

*The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.*

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse, no will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

HUSH'D BE THE CAMPS TO-DAY.

(May 4, 1865.)

HUSH'D be the camps to-day,
And soldiers let us drape our war-worn weapons,
And each with musing soul retire to celebrate
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
Nor victory, nor defeat—no more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing poet in our name,
Sing of the love we bore him—because you, dweller in camps, know it truly.

As they invault the coffin there,
Sing—as they close the doors of earth upon him—one verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN.

THIS dust was once the man,
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand,
Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,
Was saved the Union of these States.

Whitman's faith in the soul was as robust as his faith in the body.

Pensive and faltering,
The words *the Dead* I write,
For living are the Dead,
(Haply the only living, only real,
And I the apparition, I the spectre.)

Death is to him the putting on of Immortality. He fronts the future not with fear, but with joy.

SAIL FORTH O SOUL.

OH, we can wait no longer!
We too take ship, O soul!
Joyous, we too launch out on trackless seas!
Fearless, for unknown shores, on waves of ecstasy to sail,
Amid the wafting winds (thou pressing me to thee, I thee to me, O soul),
Carolling free—singing our song of God,
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration.

Ah, more than any priest, O soul, we too believe in God;
But with the mystery of God we dare not dally.

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee, O soul, thou actual Me,
And lo! thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full, the vastnesses of Space.

Greater than stars or suns,
Bounding, O soul, thou journeyest forth;
What love, than thine and ours could wider amplify?

What aspirations, wishes, outvie thine and curs, O soul?
What dreams of the ideal? what plans of purity, perfection, strength.

Passage—immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!
Away, O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail!
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?
Have we not grovell'd here long enough, eating and drinking like mere brutes?
Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long enough?

Sail forth! steer for the deep waters only!
Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee and thou with me;
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! Are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!

WHISPERS OF HEAVENLY DEATH.

WHISPERS of heavenly death, murmur'd I hear;
 Labial gossip of night—sibilant chorals;
 Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low;
 Ripples of unseen rivers—tides of a current, flowing, forever flowing.
 (Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human tears?)

I see, just see, skyward, great cloud masses;
 Mournfully, slowly, they roll, silently swelling and mixing;
 With, at times a half-dimm'd, sadden'd, far-off star,
 Appearing and disappearing.

(Some parturition, rather—some solemn, immortal birth:
 On the frontiers, to eyes impenetrable,
 Some soul is passing over.)

DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL.

DAREST thou now, O Soul,
 Walk out with me toward the Unknown Region,
 Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?

No map, there, nor guide,
 Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
 Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O Soul;
 Nor dost thou—all is a blank before us;
 All waits, undream'd of, in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till, when the ties loosen,
 All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
 Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds, bound us.

Then we burst forth—we float,
 In Time and Space, O Soul—prepared for them;
 Equal, equipt at last—(O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil, O Soul.

DEATH SONG.

Joy! shipmate—joy!
 (Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry;)
 Our life is closed—our life begins;
 The long, long anchorage we leave,
 The ship is clear at last—she leaps!
 She swiftly courses from the shore;
 Joy! shipmate—joy!

“I know of no life in the modern world,” says Minot J. Savage, “which has passed into the unseen with such words of exultation.”

V.—SONGS DEMOCRATIC.

“How America is the continent of the glories, and of the triumph of freedom and of the democracies, and of the fruits of society and of all that is begun.”—
Thoughts.

THE POET'S MISSION.

(FROM “BY BLUE ONTARIO'S SHORE.”)

By blue Ontario's shore
As I mused of these warlike days, and of peace return'd, and the dead that
return no more,
A Phantom gigantic, superb, with stern visage accosted me.
(*Chant me the poem, it said, that comes from the soul of America, chant me
the carol of victory,*
And strike me the marches of Libertad, marches more powerful yet,
And sing me before you go the song of the throes of Democracy.

v.

Ages, precedents, have long been accumulating undirected materials,
America brings builders, and brings its own styles.
The immortal poets of Asia and Europe have done their work and pass'd to
other spheres,
A work remains, the work of surpassing all they have done.

These States are the amplest poem,
Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming Nation of nations,
Here the doings of men correspond with the broadcast doings of the day and
night,
Here is what moves in magnificent masses careless of particulars,
Here are the roughs, beards, friendliness, combativeness, the soul loves,
Here the flowing trains, here the crowds, equality, diversity, the soul loves.

For the great Idea, the idea of perfect and free individuals,
For that, the bard walks in advance, the leader of leaders.

XI.

For the great Idea,
That, O my brethren, that is the mission of poets.

XIII.

Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distill'd from poems pass away,
The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes,
Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make but the soil of literature,
America justifies itself, give it time, no disguise can deceive it or conceal
from it, it is impassive enough,
Only toward the likes of itself will it advance to meet them,
If its poets appear it will in due time advance to meet them, there is no fear
of mistake,
(The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferr'd till his country absorbs him as
affectionately as he has absorbed it.)
He masters whose spirit masters, he tastes sweetest who results sweetest in
the long run.

XV.

I swear I begin to see the meaning of these things,
 It is not the earth, it is not America who is so great,
 It is I who am great or to be great, it is You up there, or any one,
 It is to walk rapidly through civilisations, governments, theories,
 Through poems, pageants, shows, to form individuals.

Underneath all, individuals,
 I swear nothing is good to me now that ignores individuals,
 The American compact is altogether with individuals,
 The only government is that which makes minute of individuals,
 The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one single individual
 —namely, to you.

XVII.

O I see flashing that this America is only you and me,
 Its power and weapons testimony are you and me,
 Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are you and me,
 Its Congress is you and me, the officers, capitols, armies, ships, are you and me,
 Its endless gestations of new States are you and me,
 The war, (that war so bloody and grim, the war I will henceforth forget,)
 was you and me,
 Natural and artificial are you and me,
 Freedom, language, poems, employments, are you and me,
 Past, present, future, are you and me.

I dare not shirk any part of myself,
 Not any part of America good or bad,
 Not to build for that which builds for mankind,
 Not to balance ranks, complexions, creeds, and the sexes,
 Not to justify science nor the march of equality,
 Nor to feed the arrogant blood of the brawn belov'd of time.

I am for those that have never been master'd,
 For men and women whose tempers have never been master'd,
 For those whom laws, theories, conventions, can never master.

I am for those who walk abreast with the whole earth,
 Who inaugurate one to inaugurate all.

I will not be outfaced by irrational things,
 I will penetrate what it is in them that is sarcastic upon me,
 I will make cities and civilisations defer to me,
 This is what I have learned from America—it is the amount, and it I teach
 again.

TO THE UNITED STATES.

(FROM "THOU MOTHER WITH THY EQUAL BROOD.")

I.

THOU Mother with thy equal brood,
 Thou varied chain of different States, yet one identity only,
 A special song before I go I'd sing o'er all the rest,
 For thee, the future.

The conceits of the poets of other lands I'd bring thee not,
Nor the compliments that have served their turn so long.

But for thy subtler sense subtler refrains dread Mother,
Preludes of intellect tallying these and thee, mind formulas filled for thee,
real and sane and large as these to thee,
Thou! mounting higher, diving deeper than we knew, thou transcendental
Union!

By thee first to be justified, blended with thought,
Thought of man justified, blended with God
Through thy idea, lo, the immortal reality!
Through thy reality, lo, the immortal idea!

Brain of the New World, what a task is thine,
To formulate the Modern—out of the peerless grandeur of the modern,
Out of thyself, comprising science to recast poems, churches, art,
(Recast, maybe discard them, end them—maybe their work is done, who
knows?)

By vision, hand, conception, on the background of the mighty past, the dead,
To learn with absolute faith, the mighty living present.

And yet thou living present brain, heir of the dead, the Old World brain,
Thou that lay folded like an unborn babe within its folds so long,
Thou carefully prepared by it so long—haply thou but unfoldest it, only
maturest it,

It to eventuate in thee—the essence of the by-gone time contain'd in thee,
Its poems, churches, arts, unwitting to themselves destined with reference to thee;
Thou but the apples, long, long, long a-growing,
The fruit of all the Old ripening to-day in thee.

IV.

Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,
Of value is thy freight, 'tis not the Present only,
The Past is also stored in thee,
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of the Western continent
alone,

Earth's *résumé* entire floats on thy keel O ship, is steadied by thy spars,
With thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations sink or swim with thee,
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou bear'st the
other continents,

Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination port triumphant;
Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye O helmsman, thou carriest
great companions,

Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee,
And royal feudal Europe sails this day with thee.

VI.

Land tolerating all, accepting all, not for the good alone, all good for thee,
Land in the realms of God to be a realm unto thyself,
Under the rule of God to be a rule unto thyself.

(Lo, where arise three peerless stars,
To be thy natal stars my country, Ensemble, Evolution, Freedom,
Set in the sky of Law.)

Land of unprecedented faith, God's faith,
 Thy soil, thy very subsoil, all upheav'd,
 The general inner earth so long so sedulously draped over, now hence for
 what it is boldly laid bare,
 Open'd by thee to heaven's light for benefit or bale.

Not for success alone,
 Not to fair-sail unintermitted always,
 The storm shall dash thy face, the murk of war and worse than war shall
 cover thee all over,
 (Wert capable of war, its tug and trials? be capable of peace, its trials,
 For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in prosperous peace, not
 war;)
 In many a smiling mask death shall approach beguiling thee, thou in disease
 shalt swelter,
 The livid cancer spread its hideous claws, clinging upon thy breasts, seeking
 to strike thee deep within,
 Consumption of the worst, moral consumption, shall rouge thy face with hectic,
 But thou shalt face thy fortunes, thy diseases, and surmount them all,
 Whatever they are to-day and whatever through time they may be,
 They each and all shall lift and pass away and cease from thee,
 While thou, Time's spirals rounding, out of thyself, thyself still extricating,
 fusing,
 Equable, natural, mystical Union thou, (the mortal with immortal blent,)
 Shall soar toward the fulfilment of the future, the spirit of the body and the
 mind,
 The soul, its destinies.

The soul, its destinies, the real real,
 (Purport of all these apparitions of the real;)
 In thee America, the soul, its destinies,
 Thou globe of globes! thou wonder nebulous!
 By many a throe of heat and cold convuls'd, (by these thyself solidifying,)
 Thou mental, moral orb—thou New, indeed new, Spiritual World!
 The Present holds thee not—for such vast growth as thine,
 For such unparallel'd flight as thine, such brood as thine,
 The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold thee.

YEARS OF THE MODERN.

YEARS of the Modern! years of the unperform'd!
 Your horizon rises, I see it parting away for more august dramas,
 I see not America only, not only Liberty's nation, but other nations preparing.
 I see tremendous entrances and exits, new combinations, the solidarity of races,
 I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world's stage,
 (Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? are the acts suitable
 to them closed?)
 I see Freedom, completely arm'd and victorious, and very haughty, with Law
 on one side and Peace on the other,
 A stupendous trio all issuing forth against the idea of caste;
 What historic denouements are these we so rapidly approach?
 I see men marching and countermarching by swift millions,
 I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken,
 I see the landmarks of European kings removed,
 I see this day the People beginning their landmarks, (all others give way;)

Never were such sharp questions ask'd as this day,
 Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more like a God,
 Lo, how he urges and urges, leaving the masses no rest!
 His daring foot is on land and sea everywhere, he colonises the Pacific, the
 archipelagoes,
 With the steamship, the electric telegraph, the newspaper, the wholesale
 engines of war,
 With these and the world-spreading factories he interlinks all geography, all
 lands;
 What whispers are these O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the
 seas?
 Are all nations communing? is there going to be but one heart to the globe?
 Is humanity forming en-masse? for lo, tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim,
 The Earth restive, confronts a new era, perhaps a general divine war,
 No one knows what will happen next, such portents fill the days and nights;
 Years prophetic! the space ahead as I walk, as I vainly try to pierce it is
 full of phantoms,
 Unborn deeds, things soon to be, propel their shapes around me;
 This incredible rush and heat, this strange ecstatic fever of dreams O years,
 Your dreams, O years, how they penetrate through me! (I know not whether I
 sleep or wake;)
 The perform'd America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me,
 The unperform'd more gigantic than ever advance, advance upon me.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

COME my tan-faced children,
 Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
 Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
 We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
 We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
 So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
 Plain I see you Western youths, see you trampling with the foremost,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
 Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
 We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
 We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
 Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour and the march,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
 Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
 Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

We primeval forests felling,
 We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
 We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
 From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
 From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
 Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd,
 All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless restless race!
 O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
 O I mourn and yet exult, I am wrapt with love for all,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
 Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry mistress (bend your
 heads all),
 Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive, weaponed mistress,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

See my children, resolute children,
 By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,
 Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
 With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly fill'd,
 Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!
 Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
 Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
 Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement beat,
 Holding single or together, steady moving to the front, all for us,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
 All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
 All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,
 All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
 All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,
 We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
 Through these shores amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!
 Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering sons and planets,
 All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
 All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,
 We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
 O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
 Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
 (Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you have done your work,)
 Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
 Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
 Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
 Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?
 Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
 Was the road of late so toilsome, did we stop discouraged nodding on our
 way?
 Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Still with sound of trumpet,
 Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
 Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THIS YEAR.

THIS year a popular Christmas Present will be a set of the PENNY POETS in case up to date. The first two quarterly cases are now ready, price complete, with twelve "Poets" in each, 1s. 6d., by post, 1s. 10d. These cases are made to hold 12 parts. They are the cheapest and best yet issued for holding the PENNY POETS. They may be had empty for 6d. each. Besides these cheap cases, those who wish to make a useful and novel present to friends and relatives who already subscribe for the Poets, can suit themselves as to price by choosing from the following list:—

- | | |
|---|---|
| BOX 1. Cardboard box covered with leatherette.
Size 11½in. by 7½in. Price 1s. | BOX 4. The same with ornamental facings.
Price 4s. |
| BOX 2. Wood box covered with leatherette,
with a partition down the centre.
Size 11½in. by 7½in. Price 1s. 4½d. | BOX 5. Ornamental stand in japanned lacquer.
Size 13in. by 15in. Price 5s. |
| BOX 3. A corner bracket in plain wood. Size
15in. by 10½in. Price 3s. 1½d. | BOX 6. Large corner bracket in plain wood.
Size 21in. by 25in. Price 7s. 6d. |
| | BOX 7. The same painted with ornamental
facings. Price 10s. |

HOLLOWAY'S

OINTMENT & PILLS

Are Household Necessities, and no Home is complete without them.

THE PILLS

CURE

Headache, Indigestion,
Biliousness, Heartburn,
Giddiness, Palpitation,
and all Complaints of the Liver and Stomach.

THE OINTMENT

CURES

Stiff Joints, Sprains,
Cuts, Bruises, Sores,
Old Wounds, Burns,
Scalds, Eczema, &c.

Manufactured only at 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.



THE MASTERPIECE LIBRARY.
THE PENNY POETS

Edited by W. T. STEAD.

- No. 1. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and other Poems.
 No. 2. Scott's "Marmion." (150,000.) (196,000 Copies.)
 No. 3. Byron's "Childe Harold," Cantos I. & II., and other Poems.
 No. 4. Lowell's Poems. Selections.
 No. 5. Burns's Poems. Selections.
 No. 6. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."
 No. 7. Longfellow's "Evangeline," and other Poems.
 No. 8. Selections from Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poems.
 No. 9. Selections from Thomas Campbell.
 No. 10. Milton's "Paradise Lost" (Abridged). Part I.
 No. 11. Stories from the "Earthly Paradise," by William Morris,
 (By permission of the Author.)
 No. 12. Byron's "Childe Harold." Part II.
 No. 13. Whittier's Poems of Liberty, Progress and Labour.
 No. 14. Tales from Chaucer, in Prose and Verse.
 No. 15. Milton's "Paradise Lost." Part II.
 No. 16. Tom Moore's Poems.
 No. 17. Selections from William Cullen Bryant's Poems.
 No. 18. The Story of St. George and the Dragon. From Spenser's
 "Faerie Queene."
 No. 19. The Poems of John Keats.
 No. 20. Scott's "Lady of the Lake."
 No. 21. Whittier's Poems. Part II.
 No. 22. Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."
 No. 23. Pope's "Essay on Man," and other Poems.
 No. 24. Tom Hood. Poems Grave and Gay.
 No. 25. Coleridge. "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and
 other Poems.
 No. 26. Matthew Arnold. His Poetry and Message.
 No. 27. Walt Whitman. "Song of Myself," and other Poems.
 No. 28. Poems of Shelley. (Dec. 12.)
 No. 29. Poems of Clough. (Dec. 19.)

Other Numbers will be announced in due course.

These may be had of any Newsdealer, or direct by post from the
 Office for 6s. (the whole Series of 48).

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS" OFFICE, LONDON.

LET GOOD NEWS WAIT.

“IF you receive good news during the night, let me sleep on. Good tidings can wait until morning. But if bad news comes, awake me, for something must be done at once.” Such were the Emperor Napoleon’s instructions to his secretary, and they show the practical sense of the little Corsican. Yes; good news can wait. We all feel that, and that is why we are startled at a sharp knock on the door or the clanging of the bell which breaks in upon our sleep. We think, as we jump out of bed, that some message of sickness or death awaits us, and whether our fear is well-founded or not, we do not soon forget the rap on the door. “A knock at the door would set me all in a flutter,” says Mrs. Fanny Sharp, of Ellington, Huntingdon. She did not mean a rude summons in the night, but a knock at any time. Other noises just as trivial set Mrs. Sharp’s nerves jumping. You can readily guess the reason. Mrs. Sharp was an ill woman. “She was nervous, poor thing!” her friends said. Anybody would be after suffering twenty years with a diseased stomach. Think of that, you strong people, who fancy a week’s indisposition an affliction almost beyond enduring. “Off and on,” says Mrs. Sharp, “I suffered for many years with indigestion and nervous weakness.” Let us interrupt her right here long enough to say that the nervous weakness, as well as all the other troubles she tells about, was the consequence of indigestion. The lady goes on:—“I always felt tired, heavy, and weak. My appetite was poor, and what little food I took caused me pain and weight at the chest and side. My skin was sallow, the white of my eyes being tinged yellow, and I had a burning, smarting pain at the pit of my stomach. At night I was frequently taken with chill fits, and I would shake and tremble from head to foot. As time went on, I got so nervous that a knock at the door would set me all in a flutter. When out walking my legs trembled so much I feared to fall down.” As we have said, all this was due to indigestion. Mrs. Sharp’s food, in the natural order of things, should have been converted into healthy flesh and blood. But it lay in her weak stomach, fermenting and giving out poison. Hence the dull skin, the weak limbs, and the chills. “Year after year I dragged on this miserable state,” says Mrs. Sharp, in a letter written December 14, 1893. “I consulted doctors, who gave me medicine, but I got no better. I read of a medicine called Mother Seigel’s Curative Syrup, and I got a bottle of it from Mr. Watson, grocer, at Ellington. After I had taken it a week, I felt great relief. The medicine brought up a quantity of foul, slimy matter, and the pain in my side left me. I kept on taking the medicine, and got stronger and stronger. I felt better than I had done for twenty years. Whenever I feel my old pains coming on, Mother Seigel’s Curative Syrup never fails to set me right.” All decent, civilised people keep the outside of their bodies clean, for the sake of health and comfort. That dirty men are sometimes healthy will not make bath-tubs less popular than they are. But nobody can be healthy while the interior of his body is laden with the refuse of indigestion. Mother Seigel’s Curative Syrup is a great cleanser. It drives all this stuff out with an energy the patient has no adequate idea of, because the medicine is as gentle as it is thorough.

PROCESSES OF MANUFACTURES

FOR OBJECT LESSONS.

With Explanatory Notes and Process Specimens. On Stout Cards, 12 by 18, 2s. 6d. each. Each Set post free, 3s.

LEATHER and how it is prepared, with specimens of lamb skin, sheep skin, dressed, dyed, tanned, grained, glazed, enamelled, hide tanned, for boot soles, with explanatory notes on the several processes of tanning, tawing, carrying, &c., by C. W. B. BURDETT, Head Master, Leather Trades School, London. 2s. 6d.

GLASS, and how it is made, showing the sand, potash, and other materials of which glass is composed, and specimens of the fused compositions in the several stages of melting, &c., up to the perfected substance, with explanatory notes of glass manufacture, 2s. 6d.; also, a set of "12 Natural Products," "12 Manufactured Substances," "12 Metallic Minerals," and "12 Fossils," each set 2s. 6d.

CANDLES, and how they are made, with specimens of shale, paraffin, tallow, stearine, ozokerit, wax and spermacetic crude and refined with completed candle ready for use, with notes of manufacture. 2s. 6d.

SOAP, and how it is made, with specimens of the basis of soap; also tallow, resin, soda, potash, and sample pieces of curd, yellow, and other soap, with notes of their manufacture. 2s. 6d.

SPONGE, what it is, and how it is procured, with 16 samples of native, Egyptian, Florida, Cuban, and other sponges from the Mediterranean, Florida, Gulf of Mexico, and the West Indies, with complete explanatory notes as to what sponge really is, the nature, definition, variety, and uses of the several kinds, with their geographical distribution. 2s. 6d.

COTTON, and how it is made, with notes and specimens of native cotton from the pod upwards, in its several conditions of spinning, manufacture and dyeing, &c., to perfected sewing cotton ready for use. 2s. 6d.

PINS, and how they are made, with explanatory notes showing, with specimens of wire, the manufacture of a pin through its several stages to a completed pin. 2s. 6d.

NEEDLES, and how they are made, with explanatory notes, and 17 specimens of wire, showing the various processes in the manufacture of a needle from the commencement to the complete packet of needles ready for sale. 2s. 6d.

BLACK LEAD PENCILS, and how they are made, with specimens of plumbago (or black lead), and cedar wood, showing the grooving, fitting in, polishing, and other processes of the manufacture of a cedar pencil, and explanatory notes. 2s. 6d.

PENS, and how they are made, with 15 specimens of metal, showing the various stages of the manufacture up to the completed pen, ready for use, with notes. 2s. 6d.

PAPER, and how it is made, with explanatory notes on the art of paper-making, including specimens of wood pulp, hay, straw, esparto, and other vegetable fibre, of which paper is made, and samples of the various paper manufactured from the foregoing materials. 2s. 6d.

SILK, and how it is made, with explanatory notes on the manufacture of silk from the cocoon to the silk thread, ready for use, with specimens of the same in its various processes of manufacture. 2s. 6d.

WOOL, and how it is made, exhibiting its manufacture from the fleece of the sheep, step by step, to finished yarn in readiness for knitting, with accompanying notes for teachers' use. 2s. 6d.

GLOVES (of kid), and how they are made, with explanatory notes of glove manufacture, with specimens of goat skin, and kid in its several stages of manufacture up to the finished glove, including remarks on the staining, staking, paring, tanning, cutting, &c. 2s. 6d.

ROPE, and how it is made, with explanatory notes on the manufacture of rope from hemp, sisal hemp, manilla, &c., in its several stages to the completed tarred rope ready for sailors' use. 2s. 6d.

WOOD, and its uses. 24 specimens of the most well-known woods, indicating the countries in which the several species grow, in ash, birch, beech, elm, oak, cedar, box, chestnut, ebony, fir, pine, maple, sycamore, lime, mahogany, satin, rosewood, bass, teak, walnut, deal, and giving the purposes for which they are used. 2s. 6d.

METALS, their sources and uses. This is a series of 2-in. specimens of iron, steel, tin, lead, zinc, copper, bronze, brass, pewter, nickel, German silver, and aluminium, with notes giving the sources and uses of each metal, as also that of the richer and rarer metals of gold, silver, platinum, etc. 2s. 6d.

ALSO

COMBS, BRUSHES, FLAX, LINEN, TABLE KNIVES, POCKET KNIVES, SCISSORS, SPOONS, FORKS, COINS, &c., and How they are Made.

COX & CO., 99, New Oxford Street, LONDON,
AND OF ALL EDUCATIONAL DEPOTS.

HIGHEST AWARD AT FOOD AND COOKERY EXHIBITION, LONDON, MAY 1895.

PROMOTE DIGESTION.

REGD.

REGD.



REGD.

REGD.

SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY
IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

The Public are cautioned against accepting from Bakers Spurious Imitations of "HOVIS," which having met with such unprecedented success, is being copied in many instances as closely as can be done without risk. If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield.

BEWARE! *Bakers recommending another bread in place of "HOVIS" do so for their own profit.* **BEWARE!**

A Political Story of the Times.

BLASTUS:

The King's Chamberlain.

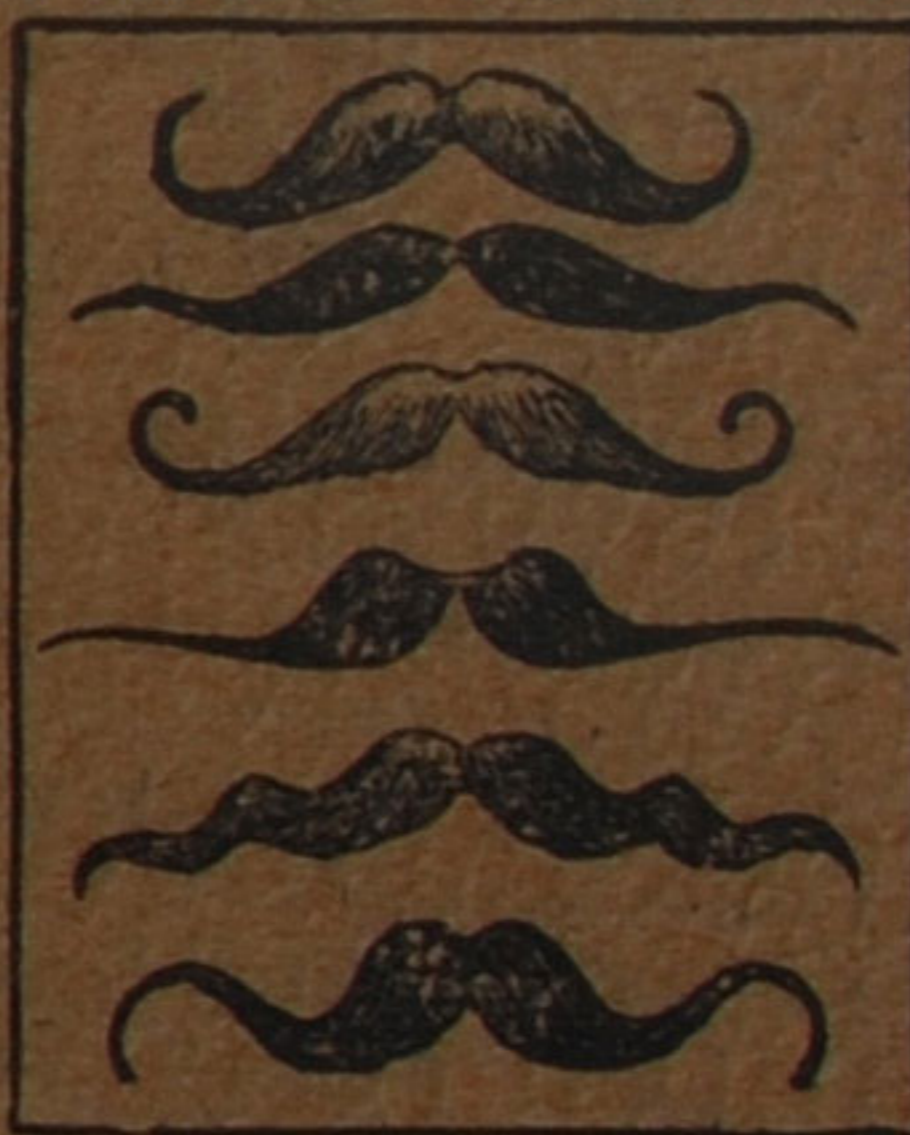
By W. T. STEAD.

Copiously Illustrated. Price 1s.

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS" OFFICE,
Mowbray House, Norfolk St., W.C.

TRAIN YOUR MOUSTACHE

in the way it should go.



Carter's Threxaline is a unique transparent fluid for training, fixing, and beautifying the Moustache of all sorts and conditions of men. Has never been equalled for holding the Moustache in any position.

Prepared only by
JOHN CARTER,
HAIRDRESSER,
At the Old Palace of
Henry the 8th,
17, FLEET ST., E.C.
Price, post free, 2/9, 5/9,
and 10/9.

GIVEN AWAY!—Re-vulcanised Gold Medal Rubber Stamps.

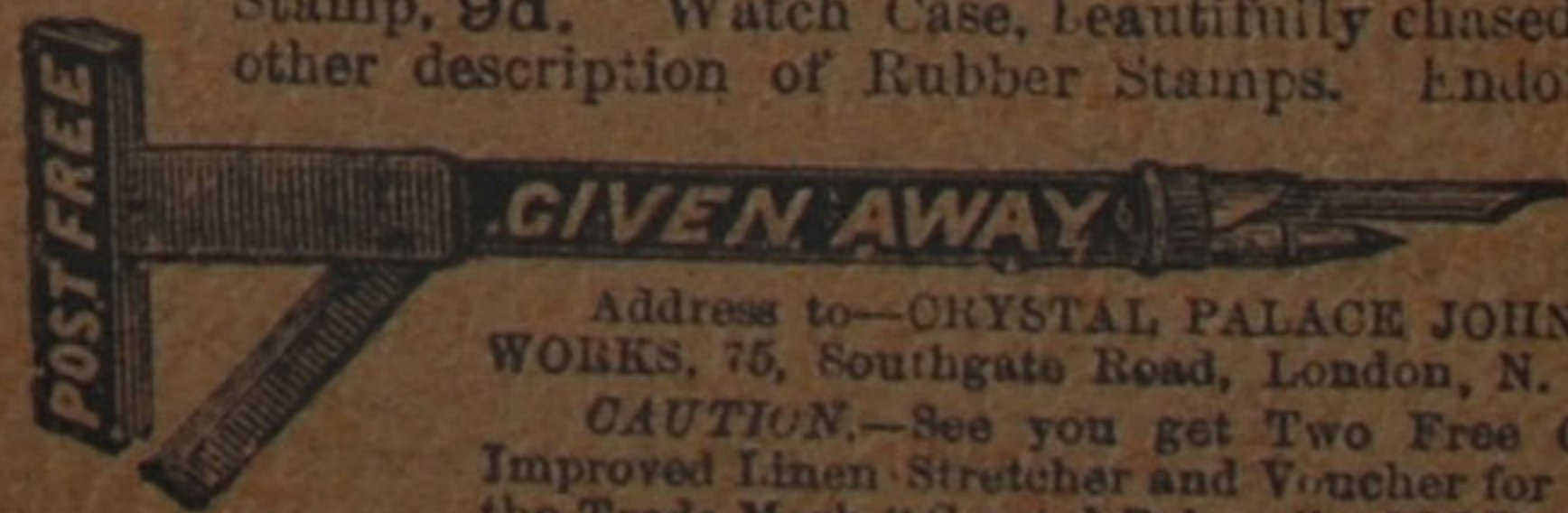
Your Name, your Monogram, bottle of Endorsing Ink, two Pads, Box and Brush post free, 9d.;



with Marking Ink, 1s. 3d. Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, with Name Stamp, 6d. Nickel Silver Name and Address Stamp, 9d. Watch Case, beautifully chased, with Name and Address Stamp, 1s.;

and every other description of Rubber Stamps. Endorsing and Indelible Inks, Stencils, Hand-printing appliances, &c., at half the usual price.

Send for List. Agents Wanted. Refuse Imitations.



Address to—CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S (DAUGHTERS), GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK WORKS, 75, Southgate Road, London, N.

CAUTION.—See you get Two Free Gifts with enlarged 1s. Blue Wrapper Marking Ink—an Improved Linen Stretcher and Voucher for your Rubber Stamp. The Original and Genuine Label has the Trade Mark "Crystal Palace." **SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

FRY'S

"STRONGEST AND BEST."—*Health.*

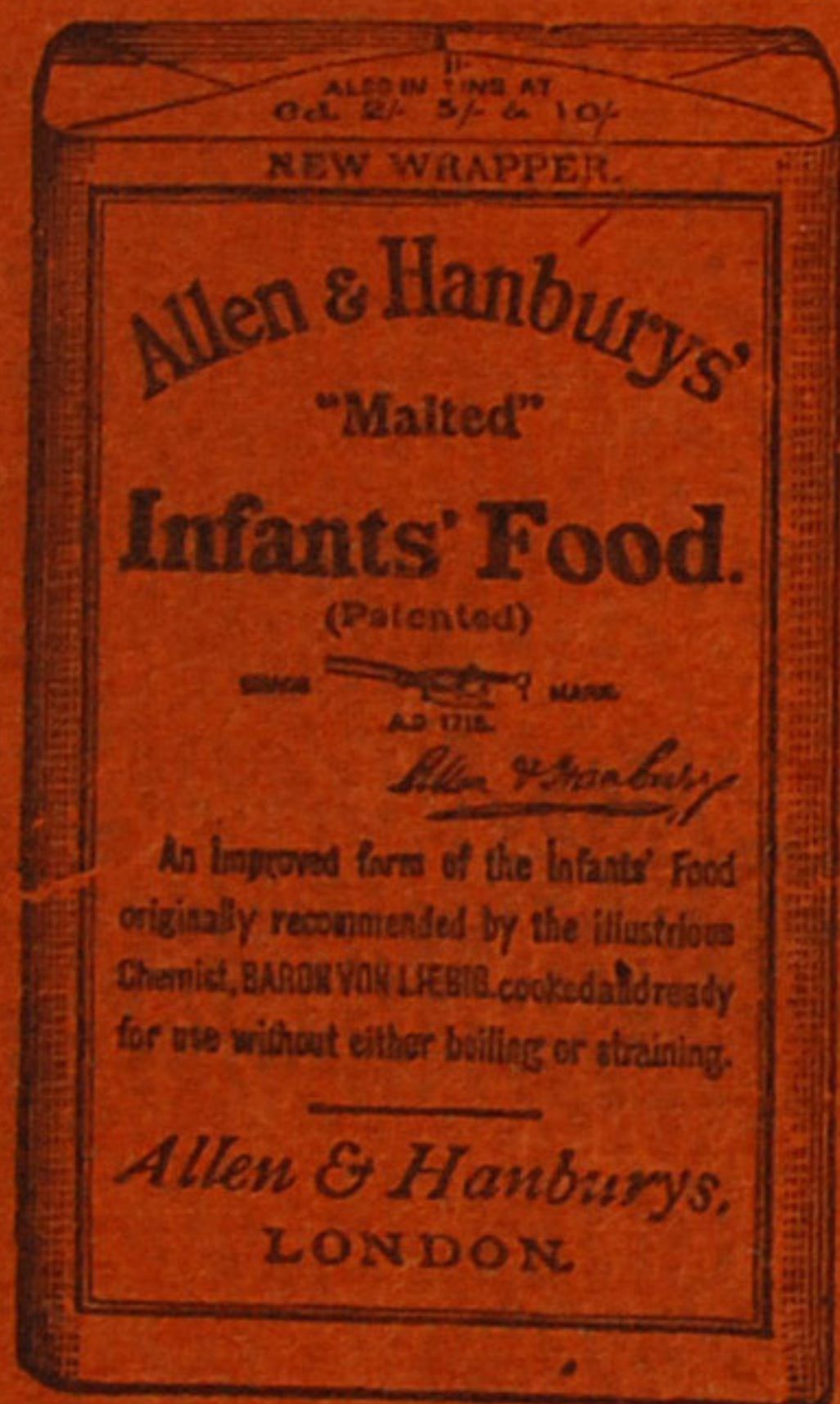
PURE
CONCENTRATED

100
PRIZE MEDALS.

COCOA

Purchasers should ask specially for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

"No Better Food Exists."—*London Medical Record.*



Allen & Hanburys' Food.

Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Food, and it only requires a trial to be permanently adopted for the rearing of young Children. It forms a highly concentrated and self-digesting nutriment, containing all that is necessary for the formation of firm flesh and bone in a partially soluble and readily assimilable form. It is eagerly taken when other foods are rejected. It is free from the drawbacks of the ordinary Farinaceous foods, whilst it contains valuable elements of nutrition which are wholly absent from milk foods.

Sold in Tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. each, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

BOVRIL,

THE VITAL PRINCIPLE OF PRIME OX BEEF, STRENGTHENS THE STRONG AND INVIGORATES INVALIDS.

IT FORMS A NOURISHING BEVERAGE OR (ON TOAST) A DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS, BREAKFAST RELISH, AND IS UNEQUALLED FOR ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, AND ALL MADE DISHES.

Sole Advertisement Agents:—*JOHN HADDON & CO., Bouverie House, Salisbury Square, E.C.*

Published for the Proprietor by *HORACE MARSHALL & SON, at 125, Fleet Street, London, E.C.*