

"Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate."

His Bohemian sketches translated him from the case to the desk, and now his way to fame was clear, and bright indeed were his dawning efforts, many of his articles during this time ranking with his finest, although he has not deemed it fit to preserve them in his complete edition.

It was not until 1863 that his first sketches appeared in the East; and through the influence of Jessie Benton, Fremont, the *Atlantic* published "Monte Diabalo." Since that time his busy life has been one succession of brilliant efforts, each pregnant with the fire of genius, and all replete with humor.

As a lecturer he visited Britain in 1873, and a perfect ovation awaited him. I was in London at the time; he was the lion of the day, and princes and peasants listened spell-bound to his witty illustrations.

His novels hold a prominent place in the literature of the 19th century. Always fresh on account of depicting scenes and characters in a hitherto unexplored region. His heroes are well supplied with the milk of human kindness, tempered by a strong arm, a quick eye, and a ready revolver. The thrilling nature of their adventures, whether from famine, flood and flames, or from the rude hand of the lynchers, hissed on by some fiend incarnate, too cowardly to face the object of his hate, yet possessing means of stirring up the fierce spirits of the gold hunters. The miraculous nature of the escapes in which earthquakes or the revolver helps him out of a knotty scene, entrances the reader, and read one must, even if the story at times becomes disjointed or hazy, and in any other part of the world improbable. His poems, written in a style peculiarly his own, and distinctly American, are distinguished by a withering sarcasm hurled at the ostentatious show of the successful miners; in the song:

"All that is false in this world below,
Betrays itself in a love of show;
Indignant nature hides her lash
In the purple-black of the dyed moustache."

together with a sincere love for the land and people of his adoption.

Whether he writes in the broad vernacular of the mining camp, or in English pure and undefiled, his originality shines forth at every page, and as the characters which he sketches and the scenes he portrays are indigenous, he must ever remain the Chaucer of the Pacific Coast.

Charles Reade's Epitome on Woman.

In reply to a friend who spoke to him concerning a recent criticism of his portrait of woman, Charles Reade says:—

It said that I made her painfully realistic to any one who looked at her as I did—cross-eyed. Not so. My friend, she is just like a man, like ourselves, but with certain tendencies we call womanly. Like ourselves, she ardently desires love. She knows it is the best, absolutely the best thing the world has to give; that we are all born for love, man and woman alike; that to lack this consummate and supreme blessing is to lose the best part of life.

"She desires above all things to be wooed, and is forbidden to woo on her own account. She conceals her own thoughts, yet from her experience in hiding she is quick at reading the thoughts of others. She is satisfied with nothing less than she herself gives, which is all herself. Her reserve leads her, in the lower natures, to deceit and falsehood. Her devotion, which is part of her nature, leads her also in the lower natures to suspicion and jealousy. She is always in the house, therefore her mind is apt to run in narrow grooves. The prodigality and wastefulness of men are things beyond her understanding or patience. She is unversed in affairs, and therefore understands nothing of compromise.

"She is generally ill-educated, and therefore is incapable of forming a judgment, hence she is carried away by every word of doctrine; as, for instance, in matters ecclesiastical. Knowing nothing of the early church or its history, she believes the poor little ritualistic curate, who knows, indeed,

no more than herself; or in art, where for want of a standard she is led astray by every fad and fashion of the day and worships sadfaced flatnesses with rapture; or in dress, where her taste being uncultivated, she puts on whatever is most hideous and unbecoming, provided it is worn by everybody else.

"This is the woman I present to my readers. She is not, at all events, insipid—no real women are. She is an artificial, the real woman shows from underneath. What I love most is the woman whom fashion has not spoiled; the true feminine woman, with her natural passion, her jealousy, her devotion, her love of admiration, her fidelity, her righteous wrath, her maternal ferocity, her narrow faith, her shrewdness—even her audacity of falsehood, when that can serve her purpose, and finally, her perfect self-abnegation. That's the woman—that's the woman I believe in. That is the creature that is human. She is natural."

(Written for the Family Circle.)

A Forest Dream.

BY J. R. WILKINSON.

Bare and gaunt the stately forest
Reaches upward wide and high
As if mutely suplicating
Mercy of an angry sky;
And wild, weird and hollow voices
Issue from its solemn aisles,
As if lonely forest phantoms
Mourn the loss of Summer's smiles.
I have sought the dim old forest,
And its still familiar ways—
Frozen streams, dark glens and bowers,
Dear to me in childhood's days.
All is silent and forsaken,
Leaf and flower lie cold and dead;
Mute, appealing to the memory,
Telling of a day that's fled.
I have known when Summer's mantle,
Fair and sweet as poet's dream;
Covered in a wild profusion
All these haunts with rustling green.
Then the forest aisles were merry,
With the music song-birds made;
And its gentle echoes followed
Every stream and every glade.
Then I sang with boyhood's rapture,
Leapt, and shouted in the dell;
Till the golden hush of sunset,
With its silent shadows, fell
O'er the hills, that, wrapt in dreaming,
Watched the moonrise on the sea,
Where the wavelets danc'd and murmur'd
Low-voiced and mysteriously.
Life was one long dream of gladness,
All unknown the future lay;
Ah! the years have brought deep sadness—
Summer's merged in Winter's gray.
And I wander, lone and weary,
Grieving o'er the faded past;
As the snowflakes flit around me
Borne upon the wintry blast.

A Talmudic Legend.

A prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel, "Your God is a thief, he once surprised Adam in a sleep and stole a rib from him." The Rabbi's daughter overheard the speech, and whispered a word or two to her father's ear, asking permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent. The girl stepped forward and feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out, "My liege! my liege! Justice! Revenge!" What has happened?" asked the prince. "A wicked theft has taken place," she replied. "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet, and left a gold one in its stead." "What an upright theft!" exclaimed the prince. "Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence!" "Behold then, sire, the kind of thief our Creator was, he stole a rib from Adam, and gave him a beautiful wife instead." "Well said!" avowed the prince.