

DIANA.

She had a bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn.
She had three arrows, strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel-wood.
Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;
Her right was bound in silk well knit,
Lest her bowstring should sever it.
Rippling she had, and clear gray eyes,
And hair, pure gold, blown hoiden-wise
Across her face like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.
Her limbs, how matched and round and fine,
How free, like song! How strong, like wine!
And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandalled feet!
Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land.
No man, or king, or lord, or churl—
Dared whisper love to that fair girl,
And woe to him who came upon
Her nude, at bath, like Actæon!
So dire his fate, that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird—
What time he crossed a breezy wood—
Felt sudden quickening of his blood,
Cast one shy look, then ran away
Far through the green, thick groves of May,
Afeared lest down the wind of spring,
He'd hear an arrow whispering.

JOAQUIN MILLER AND LONGFELLOW.

Our readers will thank us for preserving the following from the N. Y., *Sun*:

The poet of the Pacific coast was sitting on the balcony of a Long Branch Hotel last evening looking at the children dancing. There was nothing of the traditional poet about him, and still less of the newspaper Joaquin Miller. Nothing uncommon in either dress or manner; no mane of yellow hair rolling over his shoulders; no red shirt; no big boots. He looked simply like a quiet gentleman, like a decidedly American gentleman. There would be no mistaking his nationality whether you met him in Corea or in Colorado, for his face is the refined type of a large class of American faces that are found mainly in the West. He has prominent cheek bones, a large nose, neither Roman nor Grecian, but American and strong. The lower face is hidden beneath a full, lightish beard. Blue eyes, almost small blue eyes, look kindly, and above them is a high, narrow forehead, made still higher by just the least bit of baldness. The thin, light hair was cut short. On his hands, which are small and white, he wore three costly rings. On the forefinger of the left hand was an immense solitary diamond. On the third finger an antique amethyst, and a smaller diamond glowed alone on his right hand. There were diamonds on his bosom, and a massive chain of yellow gold stretched across his vest.

Such is the man to whom I said, as I handed him my card:

"Mr. Miller, I have been looking for you for two weeks, and am right glad to find you at last."

"Why, my dear boy! is it possible? I am very sorry to have put you to all that trouble. What I can do for you?" was the poet's hearty reply; and before his question could be answered he hurried on: "I left Newburyport two or three weeks ago, intending to be gone ten days. I went to Newport for a day or two; did not like it. Then I came here and stayed one day, and liked it less. I then went into the Alleghany Mountains with a party of Englishmen to hunt; but it rained, and the woods were not in good leaf, and I didn't like it. I came back here to get my letters, and have liked it so well that I have stayed. The longer I stay, the better I like it. But what can I do for you?" he repeated.

"You can give me your opinion of Longfellow's last poem, 'Morituri Salutamus.' That is my object in coming here to see you."

"You want my opinion of Longfellow. You want me to criticise his poem. Good God, boy, I can't do that; I would not if I could. The idea of a man of my age, position, and ability sitting in judgment upon Longfellow—one of the grand old Gods. It's impossible. Why do you come to me?"

"Because, Mr. Miller, the author of 'Poems of the Sierras' is recognized as an original thinker, a man who is not trammelled by convention a lities of style or of thought; and there are those who think his opinion worth more than that of the critics who have agreed to disagree about this poem."

"Well, that's a compliment, and I am glad if any one thinks in that way about me; but, my dear boy, I can't criticise that poem. In the first place, I have not the ability. Do you know, I think I am the most overrated man in the world—by some. I know there are different opinions, but I agree with the majority that I am overrated. Of course I know what pleases me, but my judgment is just as likely to be bad as good. I have not the experience, nor age, nor culture. I have no culture. I've had very little, very little. I don't own a single book—not even a dictionary. Here's my whole kit." And he took from his pocket an old envelope full of papers, a rather dilapidated note book, and a quill pen.

"There are my tools," he continued, "and there is my workshop," pointing to the sky and the sea and the sand.

"To be sure, I know something of Longfellow. I dined with him once, and spent part of the day with him. He treated me very pleasantly indeed. And when I was in England I helped to get up a 'Longfellow Club.' We used to meet every Sunday evening, and after reading a chapter in the Bible, spend the rest of the evening reading Longfellow. In that way we got through *Hiawatha* and read *Evangeline* twice. I think *Evangeline* the finest poem of this age. How breezy, and woody, and watery it is, with all those big trees, and the rivers and lakes; and then it's got all those pretty names in it. I like pretty names—and this country is full of them. What is the use of going back to those old Grecian and Roman names when we can use our own Indian names? 'Mississippi.' How soft and liquid that is! And 'Omaha.' That's a pretty name. A gentleman said to me, 'Why, it's only the name of a railroad station.' 'Wait said I, and I'll make something more than a railroad name of it. I've got it in my new poem, 'The Ship in the Desert,' that's coming out pretty soon. I have some of the proofs in my pocket now.' But there's another reason why I can't criticise Longfellow's poem. The best reason of all—I have not read it.

"Not read it! Why, it was printed in the same magazine that contained your 'Sunrise in Venice.'"

"I have not seen the magazine. The poem was only a fragment of a poem I wrote on Venice, and was sent to the Harpers nearly two years ago. I have written very few short poems. I'll tell you how I do. I write a poem—a long poem—and when I get the proofs I chop them up, take out an incident here, a description there, name them, and send them to be published. Thus many fragments of 'The Ship in the Desert' have been already published. But I never read them after they are published. To be sure, I have written some short poems. 'Kit Carson's Ride' was one. The publishers of the *Oxford* magazine, *The Dark Blue*, sent me 50 guineas to write them a poem. I took the money, for young men commencing to write are generally poor (they often are after they have written), and wrote the poem at the point of the sword. No, I have not read 'Morituri Salutamus.' The fact is, I've been afraid to—afraid that it would not be up to Longfellow's mark. I have felt the same way about Tennyson's 'Queen Mary,' but I have read extracts from it, and I believe it is a good thing. I don't see any reason why these old men could not produce something better than they have ever done—something grand. But I don't want to criticise them. They have been working for the last half century, and they have done their work well. Thank God, I have not the sublime audacity to sit in judgment upon their work. With the Rossetis and Swinburne I feel at home. Swinburne is the coming man, I think. He is writing well, and purely, too. He hurt himself at first by the impurity of his writing, but he's out of that now."

"I wish you would read this poem of Longfellow's, Mr. Miller."

"Have you it with you? Let me see it. Come into the reading room." He commenced:

"Oh, Caesar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiator's cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

As the young poet of nature read the old poet's salutation to nature, to

Earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

his eyes flashed.
"It has the ring of bugles," said he. "It is grand, grand."

He read on. Joaquin Miller is not a good elocutionist. He is indistinct. He almost sings at times, but he brought out the beauties of the poem. It was easy to see what he liked or disliked as he read. The common place and the personal he slurred over. Classical allusions had no charms for him, and classical names he stumbled over, mispronounced, or omitted entirely. But when the poet turned to nature, in apostrophe or simile, the reader's whole manner changed, sometimes tears filled his eyes, and his lips trembled, again his eyes burned, and his voice rang. At these lines:

The teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze—
"learning's maze," he repeated, "bad, bad."

Again:

Whose simple lives complete and without flaw
"That's bad—'without flaw.' Swinburne has such an expression somewhere. It's very bad. But these things are trifles; it's almost profane to speak of them." He gave no reason why they were bad. The apostrophe to youth pleased him, especially the lines:

And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

"That's the old fire," said Miller. "It's just like Longfellow—roomy, spacious, boundless. It recalls that line of his:

"The unfenced fields of Paradise."

When he read the lines:

The horologe of Time
Strikes the half century with a solemn chime,
he exclaimed with almost childlike enthusiasm:

"Oh, what a pretty word—'horologe!' Isn't that a pretty word? Why, it is the Italian word adapted. I never saw it so used before. Isn't it pretty?" He read on, and when he reached the lines:

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is vain.

He said, "Ah, that's a lesson we in this country have yet to learn. It is the curse of America, this everlasting gold getting. We need more teachers like Longfellow. I'm learning something," he said, as he read how:

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Edipus*, and Simonides
Bore off the prize from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four-score years
And Theophrastus, at four score and ten,
Had but begun his characters of men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*.
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.

"I am learning something. Facts from poetry." There were tears in his eyes at these lines:

Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon;
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon:
It is not strength, but weakness.

And he exclaimed, "Ah, dear old fellow, you are not weak—not you." "It is a great big melancholy piece of work," he said, as he finished the poem. "It is sad, sad. But all great things are sad. Great music is sad; the sea is sad; extreme joy is akin to sadness. The partition between joy and sorrow is so thin that one can whisper through. This is a grand poem. It is worthy of Longfellow. It is surpassed only by Longfellow. It is as great a poem as could be written on such a theme."

"And now," said Mr. Miller, "you have my opinion of Longfellow; but I don't pretend to criticise the poem. You've no idea how he is liked abroad. I found him translated in every country that I visited. In Italy he is well known. In the poorest homes of England you will find a copy of Longfellow. I had a little servant in London—a little girl who kept my room in order. One day I heard her singing as she brought up some coals. She was singing:

Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

"The little thing was singing Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith.'"

The story was told with infinite grace and feeling.

"What, must you go," said he, as I bade the poet good night. "Why, it's only 12 o'clock. I do not like to go to bed early, but the people here turn in early, and I find I'm getting in the habit. But come up and sleep with me. Come on. There's lots of room. No? Well, good night. I shall be in New York in September, and I shall see you then."

KNOW THYSELF.

That great educator, profound thinker, and vigorous writer, Herbert Spencer, has wisely said: "As vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them, is a teaching that yields to no other whatever." This is sound sentiment, and one great want of the present age is the popularization of Physiological, Hygienic, and Medical science. No subject is more practical, none comes nearer home to every man and woman than this. "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English, or, Medicine Simplified," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., is a book well calculated to supply a manifest want, and will prove eminently useful to the masses. It contains about nine hundred pages, is illustrated with over two hundred and fifty wood-cuts and fine colored plates, is printed on good paper, and well bound. It is a complete compendium of anatomical, physiological, hygienic and medical science, and embodies the latest discoveries and improvements in each department. It has been the author's aim to make the work instructive to the masses, and hence the use of technical terms has been, so far as possible, avoided, and every subject brought within the easy comprehension of all. An elevated moral tone pervades the entire book. While it freely discusses, in a scientific manner, the origin, reproduction, and development of man, it does not pander to depraved tastes, perverted passions, or idle curiosity, but treats in a chaste, and thorough manner of all those delicate physiological subjects, a proper knowledge of which acquaints us with the means for preserving health, and furnishes incentives to a higher and nobler life. The author who is also the publisher of the work, anticipating a very large sale for it, has issued twenty-thousand copies for the first edition, and is thus enabled to offer it (post-paid) at one dollar and fifty cents per copy, a price less than the actual cost of so large a book, if published in only ordinary-sized editions. Those desiring a copy should address the author, at Buffalo, N. Y., without delay.

MORALITY OF THE STAGE.

The Rev. R. B. Drummond writes in the *Victoria Magazine*: "There is no institution which is so entirely under the public eye, so wholly dependent on public approval, as the theatre, and if it is not all that it ought to be, it is very largely the public themselves that are to blame. The stage, while no doubt it reacts powerfully on the audience, must still take its tone very largely from the manners of the time, must adapt itself to the feelings and expectations of the spectators. Instead, then, of denouncing the theatre, would it not be far wiser in those who assume to be the guardians of public virtue, to recognize it as a great moral influence, and to take care that, as far as in them lies, its influence

shall be good? Let them, by their occasional presence, endeavor to give a right tone to the performances, and so make the theatre not merely a place of innocent amusement, but a school of virtue, a noble means of education and culture. And this, in truth, is what the theatre ought to be. I am by no means satisfied to regard it as a mere place of amusement, however far from wishing to discourage any kind of innocent relaxation. But the theatre, though it may be this, should also be much more. It ought to be a moral and educational influence co-operating with the Church in the instruction and education of the people, exhibiting before their eyes the noblest examples of virtue; teaching them that in the long run virtue will receive its reward, and vice be overtaken by its fitting punishment; that Justice rules beneath the seeming inequalities of life, and a retributive Providence presides over the affairs of men.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SALVINI is reported to have made £4,000 by his campaign in London this season.

MME. ARABELLA GODDARD will probably, it is stated, appear in conjunction with Mme. Titiens in concert.

A PARIS letter says that a daughter of Offenbach, never witnessed the performance of one of his operas until the other day, when she went as a married woman.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI goes to Dieppe, and returns in September to sing at Brighton, Birmingham, and Manchester. Madame Patti sings gratuitously in Paris, on October 1st, for the benefit of the sufferers by the floods.

MADAME JULLIEN, the wife of the celebrated conductor, has died suddenly. She was a woman of remarkable ability and excellent critical judgment; not the least proof of it was her advising Mr. Lumley to fetch Mlle. Titiens for London, where she has ever since reigned triumphantly.

Mlle. MARGUERITE CHAPUY, who has been singing in "La Traviata" at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, is said to resemble in her general delineation of *Violetta* the late Mme. Bosio. That is, their version is not absolutely correct, and yet "correct," because in nowise suggestive.

THOSE who know the Parisians theatres know that the *sapeurs-pompiers* play a great part in them. Their buckets, their water-pipes, their uniforms, are at all times everywhere. The safety their presence guarantees is not purchased at a small cost, and the sum charged by the town for their attendance has just been increased.

Mlle. SCHNEIDER took up a subscription among the audience at the recent benefit in Paris for the sufferers by the floods, and finding that her escarcelle was too small to contain all the offerings, received the showers of gold pieces in a hat which she whisked off the head of an astonished gentleman. She treated the men as capriciously as ever did her Majesty of Gerolstein when she disposed of Prince Paul, for when they took out their pocket-books to search for a napoleon she coolly appropriated the entire contents.

A COMPOSER sent his card to Rossini. The *maestro* received him very kindly, and requested him to play one of his own compositions. The visitor, seating himself at the piano, played for some time, ceasing at last, entirely exhausted. "What is that?" inquired Rossini. "A funeral march which I composed on the death of Meyerbeer. How do you like it, *maestro*?" Rossini replied, "Not so bad, only I should think that it would have been infinitely better if you had died, and Meyerbeer then would have composed a march to your memory."

THE *Arctician* of New York writes:—"A great deal has been said about the progress Wagner's music has made with the people, but the truth is, it has not yet been accepted by the people at all in this country. The so-called popularity of the Wagner entertainments will not bear scrutiny. The music is called intellectual music, and it has come to be a fashionable expedient with a certain weak-minded set to affect an intense admiration for it, in order to establish their intellectualty. *Lohengrin* was not as great a success here as the much-abused Verdi's *Aida*, and the march from the *Prophet* still outranks the 'Tannhauser' march with emotional creatures."

VARIETIES.

M. THIERS has declined to become a candidate for a Senatorship.

A movement has been begun in St. Louis to erect a monument to Gen. Blair.

A NUMBER of Franciscan monks, refugees from Germany, have settled at Quincy Ill.

ALL the Germans invited to the Lord Mayor of London's international banquet have declined.

DEAN STANLEY has refused a small space on a wall required for a memorial tablet to Balfe in Westminster Abbey.

HENRY VON HALSFELD, a broken-down Prussian baron, is leader of the orchestra at the Rondout Opera House.

JULES SIMON, formerly a professor at the University of Paris, has been granted a pension of 6,000 francs a year by the French Government.

THE Duke d'Aumale has proclaimed that if France wishes sincerely to become a republic he, for his part, is perfectly willing to bow down to that kind of sovereignty.

IN France the economists set down the afflictions of the United States as due to three causes: an excess of railroads (over 100,000 miles), paper money, and a protective tariff.

FEW young journalists, however clever, attain such worldly success as has befallen Hans Forsell, the Swedish writer on politics and philosophy, who has just, in his thirty-second year, been called to take seat at the Council of State, as Minister of Finance.

THE marriage of the Princess Gerginti, sister of King Alfonso, with the son of Prince Frederick Charles is talked about as probable; and it is supposed that the event would lead to German intervention in Spanish affairs. It is denied that King Alfonso is going to marry the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles.

NAPOLEON's court drank up the pay of ninety thousand soldiers in the year 1869, in addition to their regular incomes and extras. The pay for these ninety thousand was a fictitious draw, a nice way of putting it on paper to the Corps Legislatif. If such things were, Worth and Sedan could be.