

tory, we shall find that at the time of the Commonwealth in England, when political feeling was at its strongest, nicknames and party terms of contempt were plentiful as blackberries. It is not indeed a good sign of the times, indicating, as it always does, animosities and unrest. And as it has been said with truth "Happy is the country that has no history," so that epoch is to be congratulated in which there originates no party names.

It was the sentiment of Dogberry— often erroneously attributed to Mrs. Malaprop—that "*comparisons are odorous.*"

It need hardly be said that some people never think. There are people who lack the power of controlling and compelling thought and performing mental operations. One of the consequences is that in their loose, disjointed way they are always finding points of resemblance where none exist, or seeing likenesses in the absolutely unlike. Tell them one thing, and it reminds them of another wholly unlike it; show them an object, and they at once demand whether you do not think it bears a striking resemblance to something entirely different.

So you cannot mention anything which does not recall its parallel. These are the people who, when shown a baby are struck with the likeness to mamma, its greater likeness to papa, and a still more astonishing resemblance to the Duke of Wellington, Mrs. Fry, Frederick the Great, and a general round of historic personages. Tell them an anecdote and they hasten to remark, "*That reminds me*" of another which would bear a striking resemblance to it were it not that it is quite unlike in incident, and has another point. Show them a building, and they are struck with its identity with Notre Dame or St. Peters' at Rome, were it not that those structures are bigger, older, and of a different style of architecture.

Any attempt to institute a comparison between Earl Chatham and Lord Beaconsfield will be found to result in