ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE OLD HOMESTEADS

OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—SOME OF THE OLD MISSIONS.

The Approaching Centennial of Los Angeles—The Advance of the New, the Retreat of the Old.

PASADENA, August 28, 1881.

The revival of old associations, circumstances and conditions incident to this centennial of Los Angeles brings also a stirring of many new unspent forces. The narrow-gauge railroad project is developing into a certainty, a reconnoissance having just been completed from Pasadena to San Bernardino. Mr. Crocker's purchase from Lucky Baldwin of a large portion of Rancho La Puente is the heaviest land sale that has ever been recorded in this county, and is understood to mean business in the way of preparing homesteads for coming thousands. I have no quarrel with the power we call the spirit of the age, and yet I am glad to get out of the noise of it, between the thick adobe walls of some of the old Californian homes. Europeans would accuse us of manufacturing sentiment over the few historic ruins we possess, but it is genuine, and so is our admiration of the brave, hospital, chivalrous character of most of the early patroons. It will be a loss of the peculiar charm which has brought so many here to stay, when the palatial residence of a successful speculator takes the place of such ranch houses as belong to

THE OLD NOBILITY

Of Ventura, or the more modern Cervitos in this county. Surrounded by an English park, Laguna, the country seat of Mrs. Stearns Baker, would be sufficiently modernized. The old seats ask for adaptation to modern wants, but they ought to be carefully preserved, and such occasions as our centennial tend to bring this feeling into activity. There is a five days' festival now in progress at San Luis Rey, and another at Pala Mission, and during those few days one may overlook the coming railroad and all modern innovations and keep company in imagination with good Father Antonio, who lived more like a prince than a priest in this most royal seat of his order—he who loved the horse race and the bull fight without discrimination, prefiguring the muscular Christianity of our own times; who entertained the stranger, and made the place of his habitation glorious with fruits and flowers. San Luis was the last but one, and the most splendidly executed of that series of sacred structures which extended from San Diego into the Sonoma valley. It was not finished until the year 1798. I saw it first under the full moon of September, 1876, and nothing in that year of sight-seeing will linger in my memory like a view through the open and still perfect arches of the great court, into the still, deserted cloisters, the sanctuary, and the Campo Santo. There was not a cloud in the sky. I could read the names of "Pico," and others familiar in our history, upon the headstones. There was not a sound in the air, and I sat awhile on the broken coping of a fountain, wishing that the shadows of the overhanging pepper tree would move; it was so fearfully silent and spiritual and desolate. Then I went inside the church, and pushing away

A ROUGH CURTAIN

Which divides what was the chapel of St. Louis from the nave, recalled what I had read of Father Peyri who built it. "He asked for a few cattle and Indians for his mission, and the request was granted. He dwelt there thirty-four years, when the blow came which broke his heart—the sequestration of the missions. He took with him only what was sufficient to enable him to reach the City of Mexico, where he threw himself upon the charity of his Order." There were 80,000 head of cattle, 10,000 horses, 100,000 sheep and goats, belonging to the mission in 1834; there was 13,000 bushels of wheat in its granaries; there was oil and wine; cloth and leather, sufficient food and clothing for Father Peyri's 3,500 Indian communicants. Among these were several blacksmiths and others skilled in useful arts. Under the civil rule which followed, there was in eight years only 650 Indians living on the mission lands, about four per cent. only of the live stock, and nothing whatever in the store-houses. These are in utter ruin; the piles of adobe cover or rather inclose a space of ten or twelve acres. The finest piece of architecture in California, with surroundings which barbarians might have been proud of, was not only neglected but despoiled. The cloisters of burnt brick were pulled down and carted away. A garden inclosed with a high adobe wall, which is in tolerable preservation, covered eight acres; the beautiful arched entrance, pavements, and terraces, which yet remain, show what a lovely spot it must have been with its fountains and palm trees. One solitary palm illustrates the survival of the fittest; a clear spring bubbles out near its roots, and leaves a ribbon of verdure in its track as its waters trickle down to the farms below.

THE SITUATION

Of this Mission was unrivaled. Not commanding the sea view like Carmel, it is set nobly upon a hill, and from the towers one has an enchanting panorama of plains, valleys and distant mountains. The day following my moonlight visit I spent in sketching the interior of the church, and some parts of the cloisters and ruins. Up in the bell tower I found a white owl, asleep, whose ghostly presence had disturbed my meditations of Father Peyri and his compatriots the previous evening. When I rapped on the rim of the one silver bell which is left of the chime, he blinked at me, and went off to sleep again, a symbol of the spirit which seems to have been brooding over this region for forty years. But the spell is broken; not because the festa brings from all the hidden homesteads of these mountains a swarm of mountain people, to see the troops of gay horsemen racing and curvetting on the plain, or plucking the buried chicken from beneath their mustang's feet; not because the scarred disgrace of ruin is covered to-day with evergreens and wreaths of flowers, and the priest is here to hold solemn mass in the ancient, deserted sanctuary; but because San Luis Rey is now in the iron path over which a great home-seeking immigration is sure to come. The great ranches are rapidly undergoing segregation, and the poetic, pastoral life, in which even refined and high-bred people were content, no longer satisfies. Fewer acres, more neighbors. Already one sees more houses—more life in the immediate neighborhood of the Mission. The Couts property near San Luis, if not the finest of

THE OLD HOMESTEADS,

Has been the most intelligently and constantly improved by its owners since the fall of the mission, and is exceedingly valuable. Santa Margarita, the princely estate of Don Juan Foster, is reported among the estates to be in the market ere many years. This will not be ill news to travelers by stage from San Diego to Los Angeles, who remember those weary hours spent in traversing the thirty or forty miles of the Foster possessions. With the railroad will come villages, pretty station-houses, and for the emigrants from northern climates, such abundance of fruits and flowers as exceeds expectation or belief. It is only by degrees that one can take in the full sense of the profusion and variety of products which nature displays here.

PALA

Is one of the minor missions, and its church having been built almost wholly of adobe, like that of San Diego, is almost a ruin. There is an inn and one or two houses to be discerned, but where the people come from who throng to this festa is a mystery to all save botanists and bee farmers. Oh, the wild paths among the mountains, and the wilder people who have squatted in every little valley, beside every spring! And what material for romance or drama would be found in the unfolding of their life histories. It is well to let the question answer itself "Can the Indian be civilized?" by visiting some of the rancherias in this lower country. At Pauma there is an old Indian woman who remembers Father Peyri well, and lived at San Luis while her husband and brothers worked in building the church. As she had several children then, she must be about 120 years old. The Paumas have kept in remembrance the teachings of the fathers; they have their little homes inclosed with small door yards, their corn fields and gardens, poultry, ponies and cattle, and in the center of the little village is an adobe church built by their own hands, the rafters made of poles tied together with strips of sheepskin. It is a rude miniature of the oldest mission, with its railed altar and elevated choir, reached in this case by a step-ladder. Before the crucifix on any day of the week you may find

A VOTIVE OFFERING

Of flowers, laid there by the women. Men build churches, and women worship in them, whatever their creed. In some of these mountain school districts more than half the pupils are Indian children. One of the teachers told me that last year on her opening day the father of two presented himself, and inquired how much she would pay him per week for the children, ane how much for himself. He had heard of State and county school moneys and their pro rata distribution, and was intent upon getting his share of it. When the teacher explained as best she could the true state of the case, Lo departed, taking his progeny with him.

During the festa, which both at Pala and San Luis has been a great success, every kind of amusement common to the old time has been enjoyed, save the burning of Judas. The priests had given their neophytes so profound a hatred of Iscariot, a very bad Indian who betrayed the son of the Great Chief to a cruel death, that their festivals often ended with a miracle play in which Judas met his punishment. An Indian sometimes acted the part up to the final scene, when an effigy was substituted. The last of these performances occurred at San Juan Capistrano, not many years ago.

Next week we shall be reminded of the trials and triumphs which the Queen of the Angels has passed through in her century of existence. She has many gifted sons who can glorify her in English or Castilian. Of these ceremonies and the fair I will speak in another letter. J. C. C.

THE BOSS GIRL.

Peck of the Milwaukee *Sun* was asked to contribute a premium for the Rock County (Wis.) Fair. Here is his reply:

W. T. Vankirk—Dear Van: Your letter in reference to my giving some kind of a premium to somebody, at your county fair, is received, and I have been thinking it over. I have brought my massive intellect to bear upon the subject with the following result: I ship you to-day, by express, a sewing machine, complete, with cover, drop leaf, hemmer, tucker, feller, drawers and everything a girl wants except corsets and tall stockings. Now, I want you to give that to the best "combination girl" in Rock county, between the age of seventeen and thirty, with the compliments of the *Sun*. What I mean by "combination" is one that in the opinion of your committee has all the modern improvements, and a few of the old-fashioned faults, such as health, etc. She must be good looking, that is, not too handsome, but just handsome enough. You don't want to give this machine to any female statue or parlor ornament, who don't know how to play a tune on it, or who is as cold as a refrigerator car, and has no heart concealed about her person. Our girl, that is our "Fair girl," that takes this machine, must be "the boss." She must be jolly and good-natured—such a girl as would make the man who married her think that Rock county was next door to heaven anyway. She must be so healthy that nature's roses will discount any preparation ever made by man and so well formed that nothing artificial is needed to—well, Van, you know what I mean. You want to pick out a thoroughbred that is all wool and a yard wide. That is, understand me, I want the girl to be just right. Your committee don't want to get mashed on some etherial creature whose belt is not large enough for a dog collar. This premium girl wants to be able to do a day's work if necessary, and one there is no danger of breaking in two if her intended should hug her. After your committee has got their eyes on a few girls that they think would fill the bill, then they want to find out what kind of girls they are around home. Find if they honor their fathers and mothers, and care as much for the happiness of those about them as they do for their own. If you find one that seems perfect in everything, but shirks her duties at home, and sings "I want to be an Angel" on a piano while her mother is mending her stockings or ironing picnic skirts, then let her go ahead and be an angel as quick as she wants to, but don't give her the machine. You catch the idea? Find a girl who has the elements of a noble woman, one whose heart is so large that she has to wear a little larger corset than some, but one who will make her home happy, and who is a friend to all; one who would go further to do a good deed than she would to paralyze an ice cream saloon; one who would keep her mouth shut a month before she would say an unkind word or cause a pang to another. Let your committee settle on such a girl, and she is as welcome to that machine as possible. Now, Van, you ought to have a committee appointed at once, and no one should know who the committee is. You had better appoint married men—they are usually more unbiased. They should not let any girl know that she is suspected of being the premium girl until the judgment is rendered, so no one will be embarrassed by feeling that she is competing for a prize. Now, Boss, I leave the Constitution and the girls in your hands, and if this premium is the means of creating any interest in your fair, and making people feel good-natured and jolly, I shall be amply repaid.

COLORING WALLS.

On this subject the *Building News* gives these practical directions: Ceilings and walls are often finished in distemper, but very often turn out unsatisfactory, from the want of knowledge in the mixing and laying on. Absorption in the wall should be checked or stopped, or one part will absorb more color than another, and an uneven or spotty appearance results. Various preparations are used for preparing walls and to stop absorption. One of these is to mix about a dozen pounds of the best whiting with water, adding thereto enough parchment or other size to bind the color, two ounces of alum, and the same weight of soft-soap dissolved in water; mix well and strain through a screen of coarse cloth. In mixing the distemper, one writer says, "Two things are essentially necessary: clean and well washed whiting, and pure jellied size." The whiting should be put to soak with sufficient soft water to cover it well and penetrate its bulk. When soaked sufficiently, the water should be poured off, which will remove dust from the whiting. It may then be beaten up to a stiff paste by the hand or spatula. Size is next added and mixed together. Care should be taken not to break the jelly of the size any more than can be avoided. Another caution is that distemper should be mixed with jellied size to lay on well—the color then works cool and floats nicely; but when the size is used hot it drags and gathers and works dry, producing a rough wall. A little alum added to the distemper hardens it and helps to dry out solid and even. The best size is made from parchment clippings, which are put into an iron kettle filled with water and allowed to stand twenty-four hours till the pieces are thoroughly soaked, then they are boiled for five hours and the scum removed. The liquid is then strained through a cloth. For mixing colors the whiting and the color required, finely ground, are dissolved separately and then mixed to the required tint. For example, lampblack mixed with whiting makes gray, and the most delicate to the darkest shades may be obtained. For French gray the whiting required is taken and soaked in water, and Prussian blue and lake finely ground in water are added to produce the necessary shade or tint. Buff may be made by dissolving in like manner, separately, whiting and yellow ochre. A little Venetian red gives a warm tone. A salmon tint is produced by adding to the dissolved whiting a little of the same red, just sufficient to tinge. Drabs of various tints can be easily made by grinding up finely a little burnt umber and mixing it with the dissolved whiting. The sooner the distemper color dries after being laid on the better, and the best plan is to close windows and doors during laying, and throw them open afterward.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A BRIEF HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

Its Mixture of Impulsiveness, Gaity, Wit, Frivolity and Refinement—A Literary Change.

Le poete, inspire lorsque la terre ignore,
Ressemble a ces grands monts que la nouvelle aurore
Dore avant tous a son reveil,
Et qui, longtemps vainqueurs de l'ombre,
Gardent jusque dans la nuit sombre
Le dernier rayon de soleil.—[Victor Hugo.

French character, that mixture of impulsiveness, gaiety, wit and frivolity—of sentiment, refinement and intelligence—was sure to engender a literature representing these qualities in a high degree. Had the history of France never been written, its literature alone would have sufficed to present a vivid picture of the many changes and incidents which took place in that country for the last five centuries. From the old classics to modern authors many struggles were made and many obstacles had to be overcome to create such a rich and varied literature. French literature embraces three periods: the middle ages, the Renaissance and modern times. Its beginning may be set down at the latter portion of the eleventh century, that is, at the formation of feudal society of the Gauls. Up to that time there was on the soil of France a struggle of races and idioms in the work so complex of the formation of French nationality and French character. It has long been a dispute among French historians whether the Celts, the Romans or the Germans exerted the most influence upon the moral and intellectual development of their race. The few literary monuments of those times, though indicating the formation of a new language, could hardly be called French.

IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY

French literature began to flourish. A noble style, the "Epos," under the name of minstrel songs, made its appearance. Such were the song of Roland and the legend of Arthur. From that time and up to the fifteenth century, literature took in a wider scope. Didactic poetry, songs of the crusades, and legendary poems were followed by fables and satire. The romance of Renart, the allegories of the romance of the Rose—these were the styles of poetry of the middle ages. The prominent names of authors of that period are those of Moniot, Alain, Chartier, Froissart, Lescurel, Villon and Charles of Orleans. Prose, as the nearest kin to poetry, came into vogue and grew up. Villehardouin, Joinville and Commines were the representatives of this new and popular style of writing.

The second period of French literature began in the sixteenth century. A modern spirit which broke forth in a universal movement of independence and renovation could not fail to be at home in France. At such times writers become men of aggressive proclivities. The Renaissance was for France a return to intellectual life and spiritual rejuvenescence. All ancient authors were studied, commented upon and translated. The discovery of the art of printing permitted an increase and propagation of their treasures. Authors felt not only inspired through the ideas and the language of the ancients, but imitated their beautiful pagan forms, their eloquence and their philosophy. At the solicitation of the French "Erasmus," W. Buddee, the College of France was founded. France I. doubtless encouraged this movement before smothering it in blood and fire. Notwithstanding the brutal and despotic opposition of ignorant and tyrannical governments, notwithstanding the rigid measures and the burning at the stake, the researches after truth and the longings after a more human philosophy could not be stopped, and men like Estienne and Dolet sacrificed their lives in behalf of reform and progress. (Dolet was tortured, strangled and burned on the Place Maubert. Before his execution, and seeing the pitying crowd, he composed this verse: "Non dolet ipse Dolet, sed pia turba dolet"—Dolet does not grieve, but the pious crowd does.)

In opposition to violence, ingenious subterfuge was resorted to. The need of reform brought forth the great and

ORIGINAL WORKS OF RABELAIS.

In order to let reason penetrate the public mind they were seasoned with folly; and truth, which is a cause of fear and apprehension to the mighty, was clothed in witty forms. Reformation glided into the little court of Margaret of Valois and recruited a number of poets and writers. Calvin made his appearance. So different from Luther in many respects, he sided with him in his endeavor toward a religious and literary reform; like him, he made use in his theological propaganda of the mighty weapon of an improved national language. The latter found itself at last emancipated; but the tendency toward incorporating and retaining foreign elements was still too great to admit of a rapidly progressing national literature. Full of admiration for antique models, a return to Grecian ideas and Grecian prosody was indulged in. Malherbe, and after him Corneille, sought to give French literature a new and more original direction, and their efforts, especially the latter's, were successful. "The genius of Corneille created everything in France," said Voltaire.

The third period of French literature comprises the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Although the history of a literature may be nearest to us, it is not easy to mark off its real divisions, for the reason that those men who gave a new impulse to its advancement do not always belong to the age in which the change is noticeable. So is the reign of Louis XIV., for instance, considered the golden era of French literature, and yet such men as Corneille, Descartes, Balzac and Voiture did not belong to that epoch, and the works in verse and prose inaugurating the classical period date from the administration of Richelieu. Richelieu was the founder of the French Academy of Sciences.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

Having been under the reign of Louis XIV. entirely formed and freed from foreign thraldom and feeling, the impressions of the dissertations of a Balzac and the learned letters of a Voiture took an amplitude, a flexibility and a dignified politeness which heretofore had been wanting. The Cardinal de Retz and La Rochefoucault inaugurated, in a dignified and severe style, the one contemporaneous history, the other a purely human study of the soul. Here are a few of La Rochefoucault's maxims:

"If we find vanity in others insufferable, it is because it hurts ours."

"Shallow-minded people generally condemn that which surpasses their comprehension."

"Few men are clever enough to know all the harm they do."

"We seldom meet people of good sense, except those who are of our opinion."

"Gravity is a mystery of the body contrived to hide the defects of the mind."

If, under the reign of Louis XIV., prose had already reached a state of maturity, poetry had given its full measure to the play in the noble style of "Corneille." The "Cid," "Horace," "Cinna," "Polyeuct" and "Pompey" followed one another on the stage; they are the marvels of French tragedy. The play remained the literary center of that epoch, and tragedy with Racine, comedy with Moliere, and critic with Boileau, were in a highly flourishing state. La Fontaine, the most popular poet of his time, treated his admirers with the wittiest sarcasm, and his fables are to-day the standard reading of the youthful college student.

Faut-il courir si lo'n, insenses que nous sommes,
Pour trouver ce bonheur que nous desirons tous?
Maitrisons nos desirs, n'attendons rien des hommes,
Et vivons avec nous.—[Racine.

[Fools that we are, must we seek so far to find that happiness after which we all long? Let us master our desires and live within ourselves, without expecting anything from mankind.]

Et c'est une folie a nulle autre seconde
De vouloir se meler de corriger le monde.—[Moliere.

[To undertake to correct the world would be the greatest folly.—Le Misanthrope.]

Rien n'est beau que le vrai; le vrai seul est aimable;
Il doit regner partout, et meme dans la fable;
De toute fiction l'adroite faussete
Ne tend qu'a faire aux yeux briller la verite.
—[Boileau.

[There is nothing so beautiful as truth; truth alone is lovely. It should reign everywhere, even in the fable. Every fiction's subtle falsity tends only to make it shine the brighter.]

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Shows a greater development in prose. Christianism, spreading will all the fullness of oratory, form the austerity of its principles in accordance with reason, found a large number of interpreters. The immortal Bossuet, the great Fenelon, the elegant Massilon, the gloomy Pascal and the zealous La Bruyere were the defenders of faith and mortality. These thoughts are from La Bruyere:

"A variable man has more than one nature; he changes his nature with every new taste and manner; at each moment he is what he was not, and will soon be what he never was."

"If poverty is the mother of crime, ignorance must certainly be its father."

"There are but three events in the existence of man—birth, life and death. Of the first he is unconscious, the second he does not understand, and the last he has to suffer."

"Most men employ one-half of their life to make the other miserable."

During that epoch theology and philosophy met everywhere. Mme. de Sevigne mixed Jansenist dissertations with court gossip and intimate confidences.

The eighteenth century, departing entirely from the preceding one in its general ideas and in spirit, sought still to draw near its literary forms. Voltaire, the chief figure of the eighteenth century, was also the greatest admirer of the reign of Louis XIV. He tried to rival with Racine in the resurrection of Grecian tragedy; but with him motive and forms did not harmonize. While he sought to imitate the preceding style of writing, he became an innovator and reformer himself. His predecessors had taught him to write, but contemporaneous England taught him to think; philosophy and free thought took possession of him; he became a leader of a new school, and had numerous followers. For three-quarters of a century he fought for the franchise of reason and the reform of errors.

La raison est de l'homme et le guide et l'appiue;
Il l'apporte en naissant, elle croit avec lui.
—[Voltaire.

(Reason is man's guide and support; it is born with him, it grows with him.)

Fontenelle, Diderot and D'Alembert followed his tracks; philosophy became the ruling power. Materialism, into which the century was drifting, had its advocates against whom Voltaire sought, through reason, to defend his religion of nature. The latter found a more ardent champion in Jean-Jacques Rousseau, so notorious through his passionate and extravagant style of writing. Among the turmoil of dissensions and literary disputes of that century two great figures escaping from it by the serene object of their studies were Montesquieu and Buffon. Each pictured with a grand eloquence—the one, Man in social life; the other, Animal in a state of nature. They occupy a high position both in literature and in science.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the principles of liberty and progress were ably defended. The press, the tribune and pamphlets disseminated the ideas of Rousseau and Montesquieu; oratory became a ruling fashion, and from Mirabeau to Danton, from Danton to Robespierre the French language delighted in oratory jousts; yet poetry did not abdicate, and sought with Chenier to rise again to Grecian inspiration and return to its originality. The following sad and touching incident occurred in the life of this noble poet: During the French revolution he was denounced to the revolutionary tribunal, innocently condemned to death and executed. While the guillotine was doing its bloody work, and while awaiting his turn, Chenier wrote this verse:

Comme un dernier rayon, comme un dernier zephire
Anime la fin d'un beau jour,
Au pied de l'echafaud j'essaye encore ma lyre;
Peut—etre est—ce bientot mon tour.
(As a last sunbeam, as a last zephyr,
Enlivens the close of beautiful day,
I, waiting my doom at the foot of the scaffold,
Tune my sweet lyre and sing this last lay.)

FRENCH SOCIABILITY,

Giving to conversational talent a gloss of refinement and extreme politeness, caused other nations to imitate and adopt French manners to such an extent that the French language became fashionable throughout Europe. In this nineteenth century a literary change has taken place which pervades and dominates the present epoch of French literature, that is, "the romance." It began through the critical theories of Mme. de Stael, and gained strength under the influence of a new Christian literature, which the works of Chateaubriand oppose to the last efforts of an expiring classical art. The latter had lost its last support under the despotic military rule of the Empire. French literature languished under this restraint; tragedy and ode were not encouraged; heroic poetry resolved itself in mean court flattery and vulgar camp song; prose, history, politics and philosophy became silent and subjected to the control of censure. The restless spirit of France looked abroad for literary nourishment; Shakespeare's works were devoured with avidity; Germany and other countries were ransacked for new excitement, when France found again two sources of poetical inspiration: the national spirit and religious feeling. De Lamartine in his verses followed De Chateaubriand in his prose; Beranger, the great patriotic songster, gave to his songs a variety, an enthusiasm and a patriotic interest which justify the popularity of his name.

Eternite, neant, passe, sombres abimes,
Que faites-vous des jours que vous engloutissez?
Parlez: nous rendrez vous ces extases sublimes
Que vous nous ravissez?—[De Lamartine.

Gete sur cette boule,
Laid, chetif et souffrant;
Etouffe dans la foule,
Faute d'etre assez grand;
Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit;
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit.—[De Beranger.

And now appeared V. Hugo as a representative of the romantic school, and threw into the lyrical style an unexpected treasure of forms; he transformed ode into a delicious music—into a charming picture. A host of followers threw themselves in his wake. Gauthier, Deschamp, Sainte Beuve and Alfred De Musset exerted themselves in this new style. Romance, with Hugo, A. Dumas, De Vigny, and others, became triumphant at the play. Theological philosophy under the guidance of De Bonald, Lamenais, Montalembert and Lacordaire stirred up the religious world through its noisy eloquence, and modern light literature inaugurated by H. De Balzac, Dumas, Eugene Sue, Georges Sand and many others, has become the main attraction for the majority of the French people. Historic and literary criticism has also been divided among such distinguished men as Proudhon, Littre, Thiers, Michelet, Louis Blanc, Saint Mark Girardin, Guizot, Jules Janin, etc., producing the greatest literary activity ever seen in France. E. KEMEN.

Sacramento, September, 1881.

SETH GREEN'S SPIDER STORY.

If you anchor a pole in a body of water and put a spider upon it he will exhibit marvelous intelligence by his plans to escape. At first he will spin a web several inches long and hang to one end while he allows the other to float off in the wind, in the hope that it will strike some object. Of course this plan proves a failure; but the spider is not discouraged. He waits until the wind changes, and then sends another silken bridge floating off in another direction. Another failure is followed by several other similar attempts, until all the points of the compass have been tried. But neither the resources nor the reasoning powers of the spider are exhausted. He climbs to the top of the pole and energetically goes to work to construct a silken balloon. He has no hot air with which to inflate it, but he has the power of making it buoyant. When he gets his balloon finished he does not go off upon the mere supposition that it will carry him, as most of men do, but he fastens it to a guy rope, the other end of which he attaches to the island pole upon which he is a prisoner. He then gets into his aerial vehicle while it is made fast, and tests it to see whether its dimensions are capable of the work of bearing him away. He often finds that he has made it too small, in which case he hauls it down, takes it apart, and constructs it on a larger and better plan. A spider has been seen to make three different balloons before he became satisfied with his experiment. Then he will get in, snap the guy rope and sail away to land as gracefully and as supremely independent of his surroundings as could well be imagined.

DRUGGISTS say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for female weakness that they ever heard of, for it gives universal satisfaction. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

THE QUIET HOUR.

TANGLER'S CORNER AND PUZZLER'S CONTRIBUTION BOX.

Charades, Enigmas, Riddles, Puzzles, Word Squares, Answers to and from Correspondents, and Solutions.

Answers to August 27th.

1153. Mason & Dixon's line.
1154. Cabbage.
1155. "Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the baby."
1156. Rosemary.
1157.

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        M A D
      P A L E R
    P E N E T U S
  M A N E F E S T S
M A L E F A C T I O N
  D E T E C T I N G
    R U S T I N G
      S T I N G
        S O G
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1158. Asa.

Answer to the letter—Cold Water, Convenience, La Porte (the door), troublesome, Rocky Hill, Mount Pleasant, Bloomingdale, Bold Spring, Fountain Creek, Avery, Unique, Gasis, Anchorage, Welcome, Winter Harbor, Obligation, Mansfield.

New Tangles.

1165. Puzzle, by Utah:

L 4 1000 yn 8 4 50 &

1166. Charade, by H. E. P.:

Two plain English words, explicit and terse,
Though closely allied, are exact the reverse;
Though both come together and sufferings mean,
In speaking, a conjunction will slip in between;
Now change, place the last as the first if you will,
It don't change my meaning, 'tis sufferings still.
Together behead, you'll find without labor
The curse the poor widow invoked on her neighbor.

1167. ?, by Silver King:

In gore not in fray, not in mower but in sleigh.
Not in Boer in Malay, not in poor in decay.
Not in power but in may, in love not in lay.
Not in roar but in neigh, not in goer in estray.
Not in flower in bouquet, in store not in hay.
In yore not to-day.

1168. Reversible words, by Hattie Heath:

1. A drum on which the Hindoos pound,
Reversed a bird in Brazil found.
Divide, and find of trumps the knave
Or the name of one who may be brave.
Reverse divided means a word,
Or a bugle strain in Scotia heard.
2. Plaited palm leaves used for hats,
Reversed a game not played with bats.
Divide find crime, and neat, or pure,
Spread the unwary to allure.
Reversed, a symbol, a number complete,
And "has not" (this word is obsolete).

Answers to Correspondents and Correct Solutions.

H. E. P.—1140, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146 (nearly), 1149, 1150, 1151.

Utah—1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1150 (nearly), 1151, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1158.

Silver King—1136, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1150, 1151.

G. A. M.—The edition before us read "Little Story." Others answered it the same, showing that they had print like ours.

E. A. T.—Very nearly correct. A very ingenious answer. Received too late for last week. Continue to contribute.

Mrs. G. E. D. sends a letter of thanks to Sibyl for favors extended and for the kind letter received, and adds: "Such letters are like rays of sunshine after a storm. May I indulge in the hope of receiving another sometime. No, I am not a member of the 'Quiet Hour' circle, but am just as much interested in its proceedings as if I were."

Trinity—1153, 1154, 1155, 1157, 1158.

Hattie Heath—1154, 1155 (well, you did make it out), 1156, 1158, 1159 (no), 1160 (no), 1161, 1162 (he certainly means you), 1163 (no). Indeed you do not guess. "I guess" wrong this time as to your friend.

"Quest"—MS received and filed for next week, but please send the full answer—the plants named, "when primals and finals are correctly classed."

BIG WORDS.

The English have laughed at us Americans a good deal for our habitual use of long and grand sounding words, and we have, no doubt, deserved the laugh pretty well. Our fondness for pompous phrases is akin to our love of titles and a certain dashiness in dress which is noticeable in our women. When Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde visited Boston, many ladies were scandalized by the simplicity of the Princess' attire on a certain public occasion, feeling it to be somewhat of an insult to our city. We remember that when a young man, who shall be nameless, made an announcement at an afternoon concert some years ago—an announcement referring to a change in the programme—his unstudied and colloquial diction was indignantly criticised by some persons present as being an unpardonable and premeditated insult to the concert-giver. It is not our purpose now to guess at the reasons for the love of fine language which distinguishes a large class of our fellow-countrymen. Suffice it to say that it has a deplorable influence upon our current literature, especially upon our drama. Take, for instance, Bronson Howard's in many ways charming little comedy of "Old Love Letters," a play which is almost epoch-marking in the annals of the American stage. For witty dialogue, simplicity of scheme and general cleverness of construction, it can bear comparison with excellent French models. But the terribly stilted talk of the two lovers spoils it outright. These two people belong avowedly to the social stratum which is known as "elegant society," but they talk like a second-rate newspaper. Fancy a high-bred woman saying that "she continued to reside in her father's mansion," and this, too, in familiar chit-chat. Milliners and washer ladies may reside in mansions, but elegant women of the world usually live in houses. The present writer was met in the street some months ago by a decently-dressed woman, who asked him the way to a certain church; on his saying that he was just going there himself, she replied that she had "presumed that he was proceeding in that direction." An Englishwoman would have thought that he was going that way. What love of big words there may be in England does not show itself in general conversation, but almost exclusively in advertisements. To be sure, London bootblacks do not dub themselves "professors," nor do penny shaving-shops go by the name of "tonsorial palaces;" but English inventors are rather fond of giving high-sounding names to their inventions. The attempt to make the game of lawn tennis go by the name of "speristike" was deservedly a failure, but we still hear of *linoleum* and *pannus corium*. True, the English often use slang where we use splendid polysyllables in ordinary talk. We remember once discussing this very subject with a Londoner, and when, a few minutes afterwards, our conversation happened to turn to base ball, he laughingly said, "There, now, here is a case in point. You say that the various clubs send delegates to the national association to deliberate upon the regulations, etc., etc.; I should probably have said that all the clubs sent off a parcel of beggars to meet and talk over rules." Which of these two forms is preferable is a matter of taste. After all, there is little use in criticising this tendency of ours to indulge our sense of sublimity with long words. We shall most likely continue to erect edifices in locations, and inaugurate musican seasons, until our own sense of humor leads us to prefer to build houses in places and begin courses of concerts. Perhaps Western editors and patent-medicine men are already doing all that can be done to awaken this sense of humor in us.—[Boston Transcript.

THE PRINCE OF PUNCHES is the delicate, full-flavored "Hub Punch," composed of old fine liquors and luscious fruits. It can be used clear, or with hot or iced water, lemonade or milk, and far surpasses any punch brewed at discretion. Sold by all grocers, wine merchants and druggists. Trade supplied by Richards & Harrison, agents for Pacific coast, San Francisco.

Two prayer-books belonging to Marie Antoinette, and which were in the possession of Prince Louis Napoleon, have been presented by the ex-Empress to the Duke de la Rochefoucald-Bisaccia. The books were read by the Queen during her imprisonment at the Conciergerie, and are filled with her manuscript notes.

WOULD HE WERE A BOY AGAIN.

James T. Fields, the distinguished literary gentleman who died recently, once said in one of his lectures, speaking of what he would do if he were a boy again:

I think I would learn to use my left hand just as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened to lame either of them the other would be ready to write and "handle things," just as if nothing had occurred. There is no reason in the world why both hands should not be educated alike. A little practice would soon render one set of fingers just as expert as the other; and I have known people who never thought, when a thing was to be done, which particular hand ought to do it, but the hand nearest the object took hold of it and did the office desired.

I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I think I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up. What a pleasure it is in after life to be able to make something, as the saying is—to construct a neat box to hold one's pen and paper; or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library; or to frame a favorite engraving for a Christmas present to a dear kind mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strong, only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there? Some of us cannot even drive a nail straight; and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation.

It is a pleasant change from books and study to work an hour every day in a tool-shop; and my friend, the learned and lovable Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, finds such a comfort in "mending things," when his active brain needs repose, that he sometimes breaks a piece of furniture on purpose that he may have the relief of putting it together again much better than it was before. He is as good a mechanic as he is a poet; but there is nothing mechanical about his poetry, as you all know who have read his delightful pieces. An English author of great repute said to me not long ago: "Professor Holmes is writing the best English of our time." And I could not help adding: "Yes, and inventing the best stereoscopes, too."

A boy ought also to be at home in a barn, and learn how to harness a horse, tinker up a wagon, feed the animals and do a hundred useful things, the experience of which may be of special service to him in after life as an explorer or traveler, when unlooked-for emergencies befall him. I have seen an ex-President of the United States, when an old man, descend from his carriage and rearrange buckles and straps about his horses when an accident occurred, while the clumsy coachman stood by in a kind of helpless inactivity, not knowing the best thing to be done. The ex-President told me he had learned about such matters on a farm in his boyhood, and he was never at a loss for remedies on the road when his carriages broke down. If I were a boy again I would learn how to row a boat and handle a sail.

ONE EYE A TELESCOPE, THE OTHER A MICROSCOPE.

A Hartford dispatch to the New York *Times* says: Last winter a gentleman living near Litchfield took his daughter, 16 years of age, on a sleigh-ride. The day was cold, but very sunny. On their return the girl complained of her eyes. The trouble grew worse, and finally the girl was kept in a dark room, and there remained with no ray of light until a few days ago, when she experienced a peculiar sensation, which she describes as follows: "It seemed as if my eyes were running out, or part of them. Putting my hand up to my eyes I could feel something coming out over my lower eyelids, which I took hold of and pulled out. It gave me some pain to do so, but almost immediately my eyes felt better. Instead of a smarting sensation when I winked, they felt cool and natural, and it was a pleasure to wink them. Then came the thought: 'Why, my eyes are better, and I believe I could bear the light;' which thought was so impressed upon my mind that I determined to try. Hesitatingly I opened the door, when to my great joy I found that I was able to bear the light as well as I ever could. The feeling that came over me at the moment that I found out that I could once more leave the dark, dismal room and see the glorious sunlight again was so overpowering that I gave one scream for joy and then fainted away." Now comes the strangest part of the story. Six months ago the girl's eyes were straight and natural; now the girl is cross-eyed, but she pays no attention to that. She sees things just the same as she always did, but let her close her right eye and look out of only her left eye and she can see a distance of eight or ten miles, and distinguish things as well as an ordinary person can only sixty rods away. She is able to look clear to the lake, a distance of three and a half miles, and identify any one, describing their dress even. The distant hills are brought close to her, and she can see the farmers getting in their hay, even counting the number of heaps, which in an air line are seven miles from her. To test her a field-glass was used, and her sight would far outreach any object that could be seen with the glass. If she closes her left eye and looks out of the right, then she cannot see anything except close to her, but that eye is a perfect microscope. She is able to distinguish things that the natural eye cannot see. The point of a needle looks as blunt as a crowbar, and it is wonderful to hear her describe the beautiful colors of flies and other insects. To her the hairs on a person's head look as large as darning needles, and in the finest piece of linen she can count the threads as easily as any one can count bean poles. The moment she opens both eyes they assume the cross-eyed expression or shape, and then she sees again as any other person. It is the intention of her father to take her to New York at no distant day, to let some of the celebrated physicians see this wonderful phenomenon. The girl herself is a very bright, pretty girl, but very timid.

THE LUMINOUS CASCADE.

In an admirable series of articles by Lewis Wright, on "Optics with the Lantern," now appearing in *The English Mechanic*, this experiment illustrative of the total reflection of light is described: Get a two-necked glass receiver, about three and a half inches in diameter, with as large necks as possible, and in each neck fix by corks glass tubes of similar size, as large as possible, not less than three-eighths of an inch clear bore, and one-half inch is better. Black-varnish all outside, except a circle three inches in diameter, opposite the nozzle meant to be horizontal, and adjust this close against and projecting into the lantern nozzle (the flange nozzle with the objective removed) on a wire tripod, filling with water first, and corking the tube in the horizontal nozzle till all is arranged. Several feet higher, fix some sort of supply tank (a bucket will do) with a bit of tube fixed by a cork in the bottom, and connect with the top nozzle by a flexible tube. Finally adjust the light at such distance from the condensers that the greatest possible amount is concentrated into the space occupied by the emission-nozzle. Having adjusted all this, and filled the tank, remove the cork from the nozzle and let the water stream out in a gentle curve into a bucket on the floor. The effect is beautiful, even on this small scale. The jet is like a stream of living fire; and if you have colored glasses, and slip them alternately into the ordinary slide-stage of the lantern, you get blood-red, blue, or whatever color you desire. All this is owing to "total reflection." If the water did not issue, and the cork was replaced by a ground-glass stopper with flat, polished ends, the light from the lantern would be thrown horizontally into the room. But it meets the stream of water on every side at much more than the angle of total reflection, and so it cannot get out, but is reflected from side to side all down the stream, making it brilliantly luminous by the small motes in the water. Put your hand in the jet and it is bathed in light—that light which cannot get out of the stream except where you thus break it up.

A headless statue, believed to represent Hygieia, the daughter of Æsculapius, has been discovered close to the proscenium in the theater at Epidaurus. It is declared to be the work of Polyclitus, the architect of the theater.

Corsets for summer wear are made of net, and are also made exceedingly short.

DEAR CREATURES.

Flesh-colored silk stockings embroidered with crimson rosebuds are very fashionable.

Bracelets made of old silver medals, linked together with silver beads, are the fancy of the moment.

Wedding shoes of white satin are laced up the inside and finished at the tops with a delicate frill of rich lace.

The people drove Clemens out of Terry, Ala., because he took a second wife three days after the death of his first.

New bathing dresses are made of white terry and trimmed with white worsted embroideries wrought in bright Oriental colors and in odd designs.

Surah petticoats of pale blue, pink or corn color are worn under thin white evening dresses. The underwaist of the white bodice is also of the colored Surah, and is cut low in the neck and with short sleeves.

Mrs. Reeves heard the doctrine of sanctification preached at a camp-meeting at Harrison, Ind., and not only believed it, but was sure that she was sanctified. Being thus fully convinced of her fitness to die, she at once committed suicide.

A policeman saw a woman digging in her garden at Paris, Ky., before daylight. She was not noted for industrious habits, and therefore he covertly watched her until she brought out a box containing $20,000, the proceeds of a recent bank robbery.

The rage for artistic costumes is constantly increasing, and some exceedingly quaint and beautiful dresses are imported, both for dinner and evening dress, and the fair wearers look as if they had stepped down from the old family portraits of centuries ago.

Emigration always results in leaving the women in the country whence it takes place considerably exceeding the men in number. This is notably the case in Ireland, and still more so in England, where women are always unwilling to abandon their home.

Worth is already preparing a magnificent number of real antique dresses to be sent to America in season for the Autumn openings, at the order of our leading importers. A great proportion of these dresses are to be in the style of the sixteenth century, and the portraits of Queen Claude of France, of Maria de Medicis, and all the other noted beauties from Francis I. to Henry IV are to be laid under contribution.

INHERITED DEFORMITIES.

In an article in *Nature* on "Inheritance," Mr. Darwin cites a curious case where even physical injuries in a parent were transmitted to the children for two generations. Mr. Darwin says: Mr. Bishop has given me a case of inheritance of a peculiarity which arose, as it appears, from an injury, accompanied by a diseased state of the part. This latter fact seems to be an important element in all such cases. A gentleman, when a boy, had the skin of both thumbs badly cracked from exposure to cold, combined with some skin disease. His thumbs swelled greatly, and remained in this state for a long time. When they healed they were misshapen, and the nails ever afterward were singularly narrow, short and thick. This gentleman had four children, of whom the eldest, Sarah, had both her thumbs and nails like her father's; the third child, also a daughter, had one thumb similarly deformed. The two other children, a boy and a girl, were normal. The daughter, Sarah, had four children, of whom the eldest and the third, both daughters, had their two thumbs deformed; the other two children, a boy and girl, were normal. The great-grandchildren of this gentleman were all normal. Mr. Bishop believe that the old gentleman was correct in attributing the state of his thumbs to cold aided by skin disease, as he positively asserted that his thumbs were not originally misshapen, and there was no record of any previous inherited tendency of the kind in his family. He had six brothers and sisters, who lived to have families, some of them very large families, and in none was there any trace of deformity in their thumbs.

The *Lancet* gives an account of some curious studies by Dr. Dogiel as to the influence of music on the circulation of the blood. His conclusions are that there is such an influence, and that it sometimes raises and sometimes depresses the blood pressure—this influence being brought about by the reflex action of the excited auditory nerve upon the medulla oblongata. It is found that generally the heart beats faster, the automatic motor ganglia being stimulated; strychnia increases the effect of music, while curare lessens it. The effects upon the circulation vary, as might be presumed with the pitch, loudness and tone of the music.

The English language has never been equal to finding a word to express *chic*. The Americans have now kindly supplied the deficiency by giving us the word "snappy." A dead-and-alive young man is said to have no "snap," whereas a band-box turned-out young girl, with white teeth, coral lips, pink dimpled cheeks, sunny hair, and white, soft hands, is described as "a decidedly snappy maiden."—[London Truth.

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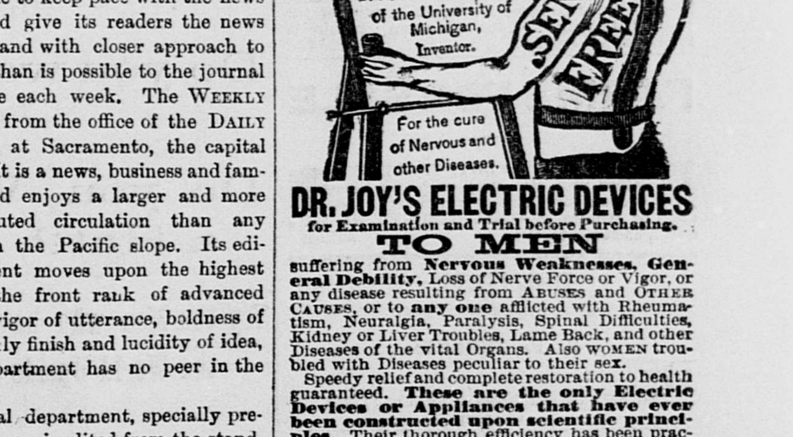

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