

The Athenæum, and California critic

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1858

THE
ATHENÆUM
AND CALIFORNIA CRITIC.

FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE MEMORABLE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. I.—NO. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

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THE ATHENÆUM,
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SALUTATORY.

Our National Literature.

In assuming the responsibilities connected with an undertaking like that of publishing a Literary Periodical in California, we feel it to be proper to explain, somewhat in detail, the considerations which have prompted us to this step, the motives which have actuated us, and the objects which we aim to accomplish. We feel convinced that the progress of Literature is intimately associated with our growth as a community and a people; for, as we well know, the Literature of any nation must exert a powerful influence on the national destiny. Acting as it does, not merely on the schools, but also on the homes of a land, it must from those fountains send out its waters of healing or of bitterness, of blessing or of strife. We know that it is not mere physical advantages that have gained, or that can retain for this country, its political privileges. We have witnessed how the physical condition of a people may remain unchanged, while their moral condition is deteriorating rapidly and fatally. We remember that the same sun shone on Marathon, when it was the heritage and the battle-ground of freemen; and when, in later and more disastrous days, it re-echoed to the footsteps of the Greek bondsman and his Ottoman oppressor. We look to Literature, and other moral causes, then, as determining, to some extent, the future history of our land. We are aware that Literature is not always of a healthy character, nor does it at all times exercise a conservative influence. It is like the vegetation of the earth, of varied nature; and with the richness of the soil, it springs up too often in noxious weeds. True, much of it is the waving harvest that fills our garners and piles our boards with plenty; but much of it has been, like the rank ivy, hastening the decay it serves to hide, and crumbling into speedier ruin the edifice it seems to adorn.

By the Literature of a land, we mean more than the mere issues from the press of a nation. Language, as soon as it is made the subject of culture, seems to give birth to Literature. And such culture may exist where the use of the press, and even of the pen, are unknown. The

old Gaelic poetry, on which Macpherson founded his Ossianic forgeries, was a part of the nation's Literature while yet unwritten. Thus, the arguments of the bar, or the appeals of the pulpit, the floating proverbs, or the current legends of the nation, and the ballads, and even the jests, which no antiquary may as yet have secured and written down, are expressions of the popular mind, which may, with some show of reason, be claimed as forming no small and no unimportant part of the popular Literature.

The errand of all language is to create sympathy; to waft from one human bosom the feelings that stir it, that they may awaken a corresponding response in other hearts. The word that drops from our lips takes its irrevocable flight, and leaves behind its indelible imprint. And if the winged words, heedless and unpremeditated, of our lips are thus influential, it cannot be supposed that those words, when fixed by the art of writing, or scattered by the art of printing, either have less power over society, or are in the eye of heaven clothed with less solemn responsibilities. A written Literature embalms the perishable, arrests the progress of decay, and gives to our words a longer life and a wider scope of influence. Such words, so preserved and so diffused, are the results, too, of more than ordinary deliberation. If malicious, their malice is malice premeditated. If foolish, their folly is studied, and obstinate, and shameless. The babbler sines in the ear of a few friends, and in the privacy of home. The frivolous or vicious writer sines, as on a wider theatre, and before the eyes of thousands, while the echoes of the press waft his words to distant lands and later times. And because much of this Literature is hasty and heedless, ludicrous in tone and careless in style, soon to evaporate and disappear, like the froth on some hurried stream, we are not to suppose that it is therefore of no practical influence. The trivial and the ephemeral, as they float by, in glittering bubbles, to the dull waters of oblivion, may yet work irreparable and enduring mischief ere their brief career ends; and the results may continue, vast and permanent, when the fleeting causes which operated have long gone by. In other times, a forged prayer-book aided to restore a dynasty, and the tagged rhymes of a street song helped to overturn it. According to Eastern belief, the plague that wastes a city may be communicated by the gift of a glove or ribbon. The spark struck from the iron heel of a laborer may have disappeared ere the eye could mark its transient lustre, yet ere it expired have fired the train which explodes a magazine, lays a town in ruins, and spreads around a wide circuit alarm and lamentation, bereavement and death.

Into the field of Literature, thus understood,

thus wide in its range and various in its products, thus influential even when the most careless, and thus clothed with the most solemn responsibilities, it is our purpose now to enter. We therefore propose, in this article, to mark out our line of action, to point out the difficulties we expect to encounter, and the triumph we hope to gain.

In this country, Literature is subject to certain peculiar influences, perhaps no where else found in the same combination, or operating to the same extent. We are a young community, inhabiting, and called to subdue, a wide territory. Youth is the season of hope, enterprise, and energy—and it is so to a community as well as to an individual. Our Literature is likely, therefore, to be ardent, original, and at times somewhat boastful. These are the excellencies and the foibles of youth. We entered, as by right of inheritance, upon the possession of the rich and ancient Literature of Britain, at the very outset of our national career. As a people we enjoy that freedom which has ever been the indulgent nurse of talent in all times and in all lands. The people are here the kings; and while some of our sovereigns are toiling in the field or delving in the mines, others are speaking through the press. Our authors are all royal by political right, if not by the birthright of genius. In addition to the advantages of our schools, which travel as it were to every man's door, our writers, publishers and instructors are sedulously preparing Literature for the use of the masses: while the cheap periodical press is snowing its thick and incessant storm of knowledge over the whole face of our land. But, unfortunately, this knowledge is not all of the most valuable kind. A free Literature, if not guided and guarded by Christianity, soon merges into Licentiousness—just as Liberty, when abused, lapses into Anarchy.

It becomes an important inquiry, then, what moral shape our Literature is assuming, under the plastic influences brought to bear upon it. We ask, as change succeeds change, and as one omen of moral progress follows close upon another, "Watchman, what of the night?" Alas! the answer must be that evils are endangering our rising Literature; evils that threaten to suffuse the bloom of its youth with their fatal virus. There are evils growing up with a giant growth in our field of letters, which it becomes us to seek to eradicate; and hopeless should we be of all our efforts, did we not trust in the Author of all knowledge, and the final Arbiter who will bring into judgment all our employments, whether literary or practical, social or solitary.

Among the evil tendencies that beset our youthful Literature, and are likely to thwart and mar its progress, we would name the *mechanical*

and utilitarian spirit of the times. We are as a nation eminently practical in our character. It is well that we should be so. But this trait in our national feelings and manners has its excesses, and its consequent perils. Placed in a country where labor and integrity soon acquire wealth, the love of wealth has become a passion with multitudes. The lust of gain seems at times a national sin, easily besetting all classes of society among us. Fierce speculations at certain intervals engross the hearts of the community, and a contagious frenzy sends men from all walks of life and all occupations, into the field of traffic. Fortunes are rapidly made, and as rapidly lost. The nation seems to be lifted up as on a rushing tide of hope and prosperity. It subsides as rapidly as it has risen; and on every side are seen strewn the wrecks of fortune, credit, character, and principle. All this affects our Literature. We are, in the influential classes, a matter-of-fact and money-getting race. In the clank and din of our never-tiring machinery, the voice of wisdom is often drowned, and the most momentous and stirring truths are little esteemed, because they cannot be rated in the Price Current or sold on the Exchange. Thus a philosophy of expediency springs up, which sacrifices every thing to mere material results;—a philosophy which is driving rapidly against those bulwarks of moral principle which are grounded in the law, and built into the very throne of God.

We need not say that where this utilitarian and mechanical spirit acquires the ascendancy in our Literature, it must operate dangerously on the State. The propriety that is built on gain, and the morality that is built on expediency, will save no nation. Woe to that nation in which Political Economy swallows up all its Theology. The declining glories of Tyre and Holland, each in her day mistress of the sea, and guardian of its treasures, read us an admonitory lesson as to the fatal blight that such a spirit breathes over the freedom, the arts, and the learning of a land.

The Literature of our country, more readily than that of earlier times or of older countries, moulds the political action of the nation. And what are the components of that Literature? Examine our multitudinous political journals, and they too often are found filled with tales of blood and violence—paudering to a corrupted and vitiated taste—revelling in the grossest violations of social courtesy—dealing in criminalations and recriminations—advocating the appeal to weapons of deadly strife for the settlement of political differences;—and, in fact, too often disregarding all restraint, and defying all law! And what is the certain and inevitable result of this kind of teaching? Why, morality gives way to expediency, and refinement and courtesy yield to bravado and force.

Let us allude briefly to another inimical influence by which our Literature suffers. Our age is eminently, in some of its leading minds, an age of *passion*. This is seen in the character of much of the most popular Literature, and especially the Poetry of our day. Much of this has been the poetry of intense passion, it mattered little how unprincipled that passion might be. From the pure and classical schools of Milton and Goldsmith, we have gradually descended to the less chaste imagery of Byron, and in our own

times to the *spasmodic* schools of Tennyson, Do- bell, and Alexander Smith. It is true that these later schools of Literature have talent and genius, high powers of imagination and language, and boiling energy; but it is, much of it, the energy of a fallen and revolted angel, with no regard for the right, no vision into eternity, and no hold on heaven. We desire not to limit Literature to the actual, for this would be to curtail her of her lawful and most delightful province. But we would have her to be chaste in her imaginings; and we prefer to eschew Poetry altogether, when she parts company with Propriety, because then we could not have Modesty by our side to listen to her outpourings, or ask Innocence to sympathize with us in her communings. We are done with her when her conceptions raise a blush, or the remotest indication of one, on the cheek that should never glow with other than a holy or healthful agitation; or when her expressions startle the fibres which reach to the citadel where we would have Purity sit enshrined and immaculate.—

“—Chaste as the icicle,
That’s curled by the frost of purest snows,
And hangs on Dian’s temple.”

Passion divorced from Virtue is ultimately among the feeblest enemies to literary excellence. It substitutes as a guide in morals, sentiment for conscience. It has much of occasional tenderness, and can melt at times into floods of sympathy; but this softness is found strangely blended with a savage violence. Such things often co-exist. But it is easily explained. It has been found so in all times when passion has been made to take the place of reason as the guide of a people. The luxurious and the cruel, the fierce and the voluptuous, the licentious and the relentless, readily coalesce; and we soon are made to perceive the fitness of the classic fable by which, in the old Greek mythology, Venus was seen knitting her hands with Mars,—the goddess of sensuality allying herself with the god of slaughter. We say, much of the Literature of the present and the last generation is thus the caterer of passion—lawless, fierce, and vindictive passion. The lewd pantomime and dance, from which the less refined fashion of other times would have turned her blushing and indignant face, the gorgeous spectacle and the show of wild beasts, and even the sanguinary pugilistic combat, that sometimes recall the gladiatorial shows of old Rome, have become, in our day, the favorite recreations of some classes among the lovers of pleasure. The theater and the saloon flaunt their gaudy fascinations in the faces of our citizens seven nights in the week, in open and shameless defiance of that law spoken amidst the thunders of Sinai, “Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.” These are nearly the same with the favorite entertainments of the later Greek empire, when, plethoric by its wealth and enervated by its luxury, that power was about to be trodden down by the barbarian invasions of the north.

Far be it from us to decry earnestness when shown in the cause of truth and justice, or to forget how the passion awakened in some revolutionary crisis of a people’s history has often infused into the productions of genius an unwonted energy, and clothed them as with an immortal vigor. But it is passion yoked to the chariot of reason, and curbed by the strong hand of principle; laboring in the traces, but not

grasping the reins. But set aside argument and truth, and give to passion its unchecked course, and the effect is fatal. It may at first seem to clothe a Literature with new energy, but it is the mere energy of intoxication soon spent, and for which there speedily comes a sure reckoning. The bonds of principle are loosened, the tastes and habits of society corrupted. The intense is substituted for the natural and the true. What is effective is sought for rather than what is exact. Our Literature therefore has little, in such portions of it, of the high finish and serene repose of the master-pieces of classic antiquity, where passion in its highest flights is seen wearing gracefully all the restraining rules of art, and power toils ever as under the severe eye of order.

A kindred evil, the natural result and accompaniment of that to which we have adverted, and like it fatal to the best interests of Literature, is the *lawlessness*, unhappily but too rife through large districts of our territory, and in various classes of its inhabitants. Authority in the parent or the magistrate seems daily to be held by a less firm tenure. Obedience seems to be regarded rather as a boon, and control resented as usurpation. The restraints of honesty in the political and commercial intercourse of society, seem more feebly felt. In the matter of good faith between man and man, as to pecuniary engagements, the wheels of the social machine groan ominously, as if they were, by some internal dislocation or convulsion, ready to tear asunder the fabric of society. Private revenge and the sudden ebullitions of criminal violence, disregarding all delays and dispensing with all forms, seem in some districts ready to supplant the quiet administration of the laws. Already human life is less secure in many portions of our Republic, than under some of the European monarchies. In the chief city of the Southern Atlantic States, the yells of a brutal mob, maddened with the excitement of a political contest, even to the shedding of blood, have within the last few weeks been heard; while, within the last year, even the streets of our national capital—baptized by the name and hallowed by the genius of WASHINGTON—have been stained with the blood of the victims of a rabble!

Would that the picture thus dark were but the sketch of fancy;—unhappily, its gloomy hues are the stern coloring of Truth. Can the patriot, as he watches such omens, fail to see the coming judgment? Can he shut his eyes against the fact so broadly printed on all the pages of history, that so anxiously makes despotism necessary;—that men who are left lawless soon fly for refuge even to a sceptre of iron and a law of blood;—that a Robespierre has ever prepared the way for a Bonaparte, and the arts of a Cataline have ever smoothed the path for the violence of a Cesar? In all this we can trace the influence of our Literature. Vandal and profligate to a degree, countenancing “the laws of honor,” and setting the example of lawlessness, our people are reaping the fruits sown and cultivated by the press.

Another of the perils which seem to us lying in the way of our rising Literature, and influencing to a considerable degree its character and tone, is a *false liberalism*. To a healthy toleration we can never be opposed. Something of this toleration is required by our free intercourse with many lands. The wonders of steam have

melted the nations most highly civilized into comparative uniformity and unity. Our colonists are the emigrants of many shores. In this audience are found blended the blood of the Celt and the Saxon, the Norman and the Roman. We are the scions alike from the stock of those who fought beneath, and those who warred successively against, the eagles of the old Latin empire. More easily than the English, the ancestors whom many of us claim, we adopt the peculiarities of other nations. And all this is well. But when we suffer these influences to foster in us the notion that all the moral peculiarities, and all the forms of faith marking the various tribes from which our country is supplied, and with which our commerce connects us, are alike valuable—when, instead of an enlightened love of truth wherever found, we learn indifference to all truth, and call this new feeling superiority to prejudice:—when we learn to think of morals as if they were little more than a conventional matter, the effect of habit or tradition—we are learning lessous alike irrational, perilous, and untrue.

The spirit of Pope's Universal Prayer seems to many, in consequence of these and other influences, the essence of an enlightened Christian charity. They would classify Confucius, Mohammed, and even Joe Smith, with Christ. They would place the Koran and the Shaster side by side with the Scriptures. But it is worse than idle thus to confound all moral distinctions. And yet this is the wisdom, vaunted and profound, of our times; a return, in fact, to those discoveries described of old in a venerable volume we all wot of, in the brief and pithy sentences, "The world by wisdom knew not God." The result of its arrogant self-confidence is blindness to the great fact blazing on the whole face of creation, and deafness to the dread voice that speaks out of all history, the truth that there is a God. And hence, not so much from any singular cogency in his reasoning, as from the palatableness of the results which that reasoning reaches, Baruch Spinoza, the Pantheist Jew, has risen from long years of obscurity again in the view of some scholars in Germany, Britain, and America, to the rank of a guide in morals and a master of religious philosophy. When his philosophy becomes prevalent, all forms of religion are alike true, or, in other words, alike false; and room is made for a new religion by which man shall worship Nature or himself. But let such a doctrine come among us and grow to be popular. Let it pass from the libraries of a few dreaming scholars into our schools, our workshops, our farm-houses, and our homes. Like an active poison, released from its confinement in the dim laboratory of the chemist, where it was comparatively unknown and innocuous, let it be sprinkled into every pipkin simmering upon the cottage hearths of our country; let our newspapers drop the doctrine, as a manna of death, from their multitudinous wings, around every hamlet and habitation of the land—and what were the result? Where, in one brief month, were our freedom, our peace, our morals?—all a buried wreck, submerged beneath a weltering ocean of misery and sin. The soul with no immortal heritage—crime released from its fears of the avenger—sorrow stripped of its hope of a comforter—the world without a Governor and the race left fatherless, with the fact of the

redemption and the hope of the resurrection alike blotted out:—surely these are doctrines which no false claims of liberality can palliate. And yet to such tremendous results is tending much of the mis-called liberality of our times.

Another evil periling our rising Literature, and the last to which we shall allude in this article, is that fostered by the school of *romance*. Literary journals flood our country, filled with tales made up of an indiscriminate mixture of moonlight and mystery, sentiment and sighs, broken hearts, perjured vows, and a variety of startling and tragical denouements, "too numerous to mention." In the Literature of France, the contest a few years since so eagerly waged among that mercurial people between the classical and the romantic schools, would seem now to have been decided to the advantage of the latter; thus attaching the European mind, as by a new bond, to the Mediæval times. Much of this may be, and probably is, the fleeting fancy of the season. And all these things may seem to some minds but fantasies of the day, and fashions that are soon to pass away; but it should be remembered that such fantasies have in passing shaken thrones and subverted dynasties; and such fashions of feeling, if we call them so, have maddened whole nations, and once armed France, in the times of her Revolution, as one man against the rest of Europe—and once, in the days of the Crusades, hurled Europe, in one embattled mass, upon Asia.

We have now noticed in detail some of the perils besetting the future course of our Literature. Some of them may appear to our readers trivial; but in our view they are trivial only as are the weeds which float in the edge of the Gulf Stream. Light and valueless in themselves, they yet serve to remind the wary navigator what coast he is nearing, and what the currents whose noiseless power is drifting his bark away from her appointed course. Did any one of these several perils operate separately, it would be more easy to prognosticate from the signs of the times, regarding the destinies of American Literature. The utilitarian and mechanical spirit would threaten our literary glories with the fate of Holland, whose early splendor of scholarship was so fatally beclouded by her subsequent lust of gain. The prevalence of passion would conform us to the imbecile, luxurious, trifling, and vindictive character that mars so much the glory of modern Italy. The reign of lawlessness would revivo in our history the later ages of Republican Greece—her anarchy, violence, and blood. The sway of a false liberalism would renew on American shores the crimes and sufferings of the Reign of Terror in France, when Anacharsis Clootz led his motley representatives of the whole human race to do honor to the French Republic.

The influence of a demoralized and demoralizing Literature it is scarce possible to portray in too gloomy colors. Our cheap press, from its powers of diffusive influence, would make a Literature that should be merely frivolous, and not flagrantly vicious, one of no little harm to the mental soundness of the nation. If the press be more than frivolous, if it have become licentious, its ravages on a reading community and in a free country,—and such a community and country God has made ours,—are incalculable. For character and private peace, for honesty and morals, for the domestic charities, and for life

itself, there remains no asylum on earth, when such a press is allowed to run a muck against the victims that its caprice, its interest, or its pique may select. There have been newspapers circulating in Christian America that would have been hailed in the Cities of the Plain, on the day ere the avenging fires fell from heaven, as the utterances of no uncongenial spirit. There have been seen as Editors, men whose hearts seem to have become first ossified, and then caried, in the exercise of their vocation; alike hardened in feeling and corrupted in principle,—men who had no mercy, no conscience, and no shame!

We write boldly and plainly, but truthfully—and we cannot ignore these things because we belong to that sex which men suppose are incapable of looking crime straight in the face, and unmasking its deformity. And while we have not the remotest wish to fasten these charges upon any of our cotemporaries in particular, we fearlessly assert that comparatively few are entirely exempt from them; indeed, we have to be constantly vigilant lest we ourselves become amenable to the same influences. For a profligate Literature destroys itself and the community who patronize it. Let Literature be sold into bondage to immorality, and its days are henceforth numbered, as well by the very nature of the human mind, as by the laws of the Divine Government. Genius, when grinding, like a blind Sampson, in the prison-house of vice, ultimately perishes in its task, and leaves no heir. It may not so seem at first. A delirious frenzy may appear to call forth fresh eloquence and harmony, and every Muse, dissolute and shameless, may wave aloft the thyrsus of a mad Bacchant. Science, and art, and wit, and eloquence, have thus aided in the erection of shrines to immortality; but they have languished and died amidst their toils. A profligate people soon cease to be intelligent, and their Literature loses all living power, all ability to perpetuate itself. The Literature of a dead past is soon all that remains to a vicious community. And when the proudest monument of unprincipled talent and perverted genius has been completed, and stands perfect in beauty, its last chapter carved and fixed, its topmost pinnacle glittering on high, its last statue polished and fitted in its appointed niche, the nation may have exulted in the splendor of its immoral poetry, and eloquence, and art. But that nation, even in the hour of its triumph, stands before its trophies, bereft of the talent that had aided in its work, desolate and lonely. For talent, prostituted in the cause of vice, pines amidst its successes, and dies; and an imbruted community, it is generally seen, by a just retribution of Providence, soon buries in oblivion the Literature that has corrupted and disgraced it.

In concluding this article we have only to say, that in the editorial conduct of THE ATHENÆUM, we shall strive to avoid those perils which we have pointed out as besetting our rising Literature. At any rate, whether or not it ever becomes a paying investment to the projectors, we are determined that it shall maintain a high position, and that it shall ever strive, with all its strength and energy, to restore the conservative principle in our Literature.

It now remains for the people of California to pronounce upon our enterprise. We cannot hope to attain to perfection, but at least we may hope to avoid those perils which we have pointed out.

Original.

THE DREAM-ANGEL.

'T was the noon hour of my birth night,
Through the dim, dream-laden air,
Drooped from out the dying hearth light
Fornms mysteriously fair.

And among them, robed serenely
In her smiles I may not name,
Young, and beautiful, and queenly,
Lo, a bright dream-angel came!

Laid her hand upon my shoulder,
Smiled so sweetly from above,
Can you wonder that I told her
All the story of my love?

How before on my young dreaming
Smiled an angel here below—
How I woke and found it seeming—
I and Lula, long ago.

Tell me, cried I, angel lonely,
Hath not earth the bliss I crave?
Shall this hermit heart find only
Kindred spirits in the grave?

Sweetly then as bridal vespers
Whispering bliss in bridal ears,
Spake she thus, in sylid whispers
Spake she of the coming years.

Restless bark on restless oceans,
Tossing over, never still—
Chasing bubbles, chasing troubles,
At the stormy life-sea's will;

Yet despair not—if thou stemmest
Life's wave nobly, thy brave arm
Still shall strengthen with the tempest,
Grow immortal with the storm!

Early won and early broken,
Long thy heart in its unrest
Close shall clasp its pangs unspoken,
Proud, and weary, and unblest.

Seek not, then, among the earthly,
Human sympathy or love—
Death to thee shall thy true birth be—
Rest is only found above!

Then, methought, as wind harp, sweet-stringed,
Breathing melodies divine,
Whispered low thy death-winged,
As her angel lips met mine:

Hope then ever, faint thou never,
With life's weary burden tried—
One shall prove thee, one shall love thee,
One shall be thy spirit bride!

With no sweet smiles from hope's blest isles,
Genius dies in its own clime—
Still the art is where the heart is,
Love alone makes life sublime!

Then the embers from their slumbers
With a sudden brightness shone
O'er the seeming of that dreaming,
And I woke—and she was gone!

Why the strange spell of that angel,
Do you ask?—I only know
That she came and smiled the same
As did Lula, long ago!

And though no more through life's dream door,
Cometh she of the snow wing—
Round my heart walls angel footfalls
Evermore are echoing.

Original.

THE MYRTLE MYSTERY.

AN EPISODE OF MY LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

BY G. W. W.

THE Manse of Myrtle! Ah! the dear old place.
The light of setting suns be on it, and steep it
calm in peace and rest for ever. The Manse of
Myrtle! dear many ways to me, and the very
name of it a bright and happy thing, because
linked with many a sunny scene of youth and
joy, that gladdened, with the early gladness that
comes not back again, the days "when we all
were young together, and the earth was new to
me;" when each fresh morning brought with it
a daily miracle—each "dewy eve," in the glory
of its sunset, an ecstasy of adoration—each quick
hour the keen, and, as yet, unwearied joy and
delight of living the life intense of youth, and
health, and happiness.

Through vistas now bright, now shaded, I look

back, as I write, on many a scene on which it is
sweet to linger, and from which it was sad, long,
long ago to part. To me no more return the vi-
vid pleasures of the morn of life—the brilliant
hopes, the proud ambitions—the burning love
and hate—the living, bounding mirthfulness—
the outflowing sympathy with life, and light, and
beauty. Shadows have gathered—clouds roll
heavily on the horizon—I hear cold meaning
winds that shake the yellow leaves around me.
My hair grows gray—my eyes are dimmer than
they used to be—the sunshine still is bright to
them, but I need a pair of spectacles to see the
pale and solemn stars of midnight; yet the Manse
of Myrtle is still loved and looked back to as of
yore, and the farther my skiff drifts down the
stream, the more in memory I seek the pleasant
haunts wreathed with summer flowers—shaded
with murmurous woods—bright with soft sun-
shine, that smiled o'er its early flowing. Ten-
der, more softly, lovelly, and serene beams the
light that shone upon our youth, as we reach
slowly, regretfully, the farthest stages of our
journey towards the Silent Land.

'Tis a summer eventide: the sun sank half-
an-hour ago, and the broad moon is just shed-
ding her "twilights of silver" on the thin
tops of the tall pines. Still on the Loch lingers
the orange and crimson glow of the flushing sky
—the world is still, and all the hollow of the air
is filled with the sweet scents of flowers, and the
long, low trills of birds. Fleeting from the misty
hay-fields come cool and dewy breaths of air;
and now, as in many another quiet hour, the old
Memory rises up like a silvery mist from the
meadows, and before me I behold the good old
Manse of Myrtle—the bold, square house, with
its low wings and one round turret—the laurel-
circled lawn—the alley opening into the garden,
and beyond, the glancing river—and, with the
vision, one reminiscence comes to me which will
out, so I must tell it—and here goes.

We were a happy party at the Manse of Myr-
tle in July—ah! no matter how many years ago.
Save Dr. Craigie, I was the only gentleman in
the house, and so had all the ladies' society to
myself—and what a charming let were they?—
The Doctor's three fair daughters—Helen, and
Mary, and Violet—and their bright friend from
the wilds of Kerry, Alice Herbert, and Miss Bar-
delph, from Buxton, the least interesting of the
party; a young lady of very stout proportions,
who valued herself exceedingly on her intellec-
tual attainments, and was everlastingly getting
into raptures about Scotland and the Stuarts,
whose blood, she affirmed, eddied in her veins;
though how it ever got into the ducts of a Bar-
delph I cannot imagine. But, Miss Bardolph
apart, the other four girls were spiritually, intel-
lectually, and æsthetically "pabulum" enough
for any man's soul in the glowing days of July.

We had no lack of amusements from morn till
night. The bell for family devotion rang at 9
A. M. precisely, and then you might hear, on stair
and in lobby, a leaf-like rustling, and a murmur
of happy voices converging towards the door of
the dining-room, where the breakfast table spread
its fair array, and where, in great dignity, in his
cosy chair, sat the good house-father, with the
great Bible on his knee. The deer flies back,
and in, fresh and fair, with the dew of youth
bright in their beaming eyes, and the fragrance
of life's sunny morning-land floating round them,

come the bewitching group! good morning, and
God bless them! Sweet it was, indeed, to listen
as their voices swelled the song of praise; and
passing sweet to echo under-breath their soft
"Our Father," as they prayed, along with the
dear Doctor, their Redeemer's prayer. Sweet,
too, to mark the while the bended heads, and the
droop of the beautiful tresses—though we own
our eyes should not have been open to see that
sight.

Then, the breakfast, eaten with no sickly ap-
petite, and merry with many a sparkle of unpre-
meditated glee. Then, after the morning meal,
the lounge in the garden, and the gathering un-
der the old elm where hung the swing. Oh, that
swing, that I nearly broke my back in adjusting
on the creaking branches! How I used to make
it fly up among the leaves with its light and elastic
lead—not light or elastic, on my word, when the
Bardolph was in it, upon whose rotund per-
son all my efforts were expended pretty much in
vain, for I never could get her to soar very far
from earth. But when Alice Herbert was the
swinger, and I the swinger—powers of gravita-
tion! how it went. Never did "the stary Gal-
ileo" mark with interest more riveted the lessen-
ing arcs of the lamps oscillating from the roof of
the Cathedral of Pisa, than I the sweep of that
rope and board, when her fair hands grasped the
one, and over the other streamed her jury dra-
pery, and back from her sunny brow blew the
glossy richness of her waving hair, as she flew
up to the green shadows of the branches, and
back with a rustle and a rush, while a single
touch of my hand, as she passed, sufficed to per-
petuate the motion. Then, tired of being swung
—though somehow I never grew tired of swing-
ing—the group would seek the drawing-room,
where they amused themselves for an hour or
two with what they called "work," while I oc-
cupied music, or wound silk, or talked nonsense,
or, if more seriously inclined, read to these charm-
ing auditors a chapter of Ruskin, or of Kingsley,
or recited a lay of the Scottish Cavaliers, or did
what justice my peer election could to the
"Letus Eaters," or the "Morte d'Arthur," or
"Mariana."

One afternoon I had been reading the "Letus
Eaters," just before lunch, after which we sallied
forth to take a ramble among the woods that
skirted the river. Somehow or other, I got be-
side Alice Herbert, and the rest of the party
gradually edged off here and there, so that at
length we found ourselves alone. I only half
liked this; for though to me her society was
always enchanting, yet I had an uneasy fear that
she considered me rather a bore, and a heavy
companion when no one else was by. However,
on the present occasion there was no help for it;
so we strolled on, plucking the wild flowers, and
watching the ripples on the stream that eddied
past close beside us. After some time, I pro-
posed we should sit down and await the arrival
of our friends; and Alice consenting, we seated
ourselves on a bank of soft, rich sward, under an
aged oak, who flung his gnarled branches over
the waters of the river. The sunshine was glanc-
ing gaily on the dimpled surface—the leaves
whispered in the faint and wandering breeze—
far away, the shadowy rim of hills quivered in
the hazy heat—nearer, the green fields stretched
peacefully on the opposite bank—and here and
there a brown cottage roof sent up a wavy spiro

of this, blue smoke. Alice and I sat down—I, most contentedly; she, I hope, equally so; but to this hour I know not if she were or no. Sometimes my heart misgave me, and I said to myself—"Confound it! I wish some one would turn up; she's thinking this terribly slow, I'm sure." Then, again, I would take heart of grace, and commune thus—"I could sit here all day with her, and never notice the time pass. I hope to goodness none of them will come bothering in this direction."

Oh! blessed days of youth, that have no sorrows and fears than these!

And so we sat and talked, and paused and talked again, and plucked the pretty mosses within reach, and the nodding heather-bells, and I got some of the large white daisies from the edge of the river, and she and I pulled off their leaves one by one, saying thus, to the first leaf—"Il (*elle*) *m'aime*;" to the second, "Il (*elle*) *m'aime pas*;" to the third, "*un peu*;" fourth, "*passionnément*;" fifth, "*point de tout*;" and so on, over and over, till the last petal, which to me (I had thought of Alice) turned out "*point de tout*," and to her (thinking of whom I knew not), "*passionnément*." And then we spoke of the language of flowers, and of flower-dials telling the hours by the opening and closing of their blossoms, whereof writes Mrs. Hemans:

"So might the days have been brightly told,
These days of songs and dreams,
When the shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

Then spoke we of Arcadia, of its Dryads and Oreads, and nymphs of faunt and stream; its Fauns and Satyrs, the shepherds and the pastoral pipes, the twilight dances, and the choral songs; and softly said Alice, in her silvery voice, so sweet and low, with just a soupçon of the Milesian tone in it—

"Nymphs and shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's billied banks,
On old Lycæus, or Cyrene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks."

"No more," I replied. "Well," says Max Piccolomini, in Coleridge's grand *Wallenstein*—
'All these have vanished; they live no longer
in the faith of Reason.'

"Yes," said Alice, "but he continues,
"Still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct sing back the old names."

"Bring back, I believe, Miss Herbert," said I; not *sing* back."

"Oh, surely, *sing* back."
No."

"Oh, yes. If Goethe did not write *sing* back, I am sure he meant it, and Coleridge mistook him. Music is the only spell that will recall these fair old forms of faith and love."

I could not dissent from so fair a thought, and had the audacity to take it as the text of what I thought a pretty speech. "Those old dreams of the Beautiful might people even this northern forest, if evoked by the music of your voice."

"There was no such thing as Solitude then," said Alice Herbert, taking not the slightest notice of my remark, somewhat to my chagrin; but her words struck me as true and thoughtful.

"No Solitude, then." Was there here an insight into that fair Greek Mythology? We were some of its loveliest developments but testimonies to man's yearning for companionship and sympathy?

"There was not," I replied. "The oak beneath which the woodman rested, spoke to him

with the sweet voice of woman; the glades were populous with graceful forms of airy girlhood, or with the figures of the grotesque Arcadian demigods; the fountain from which the wayfarer drank, murmured the name of its guardian nymph, and he poured forth to her, ere he left, a simple song of gratitude; the stream, in its liquid flowing, sang of the bright Oceanides to whose embrace it was speeding, and of the gray old River-god, wrapped in his robe of sedge, and crowned with willow, who fed its current 'from his sweet urns, day by day.'"

"Bravo!" cried Alice, laughingly, "you are waxing eloquent on the theme. Go on."

"What sort of a machine was a syrinx, Mr. Savile?" asked Alice, still thinking of Arcadia.

"I don't know, unless a Jew's-harp, such as you have. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because Dr. Craigie was boring me so much about that same Jew's-harp, and maintaining that I played it at the back of his door two nights ago; and then he said a vast deal about Pan and a Syrinx, that I couldn't understand,—that is to say, I was not listening; indeed, he might as well have been talking about a pan and a syringe!"

"So he accused you of Jew's-harping behind his door; it would be a good plan to give him a little music some night for his pains."

"Oh, capital—how could we do it? do let us."

"Well, I shall think over it; but hush, here's some one."

It was Miss Bardolph. Up she came, sketch-book in hand, looking very hot, and exclaiming—"Oh, how enchanting!" at every step she took. Then she plumped down squash on the moss, and exhibited her sketch, which was a horrid scratch. Miss Bardolph had none of the modesty of genius. She exhibited everything she wrote or sketched with perfect confidence and complacency, and demanded your criticism, as she would have asked you to hand her a cup of tea at the tea-table. Nor had she any of the intensity of genius, for she did a little of everything, and did it badly—played badly—sang badly, sketched badly, wrote diabolical verses—poetry she called them—danced badly, rode badly; but still tried all these mental and corporal exercises, and persevered in them indomitably. A man who is fool enough to think himself a genius, is a horrid bore, I grant; but he is a mere joke to the nuisance a woman is, who indulges a like hallucination.

We did not sit long after The Bardolph joined us, but finding the rest of the party near, strolled home together.

I kept thinking of the Doctor's unfounded allegations regarding the Jew's-harp—a vagabondish little instrument, which the fair Alice had purchased in childhood at Donnybrook Fair—(alas! where is Donnybrook now?)—and which she played with a skill perfectly marvellous, and with an air of *knowingness* perfectly enchanting.

Next day it rained. Lunch hour came, and we went down to lunch disheartened, for it poured more vigorously than ever. Lunch was discussed; still it dribbled, and trickled, and streamed, and gushed rain, rain, rain, with a woeful and watery assiduity. Miss Bardolph went up stairs to thump the piano; the Doctor went to bury himself in his books; Mrs. Craigie retired to overhaul some long-neglected depositories of drapery and dress; and I, and Miss

Herbert, and the three Craigie girls, were left sitting listlessly at the table, while the rain still pattered at the window, and flooded all the dreary panes. Broken, unmitigated, listless was our conversation. We would have given the world to have been able to bind the Doctor and Mrs. C. hand and foot, and, in spite of them, to rush forth into the sobbing and ceaseless waterfall without. That was impossible. Any excitement would have been welcomed as a heaven-sent boon. We would have hailed with delight any break in the long monotony of the wet day—anything, from a thunderstorm to the capture of a bluebottle. Alas! the last of the bluebottles, that had buzzed through half the month of July, had succumbed to the influence of the wet forenoon, and had either committed suicide, or taken the wings of a dove, to fly away to drier quarters.

But often, to despairing mortals, a golden thought arises, like a star in darkness, heralding calm and light. Miss Herbert took up her knife, and struck her tumbler therewith. A chime, "musical as silver bells," followed. I looked at her and smiled, as a man smiles who has got a new idea. Her face, too, simultaneously brightened with a relieved and happy look.—She waved her knife jubilantly, gave her tumbler an exultant tap, and said "Cathedral Chimes!" Now "Cathedral Chimes" was a favorite piece of Miss Bardolph's, to my mind not a very happy invention, and which seemed to be nothing but bass and pedal, and now and then a slight collocation with treble. Alice rather scoffed at it; so now she said, with a gleam of Irish roguery in her sweet eyes, "Cathedral Chimes!"

No sooner said than done. We five seized each a tumbler and a knife, and immediately a clear and ringing peal of five distinct tones silenced the battering and pelting of the rain. Five fine tones, on three harmonious keys, as a few experiments showed us. But just as we had systematized the result, and arranged the order in which the tumblers were to be struck, so as to produce a chime of mellow cadence. Miss Herbert, who was to act as Corypheus in beginning, smote her instrument with a loud, triumphant clang; alas! a crack, a jingle, and the tumbler was no more. The vibration had been too strong for its frame, and in the moment of its glory and its pride, the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken—it fell "most musical, most melancholy."

"Ah, now," said Alice, "what a pity."

Reader, did you ever hear "Ah, now," pronounced by sweet Irish lips? No! Then it is worth while to go off to Ireland for the very purpose of hearing it. Go to dear, dirty Dublin, there you hear it to perfection; and it will take your heart by storm at once and for ever. Once an Irish lady said, "Ah, now," to me, and ever since, my soul has dwelt in that *ah, now*, as in an ivory palace, and shall throughout all its terrestrial cycle. Ah, the languishing softness—the roguish guile—the winning sweetness—the tender music of these two words, with their power of mirth, and melody, and poetry, and pathos, and passion; surely no two monosyllables were ever so bewitchingly expressive!

But to return to the tumblers. Who was it used the word "finger-glasses," and pointed to the sideboards? Blessings on Violet Craigie for that same word and gesture. They inaugurated

as much fun and impish roguery as any speech or motion she ever made. If you have never heard such music as now was furnished to our hand, take a finger-glass, half fill it with water, dip your finger in the liquid, and draw it gently along the rim of the vessel, and your ears will instantly be saluted with music rising and falling in long and plaintive cadences—swelling into a roll of sweetest sound, and then dying away into a faint and fairy echo-like thrill, low and lovely, following the passage of your finger as the rustle of the leaves follows the spring wind among the branches. And if you look the while at the water in the glass, you will see it all wrinkled and ruffled, quivering with the vibrations of the material which encloses it.

We did not practice our lutes long, in case we should be heard; but we laid our plan of action; and as we went up stairs, each took a finger-glass, and carefully hid it in a canny corner, where it would be found ready for use, when the hour for opening our attack should come.

"Perhaps Dr. Craigie won't hear music behind his door to-night," said Alice Herbert, with an almost savage gleam of exultation in her bright eyes.

"Won't Miss Bardolph get a full benefit of the Æolian harp—that's all," said I, a little vindictively, in return; for the night before I had been kept moping in the drawing-room when all the girls, save The Bardolph, had retired, to listen to what she called the "symphonies" of a woeful instrument, stuck between the sash and the sill of the window like a bone in a dog's mouth, and from which I heard nothing but a jingle, about as musical as the symphony of a bunch of keys rattled together.

The family at Myrtle was an exemplary and well-ordered one. At ten P. M. the bell rang, and the household was convoked for evening worship. Thereafter was served a slight repast; and on the conclusion of it, the candles were lighted, and the ladies filed off up stairs, nominally to bed, but generally, despite Mrs. Craigie's remonstrances, to a chatty *seance* in the drawing-room, or at least to a prolonged confab among themselves in one or the other of their own chambers, to which latter I, of course, had no access. I could only look, as I passed to my solitary apartment, at the light gleaming from the doors of theirs, with the feelings of the Peri, who, at "the gate of Eden stood disconsolate," and, like her, lingeringly listen to the voices within, "like music flowing,"—but no farther participation could I have.

However, on this memorable night, portentous to the Manse of Myrtle as to Illion that which introduced the wooden horse to the citadel of "windy Troy," I was permitted to enjoy a closer approach to the sacred territory of the Gnomes, the Sylphs, and the Graces. A closet, communicating at the one end with Miss Herbert's room, and at the other with the lobby, was opened, and I allowed to enter, finger-glass in hand, with orders as soon as I should hear the sound of music in her chamber, to strike up vigorously in the closet. Arrayed in shirt and unmentionables, with noiseless socks on my feet, and thrilling all over with vague and breathless expectancy, I took up my position in the closet, behind the door opening on the lobby. Not a sound in the house, from attic to basement, escaped my nervous ear. I heard every creak of door, turn of

handle, jingle of snufflers—every footfall; I could almost have averred, every breathing, so intensely were my nerves upon the stretch. Twenty times I had all but spoiled the plot by my eagerness to begin, and by the wild excitement of my perturbed fancy; for knowing the echo of music in Miss Herbert's room was to be my signal to commence, each time I heard, softly and sweetly, the echoes of her dulcet voice—to me the divinest music—my agitated finger trembled on the rim of the glass, and could scarce be held back from traveling round, and awaking its slumberous chimes.

I thought the household would that night never retire to bed. Again and again, when I deemed all was wrapt in the tranquility of repose, some reverberating nose was blown, or some one coughed, or spoke, or laughed, or moved about, testifying to the painful wakefulness of the inmates of Myrtle Manse. At length, some time after twelve had been struck, slowly and sedately, by the old clock at the head of the stairs, the house seemed as peaceful as the grave. Save the beating of my own heart, and an occasional low, faint laugh, or whisper, or breezy rustle, in the adjoining paradise, no note of sound was audible.

Then all at once I was aware of a strange, unearthly melody floating upon the air, and which I was at no loss to trace to the tuneful chamber of Miss Herbert. Softly and thrillingly it swelled from a faint and elfin call to a jubilant and echoing pean, that seemed to penetrate and permeate every nook and cranny in the house, and, unrestrained by roof or cupola, to soar upwards, "and shiver to the tingling stars," like the cry on the lake whereon "have the dusky barge" that bore King Arthur to the Isle of Avalon. Rising in a wave-like flow, fitfully falling, tinkling like the silver bells of far-off sledges—jingling, tingling, thrilling like a welcome whisper—then moaning "thin and sere"—then ringing with a rapid laughter—then drawing out, slow and sad, a "dying fall," like the "sweet South" o'er its banks of violets—the wizard music, with its uncertain and changeful melodies, held me spell-bound for a time as though it had been a Syren's song on the shores of some isle of old enchantment. But the trance was quickly over, and with a vigorous and emulous digit, I struck my first note. It was most successful. The instrument had a clear and masculine tone, and vibrated long and loud. And now, from two other rooms, three other tributes of unwonted sound swelled the triumphant chorus, loud enough to awake the Seven Sleepers of Æpheus, and to drive almost to distraction the horrified and terror-stricken inhabitants of the good old Manse of Myrtle. In the clash and ululation of the music, I did not notice the noise throughout the house—the exclamations of trembling voices—the uneasy opening of doors and windows. But quicker ears than mine were on the alert, and soon detected the Doctor's ascending step on the stairs. A hurried tap from Alice's room, and a whispered "To your own room—quick!" gave me the alarm, and ere the Doctor could mount to the bedroom floor, I was in my chamber, and in bed. [I should mention that the closet was my station, because Mrs. Chick—Mrs. Craigie's very sharp-eared mamma—slept, or rather waked in the room next mine, and we thought it safe to be at a little distance from her.] By the time

the Doctor was at the top of the stairs, the noise of the glasses had died away on every side into a low and sullen wail, like the coronach of some departed Brownie, and all the lights were extinguished save Miss Herbert's taper. The old gentleman was thoroughly nonplussed. From between my curtains I heard him shuffling about the lobby in his dressing-gown and slippers, and brokenly muttering his astonishment and perturbation. He knocked at my door. In a most somnolent tone, issuing deep from the blankets, I asked who was there.

"It is I, Richard,—have you not heard it?—most extraordinary sound; like nothing I ever heard before."

"Heard what, Sir?"

"Dear me—this fearful noise—you can't have been asleep through it all! Gracious Heaven! there it goes again," exclaimed the Doctor, in a tone of mortal dread, and making a bolt into my room, as Alice, with vengeful malice, opened a chink of her door, and played a triumphant fantasia on her finger-glass.

"Powers of mercy," I shouted, starting out of bed, "save us—what is this? Oh, Doctor! don't go away; we'll stand by each other."

The much-moved minister was about to make some fervent reply, when the door of my apartment was thrown wide and wildly open by some large body that bumped frantically against it, and in, with a mighty rush, came a massive creature in a stream of white drapery. It was The Bardolph, nearly out of the body with fright.

"Oh, Mr. Savide—oh, Dr. Craigie—save me from them—save me! Oh—oh—oh!" and so saying, The Bardolph threw herself madly on the dear old Doctor, and went off into raging hysterics, pressing him hotly to her bosom, and roaring out, "We'll die together—we'll die together!"

Now Mrs. Chick was a strong-minded old lady, and not easily frightened; so, hearing the terrible row, and a female voice in my room, she, actuated at once by her strong sense of propriety, and her no less strong passion of feminine curiosity, emerged from her chamber, and, candle in hand, appeared upon the scene, and *ecce* your humble servant in his shirt and trowsers—the Doctor in his night-cap and dressing-gown—and, embracing him tightly, stout Miss Bardolph in a *robe de nuit*—which just veiled her fair proportions.

Mrs. Chick's first step was marked by the strong good sense of that inestimable person: she blew out her candle. Her second was equally judicious: she called over the stair to Mrs. Craigie—"Elizabeth, come here immediately." Her third was to retire into her own apartment as decisively and rapidly as she had thence emerged.

I need not detail all the minutæ of this night's strange adventure; how Mrs. Craigie came up stairs, and led Miss Bardolph off in a solemn and stately manner to her own bedroom, and left her there an abashed and saddened Miss: nor how the Doctor shook out his crumpled dressing-gown and smoothed his ruffled wig, looking awhile askance and suspicious at me and Mrs. C., the wife of his bosom, and the stairs, and all the doors of the lobby: nor how, when all was over, and the afflicted pair were about to retire down stairs, Alice came out, in the most charming little robe and shawl, to ask so innocently, and in such a nervous flutter, the meaning of this

awful noise; while the girls, from their rooms, cried in doleful accents, "Oh do, papa—sit up with us all night; the house will be broken into;" nor how the Doctor, gathering up the skirts of his dressing-gown, and resuming his shattered dignity, replied, "Nonsense, children; go to bed and sleep. It is some accidental noise, that no doubt will be fully explained in the morning;" nor how as he went down, Violet Craigie could hardly restrain Alice from striking up anew—she only foregoing the pleasure of a fresh strain on urgent representations of the likelihood of discovery, and on the promise of full co-operation in a new concert, with the whole strength of the company, next night.

[Concluded in our next paper.]

Original.

REVERIES OF JOHN JONES THE ELDER.

My Estates in Alabama.

I AM an extensive proprietor. My estates are in Alabama. I have never been there, but I know the country well. My possessions are ample, and the most highly cultivated and improved. Sometimes I think I should like to visit them; and I intend to go some day; but in the meantime I must be content to remain here, because I have some work to do, some plans to contrive, some purposes to accomplish; and as I hear from my estates frequently, and know that they are well taken care of, I conclude to delay my visit home till such time as things are more favorable for the journey.

It is a good many years since I sent my last messenger to Alabama. I don't know exactly how many; but I know my hair has changed its hue since then; and a few wrinkles are observable in my face, which surely I never noticed till after she went away. It will very likely be a good many years before I follow her, though perhaps I may go sooner than I imagine. At any rate, as I do not know at what hour my overseer may send for me, I have thought it best to be prepared at all times; and so I wait patiently for the summons; and whenever it comes I hope to be ready. In fact, I have kept my trunks packed these thirty years; and have got my passport *viséd*. (I cannot go to Alabama without a passport.)

I have a good many friends in Alabama. Some of them live on my own estates. The last one went away from me in my early youth, a great many years ago. She was a child, and I was a child then. But I know that when I get there, I shall find her young and beautiful still. There is something about the air of that place which makes youth eternal. People never grow old in Alabama. And when I get there, I am sure that all my youth's fire will come back again. My eye will be no more dim; I shall no more need spectacles to see the pale and solemn stars of midnight, or to behold the first faint flashes of glory coming up from the sides of the morning.

Last Sunday I walked out into the fields beyond the city. I sat me down on a green hillock, and looked out upon the Sabbath landscape. The sun was just coming up from behind the East. It seemed to me that the pinnacles of the clouds through which the sun-rays gleamed, were like unto the turrets of my castle in Alabama. They glowed with a golden glory, just like what

I have heard about my mansion there. Through some mirage of the mind, all the beauties of my estates came up before me. There was the gorgeous terrace rising among the murmurous trees; beyond, the glancing river; and still further off, the hazy hills that bound and divide my estates from the outer world. I sat musing and enjoying these lovely sights, when I saw old Mr. Littlebud approaching.

Old Mr. Littlebud is a very poor man. I always thought he didn't enjoy many earthly comforts, for he seems very sad and lonely, and scarcely ever speaks to anybody. He lives all alone in two little rooms near my lodgings. He has lived there a good many years. I don't know where he came from, or whether he has any relations in the world. He looks like one who has seen and suffered much; yet so meek and retiring is he, that I never could muster courage to talk to him about the past, lest haply I might strike some chord which would vibrate painfully.

On this morning Mr. Littlebud came up to me and smiled.

I grasped his hand and exclaimed: "And so you are enjoying the morning air, Mr. Littlebud."

"I am out on business," he replied: "I have come out to visit my estates!"

I thought his eyes burned with an unwonted luster. His countenance was lit up as with a halo. Even his threadbare garment shone.

"Your estates, Mr. Littlebud!" I exclaimed, with some surprise.

He was silent for a moment, and seemed lost in thought, as he gazed sadly towards the East.

"You did not know that I am a proprietor," he at last said, turning to me. "I own vast estates—rich estates—aye, princely estates."

A singular thought occurred to me. Perhaps this poor, silent, sad old man had estates in Alabama—and they might prove to be contiguous to mine. In that case, with what delight would I welcome him as a neighbor, when we both get home and take possession of our heritages.

"And where are your estates situated, Mr. Littlebud?" I asked.

"In Alabama"—(he did not notice how I started.) "In Alabama, neighbor Jones; but I can see them from this hillock here. They stretch along yonder with the horizon, bounded by that sea of purple in the far East. The gates leading to my castle are open, and I can see through them. The shaded lawns around my mansion are green and beautiful. The tall trees are waving their boughs gracefully in the soft summer breeze. Aye, and there"—(Mr. Littlebud leaned forward and pointed to where the sun-rays were just bursting through a grove of trees,) "there, beneath the umbrage of that voiceful linden, I see a form and hear a voice as long since I saw and heard it. It is a voice I have not heard for many years—many long years. Even as when in early youth it fell on my soul like the soft murmur of distant music—even as when in early youth its warm heart lay beating against mine? Yes—it is Angela!"

"Angela, Mr. Littlebud?"

"The wife of my youth, the mistress of my mansion in Alabama. She has presided there ever since I was a child—and sixty winters have snowed upon me. But she is still a child.—My Araby—my Alabama, is favorable to youth—we don't know wrinkles there!"

And so Mr. Littlebud talked, and talked, as if to himself. Was his Angela a dream? No. She lived in Alabama. He would yet behold her there. By and by he would lie down to sleep with kings and counselors, after the fatigues of his long life-days were over, and when he awoke, his Angela would be a reality, and his estates a fact. Among the vocal groves, and murmurous woods, and voiceful waterfalls of his far-off Alabama home, he would awake, never to slumber more!

I walked home and pondered. I live in an attic. I mounted five flights of stairs, and entered the door of my lonely room. I could not but gaze at its bare walls. I noticed, too, that there was no carpet on the floor, and that two or three broken stools, with a cot in a corner, constituted the whole of my furniture. Heigho, thought I, modest apartments for a millionaire! I opened the cupboard, and found half a loaf of brown bread and a bit of cheese. I sat down and feasted, thinking of my estates in Alabama. My half loaf transformed itself into delicious viands, fragrant and bountiful. My cup of cold water was the choicest nectar, rich with aromatic flavor. The walls of my little room grew into lofty dimensions, and every crack and cranny became rich with the tints of the rainbow.

To-morrow I shall go to my toil again. I shall encounter a good many little annoyances. I am only a servant in the counting-house of Squire Smallheart. He is a rich man. He weighs his gold by thousands. Sometimes he treats me harshly. Yesterday he docked my small wages because my eyes were old, and I couldn't see to perform my duties by lamplight. His lands and tenements are very extensive. He lives in a fine mansion. But I fear he has no estates in Alabama. He never says anything about his possessions there.

I am greater than thou, Squire Smallheart.—Thy gold is dross—thy palaces will crumble. When thy great mansions are in ruins, when thy proud halls are desolate, when silence stalks like a spectre through thy lofty rooms, I shall be lord of the manor in Alabama. I shall wander beneath the shadows of the verdurous groves, hand in hand with the angels. Up in the thick branches over my head, the feathered songsters will sit, and make their wings quiver with delight and ecstasy. Beneath my feet, each blade of grass will weep joy-tears of dew. Around me the odoriferous zephyrs will chant their songs of welcome. Here a tiny cascade will leap down the mossy rock, tinkling gladness as it falls—yonder a spring of crystal will gush from the hillside, giving its spray to the sunbeams.

On my mantle, I keep a History of Alabama. The book contains a minute description of my OWN ESTATES. I open it, and read: "THERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST."

By and by I shall go home and take possession of my property. I hope all my friends will visit me after I am settled. I will introduce them to my family there. She whose voice echoes never to the wall of sorrow; she whose heart never throbs with earthly throbs; she whose eye never knows dimness—she will be there to receive them.

My Alabama is the Alabama of the blest—my mansion is "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

ADVERTISEMENT.

THREE THOUSAND COPIES of this paper will be issued and delivered to subscribers in this city and elsewhere. We shall be glad to insert a few appropriate advertisements. TERMS, One Dollar per square of ten lines, each insertion. Bills for Advertising payable monthly or quarterly, according to agreement.

THE ATHENÆUM.

Mrs. CORA ANNA WEEKES, Edithess.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, 1858.

NOTICE.—An original article entitled "Madame Luce and her School," written for us by Mrs. ELIZABETH BARNETT BROWNING, will appear in our next paper.

OUR FIRST NUMBER goes to press a week earlier than was originally intended. We place the date forward to the 20th, however, which will afford us time to perfect our plans. Our next paper will be issued on Saturday, 27th instant.

FAMILIAR TALK WITH OUR READERS.

In another portion of this paper we publish an extended article on the subject of our National Literature, in the preparation of which we were aided by the pen of one of our most celebrated scholars and most accomplished divines. We refer the reader to that production, as indicating, to some extent, the course we have marked out for ourselves, in the management of this journal. We design to make this paper *felt*—to give it, so far as possible, character and influence;—and we promise in the outset, that while we shall earnestly and zealously advocate those progressive principles which tend to build up a nation, we shall at the same time remain faithful to those ancient landmarks which all experience has shown are the only safe guides of a people—*the landmarks of Christian conservatism and republicanism.*

It has been intimated by some who have expressed a desire to see a high-class Literary Journal established in our midst, that such an enterprise is not altogether suited to the tastes and capacities of our sex. Particularly have some of our best friends seemed to doubt the propriety of a lady entering *personally* into the field of competition, and calling on gentlemen to solicit their subscriptions. We cannot, however, see good foundation for the objections which some might be disposed to urge against such a course. We have a strong and abiding confidence in the gallantry and the discernment of the people; and we fully believe that, in appealing personally to our citizens for their aid and co-operation in this work, we are as safe and secure from insult as we should be were we secluded in the privacy of our home. Why, where is the gentleman who would not indignantly repel the insinuation that a lady would be liable to annoyance or insult, while engaged in the discharge of a high and honorable duty such as this we have assumed? Rather would that man who could so far forget the honor of his race as to throw obstacles in the way of a woman's success in such a calling, or who could for one instant cease to remember that courtesy and protection which she would have a right to expect at his hands, be instantly swallowed up by the indignation of a generous and honorable community.

We therefore repeat, that we expect to be met at all times, and by all with whom our business

duties may bring us in contact, with that chivalrous respect so characteristic of Americans in their treatment of ladies. Nay, more; we expect to meet with hundreds of earnest and sympathizing friends, who will hail our enterprise with delight—and who will assist us, by their influence and their good wishes, in building up in this State, a periodical which shall not only reflect credit upon its projectors, but upon the community which fosters and encourages it.

PERSONAL.

SINCE the article printed above was written, we have passed through an ordeal which we gladly would have believed we could never have encountered in a Christian community. We have entertained, and still entertain, grave doubts whether we ought to notice the attack made upon our character and reputation by a writer in one of the weekly papers of this city. We cannot hope, in our public capacity as Edithess of this journal, to be beyond the reach of legitimate criticism; but we *did* feel that we were safe from personal attack, inasmuch as, until the publication of this scurrilous assault, no fly-blow gossip had ever specked our life. Perhaps the best answer on our part to such an assault, would be silence; indeed, our friends assure us that the irresponsible character of our assailant renders any defence on our part quite unnecessary. But we feel that such is not the best course to pursue. We are a stranger in this community. We have come among the people of California, with the view to build up a home in their midst. We are not a child of wealth, else we should not be here. The only heritage bequeathed us by our parents, was a good education and an unsullied name. Armed with these two requisites, our only capital, we felt secure. We did not think that Californians would tolerate in their community, a man who would seek to rob a woman of her only wealth—her reputation, and her good name. We remembered that once, not long since, the sovereign people of San Francisco stood up as one man in defence of what they, in their immutable judgment, conceived to be their violated honor, and expelled from their midst a class of persons who had brought disgrace upon them. At that time we were not on this continent; but the news of those events swept across the ocean, and awakened strange emotions in a million hearts besides our own. While many among us then lamented the necessity which caused popular indignation to rise above law, none doubted the patriotism of the actors in that terrible drama; and we felt that such a people could not be a vicious people—that such a community must contain within itself the elements of greatness.

With such impressions and such sentiments, we landed on these shores. We looked with pride and pleasure on this colossal city, which, Phoenix like, had twice risen from its ashes, and which, in its uncensured and almost fabulous growth, had encountered and surmounted so many difficulties. Our first observations assured us that we were among a great and generous people. We felt that there was room and place for us here. We had in our early life been blessed with advantages which seldom fall to the lot of the daughters of the poor. We had been thoroughly educated, (no mock sentiment shall deter us from saying thus much,) and we

felt that what humble talent God had given us might be judiciously employed in the cause of letters. Was it not right, therefore, that we should seek to assist in building up a pure Literature in the land of our adoption? Was it not natural that, while striving to earn the bread of honesty, we should devote ourself to that pursuit for which our experience and education best fitted us?

Well, we issued our Prospectus of THE ATHENÆUM, and commenced work. Our unheralded enterprise met with public approval. Every where the people bade us God speed. Every where we met with gentlemen who gave us their subscriptions, their good wishes, and their sympathies. Among these were many of the leading citizens of San Francisco, men of judgment and experience—men who would not countenance imposture, or lend their aid to fraud.

To our astonishment and mortification, an unprovoked, open, and most brutal assault was suddenly made upon us, through the columns of a confessedly immoral weekly sheet published in this city. The abusive article was pointed out to us by a gentleman at the bookstore of Mr. LE COUNTRY, where we had called on business. At first we were too much overwhelmed to fully comprehend its signification. We could not realize that we had thus been made the victim of the malice of an irresponsible and shameless editor. How we reached home we know not. We only know that we are now lying on a sick bed—complete physical prostration having been the result of the mental shock occasioned by that cowardly blow.

It pains us much thus to hold up our wrongs to the public gaze. We would gladly shrink out of view, but we know we cannot do it. We have put our hand to the plough, and we will not look back. We have tasted of the cup, and found it bitter as gall and wormwood—if so be it remains for us, we will yet drain it to the dregs.

It remains for us now to add but a word more. We are but a woman, and we are weak; yet we claim no indulgence on account of our sex. We ask the public to examine our paper; to read our editorials; to weigh our claims with candor and not with prejudice,—and then answer this question: Shall the jealous envy of a business rival, be permitted thus to destroy our prospects and ruin our business. We leave the matter in the hands of the people, and we are willing to abide their verdict.

THAT APOLOGY.

On Friday, the 5th instant, Mr. M. M. NOAH, a writer for a sporting paper, published an article reflecting personally upon Mrs. WEEKES, of this Journal. In that article he insinuated that Mrs. W. was a "gross impostor." On Saturday he was visited by one of the publishers of this paper, and a written retraction required. Mr. NOAH then signed the following statement, which we considered a sufficient apology:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1858.
A construction having been placed on the contents of an article which appeared in the *Spirit of the Times* of this date, under the caption of "A Literary Undertaking," to the effect that it was intended to reflect personally upon, and with intent to injure, Mrs. Cora Anna Weekes, the proprietress of the *Athenæum*, mentioned therein,—I take this occasion to disclaim any such intention, as I entertain a high opinion for that lady.

To Mr. G. W. WEEKES, MANUEL M. NOAH.
We deprecate any thing like a personal controversy, and we hope the matter may now drop.

LIVE IT DOWN.

BY CORA ANNA WEEKES.

Live it down! the tongue will tire
Ere its slanderous hiss o'ercome thee;
Purified within the fire,
Truth's bright armor shines upon thee;
Bear the blight, endure the shock,
Hoping for a bright to-morrow;
Thou art firm upon the rock—
Fear not thou the poisoned arrow!

Live it down! there is a voice
That can stem the conflicts raging,
It shall bid thy soul rejoice
Midst the war thy foes are waging;
Aye! the venom'd tongue shall hush,
Truth and right need no disarming;
Face the world without a blush—
Face it without fear or trembling!

Live it down! 't will not be long—
Study meekness and contentment;
Time, be sure, will right thy wrong—
Time extinguishes resentment;
In thy sorrow, blessings see—
'E'en thy grief itself will be greater;
When the clouds envelope thee,
Turn for help to thy Creator!

Live it down! the humble vine
Cling to the oak when frail and tender!
So let trustfulness be thine—
Cling unto the Great Defender;
Fear no evil—kiss the rod—
Spurn each semblance of temptation;
Leading on the arm of God,
Come forth from thy tribulation!

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1858.

The genial mildness of the season is the subject of universal remark here. By some it is considered matter for congratulation, while others aggrur from it all sorts of evils, the least of which are an unhealthy summer, yellow fever, cholera, &c. The fashionables up town are in great tribulation, as the warm weather has compelled them to lay aside their superb Russian sables, with which they had hoped to create a sensation this winter. For the same reason, little use is made of fur as a trimming. There never was a time when greater variety was admitted into costumes, and efforts are continually being made to introduce novelties, either in the form of a revival of old styles, or in the adoption of new ones.

The most recent innovation, and the one which excites the most comment, is the scarlet or *peasant* petticoat; but as the subject is exciting a good deal of remark, and already a profusion of strictures and criticisms from the press, it is well for ladies to be thoroughly posted in regard to it. The correspondent of the *N. O. Delta* says: The idea was introduced by Queen Victoria, who observed it in the costume of the peasant girls at her estate in Balmoral, Scotland. It was quickly caught by the leaders of fashion, both in France and England, who walk a great deal more than we are accustomed to do in this country, and at once appreciated the advantage of it. Lady Gore Omsely brought it to Washington, but her example has not been generally followed, and it is not likely to be looked upon as anything more than a caprice.

They are worn over a small hoop, and in length reach to the ankle, or the top of a gaiter boot. They are never made of flannel, but of a material which is all wool and more than twice the thickness of flannel.

The most elegant are plain scarlet, dark crimson, or green in color, and are elaborately embroidered over a quarter of a yard in depth from the bottom. The next in quality are bordered with embossed flowers, or palm leaves, the upper part having narrow black bayadere stripes; these

are four dollars each. The more ordinary are finished with simple bayadere stripes, which grow somewhat broader toward the bottom; these can be obtained for three dollars.

The dress which is worn over is then looped up on one side, so as to display a portion of the border of the petticoat, one hand being then able readily to raise the other, and preserve it from contact with the pavement. Nothing can be imagined more pretty and coquetish than this idea, and at the same time effectual in preserving garments from the rain, which is sure to follow any attempt at walking, for at least six months out of the twelve. In fact, the difficulty attending this, and the labor of carrying the great mass of skirts under which women were crushed previous to the advent of hoops, has doubtless done much towards producing the dislike of physical exercise, the bodily weakness and debility which is characteristic of our country-women. Thus, any method ought to be considered a blessing which would remove these evils, without outraging correct ideas of good taste and propriety. Even the fair demurrers at the *peasant* petticoat forget, while objecting to the possible *expose* of the article, that the ungraceful hitching up of the dress in bad weather, generally leaves one part of the person far more exposed than this possibly could, while the rest of the robe, together with fine white skirts, are left dragging in a condition suggestive of any thing but neatness and purity.

So far only two of these petticoats have been seen in the streets of the metropolis, and these, instead of adhering to the original idea, rendered it completely nugatory by permitting one side of the dress to hang on the ground like a train, or in the fashion of a Grecian *antique*, probably associating with this strange style some idea of classic grace which might pass on the stage, or even in a drawing-room, but which was quite out of place in the dirty thoroughfares of our commercial city.

REVIVAL OF THE GORED SKIRTS.

In direct contrast to the short, peasant petticoat, a great effort is being made to introduce the long narrow skirts which succeeded the hoops of our great grandmothers. Several have been seen on Broadway, and to eyes accustomed to the expansiveness of our recent modes, they look hideous. The figures look like a poplar tree, a Shaker, or a liberty pole. The size is the same all the way down, and the skirt lies on the ground all round to the depth of four inches, and must not be raised when walking, but is moved by a gentle motion which does not destroy the classic repose of the contour. This is said to be only introductory to the short pants and gored skirts which have been laid aside for half a century. We have seen none of these robes in the hands of our fashionable *modistes*, but those observed in the streets were composed of rich crimson and black silk plaid, and a black brocade of extremely heavy and beautiful quality.

A new kind of hood has also been introduced, to take the place of the *Rigolettes*. They are made of a very soft, fine dark drab silk plush, all in one piece, the back shaped like a large, deep fancheon. The front is turned back and faced with plush a shade lighter than the outside; the inside lining is of white silk or satin. The garniture is composed of rose-colored ribbon quilted on as a border around the edge.

ILLNESS OF MRS. WEEKES.

THE Publishers of THE ATHENÆUM desire to apologise to its readers for any deficiency in the quantity or quality of original articles in the first No., but must claim some indulgence on account of the sudden and dangerous illness of the Editress of this Journal. Mrs. WEEKES was seized on Saturday afternoon last with vertigo and faintness, but afterwards recovered sufficiently to write the editorials which appear on our eighth and ninth pages. On Sunday night she suffered a relapse, and to-day (Monday) she lies in an exceedingly critical situation. By order of her physician, Dr. HARDY, she is required to be kept free from all further excitement; hence she is quite unable even to give any general directions in relation to the publication of this week's paper.

This illness of Mrs. WEEKES is peculiarly unfortunate just at this juncture, when all her energies and talent are required in the editorial department of her paper; but we sincerely trust she may soon be able to resume her editorial duties. Meanwhile, we again bespeak the indulgence of her subscribers and friends.

AARON BURR.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AARON BURR. By J. PARTON. New York: Mason Brothers, 1858.

We have been favored by Mr. LE COUNT, with a copy of this volume. We should scarcely deem it proper to notice the work, were it not that it is exciting an unprecedented degree of interest in the Atlantic States, and is likely to be examined with much attention here. The book contains some seven hundred pages, and is exceedingly well printed. We have only hastily looked over its pages, but we are already convinced that the author will not succeed in his design, of rescuing the name of BURR from infamy. That name has been looked upon with horror by the virtuous and the pure for half a century, and the public will not reverse their verdict now. The biographer endeavors to make of BURR a hero—he who never was other than a hypoerite and a villain. He seeks to gloss over his crimes, and when they are too glaring for concealment, endeavors to excuse them. But Mr. PARTON, talented as we are willing to concede him, has undertaken a task beyond his capacity. There are no extenuating circumstances in the life of that great, bad man, who once almost succeeded in mounting to supreme political power, which may with propriety be urged in his defence. He lived only for the gratification of the basest passions;—he died as such men die, covered with infamy—"unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

And yet there is something in the history of AARON BURR which cannot fail to be fraught with instruction, as well as solemn warning. A man of stupendous intellect, of fascinating address, of splendid acquirements, and of invincible will, he might have shone among his compeers, and handed his name down to remotest posterity, covered with renown and glory. He lived in a stirring age—an age fruitful of great events. With Jefferson, Hamilton, Napoleon, Pitt, among his contemporaries, he was scarcely the inferior of any of these. Neither lacked he opportunity for the display of his intellectual powers. America was just springing into a national existence. She had but recently thrown off the shackles of bondage, and was beginning to assume her place among the nations. It seemed that Providence had created events, and had made great minds like BURR's to master them. But the demon Passion, like a sweeping and resistless current, bore him onward to destruction. Now an eminent lawyer in New York—now a Senator—now Vice President of the United States—and now a fugitive and an outcast, begging his bread in the streets of Paris! Such was AARON BURR.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poet of the Age.

CITY POEMS.—By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama, and other Poems." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

No. 1.

FOUR years ago all voices were raised to do homage to a new genius. The eulphonic name of SMITH was at length associated with the traditional glories of Parnassus! Soldiers, divines, jurists, all sorts of people, except poets, have rejoiced in this simple patronymic; but a singer of grand lyrics, never! So, when ALEXANDER SMITH published his "Life Drama," there was as much amazement at the name of the poet, as if some great and inexorable law of nature had decreed that no member of that numerous family should ever flirt, even in the most clandestine manner, with the Muses, or string so much as a single couplet of tolerable rhyme. When SMITH's book made its appearance, affluent in imagery and peculiar in style, every body was delighted, and the majority of his readers at once recognized the fact that he had "set the age to music," while a great many neglected geniuses forthwith began to whistle the tune in a manner which must be perfectly familiar to all who read the "occasional poems" in our Magazines four years ago.

The praises of the new Poet were universal. The London and Scotch critics struck the key notes, while the jubilant pean of his glory was re-echoed on this side of the ocean. Indeed, so furious and sweeping was the storm of applause, that he might have scathed himself to weep for the apparent want of new worlds to conquer.

Especially did the smaller critics uplift their voices. They made abundant offerings of magazine myrrh and newspaper frankincense: in short, Pope's maxim—

"'Tis a censure wrong for one who writes amiss," seemed for once inverted, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," until at last that grim Herod of the critics, BLACKWOOD—cruelly delighting to put young poets to death—found Mr. SMITH and the very tall hulchuses of his new made reputation.

From this time forth it became an established fact that ALEXANDER the GREAT-SMITH had other worlds to conquer, and, poetically to express it, that the smaller critics had been industriously barking up the wrong tree. In addition to BLACKWOOD's difference from the general voice, the antiquated fault-finder of the *Athenæum* came in, couched in still harsher terms. In fact, the latter attempted to prove our Poet guilty of all manner of literary immorality, and indicted, tried and condemned him for larceny from Keats, Shelley & Co.

Certainly the verdict, in our opinion, should have been the Scotch one of "not proven," if not the more favorable one of "not guilty." He is original—essentially, we had almost said painfully, so. In his first work there is much to condemn as faulty—much to regret, especially in the want of any construction in the story; but high above these defects towered some of the noblest images to be found in the wide range of English literature—images unmistakably his own, and clad in a vesture of immortal beauty.

We know the Poet well. We can never forget the day we saw him for the first time. It was in the summer of 1853. His book was "scarce

six moons old," and all Scotland was ringing with his fame. He had just left a counting-house in smoky Glasgow, and had entered upon the nominal duties of a Secretaryship, liberally bestowed upon him in compliment to his genius, by the Faculty of Edinburgh University. It was beneath the shadow of those classic walls that we met him. Shall we say it, (our husband won't be jealous, for he was present at the interview,) we almost loved the man! Despite the horrid "squint" (we express it poetically,) of one eye which disfigured the young Poet, his countenance was expressive of that genius which has already spread his name over two Continents. And yet he was gentle and timid as a child. Painfully diffident, almost awkward—he seemed afraid to look *à lady* in the face. Indeed, his lines, quoted here, (the passage in italics,) seem a faithful picture of himself:

"And there was one
Who strove most valiantly to be a man,
Who smoked and still got sick, drank hard and woke
Each morn with headache; his poor timorous voice
Trembled beneath the burden of the oaths
His bold heart made it bear. He sneered at love,
Was not so weak as to believe the sex
Cumbered with virtues. O, he knew he knew!
He had himself adventured in that sea,
Could tell, sir, if he would—not never dared
Speak to a lady in his life without
Blushing hot to the ears."

Poor SMITH! But before we pass on to a review of his "City Poems," we must pause to relate a single incident illustrative of his extreme natural diffidence. On one occasion, about two years since, we suggested to him the propriety of his visiting the United States, and making a tour through the country as a Lecturer before the various Literary Societies here. We assured him, that as his fame would precede him to the New World, his success would be certain, and he could not fail to reap large profits from the undertaking. He caught at the scheme at once. He had been successful as a Poet—why should he not succeed as a Lecturer? Wisely concluding, however, to make a first trial of his new profession at home, he announced that he would make his first effort in the Lecturer's desk at the village of Falkirk, near Edinburgh. Immediately applying himself to the preparation of his Lecture, he soon produced the manuscript, which, for grandeur of thought, felicity of expression, and force of language, equalled any thing which we have ever read. On the appointed night, armed with his precious document, and accompanied by a few friends, he sallied forth to fill his engagement. A large and brilliant audience, attracted by the Poet's fame, had gathered to see and hear the Lecturer. He mounted the rostrum and began, "*La-di-ies and Gen-tle—*" the Poet stuck fast. His face flushed crimson—he gasped for breath—his eyes stared wildly around. One last and final struggle he made—his lips refused to do their office—still, finally, giving one glance of fright and desperation at the assembled multitude, he covered his face with his hands, and sank overwhelmed in his seat.

That was all we heard of the Lecture. A friend excused the Poet on the plea of sudden indisposition, and dismissed the audience. Poor SMITH, abashed and saddened, returned to Edinburgh, his air-castles all dissipated, his dreams of Trans-Atlantic fame and gold dispelled.

But ALEXANDER SMITH demands our attention in the volume before us, and we shall endeavor to forget that he is our friend and fellow traveller in the walks of Literature, and view him only

through his poetry. In the first place, the volume contains an engraving of the author, which we pronounce excellent, from our recollections of the man. The artist has given us a side view of the face, which is fortunate, as it conceals the intolerable "squint" before alluded to. And now let us glance along the pages of this book of

CITY POEMS.

The first of these is "HOBSON." In this effusion the utter want of construction, already noted in the "Life Drama," becomes painfully apparent. But to atone for this defect, the Poem is full of such gorgeous images and sparkling scintillations of genius, that the reader becomes actually dizzy; and when he lays the book aside, he sees dancing before him, cataracts and rainbows, and coruscations of light and brilliancy, which cause his brain to whirl. It would be useless, utterly useless, to attempt to dissect this Poem. Criticism and reason are alike dumb; and we feel, with De Quincy, "an apocalypse of the world within us; an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit—a chronic flame of pleasure!"

"HORROR" opens with a "dream,"—a dream of death and forgetfulness; after which the *dramatis persone* of the story, "Max," "James," "John," and "Harry," engage in a conversation in which philosophy and poetry are most singularly blended. "Max," the narrator, says:

"We spoke of him
Who drew sweet Mary Hawthorne into shame;
Who could remember that for many years,
With her blithe smile and beam of golden hair,
She like a candle lit her father's hearth,
Musing the old man gave—'Twas long rank grass
Lies a neglected grave. Then all at once
Dissonant burst from its melancholy weeds,
As brilliant as a sunbeamed dancing girl;
Each pelted each with quip and gallery;
And when from laughing lips best broke loose,
The pack of wit opened in loud pursuit;
And ran it to the death. 'Twas my Dream
From his dim lair—for somehow, in my mind,
As the deserted East, with mournful eyes,
Stands far back, gazing on the glowing West,
Dashed eye looks on Jay. Ere long, I thought,
Great Death will hollow all these flippant lips,
And make each poor folk joyful. 'Twas tears
Will not seem wasted where they fall on them.
O Father, what is Death! We sport at eye,
A playmate's lips grow pale, and some stands still,
He goes away in silence; as we gaze,
A trembling sigh is loosened from our lips,
Lies to the long vibration of the air.
After a sigh has struck the hour of one,
We sit together at the music of the sky.
When, as if belchoned by an unseen hand,
The man whose laugh is loud in his cups
Dies with a smile, and some come away
From mirth into a shroud without a word."

Help us, O reader, to adjectives, with which to apostrophise his extract!

The four friends engage in an animated discussion about the comparative enjoyments of the different seasons. "Charles" is a strenuous advocate of Winter, with its accompaniments of tavern delights and roaring fires. Here is a fine description of genuine Scottish cheer, which we quote for the benefit of our bachelor friends, though we confess we don't quite relish it ourselves. Speaking of Winter:—

"'Hear his great fire, see how his bleak old face
Glow ruddy through the steam of fragrant punch.
His pointer spring, a snowdrop in his hand,
A solitary lark above his head,
Laugh like the jovial sinner to his cups!
I vote for Winter! Why, you know the "Crows,"
The rows of pewter shining in the light,
The mighty egg-flop at the sander bar,
The nice pins, needles, silent dominos,
The belted landlord with his purple head,
Like a red cabbage on December morn,
Crusted with snow. His buxom daughter Bees—
A dinkie, not a roscodan—the who bears
The foaming porridge to the guests, and sings
The loudest at their wit."

Now they speak of "HOBSON," an erratic genius, who frequented the "Crown," and, as we gravely suspect, drank himself to death. Hear what "James" says of him:

"'Last week poor Hobson died, * * *
I saw him often, heard his glories talk,
But ere the midnight grew into the morn,
He seemed a mighty spirit sent from God,
Sitting before me, and I a foolish cog
Sinking his radiant eye."

This is terribly graphic. A being of godlike intellect sunk in the dust!

"Max" proceeds with a beautiful eulogy on his dead friend, who aimed to be a Poet, but failed in the attempt:

"He loved no Song
With that most pure and undivided love
Which only wins her. Soag fled on before:
He followed, * * *
He plunged from off this crumbling shore of Time,
Struck for the coast of Fame—with stiffened limbs
And down to right of land."

And the narrator is forced to confess that—

"It was never his,
That terrible of virtues, Truthfulness,
That pure, high Conscience which flies right on,
As swerveless as a bullet to its mark."

And here is a grand and terrible rebuke to those who lead their fellows into temptation, and then taunt them if they fall. Read this, spirit vendors:

"O, 'tis the crowning baseness of the fiend
To taunt the fallen Yea! They gave him wine:
They pampered, flattered him; they struck the light
To his combustion and to tinder hoarse;
And, when 'twas sheeted in devouring flame,
They, in the fashion of our dearest friends,
Cried—'Fire!'"

Here and there we quote a few passages, which, in being detached from the context, are robbed of half their beauty:

"Love will dwell daily with Indifference,
Sleep to one room and at one table sit,
And never speak. Love is but known to Love."

Again:

"Life's fire, however high or low it burns—
To cheer a cottage, or to frigate a realm—
Goes out in worthless ashes at the last."

And again:

"Nature, who makes the perfect rose and bird,
Has never made the full and perfect man."
"The sun had painted in the cool of eve,
The eagle bathing in the burning dawn,
Are each content alike."

There is a sad, sad story connected with the life of ALEXANDER SMITH. We would not wantonly intrude upon the sanctity of private sorrow, nor hold up to public view the dark catalogue of woe written deep in the heart of the Poet. Enough that he has suffered—that, like BURNS, his songs are the outpourings of a broken heart!

At the risk of wearying our readers, we must copy in full this "Song." Read it without tears, if you can!

On the Sabbath day,
Through the church-yard old and gray,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rattling way;
And amid the sounds of mercy, falling on my soul like balms,
[Mid the gurgles streams of music—in the mellow organ-chimes,
[Mid the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,
I stood careless, Barbara,
My heart was elsewhere
While the organ shook the air,
I caught the words of grace!
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild sad saint-like thine
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with his heavenly eyes on mine—
Gleamed and vanished in a moment—O, that face was surely thine,
Out of heaven, Barbara!
O, pallid, pallid face!
O, earnest eyes of grace!
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place,
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your
wrist!
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost to mist—
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kissed,
That wild morning, Barbara!

I searched in my despair,
Fanny moon and midnight air,
I could not find you there,
I thought that you were lingering
there,
O many and many a winter night I sat when you were gone,
My worn face lurid in my hands, beside the fire alone—
With the dripping church-yard, the rain plashing on your
bosom,
You were sleeping, Barbara!

"Mong angels, do you think
Of the precious golden link
I clasp my arm round your arm white sitting by you brink?
Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and guitars,
Was enacted of its music, and we watched, through latticed
bars,
The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with its stars,
Till they broke, Barbara?"

In the years I've been absent,
Wild and far my heart hath ranged,
And many a sin and error now have been on me avenged;
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I lacked;
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love infect—
Your love the trembling rainbow, if the helpless cataract—
Still I love you, Barbara!

Yet, love, I am unblest;
With many doubts oppress'd,
I wander like a desert wind, without a place of rest,
Could I but win you for an hour from off that stony shore,
The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death hath told you
more!
Then the melancholy world doth know; things deeper than all
lore
You could teach me, Barbara!
In vain, in vain, in vain!
You will ever come again!
There drops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain;
The glooming clouds slowly round, loud winds are in the trees,
Round selish shores forever moans the hurt and wounded sea,
There is no rest upon the earth; peace is with Death and thee,
Barbara!

Never was poetry written more touching and pathetic than this.

"GLASGOW"

Is the next in the collection which belongs to "City" life, of which it is in part descriptive; not, however, without very numerous pastoral "effects," which show that our author loves to hear

"pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sanctifying herd."

In describing his dwelling-place amid the hum and tumult of the great city, he gives us an image of exquisite beauty:

"I dwell within a gloomy court,
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
Yet there my heart was stirred;
My very blood did dance and thrill,
When on my narrow window-sill
Spring lighted like a bird,
Poor flowers! I watched them pine for weeks,
With leaves as pale as human cheeks."

Is not his admiration for everything which speaks of rural life most beautifully expressed in the passage italicised?

There are other and much more elaborate "effects" scattered through the poem, but none to surpass this, although he gives us pictures of misty wood-lands seen through "hyacinthine haze," and a full length portrait of Autumn standing amid the orchards as the evening sun goes down in a flood of gorgeous and empurpled light. Let us see how his pencil depicts the grim town from whose populous streets his thoughts are flying to the breezy hills and purple heather of the highlands:

THE CITY.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy stiles are rolled,
Thy smoke is dusky fire;
And, from the glory, 'round thee poured
A sunbeam like an Angel's sword
Shivers upon a spire.
Thus have I watched thee, Terror! Dream!
While the blue night crept up the stream."

But we grow voluminous in our quotations, and, like a critical "GRIFFIN," are in danger of being run off with by our subject; so we dismount, intending to make our journey in easy stages to the end of the poetical road, down which we have centred to-day. If you accompany us, dear reader, we promise to stuff your pillow with "elegant extracts," and to entertain you with our edifying conversation all the way.

GOOD AND BAD DEEDS.—The story of the boy who drove a nail in the wall every time he committed an evil deed, and drew out one when he performed a good one, is constantly illustrated in life. The good deeds may be more numerous than the bad ones, and the good that men do may far outweigh, in temporal importance, the evil of their lives; still, so contaminating is the nature of crime, that its marks remain, like black holes in the walls after the nails have been drawn, to maculate the reputation which else had been spotless.

The conflagration of Rome is remembered as bringing perpetual infamy upon the name of Nero, while the magnificent rebuilding of the city by the same emperor is almost forgotten. It was the fate of Machiavelli, by the authorship of a single work, to fix a stigma on his reputation which has outlived all the great achievements of a long life of usefulness.

The Mysteries of Animated Nature.

LITTLE indeed do we understand the senses of the great living crowd of the dumb ones around us. Has the vulture, and all that class of birds who bolt every thing, an organ of taste? When the owl swallows a mouse whole, does he taste him in the stomach? Is it the same with the pigeon and his peas? What sort of hearing has the shark, if any? The organ of smell in the shark, who discovers through the great volume of water and through the dense timbers, that somebody is dead, yea, or dying in the cabin, must be wonderful. But we know nothing about this beyond the fact. The same creature, whether shark or cat, that has a wonderful sense of smell for some things, seems to have no nose at all for many others. No one ever saw a monkey smell a flower; if he did so, it would be only to inquire if it were edible, or poisonous. Then, as to the sense of touch, what a fine work goes on in the language of the antennæ of insects; and yet it is impossible that the majority of them can possess sensations like ours. A wasp flies in at the window, alights on the breakfast-table, runs swiftly up the side of the large white sugar basin, and displays his grim face in a brazen mask with iron spectacles just above the rim; the next moment he darts upon the sugar. But an armed hand advances a pair of scissors, and suddenly snips off his head. The body staggers, and perhaps flies off, while the jaws of the brazen mask with iron spectacles, continue for some seconds to work away at the sugar, as though no such event had occurred.

With the general character, temper, faculties, and habits of the inferior creatures, naturalists are of course far more intimately acquainted than the world at large; but the naturalists are only an exceptional class, comprising a few individuals; but even amongst the highest of them, how little can they fathom of the mind, or what is intently going on within those many-shaped, grotesque heads of beasts, and birds, and fish, and insects.

The greyhound runs by eye-sight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies two hundred and fifty miles homeward, by eye-sight—namely, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from an angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back—not turning, but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings—the only known creature that possesses this faculty. His sight, then, both forwards and backwards, must be proportionately rapid with his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his eye does that consist? No one can answer. A cloud of ten thousand gnats dances up and down in the sun, the gnats being so close together that you can scarce see the minutest interval between them; yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, and delicate as they are. Suddenly, amidst your admiration of the matchless dance, a peculiarly high-shouldered, vicious gnat, with long pale, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows.

A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet, somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look round, before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants, to be made slaves, should be the black, or negro-ant? No one knows.

'Tis moral grandour makes the mighty man.

Original.
SCOTCH SONGS.—No. 1.

BONNIE BESS.

I canna tell how saft the tint
That sparkles in her bonnie e'e;
I only ken, the denser is it,
I tremble when she looks at me;
The glamor o' her shining hair,
The magic of her form o' grace—
The angels kist her, I declare,
An' left their glory on her face!

I ken the heart may e'en sae feel
Until his joy is aoniat paid,
An' ilka thro' may unco weel
Rehearse the hopes that fill my ain;
I ken't her skiping over the lea,
Like hammae friskin' did she,
An' ilka motion look to me,
As moonrays dancing o'er a stream.

O muckle noo do I lament,
An' fish mysel' lest she forget
The troths we made, the hours we spent—
But hush my heart!—ye'll hae her yet!
Ye'll hae her yet, for heaven is kind,
An' ilka loving hearts will bless—
So noo I leave my heart to God,
An' gie my heart to BONNIE BESS.

THE FASHION OF WOMEN'S DRESS.

The question of the present fashion of women's dress is discussed by the Westminster Review in a pithy article. He is especially savage on

THE BONNET OF 1857.

Glancing at the fashions of 1857, what do we see? On the head is a something, the purpose of which it would be difficult to discover by reason; a structure of silk or straw, adorned with flowers, ribbon, and lace, crowded on the angle of the jaws and the nape of the neck, and with its fore part just reaching the crown of the head. We have Mr. Spurgeon's authority for the effect to the eye of the spectator in front. Being advised to preach against the prevailing folly in head-gear, he paused as he stood up on the platform, looked around him, and said, "I have been requested to rebuke the bonnets of the day; but—upon my word—I don't see any." This is the bonnet of 1857—pinned to the head in some troublesome way—leaving the face exposed in a manner which one need not be a Turkish parent to disapprove, and causing the hair to be powdered with dust, and the head and face to be alternately heated and chilled by sun and wind, so that the physicians are not easily believed when they declare that cases of eye disease, of tooth-ache, and neuralgic pains of the head and face, are beyond all precedent in their practice. For many months past English women and the ladies of America, where the extremes of heat and cold are greater than with us, have been subjecting themselves to the inconveniences of going out bareheaded, with the added annoyance of an apparatus which heats and worries the back of the neck. The broad-brimmed hats are a piece of good sense in a mass of folly. *Punch*, and other satirists, may quiz the hat as a device for looking young; but the ridicule touches only the elderly wearers, and leaves the hat unimpached. Some quizzical specimens, plumed and beribboned, and so turned up and twisted about as to serve no more useful purposes than the prevailing bonnet, may be seen here and there; but the simple original hat, with a brim which shades the eyes, and a crown which protects the head is worthy of all approbation, while it is exceedingly becoming to young wearers. As to older people—if they sensibly decline wearing the bonnet which exposes their grey hair to the very crown, and feel that the hat is too jaunty—why do they not recur to the indigenous, servicable, becoming, unobjectionable English straw bonnet of all times? Not the fancy chip, or the open shell-work of straw, filled up with silk, but the veritable straw fabric (Tuscan or Dunstable at pleasure,) which will outlast all changes of fashion in a climate like ours. There is no occasion to wear it in a cool scuttle fashion, like holy District Visitors, so that a pious woman is always looked for at the end of a long bonnet; nor do the milliners insist on all ladies going bareheaded. The straw bonnet admits of all reasonable modifications; and that of five years ago, inclosing

the face modestly, and covering the head comfortably, gratified good taste then, while it satisfies sound reason now. Instead of it, we daily see old ladies in one of two extremes—either their lank jaws are exposed to the dark strings of a slouching hat, or their wrinkled faces and grey hair are encompassed with blonde and artificial flowers, as the trimming of the little excrescence called a bonnet in our day. One would think that no woman could fail to perceive that wreaths and garlands are a youthful adornment, and that no one should wear artificial flowers who could not fittingly dress her hair with natural ones; yet we see dowagers with roses and foliage clustering around their cheeks at every turn.

He is milder on

THE MANTLE.

The mantle is, perhaps, the best idea among the fashions of the day, and now and then we see one worn by a sensible woman, which fills all reasonable conditions; but the majority of them are so made as to partake of all the disadvantages of the existing gown. It used to be thought, and it will be thought again, that everything in the cloak way loses its character, and therefore its tastefulness, by being fitted to the figure. A modern mantle which is confined to the waist, and has sleeves inserted in a tight armhole, is certainly not a veritable mantle, whatever else it may be; and when we see it, as in this summer of 1857, cut down to a mere band round the chest, extending no higher than the point of the shoulder, and turning into a sleeved jacket below, we have no more to say to it as a respectable member of the mantle tribe. But to respectability in the eyes of taste, it usually forfeits all pretension by its parade of ornamentation. Its fringes, and bugles, and braids, and gimps, and laces, and buttons—its frillings, and quillings, and puffings, and edgings, and slashings are too meretricious for any garment of the cloak order, or for permanent fashion, though this article is perhaps the least objectionable of the whole suit now favored by the caprice of the day.

But he grows frantic at the extravagance and ugliness of

THE MODERN GOWN.

The madness runs riot in the gown—(to use the old-fashioned word, which is more distinctive than the technical use of the term "dress.") The consciousness of the whole public enables us to be brief on this head. When we enter on the topic of the gowns of 1857, every reader's "prophetic soul" warns him what an undeviation to expect on tight waists, bare shoulders and arms, cumbersome and encroaching skirts, and an apparatus for their management, which is in every way objectionable. The costliness, the clumsiness, the ugliness, the affectation, the stiffness, the noisiness, the complete reversal of the objects and attributes of dress in the "dress," evening and morning, of the present fashion, seems to be generally admitted, therefore we shall not insist on them at any length. The plain facts of the case are simply these: the gown of 1857 is made of the most expensive materials obtainable. Ladies who used to dress handsomely on thirty pounds a year, now find that sum insufficient for their gowns alone; and middle-class young ladies, who have hitherto been satisfied with twenty pounds a year, are now driven to their wit's end to keep up with the mode at all; and they have recourse to cheap showy silks that will not last, or light gauzy materials requiring a style of petticoat which makes the dress a costly one after all. Maid-servants, who have before deposited something in Savings Bank every quarter, now feel actually obliged to buy twice as many yards as formerly for their gowns. "It is but nineteen pence a yard," the mistress says, when the gown is a print, but the gowns are not all prints; and it all requires eight or ten breadths in the skirt, the difference at the end of the year to a girl whose wages are ten or twelve pounds is not small. Even the cheap print gowns require so much making, and are so troublesome to wash and iron, that the custom

is a tyrannous one to those on whom it weighs least. As for the most numerous order of its victims—that of middle class ladies—this year, 1857, will be a mortifying or disastrous one in the family history of too many households. The cost of dress has become so disproportionate to other items of expenditure, as to create serious difficulty in the homes of men of business, who have hitherto been able to provide their wives and daughters with whatever was needful to a moderate complacency. The rich silks of the day, under their various names, of which every lady now thinks one at least absolutely necessary, cannot be had for a wife and daughters, with the prodigious trimmings, which are equally indispensable, under a less sum than would maintain a country clergyman, or half-pay officer and his family. The paraphernalia of ribbons, laces, fringes, and flowers, is more expensive than the entire gown of ten years ago. It is not our purpose, as we have notified, to go into the serious moral consideration of the case, or we might disclose a decline of respectability in this class, as well as in ranks above and below, which would make other hearts as heavy as our own. Our readers can imagine, if they do not know, the process of deciding, if exhausted credit, debt, secret gambling, in one shape or another, and even theft in the form of a great sad shop-lifting, and the purchase of stolen goods. Of these things we might say much; but our theme is the bad taste of the fashion. The middle-class man, then, finds his house and garden too small. The dinner-table will not accommodate the old number; and if a leaf be inserted, the waiting maid can hardly get round—a process the more difficult from the number of breadths in her skirt, and the contents of stiff cords in her petticoat. The most delicate flowers in the garden are cut off by the ladies' hems as they walk the path, and the little greenhouse is no place for such tragedy queens; they cannot move without kicking down half a dozen pots. If the children are young, the parent does not commit more than one at a time to the charge of the nursemaid, for a neighbor's child was actually swept into the water from a bridge by a stiff skirt that went flaunting by, the wearer being unconscious of the mischief. If he walks with his wife, he has to be on the guard all the time. If the wind blows, he is fettered by her superfluity of garments; and if it rains, no umbrella can cover them both. If the weather is settled fine, the lady's train raises a cloud of dust, trails along the sidewalk, and sweeps the house of all loose filth as they go. If they enter the parks, the steel rim of her petticoat cuts his leg as they squeeze through the narrow gate; and if they try the high road, there is too much probability that the whole apparatus may become inverted by a sudden gust catching the balloon. Umbrellas get turned wrong side out; and the existing skirt is much more easy to invert. If it is to be a drive, and not a walk, the good man runs the risk of being dismissed as a haughty actress dismissed an old friend. With a vehement prohibitive gesture she drove him back from the carriage-step, with "Parton me—I and my dress occupy the carriage." The same woman who, in their youth, marveled at the slavery to fashion which induced their grandmothers to kneel in a carriage for a drive of many miles, to save their lofty head-dresses, now banish husband or father to the box, or compel them to walk, to make room for the accommodation of flounces or steel springs. Sunday is changed. The children cannot go to church because mamma leaves no room for them; and papa has to stand aside, in the face of the congregation, while his lady is effecting the difficult enterprise of entering her pew. Are the ladies aware that the dulness of church is relieved to bachelor gentlemen by the amusement of watching, and afterwards discussing, the comparative skill of the ladies in passing their pew-dresses? We are concerned to find that a new method of getting Prayer Books and Bibles for church use enables the ladies to find their own amusement while apparently engaged in worship. It seems to be really the fact that the ladies' Prayer Books have a small mirror bound up with the cover—prob-

of about the same size as that in the hatterers of dainties—which they consult while devoutly covering faces on entering their pews.

He becomes pensive and almost lachrymose in the contemplation of

THE IRON AGE OF FASHION.

We would fain think that our countrywomen may attain in time that true self-respect which will destroy the last degree of resemblance between them and the aboriginal savages—a resemblance which they themselves at present perpetuate. We need not point out the analogies between savage and fashionable decorations; they are obvious and mortifying enough, from the duchess who makes holes in her ears, as the Feejee woman makes a hole in her nose, to hang jewels by, to the maid-servant who this summer has had an entire clothes-line hemmed into her petticoat, thereby likening herself to the squaw who winds herself about with a hundred yards of wampum. We would rather refer our countrywomen to the more refined works of nature than to the silly and conceited savage. Throughout the range of animated nature, the splendor of ornamentation is assigned to the male, while a quiet grace is the appropriate charm of the female. Throughout the universe of birds and insects it is so; and among the superior animals the same order is very marked. It would be well for women if they could perceive the wisdom of conformity to that order in their own case; for it is incontestable that the grace which they lose in making dress more than an adjunct cannot be compensated for by anything in the dress itself. Let them try for themselves in regard to the most graceful creatures of other races. Wrap up an Arabian horse in the gayest trappings of the old hobby-horse—and what is the effect? Devise a dress for the deer which shall trammel their limbs, and where is the charm, be their caparison ever so splendid? Is the hooded falcon more beautiful, with its pert feather on its crown, than when it can use its brilliant eyes at will? Imagine for a moment the absurdity of subjecting any other creature, as our women subject themselves, to the rage of the day. We call ours an iron age. We have our iron railways and ships, our palaces framed in iron, and our iron staircases, and even houses, as a security against fire; our iron cables and telegraph wires putting a girdle round the earth; and we cannot stop here, but frame and case the female form in iron, as the carrier would defend his besieged town with an apparatus of leather. The staves had steel stiffeners before; and now the head-dress can be kept on only by a profuse employment of long pins. The bouquet has a metallic foundation like everything else, and each blossom and leaf is supported on a wire. And so is each prominence and movement of the chignons, the skirts; for our ladies are actually caged in steel, and merely cover their rage with gorgeous silks, which are no more really clothing than the brougham in which they ride. It is a mournful climax with which nature caps the absurdity. When the tender creatures are worn out with the weary toil and folly of their unnatural mode of life, and their pale blood and lax fibre must be restored, the iron must be restored, the iron must be taken as medicine—the steel goes into the stomach. Place the most bewitching of the animal creation under similar conditions of artificiality, and what will become of their grace and charm? Everywhere else than in the human case, the value and beauty of objects reside in themselves and not in their accessories, and so it should be with the human object, whose accessories should always be too subordinate to distinct notice. This is what Dr. Johnson meant when he said that those persons are best dressed of whose dress no account could afterward be given. This is what Ben Drummel meant when he said, that a man whose dress you notice in the street is an ill-dressed man. This is what our countrywomen will perceive to be true when their minds are duly brought to bear on a subject to which a most unnecessary amount of time is at present devoted, without any creditable result.

The writer winds up his ungallant protest by quoting entirely the poem of "Nothing to Wear," in which he finds some little consolation amid the abominations of the age, and commends its "skillful and effective method," and its "genial and excellent spirit."

The Seven Sleepers.

The story of the Seven Sleepers is the most romantic of the legends of the Church. It is as follows:

"When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain, and were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured by piles of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was almost miraculously prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Aedulus, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones to supply material for some edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the *Seven Sleepers* were permitted to awake. Soon after rising from their sleep, which they thought had lasted only a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger, and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for the use of himself and his companions. The youth, if we may still employ that application, could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the the Empire; and Jamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery that two centuries had almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a pagan tyrant. The Bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrate, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers, who related their story, bestowed their benediction, and at the same instant peacefully expired."

Peace at Home.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful house, or orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weaknesses as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as each other's characters? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many homes are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and patient, in a neighbor's house. If anything go wrong, or be out of time, or is disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family, as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim, allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we ever gained anything good by giving way to it. Fits of ill humor punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain, to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.

UTILITY OF PERFUMES IN THE SICK CHAMBER.—A recent writer has pointed out that the odors which we dislike are overpowered by others more agreeable, but that the former are neither removed or destroyed; and that the invalid continues to inhale them in spite of the warning given by his sense of their injurious effects. This leads to the inference that the best means of removing a bad odor from a room is by proper ventilation. A fire in the grate, and the door left ajar, or the window open top and bottom about an inch, will quickly change the atmosphere in the apartment; the vitiated air will flow up the flue, while fresh air will come in at the various portals. There are, however, instances when "the doctor" and "the nurse" positively prohibit the fresh air; for they consider "a draft" as certain death to the patient. It is on such occasions as these that the proper use of fragrant substances is beneficial, not only because they hide the *mal odore*, but because—what is far more important—they act as a prophylactic in the atmosphere. The odorous substances of flowers are all antiseptic in a high degree, and being diffused into an atmosphere charged with malarious gases, they destroy their poisonous effects. Fresh air, however, is the best physic for an invalid, and the means of obtaining it are those which we have suggested.

NICELY DONE.—At a certain eating-house a day or two since, a very lean, cadaverous-looking mortal, was so allured by the inviting appearance of a ten pound turkey, all done up in "fixings," that he unconsciously uttered the ejaculation that he could eat it up in ten minutes. "What'll you bet you can?" asked a snob, standing at the door. The "lean and hungry Cassius" immediately responded, "Will you pay for it?" "Yes," "Well, then, I'll bet you a drink." "It's a bet," said snob. The lean man immediately set to. The choicest part of the fat and savory monster were consumed with a most enviable relish, but upon the expiration of the ten minutes he found himself stuffed up to the brim, and the turkey not a third demolished. Rising very coolly, he acknowledged that he could not go it, and quite as coolly ferked over twelve and a half cents for two whisky toddies—lost wager. Snob looked blank upon being suddenly struck with the idea that he had been done up in a decidedly cheap package, paid down two and a half dollars for the turkey, and left his friend enjoying digestion and a prime sneeze by the stove, considerably the better for a first-rate dinner.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

VOCAL MACHINERY OF BIRDS.—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown that in birds the lungs have several openings communicating with corresponding air bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body from the neck downward, and into which the air passes and repasses in the progress of breathing. This is not all; the very bones are hollow, from which air pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. The air being rarified by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart down from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once resolves the mystery.—*Gardner's Music of Nature.*

SOME queer fellow, down at Bangor, has sent an old Indian, 70 years of age, traveling round, with a subscription paper, thus: "Joseph Newell, son of the late Lewis Paul Newell, having lost all his property by the falling of the Grocers' Bank, and unfortunate speculations in Musquash, is compelled to call on his friends to help him 'winter.' Joe is an honest Indian, drinks no rum, and wants to live as long as his father, who dried up and blowed away at the advanced age of 116 years. Give the critter a dime and pass him along.

Our happiness in this world depends upon the affections we are able to inspire.

The Red Petticoat and the White.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

O, the red, the flaunting petticoat,
That courts the eye of day,
That loves to flare and be admired,
And blinks from far away—
It may delight the roving sight,
And charm the fancy free:
But if it's wearer's half as bold,
I'll pass and let her be—
With her red, her flaunting petticoat,
She's not the girl for me!

But the white, the modest petticoat,
As pure as drifted snow,
That shuns the gaze in crowded ways,
Where fancies come and go:
It stirs the primrose on its path,
Or daisy on the lea;
And if the wearer's like the garb,
How beautiful is she!
With her white, her modest petticoat,
O! she's the girl for me!

INCIDENTS OF A DAY'S EXCURSION.

ONE day last summer I took my place in a Gravesend steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters. Two persons in particular attracted my notice; one was a middle-aged gentleman, stout, rather surly, taciturn, who paid no attention to any living being on board, except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was panting or lolling out his tongue, or roamed among the passengers, shoving them out of his way, frightening children by suddenly covering their faces with one lick of his great tongue, and convincing nervous ladies that he was going mad by the vigor with which he stuck out his legs while rolling on his back upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed quietly to enjoy the terror occasioned by the antics of his burly friend.

The other person whom I especially noticed, was a very pretty and well-dressed lady. Young lady she would no doubt have been called but that she had with her a little girl, about seven years old, who called her "mamma." She was evidently possessed of nerves. Indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, and their name was legion. Endless were the petty annoyances in which they involved her. But the keenest sufferings in this small way were caused by the unwieldy gambols of Lion, the Newfoundland dog; and her incessant and puerile exclamations of terror, indignation, and spite, against the good-natured brute, kept up the sly, malicious smiles upon the lips of his apparently unnoticing master. The little girl, on the contrary, had, to the increased alarm of the weak mother, made friends with the monster; and for a long time amused herself by throwing bits of biscuit for him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the incorrectness of her aim, he managed to accomplish, by making a boisterous plunge to one side or the other; and when at last she timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, and he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face and rubbing his side against her till he almost pushed her down, the little creature fairly screamed with delight. Her mother screamed, too, but in one of the small hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and was followed by an outburst of anger at Lion's audacity.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "if that horrid creature should be mad he'll have killed my child! And how dirty he is, too! Look at your pelisse, Adeline, see what a state it is in! How dare you play with that dirty animal?"

The transition from hydrophobia to a soiled

dress was too much for Lion's master, and he burst into a long, loud laugh.

"I wish, sir," said the lady, snappishly, "that you would call away that nasty dog, instead of setting him on to annoy everybody who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals about them."

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoying a cigar, while Lion played the agreeable in his own rough fashion to people who knew how to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy.

Little Adeline, deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the inside of the boat, began to see amusement in watching the foaming water as it rushed from the paddle-wheels, and danced in long lines behind them. She knelt on a shawl which a fellow passenger had kindly lent as a cushion for her little knees, and leaned quietly over the side watching the roaring water; so her mother was for a time relieved from the thousand mosquito-winged vexations which had hitherto beset her.

We were within a few miles of Gravesend. The tide was just at the full, and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty; and even to those who have beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old Father Thames is majestic; aye, and if we place in the balance the historic, political, and commercial importance of the transactions of which his broad breast is and has been the highway, "that honored" river will not lose in dignity even when compared with these giant floods of the west.

Such thoughts as these, however, did not trouble Adeline's pretty head, which began, I could see, to grow giddy with the continual whirl beneath her. A large sea-weed that was dashed from the paddle-wheel caught her attention. It sank, then rose, turned round in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long wake that was left behind the steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress, farther, farther still her little neck was stretched; she lost her balance, and toppled over into the roaring flood. In a moment all was confusion on board. Men were shouting for ropes and boats, to stop the steamer; cries of "a child overboard!" "who can swim?" and a thousand other cries and questionings were heard; but above all, were the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painfully in earnest now; and she alone, in the fond, instinctive devotion of maternal love, that even could she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavored to leap into the water to save her.

Suddenly, Lion, followed closely by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people to right and left like nine-pins. They sprang into the boat that hung at the stern, everybody giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked anxiously in his master's face, and uttered a short, low bark.

"Wait," said the latter, in reply: "where was she seen last?"

"There, sir," replied a sailor promptly, "there beside that piece of plank!"

"How often has she risen?"

"Twice!"

The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog in a low tone, "look out!"

And Lion did look out, with wild flashing eyes, and limbs that trembled with anxiety.

What a moment was that! Every one else was passive; every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation; those who were near enough, watching the third rising of the poor child, and those who could not see the water, keeping their eyes fixed upon Lion. In another instant a cry was raised, as a golden-tressed head was seen to emerge from the water. The noble dog had seen her first, though, and ere the warning cry had reached his ears he had dashed from the boat with wonderful rapidity, and was swimming towards the little sufferer as though he knew that life and death depended on his efforts.

His master marked his progress anxiously. His face was pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing them that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips. "He has her!" he exclaimed, as Lion rose to the surface after a long dive, holding the little Adeline by the hair of her head in such a manner that her face was out of the water. "He has her, and she is saved!" Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burthen when he should approach them. Slowly he came on, wistfully eyeing the steps, and now and then looking up at his master, who was leaning over the side, and encouraging him with his well-known voice.

"Here you are!" cried the sailors, seizing the little girl. She was handed from one to another and at last deposited in the arms of an active looking gentleman, whom every body seemed instinctively to recognize as a surgeon, and by him carried below.

"Now, come up, there's a brave fellow!" said the sailor, retreating to make way for Lion to climb up the steps. But the poor creature whined piteously, and after one or two fruitless attempts to raise himself out of the water, he remained quite passive.

"Help him—help him! He is exhausted!" cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd, to go to the rescue of his brave favorite. By the time, however, that he had reached the top of the ladder the sailors had perceived the condition of the dog, and with some difficulty dragged him from the water. With their assistance he crawled feebly up; then languidly licked his master's hand, and stretched himself on the deck.

It would be difficult to tell which received the most attention—the little girl under the hands of the surgeon and all the women, who had squeezed themselves into the cabin under the firm conviction that they were exceedingly useful, or the noble dog from the kind but rough attentions of the steamer's men, under the superintendence of his master.

Both the invalids were convalescent; and Lion was sitting up, receiving with quiet dignity the caresses of his friends, when Adeline's mother came running up stairs; and throwing herself upon her knees before him, clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her cheeks upon his rough head and wept.

"He's a dirty animal, madam," said the gentleman, who could not forget her former slighting remarks. "He'll make your pelisse in such a state! Besides, he may be mad!"

She cast up her eyes with an expression of meek reproach. They were very fine eyes, and

I think he felt it, for his features softened immediately.

"Oh, pray, pray, give him to me!"

"Give Lion to you," he exclaimed in derision. "Why, what would you do with him? I will tell you. You'd pet and pamper the poor beast till he was eaten up with disease, and as nervous as a fine lady. No, no; you'd better give Adeline to me. Lion and I could take much better care of her than you can."

"Perhaps so, sir," she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over her since the accident; "but still I could not spare her. She is my only child, and I am a widow."

"I must go," muttered the gentleman to himself. "Whew! a widow! Has not the immortal WELLES assured us that one widow is equal to twenty-five ordinary women? It's not safe—morally safe—to be in the same boat with her."

He walked away. But who may wrestle against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him carrying Adeline ashore, with the pretty widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way ashore, and when he had put them into a cab they had another chat through the window, terminating with a promise to "COME EARLY." What could all this mean? He looked after the cab till it was out of sight.

"I think she's got rid of her nerves," he observed to himself. What a charming creature she is without them."

Something that every Lady should read— Chemistry for Girls.

This is properly styled a utilitarian age, for the inquiry "What profit?" meets us everywhere. It has entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies, because their immediate connection with *hard money* profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine arts and fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent, merely to learn how to dress tastefully and walk gracefully, play, write French, and make waxen plumes and silken spiders—all pretty, but why not inquire, "What profit?"

I take my pen, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will thereby be better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric, are violent poisons, yet frequently needed in medicine, and the mechanic arts.—Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, should enter a cabinet shop, and find a saucer of *aqua fortis* (nitric acid) upon the work bench, and, in his sport, seize and drink a portion of it. He is convayed home in great agony. The physician is sent for, but ere he arrives, the child is a corpse. Now, as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine chest, or drawer, was some calcined magnesia, which, if timely administered, would have saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy. O, what are all the bouquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge?

Take another case. A husband returning home, on a summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box, labeled "salts of lemon," and making a solution of this he drinks it freely. Presently he feels distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drunk a solution of oxalic acid, which she has procured to take stains from

linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal.—When he arrives, perhaps, he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk, which, if given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate the article generally used to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is laid upon the floor in a tea-cup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs to play; the infant crawls to the tea cup, and drinks. Now, what think you would be the mother's joy, if, having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well ascertained fact, that there is in the hen's nest an antidote to this poison. She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites. Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk to her of novels—one little book of natural science has been worth, to her, more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician in a hurry leaves an overdose of tartar emetic, (generally the first prescription in case of bilious fever,) and pursues his way to another patient, ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is despatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer. Now, there is, in a canister in the cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for this distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar emetic into a harmless compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes covered with a green substance—carbonate or the praxide of copper, a poisonous compound.

It has sometimes happened, that a mother has, for want of knowledge, poisoned her family. Sour krout, when permitted to stand for some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.

Families may have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, without suspecting the cause. That lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if, under such circumstances, she knows that pickles rendered green by verdigris are poisonous, and that the white of an egg is an antidote.

Illustrations might be multiplied, but our space forbids. Enough has been shown, we hope, to convince the utilitarian that a knowledge of chemistry is an important element in the education of the female sex; that without it they are imperfectly qualified for the duties devolving upon them in the domestic relations, and poorly prepared to meet its emergencies.

SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL.—The papers speak of Mrs. Le Vert's book as a very pleasant and interesting work. The travels embrace a European tour extending to England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, etc. The authoress saw much of the best society in those countries, and a Philadelphia paper says her "Souvenirs of Travel will be read and admired, not for their elaborate and careful detail, not for their originality and force, but because it is a simple, unpretending, ingenious record of the impressions of a gifted, lovely and grateful woman."

We ridicule others for their fears and failures, and fear and fall like them in like situations: for many a path that looks smooth at a distance, is found to be rough when we have to travel it.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

COURTESY.—Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years has deprived of charms—show me the man who is willing to help any one who stands in the need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled on her cheek—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village, than at the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches and family; show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, who shuns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns as he would a coward the ridiculer of womanly foibles, or the exposurer of womanly reputation—show me the man who never forgets for one hour the delicacy, the respect due to women as women, in any condition or class; show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman—Nay, you show me better, you show me a true Christian gentleman.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—A French savan, of excellent heart, but somewhat eccentric, lately discharged a servant. Another presented himself, and when matters were nearly settled, the gentleman said:

"Listen, my good fellow; I am not unfair; but I hate to waste words. You must understand me at a hint. For example, when I say, 'Give me my razors, to shave me'—you must bring me at the same time warm water, soap, a napkin, in fact, all the accessories of the toilet. And so with every thing."

For some time all went on to a marvel, and our friend congratulated himself on having so excellent a servant. One day he felt indisposed, and told his man to go for the doctor, who lived a few steps off. One hour, two hours, passed away. No physician, no servant. Finally, at the end of three hours, back came the servant.

"Well, sir! what made you so long a time going for the doctor, who lives close at hand!"

"Ma foi, monsieur remembers that when he gives me an order I must guess all that he will be likely to need. Thus I started for the doctor; then the surgeon, in case there should be any operation to perform; the watchers, in case they should be needed to pass the night; the notary, in case monsieur should wish to make his testament; and the undertaker, in case he should kick the bucket."

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.—There are many eulogies passed upon the so-called "credit system." Few know the real tax that it occasions, or dream who pays it. A farmer sells his wool upon credit, and charges from five to ten per cent. more than for cash. The manufacturer, in selling his cloth, demands equally as much above cash price, because he has to wait and run hazards for his pay. He sells to the wholesale dealer, and demands a like addition to the cash price for giving credit. The jobber buys, paying a like addition for being trusted. He sells to the country merchant, and puts on a like increase because he gives credit. The latter, in retailing, makes a like addition for selling on credit. Here are four sales upon credit. At only five per cent. addition for credit, the consumer pays twenty per cent. because former owners dealt on credit. At ten per cent. this would amount to forty. The latter, we think, is below the reality. It follows that when the consumer purchases five dollars' worth of cloth, two dollars of it are paid in consequence of the various credits given by sellers to the buyers. This is true to a greater or less extent as to very many things we consume. We are severely taxed for the credits others obtain, as well as for those extended to ourselves. The paying consumers bear the losses sustained by those who never pay. The price of credit is always largely increased because a portion never perform their engagements. Looking at this matter as it really exists, we can appreciate the virtues assigned by John Randolph to four words which, he said, were the secret to prosperity, to wit: "Pay as you go."

THE ATHENÆUM.

WE are happy to state, that to-day (Thursday) Mrs. WEEKES, whose illness is noticed on another page, is much better, though still confined to her apartments. Her physician thinks she may be out in a day or two.

THE story entitled "THE MYRTLE MYSTERY," began in this No., will be concluded in our next paper. In our third No. we shall commence the publication of an Original Story, by a well-known writer, entitled "THE HUSBAND-LOVER;" also, an Original Translation from the Magyar text, which will prove interesting to our readers.

SACRAMENTO.—Mrs. Weekes purposes visiting Sacramento in the course of a few days, if her health should permit, with the view of making arrangements for the circulation of THE ATHENÆUM in that city.

Messrs. FEEKS & Co., Washington street, will please accept our thanks for a package of Eastern papers, received as we go to press.

"PLEASE EXCHANGE."—We forward copies to most of our cotemporaries in California, and many in the Atlantic States. Please exchange.

A series of interesting "Letters from Scotland" will be commenced in our next No. They will contain gossiping sketches of the lives and characters of many Scotch notables, among whom we may name Alexander Smith, Thomas Aird, Prof. Blackie, George Gillilan, and others known to fame.

CALIFORNIA CONTRIBUTORS.—We hope to be able soon to lay before our readers, a series of articles from California writers. We are led to hope that we shall be able to effect arrangements with a literary Lady, well known among the people of San Francisco as an accomplished and elegant writer, for one or more Original Nouvellettes.

THANKS.—We are under obligations to the Editors of the Alta California, Times, Morning Call, Globe, and Golden Era, for editorial courtesies. We would also express our acknowledgements to the editor of the Wide West for the publication of an advertisement in his paper, which he inserted gratis. It has assisted us much.

A GOOD 'UN.—The N. O. Picayune relates an amusing anecdote of an auctioneer, who was crying his wares when a greenhorn stepped in. It says:

The individual gazed as intently as he could at the auctioneer, while he sustained himself against a friendly post; and the man of the hammer having named a price above the then pending bid, nodded significantly and interrogatively to the stranger, who, to the great satisfaction of the original and professional nodder, nodded in return. The bidding became more spirited, and numerous nods were exchanged between the auctioneer and the stranger, until the piece of goods was finally pronounced sold to the latter. "Your name," shouted the auctioneer, in the most business like manner possible. "Name!" growled the individual addressed, "Name—thunder! I thought yer knowed me, when yer nodded to me, and so I nodded back again. Go to thunder with your old going, shoe shop; I'm no peddler."

There was a roar of laughter as the stranger stalked out of the room, and the auctioneer was entered on the books among the other sales.

The Scarlet Petticoat and the White.

Our lady readers—and we are glad to know that they are counted by tens of thousands, of course all fair, amiable, wise, tasteful and graceful!—will hardly need to be told that the Queen of England has a very beautiful castle at Balnoral, on the banks of the dark rolling Dee, where she takes her pleasure and the Prince Consort shoots grouse in August and September, and from whence certain Caledonian fashions have lately been introduced by the lighter circles in England. It so happens that the Queen, when visiting Balnoral, is always received by a sort of triumphal procession, the most picturesque in which is a bevy of Scottish maidens and matrons wearing the scarlet petticoat, with the gown hooped up at the side, the hem of the petticoat touching the ankle. The Queen has adopted the fashion, and so have many of the ladies of the Court. It has not been long in crossing the Atlantic, and was first introduced at Washington by Lady Gore Ouseley, and has already received the indorsement of several of the prettiest promaners in Broadway.

The scarlet petticoat, like all petticoats, is a matter of great interest. The article has been, in all ages a most important weapon in politics, war, diplomacy and financing. Where would have been the fame of Homer, if Paris had not interfered in a petticoat quarrel? Did not Mark Antony desert all his friends and allow his party to go to the dogs while he was wasting his time under the petticoat reign of Cleopatra? Was not Mme. de Maintenon's petticoat the chiefest piece of state machinery in the time of the Grand Monarch? Was England ever more powerful than when under the petticoat government of Elizabeth? A great many very handsome petticoats she had, too, being somewhat finical in regard to the article. Where would have been the great Duke of Marlborough but for the petticoat influence of Sarah Churchill?

Similar influences in our day led to the downfall of the first Napoleon, the early death of the second, and the success of the third. And it is not gravely urged that the expansion of the crinoline and the inflation of the hooped petticoats helped to bring on the commercial revulsion? Do we not all remember the incident in California, where a party of rough miners, who had passed many months without the cheer of woman's eyes, accidentally discovered a red petticoat, paid homage to it, and extemporized a triumphal dance about it? Who can forget the stout Jersey matron who gave her single petticoat to make wadding for Revolutionary muskets? Have not all the poets sung the praises of the petticoat? Who does not remember the lines of Sir John Suckling:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.

[New York Herald.]

THE ATHENÆUM, AND CALIFORNIA CRITIC.

A Journal of Literature and Art. Conducted by Mrs. CORA ANNA WEEKES. To be published weekly, at 129 Sansone Street, San Francisco. It shall be the aim of the conductor of this paper, to make it in every way suitable for Family Reading. It shall be carefully edited, and nothing will be admitted into its columns calculated to offend the taste or shock the sense of the most fastidious. Though not professingly devoted to Religion, it will nevertheless strive to assume and maintain a high moral tone; the Editor believing that Christianity is ever the handmaid of civilization, and that it is the duty of the Press, as well as the Pulpit, to uphold and teach the great principles of the Christian faith. Matters of a personal character will always be scrupulously avoided, and as it is the intention of the Editor to treat her cotemporaries with courtesy and respect, she claims the same treatment in return. She expects and will not shrink from legitimate criticism, so long as such criticism is confined to her literary efforts; but she trusts her cotemporaries will remember that while as an Editor she belongs to the public, and holds herself subject to its praise or censure, as a WOMAN her capacity is private, and she claims exemption from personal attack. In short, she desires to sink her own individuality into that of her paper.

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The Editor respectfully solicits the public support.

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Tickets for the course, at \$5, can be had at the Library, and will also be offered particularly to members of the Association, by the Assistant Librarians. Each season Ticket will admit a gentleman and lady. By order of the Lecture Committee.

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THE ATHENÆUM

AND CALIFORNIA CRITIC.

FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE MEMORABLE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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Original.

REVERIES OF JOHN JONES THE ELDER.

Mr. Littlebud Calls—A Social Conversation
—I make Verses.

NO. II.

I don't know how it is that I have taken such a liking to Mr. Littlebud. Perhaps it is that we have an individuality of interest. Yesterday evening, after I had left the counting-room, I hastened home and built a cosy fire in my grate. It was not very cold; but somehow I wanted a companion, and the cheerful blaze seemed to shine intelligently upon me. When I saw its beams flickering upon my bare walls, I was struck with a very singular idea. There was a kind of familiar smile in the fire-light. It looked down upon me from the wall, and as I turned in surprise to gaze upon it, it instantly shifted its position. When the embers burned low, the reflection seemed gradually to ascend, and I could almost aver I saw a pale, thin, delicate hand, pointing upward. Involuntarily I threw the window wide open, and looked up, too. There was nothing to be seen but the clear sky, and a few stars trembling with cold. I wished Mr. Littlebud would come in, and, sure enough, there came a soft tap at my door, and that gentleman made his appearance.

"Why, good evening, my friend," said I, "I was just thinking of you, and I am very glad you have called."

The old gentleman returned my salutation kindly, and took a seat by the smoking embers. I tried to rally him into conversation, but he kept steadily gazing at the fire, and uttered not a word.

"Mr. Littlebud," I asked, "what can be the subject of your thoughts to-night? Have you no gossip?—no news to communicate? And why gaze you so steadily at my poor fire?"

He motioned me to him, without taking his eyes from the grate.

"Look at that fire," he said, speaking very slowly. "A few minutes since it was blazing cheerfully, and now it is almost out. It is like the fire of life. The blackened ashes will remain for a season, and then the winds will carry them away. So, neighbor Jones, when the fuel of

our lives is all burned out, and the dust and the ashes only are left, we too shall be swept away by the rough winds of time, and nothing will remain to tell that we once existed."

There was something inconceivably sad in this thought. But suddenly a bright idea occurred to me, and I spoke:

"You forget, Mr. Littlebud, that the ashes of that grate, worthless as it appears, may resuscitate the worn out soil of some clover-field, and from its bosom may spring blossoms of fragrance and beauty. Even so, when we go away, our good deeds shall take root in the heart of some forlorn one, and spring up in flowers to keep our memory green forever!"

"I cannot dissent from so fair a thought, neighbor Jones," replied Mr. Littlebud; "and yet it would seem that we are so humble in our sphere, we can scarcely expect to do much good in this world. Who will remember me when I am dead?"

"I will tell you, my friend. When the widow Lacy lost her little boy last week, and was ready to die of grief, you went and comforted her. I heard you say, 'cheer up, widow Lacy; God loved the child, and so took it home. The dear Christ who said Suffer little children to come unto me, has taken your wee lamb into his own fold.' Well, the poor widow smiled through her tears, and looked so grateful, that I knew even then you had sown some of the good seed, which should spring up into everlasting verdure. Ah! he who giveth a cup of cold water to one of Christ's mourning ones, shall have his reward."

He raised his soft, humid eyes to mine. I held out my hand. He grasped it, as he exclaimed:

"God bless you, neighbor Jones. You have taught me a lesson. You have taught me to trust in Him who knoweth even when a sparrow falls to the ground. Let us praise His name."

He fell on his knees. Our little attic room suddenly became filled as with a halo of light and glory. Soft zephyrs fanned us, as if stirred by the wings of angels.

Mr. Littlebud's face shone. He raised his eyes, streaming with joy-drops, to heaven. "Blessed be Him who comforteth us!" he whispered, fervently.

"Amen!" I replied; and "amen" was caught up and echoed by a thousand invisible spirits.

He rose up, with inspiration on his face. His weak, trembling voice broke into song, as a little rill breaks into music among the mountains:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

I joined him in the chorus:

"Here shall I baffle my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Then we talked to each other kind, com-

forting words, and the hours slipped rapidly by till bed-time came. Mr. Littlebud then bade me an affectionate good-night. After he had departed, and I was left quite alone, I got thinking about one who shared my youthful joys, but whose name is now carved on a tombstone. I don't attempt poetry very often, but some how I felt a strong inclination to put my thoughts on paper. Here they are:

I am all alone in my quiet room,
And the hours are flying fast,
My soul, with a listless, aching sigh,
Goes back to the misty past;
It dwells on the days when hope was young,
And the heart beat fresh and true,
When it throbb'd for a fond and trusting one—
Heaven's choicest gift to me!

She was all holy and innocent—
Her fringed eye's lustrous line
Shone out from the depths of a loving heart,
All gentle, and kind, and true;
Even now, when the azure skies are bright,
And the night-orbs glisten fair,
My longing eyes look up to them,
And I see her spirit there!

I see her now as she used to sit
By the brooklet's pebbly brink,
When our hearts were one, and our souls were one,
By many a golden link;
O the flowers smiled as they bathed their cheeks
In the depths of the crystal stream—
The flowers are pale—and to me is left
But the shadow of a dream.

She has gone for aye—her ringing laugh
Is hushed in silence deep—
She sleepeth in the shadowy land,
While I remain to weep!
And now when the stars come out at night,
To gaze at the sleeping sea,
I close my eyes and dream of her—
Alas! will she dream of me!

Will she dream of me?—the sadly sweep
Of her raiment pure and white
Is beyond the confines of this clay,
That chains me to Earth and Night!
But this thread-bare garment will soon wear out,
And this spirit will clove the air,
And we'll mingle, and live our loves again,
In a vortex of glory there!

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Aurora Leigh.

AURORA LEIGH.—By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

In the first number of this paper we published a critical review of the new volume by ALEXANDER SMITH, whom we regard as one of the most promising Poets that has appeared since the days of Shakspeare. This is strong commendation, but we believe by no means extravagant. Certainly, if we take into consideration the encomiums which have been every where lavished upon his works, not only by the smaller critics, but by those whose vocation it is to pluck the feathers from these new fledglings, we are constrained to admit that, with firm faith in the adage of "what every body says must be true," he has proven himself to be the Bard who is destined to "set the age to music," and—

"To be the spokesman for all coming time."

In this article, however, we have another task before us. If ALEXANDER SMITH is at this moment the first representative of English poetry

among his own sex, we are bound to say that ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING is as unquestionably at the head of all Female Poets of this or any other age. She is greater than SMITH in Art—more polished and more elegant; but she is less an enthusiast for Nature and Nature's beautiful works. Mrs. BROWNING represents the schools—she is too precise; too much bound by conventionalities, (the fault of our sex)—too much afraid to kick aside the trammels of custom, and to soar away into the great expanse of soul-freedom. But, aside from these defects, she is the true woman—not in weakness of purpose or a want of independence of thought—but she is the woman in all those great and angelic traits that should adorn a woman's character. Delicate in feeling and refined in sentiment, she is yet enlightened enough to perceive that Literature every where is the handmaid of civilization, and that only among those of our sex who have not yet fully emerged from a state of semi-barbarism, and whose limited faculties have not yet become sufficiently developed to comprehend the memorable and the true, is Literature frowned upon and treated with contempt. Hence she *pities*, rather than blames, those mistaken ones of our sex whose ignorance does not permit them to perceive, that among womanly accomplishments Literature and the Fine Arts must ever hold the pre-eminence.

We have written thus much of Mrs. BROWNING'S peculiarities, in order that our readers may examine her Poems with their eyes open, and with a knowledge of the traits which form the character of the Poet, and which have resulted in such a work as "*Aurora Leigh*." Our sister and our friend, it is not to be expected that we should apply the critic's lash, even did we find occasion to do so. Our object is less to censure defects, than to point out beauties; and the chief difficulty in accomplishing our purpose is, that those beauties are scattered so abundantly through the 350 pages of her book, that we find it almost impossible to choose from among the thousand gems of thought our pencil has marked.

"*Aurora Leigh*" partakes of the character of an Autobiography, and, to use Mrs. BROWNING'S own words, it is the work into which "her highest convictions of life and art have entered." "*Aurora*" is a young poetess, who falls in love with her cousin *Romney*, but whose pride prevents her from accepting his offer of marriage, since he is a nobleman, and she penniless. *Romney* is a philanthropist, and engages in all sorts of impossible schemes for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-men; even to the extent of giving his lands rent free to his tenants, &c., &c.;—who repays him for his kindness by burning his house, putting out his eyes, and scouting him from his own lands. Blind and broken-hearted, he follows his cousin *Aurora* to Italy, where he pours out his passion as one without hope; and at last finds that the cold and haughty dame is after all a mere little woman, full of love and full of tears,—and of course, as soon as she discovers that he is sightless, she falls on his bosom in the most approved fashion, and weeps that she must

"And know—stand before his face,"

"And know she cannot win a look of his."

Aurora Leigh, in true womanly fashion, commences her story by informing her readers that she is "still what men call young;" being evi-

dently not yet quite so outset not to be misunderstood, and so to her youth and beauty. She says:

I have not so far left the coasts of life
To travel inland, that I cannot hear
That murmur of the outer Infinite
Which meant babies smile at in their sleep,
When wondered at for smiling.

She speaks beautifully of her Mother, who died in giving her birth:

—my life
A poor spark snatched up from a failing lamp,
Which went out therefore. She was weak and frail:
She could not bear the joy of giving life.
The mother's tears slew her. If her kiss
Had left a longer weight upon my lips,
It might have stilled the uneasy breath,
And reconciled and fraternized my soul
To the new order: As it was, indeed,
I felt a mother want about the world,
And silent weeping, in a black iron tomb,
Left out at night, in shutting up the fold, &c.

After the death of her mother, *Aurora* went to live among the mountains of Italy with her father. She thus speaks of her life during nine years among the Italian hills, and of the sudden death of her father:

So nine full years our days were hid with God
Among his mountains. I was just thirteen.
Still growing like the plants from unseen roots,
In the wet springs—and suddenly awake
To full life and its needs and agonies.
With an intense, strong, struggling heart, beside
A stoned-father, *Life struck sharp on death*,
Joy to me welcome, she stood suddenly
* * * * * Ere I answered he was gone,
And none was left to love in all the world.

The sentences which we have italicised in the above extract, are grandly beautiful. The expression, "a stoned-dead father," is, however, coarse and unnatural, and grates harshly on the refined ear.

After her father's death, *Aurora* returns to England, to reside with a maiden aunt. The picture of the staid old lady is so admirably drawn, that we cannot resist the inclination to copy it entire.

I think I see my father's sister stand
Upon the hall-step of her country house
As quiet life, which was not life at all,
Her somewhat laid forehead bared bright light,
As if for tanning accidental thoughts
From the pale pulses; brown hair sprinkled with gray,
By frigid use of life, (she was not old,
Although my father's elder by a year.)
A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines,
A close mild mouth, a little curled about
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,
Or, peradventure, niggardly left truths;
Eyes of no color—once they might have smiled,
But never have forgotten themselves
In smiling; cheeks in which was yet a rose
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,
Kept more for rath than pleasure,—if past bloom,
Past fading also.

She had lived, we'll say,
A harmless life, she called a virtuous life,
A quiet life, which was not life at all,
(But that, she had not lived enough to know,)
Between the vicar and the country squire.
The lord-lieutenant looking down sometimes
From the emporium, to assure their souls
Against chance vulgarisms, and, in the abyss,
The apothecary looked on once a year,
To prove their soundness of humidity.
The poor-dub exercised her Christian gifts
Of knitting stockings, stitching petticoats,
Because we are of one flesh after all
And one true pulse; I clung about her neck,
Of difference in the quality,—and still
The book-club, guarded from my modern trick
Of shunning dangerous questions from the creases,
Preserved her intellectual. She had lived
A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
Was art and joy—among the things that live
In thickets, and eat berries!

I alas,
A wild bird scarcely fledged, was brought to her cage,
And she was there to meet me, very kind,
Bring the clean water; give out the fresh seed.
She stood upon the steps to welcome me,
Calm, in black garb. I clung about her neck,
Young babes, who catch at every shred of wool
To draw the new light closer, catch and cling
Less than I. In my case, my father's word
Hummed ignorantly, as the sea in shells,
"Love, love my child." She, black there with my grief,
Might feel my love—she was his sister once—
It clung to her. A moment she the secret noted,
Kissed me with cold lips, suffered me to cling,
And drew me feebly through the hall, into
The room she sat in.

There, with some strange spasms
Of pain and passion, she those my hands

Imperiously, and held over at arm's length,
And with two grey-steeled, inked-blinded eyes,
(through,
Searched through my face,—say, stabbed it through and
Through brows and cheeks and chin as if to find
A wicked murderer in my innocent face,
If not here, there perhaps. Then drawing breath,
She struggled for her ordinary calm,
And missed it rather, told me not to shrink,
As if she had told me not to lie and swear,—
See had loved my father, and would love me too
As long as I deserved it?

We have only reached the eleventh page of Mrs. BROWNING'S book, and yet we grow voluminous in our quotations. But we cannot forbear giving a few extracts which explain the writer's views in reference to the trifling and foolish aims of woman's ambition:

The works of women are symbolical,
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Prolong what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you.

Here is an almost savage thrust at the unmeaning and frivolous compliments too often lavished upon our sex, by some of our critics:

We never can be satisfied with praise
Which men give women when they judge a book
Not as mere work, but as mere woman's work,
Expressing the comparative respect
Which means the absolute scorn. "Oh, excellent!
"What grace! what delicate! what faint sweeps!
"What delicate discernment! . . . almost thought!
"The look does honor to the sex, we hold."
Among our female authors we find a rumour
"For this fair writer, and congratulate
"The country that produces in these times
"Such woman, competent to . . . spell!"

And in her disgust for these shallow compliments, which generally are but another name for contempt, our authoress breaks out as follows:

I would rather dance
At fairs on tight-rope, till the babies dropped
Their gibber-baw for joy,—than shift the types
For toilsome texts, infernal scorns. "Oh, excellent!
To men who eat and saffer. Better far,
Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means,
Than a sublime art frivolously.

The character of *Marion Erle* is most admirably drawn. *Marion* is a poor "daughter of the people," whose mother is described as a debased and soulless creature, addicted to strong drink to the degree of bestiality, and plotting to win the means of gratifying her depraved appetite by the meditated dishonour of her only child. The scene wherein is depicted the horrible depravity of the mother, the infamous lust of him to whom she would have sacrificed the poor girl, and the horror of the abocked but virtuous *Marion*, is terribly graphic, but cannot well be described in these columns: hence we pass it by. Enough that the poor child, destitute and penniless, without shoe or bonnet to shield her person from the peltings of the pitiless storm, flies from the maternal roof—a weak only—and takes the high road to London. Week and ill from exposure, she falls down on the road, and gives herself up to die. Here she is found, in an insensible state, by an honest carter, by whom she is taken to London and placed in one of the city hospitals. The noble philanthropist, *Romney Leigh*, in his charitable visits to the hospital, falls in with the friendless *Marion*. He gently questions her:

"You have lost
Your father and your mother?"

Her answer is terrible in its grand beauty:

"Both?" she said,
"Both lost! my father was burnt up with gin
Or ever I suck'd milk, and so is lost,
My mother sold me to a man last month,
And so my mother's lost," 'tis manifest,
And I, who the frother for me milked miles,
As if I had caught sight of the fires of hell
Through some wild gap, (she was my mother, sir),
It seems I shall be lost, too presently,
And so we end, at three of us."

Romney's answer is full of Christian tenderness. How exquisitely he imparts to our forsaken child, the consolations of religion:

"Poor child!"

He said—with such a pity in his voice,
It soothed her more than her own tears—
"This simple that betrayed by mother's love
Should bring despair of God's, too. Yet be taught,
It's better to us than many mothers care,
And children cannot mourn or beg or reach
Of the sweep of his white raiment. Touch and hold,
And if you weep still, weep where John was laid
While Jesus loved him."

Noble Mrs. BROWNING! Though you never pen another line, this alone shall make your name immortal!

It would be worse than useless for us to attempt to follow the fortunes of poor *Marion Earle*. Mrs. BROWNING alone is competent to be her biographer; and she leads us step by step along the dark avenues of the poor girl's life, down to sorrow and infamy! She tells us how *Marion*, after leaving the hospital, was placed in "a famous sempstress house" in London; and how, when one of her companions in toil "took sick," she forfeited her place by waiting upon the invalid.

She could not leave a solitary sou
To founder in the dark, while she sat still
And larlish stitches on a holy's hem,
As if no other work were paramount.
"Why, then," thought *Marion*, "has a missing hand
This moment? Leave me a drink, perhaps.
Let others miss me! never miss me, God!"

Now *Marion* suddenly disappears from London, and nothing is heard of her for several years. At last, under circumstances of grave suspicion, she is discovered by *Aurora*, wandering in the streets of Paris. She bears an infant in her arms, and eases it with all a mother's fondness. And yet, when *Aurora* follows the mysterious girl to her humble home, she learns that *Marion is not a wife*. The mother holds her smiling babe up to *Aurora*, and asks if it is not "beautiful." The latter replies:

"Ay! the child is well enough,
* * * * * If his mother's palms are clean,
They need be glad, of course, in clasping such:
But if not,—I would rather lay my hand
On the—on God's breast than utterance,
Not had with burning sacrificial hands,
Than touch the sacred curls of such a child!"

Now we prefer to allow *Aurora* to proceed in her own words:

She plunged her fingers in his clustering locks,
As one who would not be afraid of fire;
And then, with hushed and hushed intences, said,—
"My lamb, my lamb! although, through such as thou,
The most unclean got courage and approach
To God, once—now they cannot, even with men,
Find grace enough for pity and gentle words."
"My *Marion*! I made answer, grave and sad,
"The priest who stole a lamb to offer him,
Was still a thief. And if a woman steals
(through God's own barrier-bridges of true love,
Which fence out license in securing love)
A child like this, that smiles so in her face,
She is no mother but a kidnapper,
And he's a dismal orphan—not a son:
Whom all her kisses cannot feed so full
He will not miss hereafter a pure home
To live in, a pure heart to lean against.
A pure goal before me and an ancestry
To hope by, when the world grows thick and bad,
And he feels out for virtue."

The wrongfully accused *Marion*, still pure, though smarting under suspicion, vindicates her honor as follows. Was ever before, language so grand and powerful, penned by woman:

Springing up erect,
And lifting up the child at full arms' length,
As if to bear him like an orphelin,
Unconquerable to armies of reproach,—
"By *him*," she said, "my child's head and his curls,
By those blue eyes no woman born could dare
A prey on, I mark my mother's curls,
That if I left that heart to lighten it,
The blood of mine was still, except for grief!
And I bear him like an orphelin, was took to my
To a sabbler cup,—no matron mother now
Looks backward to her early matchmade
Through clasher pulses. I speak steadily:
And if I be so, it being bound in will
And pattered with in soul by devil's lust,
I need to bid this angel take my part,
Wield God's indignity, let no think, in heaven,
Nor strike me down with thunder!" Yet I speak:
He clears me, therefore!"

For an explanation of the mystery which envelops the character of *Marion Earle*, we refer the reader to the book itself—which we presume may be obtained at the book-store of Mr. LE COURT, in this city. But we have quoted enough of this extraordinary Poem to sustain our declaration that Mrs. BROWNING is the greatest poetess of this or any other age. SAPPHO herself never painted such images as these. Mrs. HEMANS dwindles into comparative insignificance, while the highest efforts of Mrs. SIGOURNEY and MARY HOWITT, hitherto classed among the ablest representatives of American and English poetry, are lost in the effulgence of *Aurora Leigh*.

Dr. Scott's New Book.

THE GIANT JUDGE: OR THE STORY OF SAMSON, THE HEBREW HERCULES. By Rev. W. A. SCOTT, D.D. San Francisco: Whittou, Towne & Co. 1858.

We do not refer to this volume with any attempt at elaborate criticism; for inasmuch as it bears mostly on theological points, it is out of our appropriate sphere. Dr. SCOTT has however given us a work interesting even to the general reader, though it cannot fail to be doubly so to minds of a religious turn. The style of the author is easy, lucid, bold, and forcible. He evinces much candor and liberality of opinion, even when he feels obliged to differ from skeptical writers. There appears in his book an effort to parade much reading, and an extensive acquaintance with the ancient classics.

Although we cannot fully agree with some of the theological views expressed in the work, yet we believe it will accomplish much good. In this age of doubt and investigation, when men of great learning and vigorous intellect have attacked the very citadel of the Christian faith, it is gratifying to see a man of equal learning and acknowledged ability, standing forth as a champion of the Church—contesting side by side with HORNE, PALEY, and HENRY.

Some of the views of our author are sustained with signal ability;—among which is the idea that the Bible as a revelation must be taken as a whole: that the Old and New Testaments are inseparably united—both resting on the same authority. The Great Teacher himself often referred to the Prophets of the Old Testament as inspired men; if he was deceived, where is the ground of our faith? While we cannot coincide with the learned Doctor in the high opinion he evidently entertains for Samson, yet we have no sympathy with those who are striving to cover with obliquy and distrust the worthies of the Old Testament. If the biographies of the Fathers of our Republic, whose names we revere, and whose acts adorn the brightest pages of our national history, were as truthfully written as those of Samson, Saul, David, and Solomon, might not some specks appear, to darken the lustre of their fame? The private correspondence of those great men, portions of which have by accident been revealed to the public eye, show the truth of our inference. How little can we discern the true character of a man from his written biography. His sins, his faults, even his blunders, are carefully concealed, while all that is good is magnified. Thus, men of ordinary powers get often metamorphosed into intellectual giants, and even the debased and ignoble are transformed into heroes and sages. We

learn no more of a man's inner life from his written history, than of the habits of the fish in an unlit sea.

Modern Biography seems invented to conceal, rather than reveal, the character of men. But not so with Biblical Biography. There, men and women stand before us as living characters, invested with all the passions and weaknesses of humanity. There, the biographer unblushingly relates the tale of their guilt and shame, as well as their godliness and virtue.

Those who delight in censuring the worthies of the Bible point exultingly to David, as the worst type of his kind. They delight in the inconsistency of his great sin, though he was called "the man of God." They overlook his faith and courage in peril, his magnanimity to his greatest enemy, his inflexible justice as a ruler, his deep and abiding contrition for sin, and his fervent and glowing piety. If men's sins in these days weighed as heavily on their consciences as did David's, we should see more lasting conversions to a godly life. But notwithstanding this, we do not see that any thing is gained for revelation, by striving to make biblical characters holier than does the Bible, or by attempting to apologise for, or to justify their acts, in a manner not warranted by sacred testimony. On this point we differ from the views of Dr. SCOTT. We cannot see that the record gives us any ground to imagine that for any considerable portion of Samson's life, he was a truly good man, as our author would have us to believe. True, it was the early purpose of his parents to train him for the service of God, and it was foretold "he should be a Nazarine." But the first act of his manhood was a killing blight to their fondest expectations, and a disgrace to the order for which he was reared. Although he had great faith, such faith does not appear to have produced the fruits of holiness. The statement that "the spirit of God entered into him," when he performed great deeds, is no evidence that his heart was purified; for such phraseology often occurs in the Bible in relation to persons who we know were not made better by such divine influence. The Prophet informs us that "the spirit of God came upon Saul, and his anger was kindled." In this instance it will be difficult to believe that Saul's heart was purified or his life amended.

Our author himself seems at times in doubt where to place his saintly hero; for he says, "after all we scarcely get a clear view of his inner life. So thick and heavy are the clouds that hang over him, that if an Apostle had not given him a place among spiritual heroes, we should have despaired of him altogether."

We are at a loss to conceive why Dr. SCOTT should have gone behind the record to justify the slaughter of Askalon. We cannot discern the slightest evidence that any of the citizens of that place had ever injured Samson, or that he had so much as a quarrel with them. Yet he goes among them with murder and theft in his heart—and actually slaughters thirty of them, in order that he may obtain their wardrobes, with which to pay a wager made at a merry feast. The Bible does not tell us the deed was just.

Our author contends that the Giant Judge was no *republican*. It will be hard to claim for him a higher term. Surely, the man who kills even his enemy without just cause, but merely to rob him, that he may procure the means to pay his

gambling debts, cannot lay claim to much honesty of purpose. Samson, no doubt, at times, wished to conform his life to the commands of his God, and in his own way to make known His name among the heathen. But in his whole life, and even in his tragical end we cannot fail to see as much desire to gratify a burning revenge as to promote the glory of Israel's God.

There are other views in this book, which we are happy to see published. We allude to those pages wherein the author urges upon men and women their duties as physical beings. We are glad to see a minister of ability stand forth, regardless of prejudice, and fastidious ears, and enforce our duties as deduced from the laws of our physical nature. On account of what is said on this point we should like to see the book in every family. What he says on family training is also not less excellent. Here we let him speak for himself:

"Family Training is a theme that cannot be exhausted. Even when nothing new is elicited in urging its importance, it is well to bring old truths again and again before the public. As in building the pyramids, stone was laid upon stone, and course upon course, until the huge pile arose, and then it was finished from the top downwards; so at home and in earliest years the work of education is begun. And long afterwards, by line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, the mind is developed, and the moral character perfected. Much has been done by our schools, lycæums, lecturers, libraries, and pulpit efforts, for the young, but we are not satisfied. The results attained are not commensurate with our hopes, and the necessities of the age. *Crime is still on the increase.* The present course of a very large number of our youth—I dare not say how large a proportion—is not hopeful. The future of American youth, physically, mentally, and socially, is not hopeful. The prospect is one of diminished stature and strength. The hastening to rich, the excess, and extravagance, and dissipation of the present generation are likely to entail *feebleness and laziness* on that which is to come; nor is this true only of those who have had vicious parents. The ranks of such are every day increasing from the thresholds of piety. Are there not now among the profane many that were brought up in the homes of industry and prayer? We do not read aright if violence and forgery, intemperance and lewdness, profane and obscene language, robberies, murders, divorces, and suicides, have not become so common as hardly to awaken our surprise. The society of our day is diseased—it is corrupt—it is "a shame and a lie." A fearful malady is at work, and sad consequences are to be apprehended."

Here is a bold acknowledgement of what seems to us too true. The author shows that although his life may have been mainly spent in his study, he is awake to what is going on around him. The remedies which he proposes are good, and if applied would do much to stay the evil tendencies of the present. But there is a remedy called for which goes deeper than this. Parents should not only keep their children under authority, but they should let them see by their practice that the two leading ideas of society—sensual pleasure and material good—are radically wrong. Let them see that honest industry in the lowest occupation is better than the wealth of an Astor, obtained at the sacrifice of what is good and noble in man. Let them see that a neat board with a few dishes of ordinary, though healthy food, partaken of with a good relish and an approving conscience, is far better than the luxurious tables of the rich, though burdened with the productions of every clime; where pampered appetites and unquiet minds give distaste to all. Show the youth that he is the honorable and happy man who, amid poverty, labor and trial, holds fast his integrity, and advances in knowledge and love. But how different from this are the lessons children learn from the practice of society. The swelling waves of evil tendencies which threaten our race cannot be rolled back by mere teaching or preaching. The past years have been prolific in eloquent and soul-stirring preachers, and strong and vigorous writers on every subject relating to man or his duties. Our libraries are filled with good books. Sabbath schools and other means of moral and religious improvement are abundant; yet what have we gained? We must practise what we teach, or the glorious age of the millenium will recede farther and farther from our view.

"Work While It is Called To-Day."

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Work for the world as one that hopes
Yet will not rest therein;
For all its upward strains and steps
Against its want and sin,
Work as thou canst in field or face,
By heath and senate hall,
With hand or thought, with speech or pen—
The world hath need of all;
For wo is wide, and wrong is old,
And sin hath many a help and hold.

Work for thy soul, and bring not down
To earth thy strength and trust:
Heir of an everlasting crown,
Why shouldst thou then serve the dust?
Perchance the burdens and the snares
Are many in thy way,
But watch the wheat, weed out the tares,
And walk above the clay—
However low thy lot may be,
Life hath this glorious task for thee.

Work bravely, with a heart made rich
In hope, though helps be few;
Its Maker only knows how much
The willing hand can do,
The hindrance may be praise and gain,
It may be scorn and loss;
But, Christian, is thy faith in vain?
The call was from the cross,
That summon'd thee to seek and save,
Like Him the conqueror of the grave.

Work cheerfully! the thorns and briars,
Through which thy journey lies,
Shouldst thou have power upon thy peace,
A traveler to the skies!
A worker with the tried and true
On every shore that trod,
With prophets, saints, and angels too,
A worker even with God!
Was it not told thee in his sight
How precious seem'd the widow's mite?

Arise and work while mornings grey
And evenings gold pass o'er,
The briefness of thy bounded day,
The dimness of its lore,
For when earth's kingdoms fade, with all
Their glory and their gain,
When wisdom falls, and temples fall,
That good work will remain—
Thy garland in the land of peace,
Where rest is won and labors cease.

Original.

THE MYRTLE MYSTERY.

AN EPISODE OF MY LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

BY G. W. W.

PART SECOND.

WITH an added and imposing stateliness did Doctor Craigie next morning salute the members of his family circle, as severally they entered the breakfast room. He conducted family worship in a tone of more than usual gravity; and, when he took his place at the table, he did so in silence and apparent gloom. At length, when he had finished his egg and had sipped a little of his coffee, he approached the subject which we all knew had been uppermost in his mind all the morning.

"Well, Miss Herbert," said he, "did you ever hear in Ireland such noises as those of last night?"

With most commendable gravity, Miss Herbert protested she never had; and then began a most vigorous debate on the probable cause and nature of the sounds, in which all joined, save Miss Bardolph, who sat looking very sheepish, and occasionally blushing very red! All manner of explanations were suggested—Miss Herbert especially being peculiarly ready with ingenious theories. Mrs. Craigie was certain the sounds were occasioned by the wind playing on some new gratings put up across a window in the cellar; Mrs. Chick was positive they originated with some man or men bent on serenading the servants; whereas the Doctor, after mature deliberation, pronounced it as his opinion that the noises were, as yet, inexplicable.

"I shall note the hour of their occurrence," said he, "and we shall see if Time will assist us in discovering the solution of this uproarious enigma."

So saying, he retired to his study and his sermon—for it was a Saturday morning—while Mrs. Craigie marched off down stairs, to perform a lustration of the cellars, and to gather what facts the domestics might have to add to the store she was endeavoring to collect touching the nocturnal disturbance.

That Saturday flitted nimbly by. How the fleet hours, rose-garlanded by the careless graces, chased each other through the cool alleys of the orchard and garden, and beneath the umbrage of the voiceful lindens, that long, warm summer day, till the shadows began to fall from the flushing west in long, dark lines, and among the still branches in the far-stretching forest vistas gathered the blue mantling wreaths of the haze of peaceful eve-tide! Then came the gorgeous sunset—the crimson, and purple, and gold—then the faint tremblings of frail and dying light—then twilight grey—then the hush and dewy darkness—and then within the lamps are lighted, and the circle gathers around table or piano, and the bye comes worship—then supper, and then a "good night," and some meaning glances from merry eyes, as I hold the door open for the ladies to file out. Nor linger I long behind them, though the Doctor is much disposed to enter on a lengthy disquisition on the engrossing topic of the noises, and to adduce a great many anecdotes and cases illustrative of similar strange visitations in other houses, and at other times. I, however, escape from his tediousness, and rush up to the drawing-room, where, in dim twilight, I find Alice and Violet waiting to impart to me the plan of operations. We suspected that we had erred the night before, in making too much noise; the imminent noisiness of our performance would have been sure to betray us, had not the utterly unwonted nature of it disarmed criticism, by exciting only an overwhelming emotion of surprise and apprehension.

On a second occasion, however, we deemed it prudent to vary the programme, as we could not expect impressions equally lively to be produced after the charm of novelty was gone; and we accordingly agreed that on this night the sounds should be lower and fainter than before, and, as Alice said, "changeably tantalizing and deceptive." I was to operate at discretion in the lobby or my own room; and Alice, from her own apartment, was to discourse sweet music. No one else was to join the chorus. The signal for beginning I was to give by three notes in F sharp, when my observations tended to show that the household were at rest.

We had just concluded these arrangements, when Mrs. Chick opened the door and came in. "Dear me, my dears," said she, "you should be all in bed. I came to look for my thimble—oh, here it is. Well, Mr. Saville, are we to have any more noises to-night, do you think?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Chick, it is hard to say. I really feel a little nervous about them, after last night?"

"Oh, I heard nothing so awful—only some men outside."

"Outside! If you had heard what I did, Mrs. Chick, you would hardly have said it came from the outside; it seemed in my very room."

"And so Miss Bardolph came to listen, I sup-

pose. Well, if you hear it there to-night again, I wish you would let me know, that I may have a benefit."

"Most assuredly; shall I tap at your door if I hear it?"

"Do; I never sleep till two or three, so you won't disturb me."

"Very well, Mrs. Chick; if I hear the noise, I shall certainly come."

"I shall expect you. Good night;" and the old lady laughed, nodded, and went away; and I, bidding the girls a formal good-night, retired to my room.

It was not till after waiting a considerable time that I deemed it safe to begin. The Doctor's mind had been so distracted in the morning by thoughts of the noises, that he had fallen sadly behind with his sermon, and had to sit up till about one o'clock, in order to get it tolerably near finished. By that hour he had got to "finally, and in a few words, dear brethren," and he accordingly locked his desk—shut his bible, wiped his pen—and betook himself to his bed, where Mrs. Craigie had been expecting him for a long time in patient sleepiness. It was cruel, I confess, to break with a rude and jarring crash the Doctor's dream of refreshing repose, as he laid himself down by the side of his faithful partner, and my conscience has often reproached me with the unfeeling villainy, since. But I had a duty to perform, and no weak consideration of private feelings could be suffered for a moment to interfere.

At twenty minutes past one, I struck my three notes in F sharp, as, glass in hand, I issued from my chamber, and immediately responsive I heard Alice commencing in her room, which was next to Miss Bardolph's. I, however, had others than Miss B. to attend to; I was not forgetful of my appointment with Mrs. Chick.

I accordingly placed myself outside her door, and played for about a minute and a half several resounding rounds of finger music. I then rapidly laid the glass down on my own table, and, tapping as I had promised, asked, in a stage whisper, if she had heard that. The old lady promptly opened her door, and, standing behind it, brought her night-capped head within the range of my vision; while I, peering round the door-post at the opposite side, revealed my head un-night-capped to her view. Just then, Alice, with a most dexterous manipulation, played off a fine and *bravura* piece, at the end whereof we heard a violent hubbub in the direction of Miss Bardolph's dormitory. Mrs. Chick listened with her eyes nearly starting from her head; and as Alice's strain ended, and Miss Bardolph's door was heard to open impetuously; she slammed hers in my face, and I heard her lock and bolt it, just as I retreated, and Miss B., with a mighty howling wail, threw herself against it, and implored admission and protection in the most heart-rending terms, to which the old lady leigned neither word or sign in reply. And now, regaining my glass, I renewed my music, and played a soft, sweet, melancholy air, while Alice replied with a fitful and passionate performance, full of crashes and screams. Miss B. roared, and got into grand hysterics in the lobby. The good people below were quickly aroused; and, in a few minutes, I knew by the opening of doors, and by the gleam of lights on the stairs, that the sorely badgered Doctor was

approaching the scene of action. Oh! "such a greeting up stairs." As he came, the Doctor groaned in spirit, and made grievous moan; audibly lamenting to Mrs. C., who was close at his heels, that their hitherto peaceful life should be thus embittered night after night. I felt self-visited, and thoroughly penitent for my share in this infernal noise, and for so harassing the poor dear Doctor's pre-Sabbatic rest; but it was to late now, for ere the last vibration of my glass had died away, the Doctor was in the lobby. There his eyes were greeted with the pleasant spectacle of Miss Bardolph kneeling at Mrs. Chick's bolted door, and whimpering a pitiful petition for protection. But Mrs. Craigie's spirit was stirred within her, and her cholera roused, and, as is not unfrequently the case in female anger, the first object encountered—though perhaps far from the legitimate one—was made to hear the brunt of the pent-up wrath; so, now, Mrs. Craigie advanced at once, and, taking Miss Bardolph in not a very tender manner by the hand, forcibly raised her from her devotional posture, saying, with no slight acrimony, "Really Jane, I can permit no such preposterous exhibitions as this. You are too old to make a fool of yourself in this way. Go to your room instantly." And, as Mr. Craigie seconded the admonition by a very conclusive propulsion behind, Jane slunk off, blubbering and snivelling in a most edifying way. But now, Mrs. C. and her worthy spouse were, certes, sorely puzzled; for there, round them and beside them, at their hands and feet, as it were, echoed, and rose and fell—soft, and low, and wailing—this unearthly music of the spheres. I forgot my penitence; and fired with noble emulation to outdo Alice's fairy touch, I lent my finger to the glass's rim, and drew forth a thrilling cadence, thin and shrill, that tingled and buzzed round the Doctor's head like a bee.

Now Alice played—now I; now she piano, *piuissimo*—then I *forte*, *expressio*; now I from one side of the lobby—now she from the other—while in the centre stood our host and hostess, fairly bewildered and non-plussed; wheeling round from side to side; gazing tremulously at the cupola: anon gazing fearfully over the banners; and taking rapid and terrified observations of the dusky recesses of the passages. All this Violet Craigie saw; as with a hard-hearted enjoyment of their woe, she watched her parents through a chink of her door.

"Now, my dear," at length said the Doctor, "I shall make a personal examination of each of these rooms, while you stand in the passage here, and observe as closely as you can all that passes."

"Indeed, Henry, I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. C., with a tremor in her voice. "Stand here alone, indeed!" and she paused, and I thought, gave a stifled sob.

"Then call Violet up to stand here with you, my dear, while I examine the rooms. Violet!" cried the Doctor; and, with a rather suspicious alacrity, the young lady appeared.

"Oh, dear papa, I am so frightened."

"And no wonder, my poor, dear child," chimed in her mother.

"Well, well, my love, you just stay here a little with your mamma till I look into these rooms;" and so saying, the Doctor boldly advanced to mine, threw the door open and walked

in, candle in hand and nightcap on head. I, of course, was ready for him in bed, and my musical glass with me, under the bed-clothes. I was not prepared, however, for the earnest and thorough-going manner in which the Doctor investigated every nook and corner and cranny in my room—under the table, under the bed, behind the chest of drawers, up the chimney, in the press, he made rigid and unshrinking search, while I lay calmly looking on, and begging him to believe that the existence of any malign influence, natural or supernatural, in my immediate neighborhood, was impossible.

"I need not try, Richard," said Dr. Craigie, when his scrutiny was ended, "to disguise the fact that the recurrence of these noises gives me considerable uneasiness—especially at present, when the subject of table-turning and spirit-rapping is so little explored and so much talked about. I am sure you will, therefore, excuse my disturbing you, and will understand my anxiety to ascertain, if possible, the cause of these sounds."

The poor Doctor looked very dismal as he spoke, and laid a mournful emphasis on "if possible;" and yet I did not rise up and fall down before him, and confess my misdeed, and implore forgiveness. Oh! it was a heavy shame.

From my room the Doctor went to Mrs. Chick's, but he got no further than the door, for his good mother-in-law, in a voice that seemed to struggle out from beneath distant bed-clothes, protested energetically that she had sufficient annoyance already, without her room being turned topsy-turvy by any man, woman or child, coming into it at that hour of the night; that as for the noises, she knew they didn't come from her vicinity, and that therefore the Doctor might take himself off, and search elsewhere; so the good man had *volens volens* to beat a retreat, and I signalled his displeasure by a light and piquant solo on my glass. From Mrs. Chick's he went to Alice's door, and tapping, begged in a sad and humble tone to be admitted—from his tone, one might perceive his courage, like that of Mr. Acres, in the "Rivals," was oozing out at the palms of his hands, as it were.

Alice, in her charming dressing-wrapper, cheerfully admitted him, and after he had looked through her chamber, as cheerfully dismissed him, and then played a pretty little piece in an airy and mirthful manner, when he had gone. The Doctor persevered, and even examined Miss Bardolph's room, she hiding herself the while in Violet's bed, with the clothes drawn tight over her head and her face to the wall; but, alas! 'twas all in vain. He came back to Mrs. Craigie, who was quaking with fright, yet faithful to her trust in the lobby. All was silent, for Alice and I perceived we had done enough. "Go, Violet, dear," said her papa, "go back to your room, and God bless you, my child. It is not His will that we should know what it is that troubleth us—come Mary, we shall go down;" and, so saying, slowly and sadly he began to descend the stairs, followed by his spouse—victims, dear old victims of our youthful folly!

The next day was Sunday, or as Dr. Craigie loved to call it, "The Sabbath Day." And truly the Sundays at Myrtle were Sabbath days, in their calmness, and rest, and peace. Softly with its tinkling melody broke on the still morn of that holy day the voice of the old church bell; merrily sang the birds, no sound of toil overpowering

the gushes of their song; peacefully lay the sunlight on grove and stream, or roof-spire, and far-off hill—seeming ever warm and glad, as the "Sunshine of Saint Balaie." There is no sweeter influence can fall on the human heart than the peace and repose of a tranquil Sabbath, when the mind is released from care and the body from working, when the heart is soothed with love and beauty, and the spirit freely rejoices in the goodness of the great "All Father," and worships with a pure devotion at his feet, whether amid the congregation of his church, or in the stillness of some forest sanctuary, or by the high altar of some sun-bright cliff, or listening to the "amen, amen," of the unsounded sea. But my mind was in a no very Sabbatic frame, I fear, when I descended to family worship on the morn in question. The grievousness of my malicious pranks of the previous night—the uneasy suspicion that we might perchance be detected, and to a certain extent, also, the better enjoyment of the mystification of the victims of our plot, rendered me rather insensible to the gentle influences of the Myrtle Sunday.

I found the whole family assembled. Alice bade me good morning most demurely. Dr. Craigie performed the same ceremony with a sad and chastened air, as of a man who had seen affliction. Mrs. Craigie, to my inquiries for her health, replied with cold melancholy, that she had a troublesome headache, resulting from want of sleep. Miss Bardolph had a severe cold in her nose, and sniffed consummately, thereby reminding us of her escapades "en robe de nuit," the initiated of the party, in short, were sadly out of sorts—silent, moody and embarrassed with the recollections of the past night. Little was said at breakfast; the Doctor retired speedily to his study, and the circle separated.

At eleven o'clock, we went to church. A pretty old church was that of Myrtle—not many such alas! in Scotland, are to be found now! unviolated by the iconoclast violence of turbulent Reformers. Its gray tower rose amid a grove of oaks, where tradition said that long before a Christian foot had trod, the Druids had worshipped at their mishapen altars; the leafy branches waved pleasantly in the cool air before the dark arched windows, and over the mounds and headstones which marked the resting places of the villagers for many a generation.

The interior of the church, too, thanks to the generous care of the chief heritor, good Lord Eglington, was fair and quiet in its beauty—the harmonies of its graceful lines unbroken by the vulgarity of staring galleries, and unsightly white-wash. There was no dissent in Myrtle parish, neither Free Kirk, nor U. P., and the good pastor discoursed from the old oak pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, to a large and attentive congregation. His prayers, it is true, were somewhat long—but were breathed in heartfelt earnestness that bore all hearts along with them to the Throne of Grace; psalms were sung, I admit, to the simplest and oldest tunes of Scottish worship, but, swelled with the hearty tribute of six hundred voices, methinks they mingled no uncertain sound with the songs of the Angels who excel in strength: and as for the sermon—for one better you might get a hundred worse—as the man said when he was told his wife was not so good as she ought to be—and, altogether, the Sunday's service in Myrtle church was what

I always loved, and I hope profited by. I fear, however, that on the Sunday whereof I write, I joined to very little purpose in the "exercises" of the day. Wherever I looked, I seemed to see the same fair face of "the saint of my deepest devotion;" and all the Psalm tones failed to drive from my head the echoes of these lines of the American Bard:

"Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spoke of Ruth, the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee:
Long was the prayer he uttered—
Yet it seemed not so to me—
For in my heart I prayed with him;
And still I thought of thee."

After the conclusion of divine service, we sauntered home through the pleasant lane that led from the Manse to the church, and after a stroll in the garden and a raid on the gooseberry bushes, we assembled *en famille* again for dinner. Not a word was said regarding the nocturnal noises till after the servant had left the room; then as we sat at our wine, Mrs. Craigie, who had quite recovered the cheerful tone of her spirits, and the Doctor, who, delivered of his sermon, was an altered, jocos, old gentleman, compared to what he was at breakfast, both approached the mysterious subject uppermost in all our minds.

"I have been seriously thinking," quoth the Doctor.

"O, my dear!" interrupted Mrs. Craigie, "I am sure I have discovered the secret of the noises."

"It is just as you thought, mamma, some one coming about the maids—"

"Of course it is," said Mrs. Chick, dogmatically.

"I question that," said the Doctor speculatively, "for I was about—"

"But, my dear," broke in his spouse, "I am certain of it, for as I walked up the village on my way to church, I met Sandy Chalmers and another man who plays in the Wintoun band, and they both looked conscious—and then in church, I was positive they looked over to our servants' seat and laughed when you read about Job's vision."

"Job's vision," ejaculated the Doctor, in a tone of scorn, "what had that to do with it?"

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Craigie, with some dignity, "it had this to do with it, that these men considered the alarm, which they must have been aware they caused you during two nights, had produced the same effect."

"Alarmed me; pooh! pooh! my dear, that is mere nonsense," said the minister. "Alarmed you, perhaps, but I assure you I felt no alarm—alarm for a trifle like that!"

"Very well, Dr. Craigie! very well!" cried his nettled helpmate, rising, "we shall see if it recurs to-night, who will be alarmed, or call it a trifle, however, my dear."

"Do you suppose it at all probable it will recur on the Sabbath? perfectly absurd. I beg no more may be said about it," and so the Doctor majestically dismissed the subject and the ladies at once; after which he entered on a lengthy argument with me for the purpose of proving that the noise proceeded from some peculiar combination of air in the chimneys and water in the pipes—which tended only to my weariness, and did not, I am persuaded, really satisfy himself, for he strove hard to ascertain my views on this subject, and he got me to detail what I heard

and felt the previous night; on all which points I was mysteriously silent, and made the poor Doctor evidently very nervous, by saying I really did not much like to speak about such abnormal and painful occurrences, and which seemed to have quite as much to do with the invisible as with the material world.

"Oh, well—but it can't be anything supernatural," said the Doctor, in a tone of confidence which plainly meant—"for mercy's sake, tell me, do you really think it can be?" But I said nothing—finished my last glass of the Doctor's good old port—shook my head in as judgmental a manner as Lord Burleigh himself, and left the room.

Late that night, after the clock with twelve small "shocks of sound" had struck the hour that separated the Sabbath from the work-day week, there was a noise of clidritch revelry throughout the Manse of Myrtle. I think some Demon of Discord entered and took possession of my soul; for though I went up-stairs, vowing I would no more trouble the good Doctor or violate the silence of the Sabbath night, I was ere one o'clock hard at work with my iniquitous finger-glass. The interest which I felt for a renewal of the music was perfectly irresistible, and, therefore, although I had told the girls there should be no concert that night, I rushed unaccompanied on my fate, and more noisily and uproariously than ever, began to play. I never was so successful—every touch was vocal, every vibration loud and clear, and with a scornful menace in its tone, "like the jeering laugh of Till Eulenspiegel."

I first played in my own room, but my ambition soon traveled beyond its narrow precincts, and forth I sallied into the lobby, "as fierce as ten Furies."—I mean to say that out I went in shirt and trousers, glass in hand, and in my soul a deep dark craving for the midnight echoes of those vitreous melodies which I was so happy in eliciting from the coy lip of the pale green utensil. In the lobby I kicked up a terrible row, and as the noise waxed, swelled, and reverberated around, I noticed Mrs. Chick's door stealthily bolted from within, and could perceive that Miss Bardolph made a hasty rush from her own chamber along the side corridor to the room where Helen and Mary, night after night, "lay down in their loveliness," like the Lady Christabel. I could mark, too, the gentle opening of a chink of Miss Herbert's door, through which a slender tingle was allowed to issue, so as to say, "I hear, and appreciate." These signs encouraged me; I strutted up and down the lobby, as proud and nearly as deafening as any piper that ever piped a pibroch. Alas! Pride precedes Destruction.

During my performance, the awakened and startled Doctor in affright had opened his door below, and had been standing listening at the bottom of the stairs. Whether it was that the Doctor dreaded Mrs. Craigie's taunts, or whether a suspicion of the truth crossed his mind, and, with the glorious tendency of all truth, made him free, or whether he was fairly goaded to desperation, I cannot say—but certes, he climbed the stair, and emerged upon the landing, just as I, at the other end of the lobby, and, looking in the opposite direction from where he stood was indulging in a peculiarly chaste and powerful rendering of the tune known by the name of the "Old Huddreth." As I finished one bar,

turned round intending to promenade, as I had for some time been doing, up and down, from the head of the stair to the end of the lobby, and from the end of the lobby to the head of the stair—when, oh horror! indistinct in the darkness, yet ominous in shape, and most formidable from his position, the figure of the Doctor loomed upon my sight. He was in white altogether, having come out without the usual covering of his dressing gown, and therefore I saw him plainly. I was only partially dressed in that virgin color, and therefore less obvious to view, and to his dimmer eye probably invisible, for I had the advantage of being farthest from the cupola. So, in the hope I was still undiscovered, I darted behind a door which shut off from the centre lobby a little passage leading towards a bath room, and a small unoccupied sleeping apartment, and there stood greatly quaking.

Well might I quake. I had faintly hoped that the Doctor, hearing no more disturbance, might quietly retire, and so allow me to slip back unnoticed to my room. But no. In a voice distinct and commanding he called over the stair—"My dear, bring my dressing gown and the candle here." He was evidently bent on a strict scrutiny and investigation. A cold, clammy sweat broke out on every limb, and my knees knocked together as I stood—my heart beat with loud and heavy throbs, and I almost gasped for breath. There seemed but one slender ray of hope—that the recurrence of the noise in his immediate presence might so alarm the Doctor as to induce him to flee, and so permit of my stealing from my dangerous hiding place. Greatly daring, I struck a hesitating note. Oh, monstrous hardihood! The Doctor fled not, but cried aloud, "Here, Mary, with the light—quick!" and forthwith I saw its distant glimmer beginning to shine along the wall, as Mrs. Craigie came up-stairs.

The plot thickened. I heard Mrs. Chick unbolt her door, and Violet issuing from her room asking what was the matter—little suspecting, poor girl, my awful plight. I grew sick at heart, and trembled like an aspen leaf. My teeth chattered in my head, and I crept closer, closer behind the door.

"Now, my dear," said Dr. Craigie, as he took the candle from his wife's hand, "I am morally certain I heard, not twenty seconds ago, this sound proceeding from the bath-room. I shall examine it."

I heard his first advancing step. My fingers refused their office—they opened with a nervous twitch, and down with a crash and a gurgle fell the glass and the water. Keen, but brief, was the concentrated agony of the moment. In the twinkling of an eye, the Doctor, holding the candle aloft in one hand, drew back the concealing door with the other. The murder was out—there I was. There, barefooted—with no garments but my unmentionables and my night shirt—the latter opened at my parched throat—my wild eyes staring from their sockets, and my black hair (ah! they used to call it *raven* then!) fiercely hanging round my head, clove and flat against the wall I stood, convicted, caught in the very act. No one needed any key to the Mystery; it flashed on them at once; and then they gathered round me, and I, "the centre of the glittering ring." There, first and foremost, was the Doctor, flanked by his wife and Mrs. Chick—a little behind stood Miss Bardolph, and

further back gleamed the astounded eyes of my less ill-starred accomplices. For a moment there we stood—I was stupefied and stunned—then the Doctor raised his hand, and, with a majestic wave, said, "Go sir," in a voice of bitterest scorn and anger.

I saw and heard no more—with one wild rush I dashed through the circle—plunged into my own room—bolted the door, and sprang wildly into bed—headlong as Orestes rushing from the relentless pursuit of the avenging ghastly sisters. For some minutes I was so overwhelmed that I took no note of the clamor of voices in the lobby, discussing my previous misdoing, and expatiating on the heinousness of my offence; and when I was collected enough to think and reflect, the indignant tongues were silent, and their owners gone. I needed no more than a moment's consideration to tell me what course I must pursue. I knew that I dare see the Doctor's face no more, and that Time and ample Penitence alone could efface the vivid memory of my transgression. Not only had I harassed and disturbed the household for three successive nights, and one the Sabbath! not only had I puzzled and nonplussed the minister—a feat he deemed that the whole Synod of Glasgow and Ayr could not achieve—but I had caused him to appear utterly ridiculous in the eyes of all his family who had witnessed his midnight investigations, and his nocturnal disquietude; and this was a wrong and injury that made the Doctor's placid blood whirl and eddy in his angry veins. Much he could have forgiven, but wantonly to be made a laughing-stock in the very bosom of his family—flesh and blood could not stand that. I knew all this—I saw it in a moment, and I acted accordingly. Rising, I unbolted my door and crept from my room noiselessly to the door of Violet's, (I was as intimate as a brother with her, and she was almost a sister to me, dear girl.) I tapped, and opening a tiny chink, whispered "Violet."

"Dick! how on earth?"

"Hush! I'll go to-morrow by the seven o'clock train."

I shut the door, and was gone. Then I slid down stairs—gained John's apartment. "John."

"Gude guide us! Maister Saville."

"Hush! John; I'm off by the early train. Will you see about my traps?"

"Off! dear me, sir. Is't anything about these wild noises that's takin' ye?"

But I was off, and John finished his question to empty air.

At six o'clock next morning I crept below, and peeped in at the door of the breakfast-room. There in the dim morning light sat Violet, and Helen, and Mary, and Alice Herbert, awaiting my appearance, and all looking very sad and desolate. Alice was a little behind the others, and I could not quite distinguish the expression of her countenance. O, how dismal seemed that breakfast room, its gray walls looming up in the dusky light of the early morning, and seeming to frown in anger upon me.

"And so you are really going, Dick? O how provoking, just when we were beginning to have such pleasant times together, that you should be compelled to leave us," exclaimed Helen.

"Yes, I——" the words stuck in my throat.

"Well," whispered Violet, "it is better, Dick, that you should go. Papa is terribly angry, and I had rather you should not encounter him."

"To think, Mr. Saville, that I was the cause of all this!" said Alice Herbert, in a tone of voice which trembled slightly. "I hope you will forgive me, sir."

"O, Miss Herbert, if you regret that I must leave you, then—indeed——" I stammered and then paused, as I held out my hand to bid her farewell.

"Farewell, Mr. Saville."

"Farewell!"

I pressed her hand. It shook in my grasp.

"Miss Herbert," I whispered, in a tone scarcely audible, "you will think of me sometimes, when I am gone?"

Once she raised her moist eyes to mine, and I saw the glisten of a tear.

I understood the meaning of that tear. It was the signal of a wrong heart.

I could endure no more. With one hasty "God bless you all, and forever!" I seized my hat and ran down the walk. Once I looked back, and saw them, Alice a little in advance of the others, gazing after me. I dared not trust myself to look a second time, but hurried away.

I never saw them more.

This is the story of the Manse of Myrtle. To you I dare say it is dull enough; but it is a reminiscence on which I love to linger, and which I can never cease to cherish.

The Manse of Myrtle is changed now. The good old Doctor lies peacefully resting in God, beneath the shadow of the church that knew his voice so long. Violet is married, and Helen "is not," and the name of Alice Herbert is written only on a tombstone and in a heart. And I, too, am changed. Though no great length of years has intervened since I was a guest at Myrtle, I seem to have lived a cycle, so crowded have they been, and so momentous. I have crossed oceans, on lands I have wandered far. I have sailed beyond the sunset, and followed the paths of the western stars. I have seen the golden god shine on the peaks of Sinai, and gleam on the waves of Nile. I have beheld the Euxine covered with the western fleets, and I have "drank delight of battle" on the heights of Innkerman. But one old and true memory remaineth; I never hear the murmur of happy voices, or the burst of music, but my soul travels back to the time when those bright earth-angels who gave to the Manse of Myrtle its charm and beauty, were the companions of my youthful hours. Sweet spirits! whom nothing can banish from the unforgetful heart—who never looked upon sin and seldom upon sorrow—why should those memories be so precious to me now? For never more on my heart shall shine the gladness that ever brightened theirs, and never more on me shall beam the soft glory of those blessed eyes, whose light is quenched forever. Often, coming up from the struggles of passion and from the midst of the world's temptations, I feel strengthened, purified and guarded, as by a spell, with the recollection of those scenes, those hours, and those maidens.

Alice Herbert, that farewell was not forever—we shall meet again!

HEALTH.—Health is the handle by which we can apprehend and perceive pleasures; and that sauce which alone makes life delicious.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THREE THOUSAND COPIES of this paper will be issued and delivered to subscribers in this city and elsewhere. We shall be glad to insert a few appropriate advertisements. TERMS, One Dollar per square of ten lines, each insertion. Bills for Advertising payable monthly or quarterly, according to agreement.

THE ATHENÆUM.

Mrs. OORA ANNA WEEKES, Editress.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1858.

Our Publishers apologized last week, for any shortcomings in our first No., on account of our illness. Being now at our post, however, we are willing that the public should take this paper, defective as it is in many respects, as a fair sample of what we intend to present from week to week. It will be perceived that the contents of this No. are mostly original.

We publish in this week's paper, a beautiful sketch by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, which will doubtless prove highly interesting to our readers. The article was forwarded from Algiers to a friend in London, who transmitted it to the Editress of this paper. It was not written for any English Journal, but forwarded directly to us, and will go back to England, having first been printed in this country.

OUR REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

PREVIOUS to the issue of the first number of THE ATHENÆUM, we decided upon the line of editorial conduct which we should endeavor to follow; and, among other things, we determined that while we should earnestly and zealously strive to make our paper interesting to all, it should yet stand or fall on its literary merits alone, and not on any issues foreign to its avowed and legitimate objects. We were aware that some unusual degree of attention might be attracted to our journal, from the fact that its editorial duties were to devolve upon a female; but we felt that not necessarily should we, in our individual or personal capacity, become the subject of newspaper comment or criticism. None could feel, more keenly than we felt, a reluctance to personal notoriety. Our whole life, our associations, and the principles early instilled into our mind by a revered and honored father, taught us to think and to feel that a woman should be the light and the blessing of HOME; that among the delightful and holy associations of domestic life could her truest service be found; and that whenever from choice she stepped aside from these, to enter the gladiatorial arena of public life, she became just so much less than woman.

Still, the duty that pointed out to us the field in which we are now laboring, was not less imperative. When in the face of God and man we took upon us the name that we now bear, we felt that not alone were we to be the light and the comfort of home, but that it was no less our duty to go out in the world with him who had chosen us, as a helpmate and a fellow-worker. We knew we had some strength of purpose—some willingness to bear our portion of life's heavy trials; and we felt that could we for one moment shrink from the encounter, we were unworthy the name of wife—unworthy the name whose dignity and honor we might assist in maintaining. Besides, we had illustrious examples to inspire us. Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, a lady whose name is dear to Americans, had not considered it improper to edit a paper;—GRACE GREENWOOD, another sweet songstress and most

estimable lady, had pursued with honor the same avocation;—Mrs. OSGOOD had not been criticised on account of her connection with the literary press;—and so we might name many other shining lights of our sex whose names are as household words to the American people, and who have given character to American literature in other lands,—ladies whose lives and talents had been consecrated to this one noble purpose of providing intellectual food for the world.

Were we presumptuous in striving to emulate such examples as these? What thought we came among this people, a stranger! Is Literature the inhabitant of any one land? Is she so exclusively Californian, that none but a native-born can hope to win her? No! she was born in Greece. She grew up among the heroes of old Rome. She gladdened with her smile the Gaelic scholars and the German bards. She sat down by the heartstones of England. She walked among old Scotia's hills, and by her smiles she lit their peaks with glory. She scorned not the humble homes of Erin;—she looked on the peasant's cot and made it sacred forever. She came over with the pilgrims, and dwelt with them in the wilderness. She flew to the mountains of California, and beguiled the miner at his toils. She owns no country,—her home is the world!

But enough of remarks which are but prefatory to those which are to follow. Unexpectedly we find ourself running tilt against the prejudices of a class of professional scribblers, who consider it quite within their province to indulge in personal-abuse, in perpetrating villainous puns upon our name, ("he who perpetrates a pun will pick a pocket," said Dr. Johnson,) and in striving to fasten upon our enterprise the stigma of dishonesty and fraud. Then, if through our columns we endeavor to set ourself right with the community, we are forthwith accused of *steeping from the dignity of Literature, and seeking public patronage by appealing to public sympathy*. Thus these valiant warriors would stop our mouth. Thus would they win a great triumph over a woman. Noble, generous, and gentlemanly press! Why, if you kick a cur, you will concede to it the privilege of a yelp! If you set your foot on a crawling reptile, you will grant its inalienable right to squirm;—but when you raise your potential voices against a woman, you will not even allow her the poor privilege of a protest and a tear!

The secret of the causes of the opposition which we are receiving from a portion of our city press, is not difficult of solution. The field in which they gain a scanty subsistence is bare enough—is crowded enough—is poor enough in its harvest, at best, to make them jealous of new gleaners. Hence, in looking after their bread-and-butter, they deny us a crumb! But there are some plants which thrive best on stony soil. Aye; the seed blown by a passing gale to some remote rock in the wilderness, takes root in the scant mold, and springs up at last to a giant tree. And even thus—we write calmly and not with enthusiasm—our poor little bantling, THE ATHENÆUM, kicked and cuffed about by its big brothers, shall take root in the heart of this community, and grow up to a place and a position here. We have said it. A woman's will is potential!—THIS PAPER SHALL SUCCEED!

We come now to "review the reviewers," and as a specimen of the variety of opinions which

prevail in reference to this paper, we copy notices from two of our city dailies—both highly respectable and influential publications. Here is an extract from the *Chronicle*. We do not shrink from giving it further publicity, although it pays us but a poor complement. We are willing our readers should hear both sides:

"THE ATHENÆUM AND CALIFORNIA CRITIC.—This is the name of a weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in this city. It is edited by Mrs. Oora Anna Weekes. The typographical appearance of the work reflects great skill upon the printers, whoever they may be. The *Athenæum* has been started with the expectation of making it a first-class literary paper. Such a journal we should like above all things to see established here. The first number of the *Athenæum*, although somewhat superior to the general run of so-called literary hothouse-daisies, is very far from what a model of literature should be. The original articles consist of an essay on "Our National Literature," written, we should judge, by Dr. Scott; two or three plausible English and Scotch lectures; a very bigoted criticism on the life and character of Aaron Burr, in which the critic tells us "there are no extraordinary circumstances in the life of that great, bad man," which induces us to think that the writer of the critique has read the life of Aaron Burr for very little purpose; one or two mediocre poems; and, to conclude, two or three editorials, the burden of which are personal woes. As we said before, it would give us much pleasure to see a high-class literary journal firmly established in this city, and if the editors and publishers of the *Athenæum* are possessed of the necessary requisites to carry out such an enterprise, we shall glory in their success. They have a fine field to work in, a generous and appreciative public to patronize them, and it will be their own fault if they do not succeed. And while we would like to see the *Athenæum* established and flourish, we wish to see it succeed solely on its merits as a literary journal, and dislike to see any other plan put forth for patronage. An attempt to excite public sympathy and thus secure public patronage to a literary journal by the depicting of personal woes is humiliating to the dignity of literature; and we are exceedingly sorry to see the body editor so far overstep the bounds of a correct and refined taste, to make so great a parade of personal matters which, although they may be annoying to the parties interested, are of no earthly interest to the public. The number of the *Athenæum* before us gives evidence of considerable ability, and we cheerfully recommend it to the careful attention of the public, trusting they will bestow upon it a generous support."

The above extract is certainly severe; but as the editor confines himself to the line of legitimate and honest criticism, we shall make no word of complaint. Only we would protest against the imputation of having appealed to public sympathy. We simply ask a fair field and no favor. We do not ask our contemporaries to give us indiscriminate praise—we only hope that in their strictures they may not depart from decency. When they do this, we will exercise a woman's privilege, and grumble in good earnest.

The *Chronicle* has given us a specimen of its literary acumen, by jumping to the conclusion that one of the articles in our first number is from the pen of Dr. SCOTT. Far-seeing critic! Enlightened and infallible scribe! Do you not know that critics should never make a mistake? that when they are detected in an error of fact or judgment, they instantly lose caste, and are no more deserving of consideration? Then, never hold up your critical head more! Dr. SCOTT was not the author of that production. A man whose reputation was established when Dr. SCOTT was pursuing his rudimental studies, and whose name has been associated with American literature for a third of a century, furnished the thoughts which appeared in that article.

Once again. The *Chronicle* enumerates "one or two mediocre poems," as among the contents of THE ATHENÆUM. But when we tell him that the author of one of these "mediocre poems" is a Poet who ranks with LONGFELLOW and TENNYSON, and whose strains have charmed such critics as *Blackwood* and the *Edinburgh Review*, perhaps he may be so condescending as to admit it is somewhat above mediocrity. They say BURNS' best would lose its chiefest charm, if but his name were dropped, and JOHN SMITH'S

inserted in its stead; or that SHAKESPEARE'S most gorgeous-plumed eagle would become a pie-feathered squaw, were it not for the magic of his name! Verily, we begin to believe it; when the astute critic of the *Chronicle* can find nothing above mediocrity in the writings of a man who, as a scholar and a poet, has silenced criticism years ago—a man whose name (which we purposely withheld, for the reason that we desired to test the critical powers of our cotemporaries,) is suggestive of all that is grand and beautiful in literature—a man who has introduced the unlettered English reader to the classics of Greece, and who has served up, in our own language, rich repasts from the old Latin scholars and bards.

But we must bid adieu to the *Chronicle*. We only pause to tender him our thanks for the compliment he has paid us in the concluding sentence of the extract quoted, and to assure him that our remarks have been made with the kindest feelings and the best intentions. Commending to his careful perusal the fable of the ambitious frog, and trusting that when next he essays the learned critic he will "take one of his size," we pass to the *Daily Times*, from which we extract the following handsome and gentlemanly paragraph:

THE ATHENÆUM.—The first number of this new literary weekly has been placed upon our table. We have looked through it carefully, and ask ourselves can a paper of its high moral tone, elastic, classic and conservative character, live in California? If it can, then the siege on the literary horizon are indeed the day days, and not the dancing gleam that has so long beguiled us. We hope there is sufficient virtue, and intelligence, and refinement in this community to support just such a journal as the *Athenæum*. We should like to see it on the parlor table of every family, in the hope that it would displace a portion of the miserable and demoralizing trash so often found, and too often read, in every domestic circle. . . . We do not know that a journal placing itself on the high ground of Christian conservatism—avoiding a narrow prejudice on the one hand, and false liberalism on the other, expurgated of the sickly sentimentalism on which the prurient fancy loves to feed—can live in California. If it can, it will be so completely *sui generis*—will move in a sphere so unoccupied and remote as to entitle it to exemption from both the opposition and attacks of its cotemporaries."

LONGFELLOW AND TENNYSON.

TO THE EDITRESS OF THE ATHENÆUM;

Madam—I have perused, with considerable interest, your paper of the 20th instant, and I am glad to perceive that you purpose devoting some attention to Poetry and Poets. I am also informed that some years of your life have been spent in other countries, and it has been suggested to me that possibly you might be too much disposed to depreciate American literature, and uphold what is foreign. Now if you will not consider me presumptuous, I would like to inquire your opinion with reference to the respective merits of Longfellow and Tennyson, as Poets. We in this country are proud of Longfellow; we esteem him as the greatest Poet of this age. On the other hand, I believe that in England the Poet-Laureate is generally ranked by the people, as well as by the critics, the *Poet par excellence*. Pray enlighten your readers as to your own opinions in the premises, and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER AND FRIEND.

OUR individual opinions in reference to the respective merits of LONGFELLOW and TENNYSON, as Poets, we presume are of as little importance to the public, as to the Poets themselves. Both of them have long since received their meed of praise; each have numerous friends and admirers; indeed, their works are so familiar to the public that THE ATHENÆUM or its Editress can have little influence in adding to or detracting from their fame. Still, we have no objection to state our views, in answer to the query propounded by our correspondent.

The candid and impartial critic cannot read six consecutive lines of TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam," without feeling that the stamp of genius is on

them. Nay; we go further. Since English literature was born there has appeared in the language nothing worthy of a higher place, or appealing more forcibly to the heart and the judgment. For many years, TENNYSON was our favorite. But he has some grave sins to answer for. Until he gave to the world "Maud," in most melancholy evidence of how the noblest genius may be debased. We were fain to believe that, among the English writers of this age, he was most true to Nature, and hence most worthy the name of Poet. And so long as the minor bards were content to emulate his example, we felt there was hope for them; and if sometimes they relapsed into silliness, we were willing to believe they did it by mischance, and not with malice prepense—therefore, we readily forgave them that their wings yet trembled as they tried to soar. But woe is us! The attempt is now to write nonsense of set purpose;—the greater the nonsense, the greater seems to them the glory. If they can but spin their lines of various lengths, and fill them with strange and never-before-heard-of ideas, they fondly dream they have attained the very summit of Parnassus.

This new school of Poetry—this *spasmodic* school—was inaugurated by TENNYSON. But the effect will be fatal to his own reputation. When a writer descends to the use of such means to win applause as he has used in his latest work, he cannot but be the loser. TENNYSON is no more a Poet, in the larger sense. He is a weak and silly sentimentalist; and that he should be honored by the Laureate's wreath is a shame and a reproach to England, and a gross injustice to a host of British poets, any one of whom would bear its honors more worthily. In proof of our position, we give the reader a few extracts from "Maud":

"Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.
Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,
One is come to woo her.
Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charles is snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling."

Need we further evidence that TENNYSON is moon-struck? Surely, if this is not midsummer madness, we know not what to term it.

If the reader is not sick, let us hear what the Poet-Laureate says further about "Maud":

"Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Rosy are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth."

Really, we must beg pardon of our correspondent for inflicting on him and on our readers such senseless trash as this. But, we had some fears lest he might imagine we were weak enough to seek to depreciate TENNYSON, merely in order to appease the friends of LONGFELLOW. One more extract from the former will however be sufficient to vindicate the honesty of our present purpose:

"O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so deep,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?
Maybe still I am but half dead;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb;
I will cry to the steps above my head,
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper."

If we might be allowed to express an opinion,

we should say that "Maud" has buried TENNYSON "deep enough." We are ashamed of him; and the sooner both he and his heroine are consigned to a common oblivion, the better for the fame of English poetry.

As we have now expressed our opinion of the Poet Laureate in language which we think cannot be misunderstood, we come to the merits of Professor LONGFELLOW. But we premise by strenuously maintaining that the latter is not an "American Poet." He is an American citizen, and one of whom Americans may well be proud; but his poetry belongs to the world. We have elsewhere in this week's paper expressed our views with reference to Literature; and we maintain it cannot be called national, or belonging to any country;—except in the case of National History or National Odes. LONGFELLOW is more popular among the masses of English readers than TENNYSON. The writings of the latter may as well be claimed to belong exclusively to Americans, as to Europeans.

If LONGFELLOW had never written a line except his "Voices of the Night," he might compare favorably with TENNYSON. His "Hyperion" is a Poem which has never been surpassed. His "Hiawatha" is a singular production, and may be looked upon as an innovation. Indeed, popular as it has proved in our day, we are inclined to believe that its chief charm is in its novelty, and that posterity will reverse the verdict pronounced upon it by the critics of this generation. Between the two authors, however, there can be but one choice. Literature owes immeasurably more to LONGFELLOW than to the Poet Laureate of Britain.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

In another portion of this paper we referred to the *London Times* an account of the ceremonies attending the marriage of the Princess Royal of England. The bearing of great personages on such occasions always has an irresistible charm for a large portion of the public. For the benefit of our lady readers, we extract from the *London Court Circular* the following paragraph:

"The trousseau of the Princess-Royal is now completed. It is composed of every kind of article required for the wardrobe of a princess; silks, velvets, satins, lace, Indian shawls, Indian stuffs, &c. In order to extend as widely as possible the orders for materials given upon this occasion, purchases of the different articles required, have been made at various establishments. The *Circular* mentions, among other firms, that of Price, Romanes & Paterson, Edinburgh. The most distinguished dress makers and milliners in London and Paris have prepared the dresses, bonnets, and other articles of millinery. The simpler and less artistic work has been given to several sempstresses, and the children in the royal schools at Windsor have been largely employed. A society formed during the Crimean war for the employment of the wives of the soldiers of the Guards, also received a considerable order for plain work from Her Majesty. The bridal dress of the Princess-Royal is of Honiton lace."

HE that encroaches upon another's dignity, puts himself in his power, he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension. A great mind disdains to hold anything by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away.

GOOD wives, like liberts, will remain good for a long time. It all depends upon the care you take of them, and how you husband them.

WHY NOT?

BY CORA ANNA WEEKES.

If some simple hearted brother
Thinks the world all kind and true,
Human nature nearly perfect,
And himself as good as — you!
And believes an humble station
Better than a glorious height,
Where the crowd beneath will taunt him,
With their words of envious spite;
If he seems, with these staid notions,
Quite contented with his lot,
Why not leave him unadmired,
For his happiness, why not?

If the friend you fondly cherish,
Fondness with contempt repays,
And when most you love and trust him,
With a traitor's kiss, betrays—
As the angry blood is mounting,
Burning to your brow and cheek,
And upon your lips are trembling
Words you hardly dare to speak —
Why not let forgiving feelings
Mingle with your sargine thought?—
Think, the dying prayer of Jesus
For his cruel cross—why not?

If the poor, with pale, sad faces,
Linger in the path you tread,
And with thin, white hands extended,
Cry to you for daily bread—
Shall the prayers, ascending upward
From each vainly pleading lip,
Set God's seal of condemnation
On your faithless stewardship?—
Food and clothing for the needy,
Shall they be in vain brought—
Why not give them of your plenty,
Conscience whispers it—why not?

Brother, sister, warring ever,
On the battle plains of life,
Why not struggle no more bravely
In the hot and furious strife?
Why not point the weary pilgrim,
Offener to his glorious goal,
Why not fold your arms of pity
Round the sorrow-stricken soul?
From the voice of God within us,
From the precepts Jesus taught,
Like accusing angels whisper,
Come the school words—why not?

Original.

MADAME LUCE AND HER SCHOOL.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

In an old Moorish house, in the heart of the town of Algiers, built, like all other Moorish houses, round a square court open to the blue sky, paved with marble and ornamented with Mosaic or colored tiles, are to be seen more than a hundred little Moresques, dressed in full trousers and jackets, their hair twisted into long pig-tails behind, and tightly bound with green ribbon. On the crown of their heads they wear little velvet caps embroidered with gold thread; their nails are tinged with henna; their legs from the knees to the ankles are bare, and are then finished off with anklets and slippers. They talk rapidly in an unknown tongue, and sit writing French exercises, doing sums on black-boards, and sewing frocks and dusters, like the school-girls of any nation under the sun. Indeed, the most whimsical part of the whole scene is to see these droll little figures conducting themselves with all the gestures, games, slaps, and bursts of laughter of both boys and girls all over the world; doing everything we did ourselves when we were juveniles, except in the repetition of prayers enjoined by the Koran regularly four times every day—for they are all rigorous *Musulmen*, every little woman of the tribe—and would not be allowed to come to school at all if their parents were not well assured that they would not be tampered with in their religious faith. So, says Madame Luce, smiling, "I take care that their Arab teacher conducts their prayers, but I think they judge less harshly of 'Christian dogs' from having been under my care."

How these hundred Moresques came to be

there at all, snatched as they are, every child of them, from a state of society involving the most brutal ignorance and the lowest morality, is the story I am about to tell. The conquest of Algiers by the French took place in 1830—at that time the native population, Moors and Arabs, the result of ancient emigrations or invasions into North Africa, were governed by a majority of Turks, having a nominal connection with Constantinople. The supreme authority resided in the Dey of Algiers, who lived in the Casbat, an enormous pile at the top of the steep town, fortified equally against the densely-packed humanity living at his feet, as against the outer country liable to incursions from the Kabyle tribe, living amidst the neighboring Atlas mountains. Under the Dey were four Beys of the provinces of Algeria; and when matters grew too bad to be borne, the people rose, cut off the Bey's or the Dey's head, and so on *ad infinitum*. The town of Algiers was dreaded for centuries all over the Mediterranean as the nest of pirates, and the Christian barbarities perpetrated in this beautiful country were the scandal of Europe. Charles the Fifth, of Spain, and many another after him, attacked Algiers without succeeding in putting down either the power of the Deys or the atrocities it involved. St. Vincent de Paul, who founded the order of the Sisters of Charity, was made prisoner here; and following a long list of illustrious captives came Francois Arago, the great French philosopher. These were sometimes exchanged against Turkish prisoners, or bought in ransom by their governments. In particular, we should notice the efforts made by a religious society in the Catholic Church for the special deliverance of these poor wretches; such a ransom forms part of the plot of a narrative poem written by a daughter of the writer of this sketch:

"Ye have heard in a far country
Of a self-devoted band,
Vow'd to rescue Christian captives
Tying in a foreign land;
And these gentle-hearted strangers
Year by year go forth from Rome,
In their hands the hallowed ransom,
To restore some exile home."

It was in 1816 that Lord Exmouth, moved by some special scandal, sailed with a powerful armament majestically up within pistol-shot of the mole, crowded with Turks, and at a given signal discharged one of those crashing broadsides that has never yet seen an equal. Crumbling walls and crying wretches attested the weight of British metal; and though the Turks fought well, after a hard conflict of some hours, the wreck of walls and towers, the explosion of powder magazines, and the burning of Algerine ships, gave the Dey a taste of the British navy. The Turks had held out bravely, and their loss was great, when the Dey, seeing that Algiers was about to be a heap of rubbish, lowered his tone, proposed negotiations, and came to terms. Algiers was forced to refund the money extorted from the little Italian States, to restore without ransom all Christian slaves, and to promise thenceforth to abstain from her iniquitous industry—which promise she kept about as ill as might have been expected. Fourteen years after, the French attacked Algiers, being finally moved thereto by the Dey Hassan having given the French consul, M. Derval, a box on the ear with his fan; and the town surrendered almost immediately after the capture of Fort de l'empereur which commands the Casbat. Tract by tract, the French possessed

themselves of the whole regency of Algiers, holding it, however, up to the present day, in strict military occupation; and the town of Algiers itself was garrisoned by two thousand men, and entrenched with massive fortifications. I have drawn up this slight sketch of the antecedents of the country in connection with Madame Luce, that the reader may gain some idea of what are the influences, social and political, which have been at work among the native population among which she has labored so hard. These have been, in a word, piracy, oppression, and all the benumbing influences of Mohammedanism, to say nothing of the special disabilities of sex in the particular case of her pupils. I have only to add that the Turkish element, always in the minority, has nearly disappeared since the conquest, and that the place is peopled by Moors and Arabs, Kabyls and Jews; the latter of whom being better protected by French laws than elsewhere upon the Levant, here congregate in great numbers, and drive a flourishing trade.

Madame Luce came to Algiers shortly after the conquest, and has resided here ever since, viz: twenty-seven years. She was a teacher, probably, in the family of some one of the resident functionaries, of whom the French mode of government entails so many upon all countries under her care. In 1845, she was a widow, Madame Alix, though, for the sake of avoiding confusion, we have always called her by the name she now bears. She was also very poor, having only a small sum of money on which to commence an undertaking upon which her heart had been long set—a school in which girls of Mohammedan family should be taught the language and somewhat of the civilization of the conquering race. Madame Luce gave me ample memoranda of the first foundation and progress of her school; but of the details of her earlier life, which must be interesting, she did not inform me, and I did not like to inquire; thus I do not know what first led her to acquire Arabic, or to arrive at considerable intimacy with several Moorish families; both of which steps towards the accomplishment of her idea were already taken prior to 1845. I shall premise that the government had already established schools for instructing native boys in French, &c., and had established a system whereby each scholar received two francs a month for attendance at school. But these institutions were not flourishing, the Mohammedans dreaded entrusting their children to Christians, more particularly if the Catholic priests had any share in the work; and one Muphti, a Mohammedan ecclesiastic, was actually deported to the Île Sté Marguerite for contumacy upon this subject. &c., to the girls, nobody ever thought of them; and, indeed, any European who came to know the ways and customs of the Moresques, the religious and social tyranny under which they suffer, and their own utter debased ignorance, might well despair of effecting any sort of good among them. The lower ranks walk about the streets closely veiled, excepting a narrow slit for the eyes; but the upper class of Moorish women rarely stir out, except to the bath or the cemetery. Three or four times a year to the mosque completes their part in the religious ceremonies enjoined by the Koran. They have very little to do with religion; active charity is impossible

under the multitude of restrictions under which they exist; they can neither read nor write, and they are not taught any manual art by which women, deprived of other means of subsistence, might gain their daily bread. Neither can they be said to be house-wives. The simple manière d'être of eastern nations, their fine climates, their scanty furniture, their idle, slovenly existence, give no sort of scope to the virtues of a farmer's or of a mechanic's wife. To "suckle fools" is indeed the duty of mothers all the world over; but the corresponding occupation, "chronicling small beer," is no part of the vocation of a Moresque. To wash their linen, and hang it out to dry, either on the rails of their court or on the terrace-roof which is possessed by every house; to clamber over the said roof and its partitions on to her neighbor's, (the received way of paying calls in Algiers,) there to drink coffee and to offer the same in requital; to dress up very fine upon occasion—gauze, silks, ribbons, and jewels—and very shabbily and dirtily on other occasions in the debris of former splendor; such seems to be the idea of life enjoyed by, or permitted to, these poor creatures. In sickness it is still worse; they refuse to take the commonest precautions, preferring the "will of Allah" to any of the alleviations of science and skill. They object to being visited by French medical men, because the intruder is of the other sex; and, even if they did not object, it would probably bring them into trouble with their husbands. Whole families die off for want of vaccination, or proper separation of sick and well, in fever. They do not know their own ages, in which they are no worse than the men; for it is only of late years that the French have procured the regular registration of children, male and female: while, for the crowning affliction and degradation of their lives, they are liable to be sold in marriage at the age of eleven or twelve, while yet merely children: they assume the veil when eight years old. We read in Mr. Morrell's book upon Algiers that "Moorish women are valued by weight!"—a somewhat singular standard of female elegance; and that "marriages among the Moors, as with most other Mussulmen, are contracted through third parties and gossips—the young people never meeting till the wedding day. The affair is a regular market. The gossip is bribed by a young man to go and examine his ideal mistress, whom he knows only by report; he goes and gives a colored report on his return, being bribed by the parents. If the parties are agreeable, and the old folks think the young man has a position, they close. On the wedding day she is bathed, painted, dandied with blackened cork or henna, and decked out in her best attire. She is marched through the streets, accompanied by tantomies, and all the women have a grand feast at the bridegroom's house." The Moorish men are mild and lazy, gambling, smoking, and sipping coffee all day. The few that reside in the country live like the Arabs. They do little work, and that little is mostly done by the women, who bruise the corn in hand-mills before it is sent to the public ovens. The French occupation has ruined many and injured most Moorish families, by raising the price of all commodities. Hence their misery is great, and 8,000 francs of alms per month was given to 2,000 Moors at Algiers in 1843. The Arab women are in substantially the same condition as the

Moresques; being in the outskirts, they have more manual labor, go often to the wells, have to carry heavy loads of wood, grind corn unceasingly by day, and at night spin wool and weave cloth. Such was the human material which Madame Luce dared to conceive of as capable of being raised to something approaching the condition of her European sister. This was the way in which she set to work, being profoundly persuaded that till something was done to alter the social spirit of Moorish interiors, no true amalgamation with the conquering race could ever take place.

While collecting her small funds, and laying her large plans, she perfected herself in the knowledge of the native language; and, in 1845, fifteen years after the conquest, she commenced a campaign among the Moorish families of her personal acquaintance, endeavoring to persuade the fathers and mothers to entrust their little girls to her care for a few hours every day, that they might be taught to read and write French, and also to sew neatly—an accomplishment in which the Moresques are as deficient as they are in Latin and mathematics. By dint of coaxing, presents, entreaties, and the most solemn assurances that she would not interfere with the religion of the children—by using, in short, her personal influence with all the energy of a philanthropist and the tact of a French woman, she contrived to get together four little girls, whom she installed in a house she hired for the purpose, and she began to teach them without an hour's delay. In writing this account, I follow a long memorial addressed by her to the Minister of War, corroborated by my own personal observations on the present state of the school. By degrees, as the rumor of her plan spread among the Mussulmen, one child after another dropped in upon her, till the numbers ran up to thirty or forty. Finding it answer beyond her hopes, she then began to demand support of the local government—the same support which they gave to the education of the boys—telling the officials that it was in vain to hope to rear a better, a more rational and civilized race of Mussulmen, so long as their wives and the mothers of the next generation were left in worse than the ignorance of the brutes, to whom God has given sufficient intelligence for the performance of the simple duties and the enjoyment of the simple pleasures of their state. But the Algirine officials saw no manner of good in educating Moorish women; they could not understand that "as a wife is, so the husband is," reversing Tennyson's well-known stanza in *Locksley Hall*; and though they complimented Madame Luce upon her energy, they declined allowing her pecuniary assistance. She, who had counted on demonstrating to them the value and the success of the experiment, was almost in despair. The expenses were heavy, and altogether defrayed by her; the children had to be bribed to come—to be helped, such as were of poor families, by food and clothing, lodging, school books, all fell upon small means; and though the school answered in all its moral and intellectual ends, there seemed nothing for it but to close it, and lament over the failure of so noble an experiment, and the waste of much time and money. The 30th of December, 1845, came, on which day the Council of Administration was to meet. She waited in breathless suspense, hoping something

would be said about the school. Evening came; she learned they had not even mentioned her; and on New Year's Day, 1846, the school was closed! Perhaps the reader will think she was at last daunted, being deserted by the local authorities, and being upwards of nine hundred miles from the central government, to reach which was a far longer, more difficult and expensive journey than it is at present. Madame Luce had little or no money; and though some of the heads of affairs at Algiers had offered her a small sum as indemnification to herself, she had absolutely refused it, saying it was not personal help she wanted, but support to an undertaking of great national importance.

What, then, did she do next? She pawned her plate, her jewels, even a gold thimble, the gift of a friend, and set off to Paris, which she reached in February, and there she at once sent into the Minister of War that memorial from which we have taken the preceding details. She also visited, in person, most of the influential deputies, and endeavored to prepossess them in favor of her plans. In Paris she found the official mind more sympathizing than in the military colony, and at last saw daylight begin to break. They gave her 3,000 francs for the cost of her journey, and she also came in for 11,000 from some property belonging to her dead husband, M. Alix. They also urged her to return to Algiers and re-commence operations, and promised to give her further support. So she set out on her way home, and reached Algiers once more in June, when she re-opened her school amidst great rejoicings from parents and children. But here again came in the spirit of official delay, and seven more months elapsed before her school was fairly adopted by government, with a proper salary to herself and defrayal of expenses. During these months the school kept rising in numbers, and she was put to the greatest shifts to keep it together. M. the Abbe Pelletan, curé of Algiers, gave her a little money and a great deal of sympathy; and Count Guyot, a man high in office, helped her from his own private purse, having always felt a great personal interest in the undertaking. To him, when the necessities of the day pressed too heavily, she sent one of her negroes; for she was obliged to keep two, to attend to the house and to fetch and re-conduct the pupils. Count Guyot would then send a small sum for her assistance. He also, one day, gave a small bag of money left by the Duke de Nemours for the benefit of a journal which had at that time ceased to exist, telling her she might have whatever it contained. She opened the bag and found 200 francs inside; "and this money," said she, "appeared to come from Providence." So she got along, "from hand to mouth," as the saying is, with an increasing school; and she engaged an Arab mistress, formerly a teacher in the family of Hussin Bey, and a remarkable instance of native cultivation, to assist her in the instruction of the pupils, also to superintend their religious exercises; "for," says Madame Luce, "it does not do to leave children without any religion;" so that being, by the very fact of the existence of her school at all, deprived of teaching them her own faith, she preferred their being properly instructed in that of their parents—a faith which contains some of the elements of Christian verity, inasmuch as it inculcates a profound belief in and reverence for

one only God, and impresses a sense of moral responsibility in regard to right and wrong.

My readers will remember that Madame Luce had in this matter no power of free action, as she would not have got a single child but for the sacredly pledged vow that she would not endeavor to instil her own religion. At length, in January, the storms were weathered; the school was formally adopted by government, and received its first visit of official inspection, at which Count Guyot was present. The inspector declared himself more than satisfied with the condition of the children, not thinking it possible that so much progress could have been made in instructing Moresques. On this occasion, the gentlemen were received by thirty-two pupils and the sub-mistress, *unveiled*, which Madame Luce considered a great moral triumph. She always works against the use of the veil, thinking, and truly thinking, as it seems to us, that it is far from conducive to true modesty of bearing, which should be simple and straight forward, of that purity "which thinketh no evil." How deeply rooted the feeling in its favor is, may, however, be seen by the ludicrous fact, that a very old and withered woman, servant to an English gentleman resident in Algiers, could not, till after years of service, ever be persuaded to look at his visitors. She used to open the door, and then run away. She made up her mind to her master, who was about the age of her son, but "Christian dogs," excepting himself she could not abide.

Since 1847, Madame Luce has pursued her path of usefulness. The school at present numbers 120, of all ages between four and eighteen. I have paid three visits to the establishment; the first day, it was meal-time, and several children were sitting in a room on the ground floor, eating. At one time Madame Luce fed them, having small "plats" of meat and vegetables cooked wholesale in the house, and given to the children hot. As many of them were badly nourished at home, this brought them into better physical condition, and attached them to the school; and under the peculiar circumstances of the population, and the desirability of educating them at almost any cost, the bad political economy may be pardoned; but the government made an injudicious change in stopping the food, and giving instead a small sum to the mothers at the end of each month, whereby the poor children are greatly the losers, as the money gets expended for other household purposes. The second day when I went, they were all writing—some making pot-books on French copies in large text, others were writing French dictation in a small bad running hand. The main object is to teach them the French language and grammar, so as to put them in communication with Europeans. The third time, the whole school was sewing, making white towels, and frocks of green cotton check. They are now, as I said before, dressed in their own costume, except that here and there is to be seen a child in a French frock, looking twice a child in that simple neat attire. In fact, Moorish female attire is only beautiful when fresh, clean and well chosen in point of color. Old and shabby, or ill assorted, it is very far from agreeable to behold, and I longed to clear the little active figures of the confusion of full trousers and shawls, and tinselled velvet, and put

them in short frocks. When Count Guyot was in Algiers, he himself paid for the clothing of the pupils in a uniform of frock, white collar and black apron; but when he went away, no one else cared for the appearance of the school, and so Madame Luce, who could not afford the expense out of her own private purse, was obliged to give it up, very reluctantly; for such a change in dress implies a great change in the wearers, if it once becomes a habit. The frocks used to be put on at school in the morning, and taken off in the afternoon, before going home.

Madame Luce at one time established a workshop, where the elder pupils executed work for the ladies of the place, and earned in this way a considerable sum of money; learning at the same time to appreciate the value of labor. They had always a week's stock waiting for them in advance, when the government put an end to it—whether for the sake of economizing the salary of the sewing mistress who superintended it, and which did not amount to more than £35 a year, or whether for the sake of exclusively favoring some similar institution set on foot by the nuns, Madame Luce does not know; but she greatly regrets the stoppage, as she considers it one of the most useful parts of her whole scheme. She is obliged to pay great attention to the intellectual training of her pupils, because the gentlemen-inspectors think far more of a well turned French phrase than of a neatly sewn frock; but she, individually, feels more anxious about the industrial education than anything else; thinking it of the utmost importance that Moorish women should possess some means of gaining a respectable livelihood, to say nothing of the eminent need in their own homes of neatness and order, and the power of making and mending their own and their husband's clothes. At the exhibition at Paris in 1855, Madame Luce gained a first and second class medal for work executed in her establishment, chiefly elaborate embroideries, but also for a set of dolls carefully dressed in different native costumes. Many of these latter were done by a poor deaf and dumb girl of eighteen, whose lot, but for Madame Luce, would have been deplorable. I asked to have her pointed out to me, and then by aid of an interpreter who communicated by signs, told her I had heard of her dolls. I shall never forget the expression of intense delight which came over her face; and when Madame Luce showed me a cupboard in which were some specimens of her handiwork, the poor child left her seat and came shambling across the room to us in high glee. The girl, had she been neatly dressed in a frock, and her wild hair properly curled round her face, would have had a very amiable and intelligent appearance, but the queer costume and general "unkempt" look did not improve her.

I must add that there is nothing very elaborate or first rate in the management of this school. It seem to be a system alternating in kindness and a many-tongued leathern whip, of which the wild young folk did not seem particularly to stand in awe. Living, as they do, at home; fetched backwards and forwards every day by negresses specially attached to the school for this task; and being, moreover, condemned to all the evil influences of possible early marriages—more than a certain amount of good cannot be done. They must still be rough

and savage, and distress the looker-on by the coarse expression of face which two generations of training cannot remove. But they are actually taught to read and write in a foreign language, to do the first few rules of arithmetic, to sew, and to be proud of Madame Luce. They learn to conceive of their own sex as of reasonable and responsible beings, to think that they can earn money and support themselves. The present Moorish teacher is a young woman who in all respects looks like a French woman. She has passed a regular examination, and taken out her diploma; indeed, I was astonished to find that she was a Moresque and Mussulman. Some of the older girls have been many years with Madame Luce, and are moniteurs. She tries to discourage the use of the veil, and the Moresque above alluded to always wears a bonnet in the street, except when she goes out with her mother, for whose sake she conforms to the veil. The French garrison of Algiers are often rude to the Moorish women, but never to Europeans; therefore, the veil, so far from being a protection, is beginning to be disreputable.

Every Moresque, thus educated, carries into her home the seeds of a better state of moral thought and feeling, germs of a kinder sentiment towards the conquering race, and a prospect that her own little daughters will have to contend with fewer social prejudices in working out a good and useful career. There is another school of the same sort now in Algiers, and I believe more than one in the provinces of Algeria, established by government after the example of the original founder. But, in looking at the advance of female education in Algeria, those who may chance to visit this beautiful land should never forget that the first seed was sown by a woman, poor, and without the aid and appliances which rank bestows; that, by her unaided energy, she not only set afloat the principle of education for native women, but with expenditure of time, trouble, and limited means, forced the government also to recognize its value; finally, that the boys' schools have succeeded much better since the impetus given by her to the idea of intellectual advancement in the minds of Moors and Arabs. Let us, therefore, learn, and hold in respect, the name of MADAME LUCE.

The truth that Christ Is God-Man.

What, then, is the special presupposition with which we must approach the contemplation of the life of Christ? It is one on which hangs the very being of the Christian as such, the existence of the Christian church, and the nature of Christian consciousness. It is one at whose touch of power the dry bones of the old world sprang up in all the vigour of a new creation. It gave birth to all the culture (the *modern*, as distinguished from the *ancient*) from which the German nations received their peculiar intellectual life, and from which the emancipation of the mind, grown too strong for its bonds, was developed in the Reformation. It is the very root and ground of our modern civilization; and the latter, even in its attempts to separate from this root, must rest upon it. Indeed, should such attempts succeed, it must dissolve into its original elements, and assume an entirely new form. It is, in a word, the belief that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, in a sense which cannot be predicated of any human being—the perfect image of the personal God, in the form of that humanity that was estranged from him; that in him the source of the divine life itself in humanity appeared; that by him the idea of humanity was realised.—*Neander's Life of Christ.*

[From Randall's Life of Jefferson.]

Biographical Notes of Thomas Jefferson.

THE YOUNG JEFFERSON.

His appearance was engaging. His face, though angular and far from beautiful, beamed with intelligence, with benevolence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy, hopeful spirit. His complexion was ruddy and delicately fair,* his reddish chestnut hair luxuriant and silken.† His full, deep set eyes, the prevailing color of which was a light hazel, (or flocks of hazel on a ground work of gray,) were peculiarly expressive, and mirrored, as the clear lake mirrors the cloud, every emotion which was passing through his mind. He stood six feet two and a half inches in height, and though very slim at this period, his form was erect and sinewy, and his movements displayed elasticity and vigor. He was an expert musician, a fine dancer, a dashing rider, and there was no manly exercise in which he could not play his part. His manners were unusually graceful, but simple and cordial. His conversation already possessed no inconsiderable share of that charm, which in after years was so much extolled by his friends, and to which enemies attributed so seductive an influence in molding the young and the wavering to his political views. There was a frankness, earnestness and cordiality in its tone—a deep sympathy with humanity—a confidence in man, and a sanguine hopefulness in his destiny, which irresistibly won upon the feelings not only of the ordinary hearer, but of those grave men whose commerce with the world had perhaps led them to form less glowing estimates of it—of such men as the scholar-like Small, the sagacious Wythe, the courtly and gifted Fauquier. Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kindly and forgiving. If it naturally had anything of that warmth which is the usual concomitant of affections and sympathies so ardent, and it no doubt had, it had been subjugated by habitual control.

Yet under its even placidity there were not wanting those indications of calm self reliance and courage which all instinctively recognize and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal encounter, or of his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments, he avoided the vices of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits which, if not vices of themselves, were too often made the prelude to them. He never gambled. To avoid opportunities to games which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another.‡ He was moderate in the enjoyments of the table; to strong drinks he had an aversion which rarely yielded to any circumstances. His mouth was unpolled by oaths and tobacco. Though he speaks of enjoying "the victory of a favorite horse," and the "death of the fox," he never put one horse in training to run—never run but a single race, and he rarely joined in the pleasant excitement—he knew it to be too pleasant for the aspiring student—of the chase. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, and even of vice-royalty to urge him onward, Mr. Jefferson was not a young man to be lightly regarded by the young or old of either sex. He became of age in 1764.

HIS DAUGHTER WISHES TO BE A NUN.

In April, 1789, an incident of interesting

* It had that peculiar ruddiness produced by a very thin skin filled with minute exposed veins. The cuticle was so thin and fragile that it peeled off under the slightest exposure to sun or wind.

† It has been generally mentioned as red. It was not so—at least in the sense in which that designation is ordinarily understood—though it had a decidedly reddish or sandy tinge. Hair of its color is often denominated "auburn." In France, a few white hairs intermixed with it; during his Presidency these became abundant enough to considerably modify the original hue; at the time of his death it was much whitened, but retained the sandy tinge very perceptibly. A lock containing his hair at all these periods, lies under our eye as we write. These are but minute, but whatever is worth telling is worth telling accurately.

‡ His grandson, Col. Thos. J. Randolph, informs us that cards were never played in his house.

character occurred in Mr. Jefferson's family. His oldest daughter, as has been seen, had been educated in the views and feelings of the Church of England. Her mother had zealously moulded her young mind in that direction. Her father had done nothing certainly by word or act to divert it from that channel; and it had flowed on for aught Martha knew or suspected to the contrary, with his full approbation. If she had then been called upon to state what were her father's religious beliefs, she would have declared that her impressions were that he leaned to the tenets of the church to which his family belonged. The daring and flippant infidelity now rife in French society disgusted the earnest, serious, naturally reverential girl. The calm seclusion of Pantheon, its examples of serene and holy life, its intellectual associations, wooed her away from the turmoil and glare, and wickedness, and emptiness without. After meditating on the subject for a time she wrote her father for his permission to remain in the convent, and to dedicate herself to the duties of a religious life.

For a day or two she received no answer. Then his carriage rolled up to the door of the Abbaye, and poor Martha met her father in a fever of doubts and fears. Never was his smile more benignant and gentle. He had a private interview with the Abbess. He then told his daughters he had come for them. They stepped into his carriage—it rolled away—and Martha's school-life was ended. Henceforth she was introduced into society—and presided, so far as was appropriate to her age, as mistress of her father's household. But sums paid to "Balbastro, for lessons on the harpsichord," to the "guitar master," to the "dancing master," to "Poly's Spanish master," &c., continue to find their record in the account-book during Mr. Jefferson's farther stay in France.

Neither he nor Martha ever, after her first letter on the subject, made the remotest allusion to each other to her request to enter a convent. She spoke of it freely, in after years, to her children—and always expressed her full approbation of her father's course on the occasion. She always spoke of her early wish as rather the dictate of a transient sentiment than a fixed conviction of religious duty; and she warmly applauded the quiet and gentle way which her father took to lead her back to her family, her friends and country.

HIS RETURN FROM FRANCE.

Two or three days before reaching home, Mr. Jefferson had sent an express directing his overseer to have his house made ready for his reception by a specified day. The overseer mentioned this, and the news flew like wildfire over the different farms which it is customary to mention collectively as Monticello. The slaves could hardly attend to their work. They asked leave to make his return a holiday, and of course received permission. Bright and early were all up on the appointed day, washed clean of the stains of labor, and attired in their "Sunday best." They first determined to receive him at the foot of the mountain; and the women and children refusing to be left behind, down they marched in a body. Never dragged on hours so slowly. Finally, the men began to straggle onward—the women and children followed—and the swarm did not settle again until they reached the confines of the estate, perhaps two miles from the house. By and by a carriage and four horses were seen rapidly approaching. The negroes raised a shout. The postillions plied their whips, and in a moment more the carriage was in their midst. Martha's description of what ensued is sufficiently accurate until the summit of the notch between Monticello and Carter's Mountain was attained. The carriage was almost drawn by hand. We consider old Wormley's authority the best on this point.

He pointed out the very spot soon after the carriage had turned off from the highway, when in spite of the entreaties and commands—not, however, we imagine, very sternly uttered—of "old master," the horses were detached, and the shouting crowd pushed and dragged the heavy vehicle at no snail's pace up the further ascent, until it reached the lawn in front of the

house. Mr. Jefferson had no idea whatever of being "toted" (Africanic for "carried") from the carriage door into his house—riding on men not being to his taste. But who can control his destiny? Not a word could be heard in the wild uproar—and when he stepped from the carriage he unexpectedly landed on a cluster of swarth arms, and, amid the oriental salutations described by Martha, was borne once more under his own roof-tree. The crowd respectfully broke apart for the young ladies, and the stately, graceful Martha, and the little fairy-like Maria advanced between the dark lines, escorted by "Jack Eppes," who swept the sky, and many a curly-headed urchin was held aloft to catch a look of what their mothers and sisters were already firmly persuaded could not be paralleled in the Ancient Dominion.

JEFFERSON AS A MECHANIC.

The house as here described was but a part of the completed Monticello of after years, and was far less perfect in its appointments. The remark that Mr. Jefferson was "often one of the workmen" in constructing it, is to be taken with some qualification. He had long used one of its rooms as a private workshop. This was fitted up with a variety of tools, and he frequently spent his hours of exercise in it, especially in bad weather, making some small article, like a case for books, a simple instrument, or the like. He may also have made architectural models, but this was about all. Those political painters who have represented him as a Cincinnatus, engaged in manual labor as his chief and favorite occupation, except when dragged forth by the exigencies of the State, have painted purely a fancy sketch. If this is a statesman's merit, he is not entitled to claim it. With him manual labor was the amusement, mental labor the occupation. He had, however, a decided fondness for nearly all mercantile pursuits, (as well as agricultural ones,) and great handiness in acquiring their manipulations. He could turn off his bits of cabinet ware with neatness and dispatch, and tradition is disposed to claim that he could have successfully aspired to the mystery of shoeing his horse, had occasion demanded.

JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.

Mr. Jefferson had the rare good fortune not only to steer clear of those painful misunderstandings which occurred between Adams and Franklin, but even to steer clear of the jealousy of either party. This was easy enough, if not a matter of course, so far as Franklin was concerned. But to remain on terms of confidential intercourse and warm friendship with him, and at the same time with the impetuous and always (when irritated) morbidly jealous Mr. Adams, was an achievement requiring tact and good sense. It was readily understood, however, by Jefferson, for the "Colossus of Independence," always, in spite of foibles and follies, held a high place in his respect, and a warm place in his affections. The wise and proper effort completely succeeded. Adams' early attachment for Jefferson ripened and deepened. More scrupulous regard to the rights, more gentleness, manly consideration for the feelings of a colleague and associate, were never exhibited, than Mr. Adams uniformly exhibited towards Jefferson during their common stay in France, and throughout all their subsequent intercourse as co-ambassadors.

Indeed, towards Jefferson, Adams always (with an unfortunate exception or two), seems to have laid aside the imperiousness, the pugnacity, the dogmatism and the jealousy of his nature, and to have exhibited the beautiful traits that he uniformly did in his domestic circle. No finer passage occurs in his personal history than his habitual treatment of Jefferson; and it serves to show how this lion, generally rampant, could be the lamb, if he was considerably dealt with, and some little grain of allowance be made for his foibles. Adams treated Jefferson like a younger brother—the next younger and near his own age. Jefferson, as much from real feeling as from tact, took the younger brother's place. He always asked Mr. Adams' opinion first, and always urged him to take the part of honor. He felt that this was due to Mr. Adams' seniority

in years and public services. This unusual modesty melted the stormy New England chief.

The friendly tableaux would not be quite complete without the introduction of another figure. Mrs. Adams was (if we may be excused a trite, and ordinarily a silly exaggerated designation) a magnificent woman. Of her peculiarities of character, we may hereafter find occasion to speak. Suffice it to say that she was an admirable specimen of New England intelligence and firmness—as unbending to the semblance as to the reality of a departure, to a hair's breadth from any of those rigid observances which had always been practised in New England society, and which would have solicited the grim approbation of John Calvin and John Knox! Mrs. Adams was little pleased with the society of France. Her letters to her correspondents at home give some piquant sketches, and it must be confessed that she succeeds in making a good deal that she saw sufficiently ridiculous. Her picture of the table scene at Franklin's, of Madame Helvetius and the little dog, etc., will always be laughed at by the best friends of the ridiculed "philosopher."

One man, however, Mrs. Adams found in France, to respect and admire. She wrote home to her sister he was the "chosen of the earth." She sincerely lamented that Mr. Adams' departure for England would separate them from his society. She kept up no sentimental correspondence with him, after that departure, because that was not the way that "Abigail Adams" had ever been brought up to act and feel—that was not according to the New England standard; but she did, from time to time, address him friendly letters, and she honored him with the execution of her little orders on shopkeepers in Paris, as if he had been one of her own family. That man was Jefferson, and he thoroughly reciprocated her respect and admiration.

Praise of Poetry.

Poetry comprehends whatever is purest in language, and most sublime in idea. It alone attains the highest degree of eloquence, and imparts the utmost embellishment to narrative and discourse. Poetry, above every other species of language, is retained in the memory with ease; and by it the peculiar genius of man is best revealed. Yea, were poetry a jewel, it would be of the purest water; were it a plant, it would breathe the odoriferous perfume of the basil; were it transformed into stars, their brilliancy would be unequalled; or into limpid streams, their currents would never cease to flow. In fine, poetry is soter than the liquid pearls that glitter in the bosom of the rose, when abundant showers have watered the parterres. It is tenderer than the tears of the despairing lover, and sweeter than the grape lightly tempered by the dew of heaven.

Despotism.

Despots govern by terror. They know, that he who fears God fears nothing else; and therefore they eradicate from the mind, through their Voltaire, their Helvetius, and the rest of that infamous gang, that only sort of fear which generates true courage.—*Burke*.

Covetousness.

Of the peculiar baseness of the vice of covetousness we need no other proof but this; for as the prime and more essential property of goodness is to communicate and diffuse itself, so in the same degree that anything encloses and shuts up its plenty within itself, in the same it reedes and falls off from the nature of good. If we cast our eyes over the whole creation, we shall find every part of the universe contributing something or other, either to the help or ornament of the whole. The great business of Providence is to be continually issuing out fresh supplies of the divine bounty to the creature, that lives and subsists like a lamp fed by continual infusions, and from the same hand which first lights and sets it up. *See* that covetousness is nothing so much as a grand contradiction to Providence, whilst it terminates wholly within itself.—*South*.

Diligence.

Every segment of the great circle of civilized society is useful, except that occupied by the lazy man; he alone is worse than useless. Each link in the great chain of humanity may be equally sound and equally useful, though unequally formed and polished, except the indolent; he is always as useless and treacherous as a rope of sand. Every one may be of some utility in the world's hire, except the miserable do-nothing and eat-everything droue; he is an insufferable nuisance in his best estate, and the sooner he is marched off, as honey bees dispose of their lazy members, the better. A squireward, who attempts to live gratis in the world, and especially such a nuisance in the church, is a useless cipher among men, a burden to the earth, and a loathsome excrescence on the healthy growth of society, sucking otherwise productive aliment from the resources of the general good, but yielding in return neither fruit nor ornament. Jehovah proves his existence by perpetually creating. The process has never ceased; at this moment, suns are throwing off nebula, and these are hardening into worlds. Why should the immortal soul be dormant? Its Creator reposes never. Think you that Paul is at rest and Newton idle amid the opening splendors of the universe? Growth in happiness lies in a flight from inertia to energy. God has given man the power of setting all things in motion for useful ends, and in the humble but diligent exercise of this prerogative consists our chiefest joy. The working sailor, who ventures forward into the gulf for the disenchantment of mankind, is as fortified with strength more than human, and 'through the impassable paves a road.' On the contrary, the wicked servant who was cast into outer darkness was a *scollish* servant; indescribable remorse in the eternal world compared with the indolence and viciousness of his existence on earth. Constrained inactivity is the hell of the wicked, but benignant toil is the heaven of the just.—*Magoon*.

Never Despair.

As lords their laborers' hire delay,
Fate puts our toil with hope to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owes a debt, and names a sum.
Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,
Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason unto man,
And blasphemy to Heaven.

Scott.

The Sea.

Whilst watching the sea, neither the eye nor the wind ever becomes weary. Each successive wave, as it curls its silver foam and dashes on the shore, has some novelty in it. There is no monotony in the motion of the wave, and the mind speculates momentarily on each variety of motion and of form, finding in all an inexhaustible fund of amusement, excitement, pleasure, and wonder. It is no less true than remarkable, that the ocean is the only substance which, in its movement, has not a wearying effect upon the gazer. All other forms, animate or inanimate, may amuse for a moment, a minute, or an hour, but their charm is quickly gone.

Death.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speedless too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not, look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the Churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, 'This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeoman, this the plebeian brain?'—*Donne*.

THE loss of a joyous illusion is always a painful thing. It is like a child looking at a *Clown* after he has washed his face.

From the Wide West of March 21.]

The Press and the People.

Contemplating the vast increase of Newspapers during the last few years in the United States, the conviction must force itself on every mind, that Americans are pre-eminently a reading people, and when we reflect that they are also a nation of thinkers, and that through the medium of the press the great hall of thought is kept in motion, ever accumulating fresh ideas or moulding old ones to its purpose, we at once perceive that it is a mighty engine working for good or evil, and influencing the mass accordingly.

In our young State it is refreshing to find so much of talent combined with honesty of purpose. Here we have a plethora of newspapers, yet, with rare exceptions, each would do honour to the oldest State in the Union. Hardly a department in the newspaper literature but is filled with ability and rectitude. Exercising so vast an influence as does the press in California, and having so extensive a circulation, it is especially desirable that it should be in harmony with itself; that the intercourse between paper and people should be as that between gentleman and gentleman—affable, polite, dignified and courteous, and thus inspire their readers by the force of example, with like feelings. Politics, in all countries, but in America more especially, is an exciting theme, often a firebrand which stirs up the fiercest passions, and induces the bitterest invidious and grossest personalities.

We are not of those who hold that because another may differ from us in political views, that he has committed the "unpardonable sin." Nor do we agree with those who contend that because they advocate such and such opinions, and adopt this or that course, that these views are per force superior, or that course immaculate. Opinions, however a person may be imbued with them, are the result of judgment or policy—and human judgment, at the best, is erring, and policy, too often short sighted. This reflection then, should teach every newspaper, and every man, to respect the feelings, whilst at the same time it combats the opinions of its antagonists. When a question, then, arises in government or morals, whether important or otherwise, it should be discussed, after due deliberation, with calmness yet vigor of thought, force, yet dignity of expression and comprehensive clearness, yet terseness of argument.

There are those in this State who mistake incentive for sound logic, who growing excited over a debate, become disconcerted and rude, but they are generally on the weaker side, and strive to make up for lack of strength by resorting to the side-arms of sarcasm and abuse.

Having attentively watched the course of newspapers in California, for several years, we are proud to state as our firm conviction that the animosities engendered in the past are fast dying out. Rivalry should at all times be honorable, and contentious should always be respected. As California year by year grows older, a fresh step seems to be taken in newspaper refinement. More especially have we reason to boast of our interior papers, edited for the most part by men of education and capacity, who, themselves having plied the shovel or the plow, have necessarily been thrown in intimate contact with the mining and agricultural population. Hence, when they abandoned the pick for the pen, having seen the great want, they have applied all their energies to that one grand point so much needed—the intellectual and social elevation of the people.

Upwards and onwards should be the motto of our fraternity, and it is devoutly to be wished that the tone of the California press may never degenerate, and that its mutual intercourse may continue to increase in that friendly spirit, so desirable to all right minded men, and so potential an aid in accomplishing every good purpose of journalism.

WHEN a friend is sinking. Hope is like the anchor that the Deal pilots take out to a ship in distress, and we should all volunteer in carrying it to him.

THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

The Ceremony in the Royal Chapel.

[From the London Times, January 26.]

As the bride passes up to the altar she stops and makes a deep reverence to her mother, though with evident agitation, and her face flushes like crimson; then, again turning, she renders the same homage to the Prince of Prussia. As she does so, the bridegroom cleft advances, and, kneeling on one knee, presses her hand with an expression of fervent admiration that moved the august audience. Taking their places then at the altar, and with their illustrious relatives standing round in a group of unequaled brilliancy, the service commenced with the chorale, which peals through the little building with the most solemn effect. The words are particularly appropriate, full of feeling and piety, and the audience follow them in a whispered cadence as the choir sing—

"This day, with gladsome voice and heart
We praise Thy name, O Lord, who art
Of all good things the giver!
For England's first-born Hope we pray!
Be near her now, and ever!
King of Kings, Lord of Lords,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Hear us, while we kneel before Thee!"

The hymn over, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury took his place in the centre of the altar, and assisted by the Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapel Royal; the Bishop of Oxford, as Lord High Almoner; the Bishop of Chester, as Clerk of the Closet; the Dean of Windsor, as Domestic Chaplain; and the Rev. Dr. Wesley, as Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, the marriage service is commenced at exactly ten minutes to one o'clock.

The rubric is rigidly adhered to throughout. After going through the usual formulary, the Most Rev. Primate, who was very indistinctly heard, asks the royal bridegroom—

"Will thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Will thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye shall live?"

To this the Prince replies, loud and clear, "I will."

To the same question the faint answer of the bride is barely audible, though the attention of all is strained to the utmost to catch the feebly uttered words.

To the next, "Who giveth this woman away?" the Prince Consort replies loudly, "I do."

Then the Prince takes his bride's hand in his own, in earnest warmth, and repeats slowly and distinctly after the Primate:

"I, Frederic William Nicholas Charles, take thee, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and therefore I pledge thee my troth."

Again, in reply, the words of the bride are almost lost, and she seems faint and tremulous enough to excite uneasiness among her ladies.

The Prince then, taking the ring from his brother Albert, said with marked emphasis:

"With this ring I thee wed, and with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The usual prayer was then offered up, and the Primate, joining their hands together, said, "Whom God has joined let no man put asunder."

The following Psalm from the Prayer Book was then sung:

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us," &c.

The royal couple then knelt, with all the bridesmaids, while the rest of the ceremony was proceeded with, the Bishop of London in a clear and distinct voice reading the exhortation.

At the concluding words the Hallelujah chorus—

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

"King of Kings, Lord of Lords. Hallelujah." rose clear and loud, with thrilling effect.

Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn echoes, when the ceremonial, as arranged by chamberlains and heralds, ended, and the bride, giving vent to her evidently long pent up feelings, turned and flung herself upon her mother's bosom, with a suddenness and depth of feeling that thrilled through every heart. Again and again Her Majesty strained her to her heart and kissed her, and tried to conceal her emotion, but it was both needless and in vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it. We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her, and how, as she quitted him, with the tears now plainly stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia in a manner that evinced all that only a mother's love can show. The most affecting recognition, however, took place between the bridegroom and his royal father, for the latter seemed so overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him twice to his heart, knelt and kissed his parent's hand.

The Queen then rose, and, hurrying across the *hardi pas* with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia, as one sister would another after long parting, and turning to the Prince of Prussia, gave him her hand, which he stooped to kiss she stopped him, and declined the condescension by offering her cheek instead. But words will feebly convey the effect of the warmth, the abandonment of affection and friendship, with which these greetings passed, the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted her Majesty, the manly heartiness with which he wrung the Prince Consort's hand—for, by the working of his face, it was evident he could not trust his tongue to speak.

Bonaparte's Wounds.

Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds—one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and was received at Eckmuhl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes, when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow he would surrender the fortress. Many times," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me, when I was in most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers, as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, 'Vive l'Empereur.'"

If we only said one half of the witty things that, on reflection, we feel we might, and ought to have said, what clever fellows we should be.

A SURLY reception from a debtor raises a pleasing hope of payment.

It is not generous to blame youth for the follies of young men.

A MIRACLE.—The mention of almsgiving recalls a somewhat ludicrous story of modern date, where a most inopportune miracle was wrought. The well-known French missionary, Father Bridaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything that he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of a village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak, Father Bridaine rose, according to custom, and went to say his prayers at the neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar, who asked an alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing!" said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand in his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in a paper, which he knew he had not left there. Drawing the strange package from his pocket in unfeigned surprise, and hastily opening the paper, and seeing four crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle! He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened to the church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with great unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Bridaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches; he had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns.

A writer in the *Religious Telescope* approves the recent introduction of steam in "propellor" church organs, because "steam never winks at some one across the room just before the piece is started; never titters and laughs at each turn of the music; never blushes or sticks up its fan before its face, nor bangs its head; never whispers during the sermon; never turns over the note-book to find the time during prayer, nor gazes over the congregation to see who is kneeling; never writes notes and passes them while the minister is preaching. For these reasons," says the writer, "if singing is to be done by proxy, let us employ steam."

AN original genius wanted to take two doses of circus at the theatre. It was Christmas Eve, and he was "filled with the spirit of the day." He bought two tickets, went to the doorkeeper and exhibited them. The doorkeeper attempted to take one of them, but he signified that the doorkeeper must take both. Doorkeeper asked: "Where's the other man? Where's your friend?" The reply was: "See here, old fellow, I'm a going here twice to-night. Both them tickets is for me!"

WEWITZER, who was considered a wit, having in a number of jokes brought forth something beneath his talent, the circumstance was remarked by a Scotch gentleman present, who, without any knowledge whatever of the person, exclaimed, "Ah, mon, you are e'en like myself, a Wee-wit-sir!" (This is probably the best instance of an unintentional joke on record.)

A YOUNGSTER who had just risen to the dignity of the first pair of boots with heels on, laid himself open, through misdeemeanor, to maternal chastisement. After pleading to get clear, to no effect, he exclaimed: "Well, if I've got to stand it, I mean to take off my boots." "Why?" asked his mother. "Because I want to be whipped in them new boots, no how. That's so!"

THE late Lord Cockburn, when at the bar, was pleading in a steamboat collision case. The case turned on the fact of the vessel's carrying no lights, which was the cause of the accident. Cockburn, insisting on this, wound up his eloquent argument with this remark: "In fact, gentlemen, had there been more lights there would have been *livers*."

WE have often seen
in the most patient
and upset the
genere

THE ATHENÆUM.

"HOME LITERATURE."

Our worthy and most excellent cotemporary, the Golden Era, devotes considerably more than a column of his paper of the 21st, to an editorial on "Home Literature," in which he makes a pathetic and we trust effective appeal to the public in behalf of California literature. He says:

"Whenever we hear it suggested that in order to elevate the literary tastes of the people of California, the influence of foreign authors of established and brilliant reputations, should be brought to bear upon them through the columns of local journals and periodicals, our antagonisms are at once aroused. We feel an impulse of pride which amounts to indignation. When it is proposed that a Dickens, a Thackeray, a Gerald Massey, or a Mrs. Browning, shall be paid by the inhabitants of this State to set through the medium of their pens, as reformers of taste and morals—as missionaries among a collection of barbarians, in a literary point of view,—we are at once put upon our metal," &c., &c.

Pray, brother Era, keep your temper! Don't get angry—anger is a terrible foe to digestion; besides, when in the course of newspaper discussion, an editor becomes "indignant," it is a pretty sure sign that his cause is weak.

The editor of the Golden Era further says:

"We are desirous that upon this Pacific coast a literature be built up, as marked and well-defined as was that of Greece in olden times, or of Great Britain at the present. And all things are favorable to such a result if the proper exertion is made, the necessary labor performed."

Now this is all very nice, and if our friend will pardon our presumption, we would suggest that the literary press of California has it in its power to build up and foster just such a literature as our neighbor of the Golden Era seems to desire. Literature flourishes in England, simply because English publishers pay for it. It will never flourish in California—our miners "who wear rough shirts and coarse boots" will never quit mining and take to writing, so long as the pickaxe pays better than the pen; nor until our publishers are willing to pay them for their literary efforts. Now, in order to test our friend's patriotism, let us see how much he is indignant. Is he "mad" two thousand dollars worth? If so, will he please listen to our proposition. We (the editress of THE ATHENÆUM) will devote Two Thousand dollars, this year, to the payment of California writers, provided the Golden Era, the Wide West, and the California Magazine will do the same. Thus we can, by our joint efforts, raise a fund of Eight Thousand dollars, to be devoted to the cause of Home Literature. This sum will be sufficient to secure the very best talent in California for our several papers. Now, instead of wasting unnecessary words, and expending so much eloquent indignation, let us proceed at once to deeds. Come, brother Era, open your purse. Let us labor together, in kindness and good-will, for the accomplishment of a common object, instead of striving to engender animosities and hard feelings by indulging in petty jealousies, so unworthy the dignity of the press.

We offer you our editorial hand, brother Era, in token of fellowship and good feeling. Come, now, be a man! Give us a good-natured grip, and let us be friends.

We tender our most grateful thanks to COL. WARREN, our esteemed brother of the California Farmer, for numerous delicate and friendly letters of our recent severe illness; and to the friends who present of several magnificent contributions with which our sick-

RECEIPTS FOR THE ATHENÆUM.

The following persons are credited with the sums placed opposite their names:

Table listing names and amounts: Samuel Wallace, Sheriff of Wigan, Lancashire, England, \$5.00; Rockwell & Co., 5.00; H. B. Johnson, 5.00; G. Cleveland, 5.00; Jacob Underhill, 5.00; Geo. C. Johnson, 5.00; E. G. Johnson, 5.00; James Fiddle, 5.00; Chas. Baum, 5.00; Chas. H. Randall, 5.00; Geo. C. Johnson, 5.00; Edward Bosqui, 5.00; J. Welderspoon, 5.00; Samuel Price, 5.00; Wm. Bentling, 5.00; Joseph Clark, 5.00; Ben. F. Washington, 5.00; J. H. Johnson, 5.00; Geo. Washington, 5.00; John A. McGlynn, 5.00; W. B. Dameron, 5.00; C. W. Heller, 5.00; John G. Bray, Santa Clara, 5.00; T. L. Barker, 5.00; J. E. Garrison, 5.00; S. H. Mecker, 5.00; R. Hoehkofer, 5.00; W. H. V. Croloise, 5.00; B. S. Dorr, 5.00; C. W. Douglas, 5.00; J. Robertson, 5.00; Wm. Gibb, 5.00; H. B. Wisper, 5.00; W. Hubary Balles, T., 5.00; L. Henry Schwartz, 5.00; Bosworth, Maston & Co., 2.50; T. L. Horn, 2.50; Wm. Brown, Krasig & Co., 2.50; Wornser Brothers, 2.50; Edward F. Stooe, 2.50; Henry W. Coe, 2.50; Randolph & Egan, 2.50; T. Ellis, 2.50; H. Myers, 2.50; W. S. Taylor, 2.50; C. E. Richards, 2.50; James A. Wall, 2.50; Mr. Sawyer, 2.50; Phil. L. Weaver, 2.50; Chas. Hosmer, 2.50; B. C. Horn, 2.50; Chas. H. Mead, 2.50; Wm. Harris, 2.50; T. Davenport, 1.50; John Ricketson, 1.50; Mr. Lamb, 1.50; Henry Schindler, 1.50; Levinson Bros., 1.50; Ross & Co., D. L., 1.50; Samuel Pillsbury, 1.50; Wm. Adams, 1.50; O. M. Perkins, 1.50; W. G. Wendell, 1.50; Rutte & Co., 1.50; The Publishers, 1.50; G. O. Jennings, 1.50; George E. Rogers, 1.50; Wm. L. Raynor, 1.50; Walter S. Hughes, 1.50; Edw. Maurice, 1.50; B. B. Williams, 1.50; Thos. Bennett, 1.50; J. Dupuy, 1.50; G. W. Weaver, 1.50; J. J. Southgate, 1.50; Telf & Adams, 1.50; John Gordon, 1.50; Mark Sheldon, 1.50; Wm. Langerman & Co., 1.50; Telf & Adams, 1.50; George M. Smith, 1.50; George S. Haskell, 1.50; George Stead, 1.25; C. W. Lubbeck, 1.50; W. H. Oliver, 1.50; F. A. Foster, 1.50; S. L. Stanley, 1.50; Wm. S. Poore, 1.50; D. E. Provost, 1.50; W. Fletcher, 1.50; Charles S. Wood, 1.50; Verblanc & McMullin, 1.50; J. C. Cissa, 1.50; J. D. Hawks, 1.50; D. L. Edgar, 1.50; Cody & Campanan, 1.50; R. S. Eelle, 1.50; B. A. Swain, 1.50; J. J. Young, 1.50; J. B. Boland, 1.50; J. Nelson, 1.50; Wm. Arrington, 1.50; Goodman Castle, 1.50; Weir & Co., 1.50; Truett, Jones & Arrington, 1.50; Edward Judson, 1.50; H. P. Cook, 1.50; J. G. Dow, 1.50; J. A. Drinkhouse, 1.50; D. W. Forter, 1.50; Cyrus W. Jones, 1.50; W. S. Hollenbeck, Santa Clara, 1.50; B. E. Fordham, 1.50; G. C. Bode, 1.50.

AN OFFER TO CALIFORNIA WRITERS.

\$100 IN PREMIUMS.

We have placed in the hands of WELLS, FARGO & Co., bankers, the sum of One Hundred Dollars, which we offer to California writers, as follows:

- \$50 for the best Original Poem.
\$50 for the best Essay on "California Literature, and how to promote it."

It is required that the Poem shall consist of not less than fifty, nor more than one hundred lines. The Essay to comprise not less than seven nor more than ten closely written foolscap pages.

All manuscripts should be forwarded to the Editress of this paper, previous to April 25th. The decision to be made, and the prizes awarded, on May 1st. The name of the successful competitors alone to be published.

JUDGES.

We propose the following named gentlemen as a Committee to judge of the merits of the several productions. If they decline acting, other gentlemen will be chosen.

- MR. BROOKS or MR. FOARD, of the Golden Era.
MR. LAWRENCE, of the Wide West.

- MR. HUTCHINGS, of the California Magazine.
COL. WARREN, of the California Farmer.

All manuscripts which we may receive previous to May 25th, will on that day be submitted to the judges for their decision. The names of the competing writers will be carefully concealed from the judges until their decision is rendered. The MSS. of unsuccessful competitors will be returned to the authors, or if used, will be liberally paid for.

We earnestly invite all writers, both male and female, to compete for the above prizes, and thus aid in promoting the development of California talent.

"We do not know that a journal placing itself on the high ground of christian conservatism—avoiding a narrow prejudice on the one hand, and false liberalism on the other, expurgated of the sickly sentimentalism on which the prudent fancy loves to feed—can live in California."—Daily San Francisco Times.

For the information of our friend of the Times, we would state that during the five days ending March 19th, we have taken, in San Francisco alone, nearly one thousand subscribers. When we inform him that we have not yet canvassed more than one-tenth of the city, and that the above is the result of five days efforts among our citizens, he will be better able to judge of our prospects. We think this fact is sufficient evidence of the willingness of the people of San Francisco to support such a paper as The Athenæum.

RASSETTE HOUSE, cor. Bush and Sutter streets, San Francisco. THE RASSETTE HOUSE having been newly painted and renovated throughout, the proprietor invites his friends and the public in general, to call and give him a trial. He has endeavored to make his house the BEST, and at the same time THE CHEAPEST on the Pacific Coast; and the extensive patronage he has enjoyed during the past six months, convinces him that his efforts have been crowned with success.

M. A. FRENCH, Proprietor. OFFICE OPEN ALL NIGHT. N. B.—An Iron Safe is kept in the Office for Deposit of Valuables.

FRENCH AND SPANISH LANGUAGES. PROF. DE LAGUNA respectfully announces to his former Pupils and to the public in general, that he has taken Rooms, No. 158 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny, opposite the El Dorado, where he continues to teach the above Languages. The Evening Classes will commence on Monday, March 8th, from 7 to 9 o'clock. Private Lessons given to Ladies or Gentlemen at their residences, or at the office. Terms for Classes, \$5 per month.



