the third act of that tragedy, will have known joys sadder than any surprise party, and more cooling and soothing than purgatorial flames.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Last week Miss Helen Blythe and a very fair company played two of the recent New York successes, "Pique" and "Divorce," at the Royal. Miss Blythe is an old favourite here and the house was well filled during the week. The latter play contains some very strong dramatic situations and a sufficiently ingenious plot, and the performance was on the whole very satisfactory.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

REVOLUTION is threatened in Jamaica.  
A REVOLUTION has broken out in Bolivia.  
THE Duchess of Connaught has a daughter.  
A LONDON cable announces the death of Lord Lurgan.  
THE British naval *attaché* at Washington is to be recalled and the post abolished.  
THE St. Gothard Railway is to be fully opened on the 1st of July.  
A TREATY of peace has been concluded between Bolivia and Chili.  
PARNELL, O'Kelly and O'Brien have been further remanded for three months.  
THE National Board of Health has declared small-pox epidemic in the United States.  
THE opera house at Nice is to be rebuilt, the municipality having subscribed £400,000 for that purpose.  
THERE was a tremendous panic on the Paris Bourse yesterday. The Bank of Lyons et Loire has failed.  
THE corporal punishment of negroes in Cuba has been abolished by order of the Spanish Government.  
A LADY Lad Leaguer has been sent to jail for a month, being unable to obtain bail for her good behaviour.

THIRTY-SEVEN arrests of Russian Terrorists have been made since the discovery of the Gatschina bridge conspiracy.

EFFORTS are being made in England to raise a fund of £1,000,000 sterling for relief of the Jews in Russia and to aid their emigration.

EIGHTY notables of N-paul have been arrested and twenty-one military officers executed for conspiracy against British residents there.

LIEUT. McDONALD and 20 men who crossed the American border after Apaches, were promptly arrested by the Mexican authorities.

THE Rome correspondent of a New York paper asserts positively that Gladstone has been seeking counsel of the Vatican on the Irish question.

MELINS, the brakesman through whose carelessness the Spuyten Deyvil disaster is said to have occurred, is under lock and key, on a charge of manslaughter.

THE French Government has seen the error of its ways with regard to the treaty negotiations with England, which are now proceeding very satisfactorily.

EARL GREY, Liberal, is supporting the Conservative candidate in the North York-hire election on account of Mr. Gladstone's attitude regarding the land question.

THE first judgment delivered by the Irish Land Commissioners on appeal from the Assistant Commissioners' decisions, sustains the latter's decision. The case is, however, to be taken to the Court of Appeals.

YELLOW AS A GUINEA.—The complexion, in a case of unchecked liver complaint, culminating in jaundice, is literally "as yellow as a guinea." It has this appearance because the bile, which enables the bowels to act, is directed from its proper course into the blood. In connection with this symptom there is nausea, coating of the tongue, sick headache, impurity of the breath, pains through the right side and shoulder blade, dyspepsia and constipation. These and other concomitants of liver complaint are completely removed by the use of NORTHBOR & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, which is also an eradicator of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, ulcers, cancers, humours, female weakness, jaundice, and lumbago. It tones the stomach, raises the liver, and after relieving them, causes the bowels thereafter to become regular. High professional sanction has been accorded to it; and its claims to public confidence are justified by ample evidence. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle 10 cents. Ask for NORTHBOR & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a *fac simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.