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From the Field and Fireside.

LOVABLE HEROINES.

BY MARY E. BRYAN.

In the many novels, novelettes and romances, which have been, and are still, annually poured out at the feet of the public, by the bushel-fu' like so many plums—good, bad and indifferent—how few are the really lovable heroines [illegible] find—the heroines one would seriously like to marry!

The Belindas, Amandas and Melissas of the former chivalric romances are merely pretty, characterless puppets, whose business it was to wear white silks and satin slippers, to faint and "do" hysterics at every *denouement*, and to get into all manner of difficulties and dangers for their Lord Fitz Mortimers to deliver them.—These persecuted females, who are described as being angelic miracles of curls, complexions, eyes, etc., are about as true representations of womanhood as the fashion plate figures in a second rate magazine. Dimly defined, as Shelly's picture of Queen Mab, they move through the scenes of the story, as the indistinct figures of a magic lantern across the canvass of the exhibition.

As for the class of moral and religious novels—of which Hannah More's "Cœlebes" is a sample—their heroines are as merely personified virtues or vices, as the characters in "Dred" are perambulating abolition opinions.

The heroines of modern novels, plays and novelettes, are, with some exceptions, not a whit more lovable than their satin-slippered predecessors. Female authors, who might be supposed better able than men to delineate the idiosyncrasies of their sex, sometimes fail signally in making their "pets" as lovely as they, no doubt, wish them to appear. My Lord Byron's bump of self esteem was so largely developed that, in drawing characters, he seems always to have consulted the lo king glass and drawn portraits of himself; so in his Cain, Lucifer, Lara, Childe Harold Manfred and all the rest, we have my Lord Byron held up to our admiration—a little magnified, perhaps, because viewed through I-by-itself I spectacles, but still unmistakably Lord Byron. So, some of our female novelists and story writers seem incapable of producing anything but daguerreotypes of themselves. They follow Tupper's example of "magnifying" their "office," to such an extent, that they almost ignore the many sweet, amiable, sensible women, who might be made interesting as heroines, though no suspicion of indigo sullied their immaculate hose. Nothing but blue-stockings like themselves will serve their purpose. Their heroines are usually writers, who fight desperate battles for fame and bread with the points of their pen, wear their hair plain, dress in grey or black livery, are as destitute of archness humor and coquetry as owls, and as firm, independent and flat footed as—as his Excellency Joseph Brown of Georgia.

The usual plan of such novels, so far as the heroine is concerned, is this: She is poor and gifted, is scorned by rich fools, whom she regards with lofty contempt, being absorbed in the contemplation of her foreshadowed destiny; at length, after passing through innumerable tribulations, she *writes*, creates a sensation, hero appears and makes love to hear, but receives the cold shoulder—through some far-fetched crotchet of pride or duty in heroine's brain; or else, because her ambition or her martyr proclivities decide her to crush the orange blossoms for the prospective laurels. So she writes on: becomes unhappy, mopish and dismal; but writes on; grows thin, sallow and famous, and finally discovers that laurels are scentless vegetables and won't make a good tea, or that they "crumble to ashes in her grasp."—Fortunately, at this critical juncture, the hero turns up, and, the crotchet having evaporated in some way, she condescends to bestow her hand upon him.

This is the general plot, for whose filling up we need only search the newspapers and magizines. Virginia Townsend, whose stories pleased the public until it surfeited with their repeated sameness, has served it up for us—rehashed or more or less modified, in every novelette of hers I have read lately; the heroines being writers of books or contributors to magazines, and invariably becoming celebrated far and near.—Our two best American novels by lady authors—the "Hidden Path" and "Beulah," also afford examples. Both the most prominent female characters wrote and were sternly intellectual. This "Beulah," which the gifted Miss Evans has given us as her heroine, seems to be a young woman, rather tart of temper, and laconic in speech as a Dutch sea captain; afflicted with an insane desire to make herself ugly by knitting her eyebrows, compressing her lips and wearing Quakerish dresses; being also addicted to spoiling her complexion by sitting up all night, searching through bushels of metaphysical chaff for a single grain of truth, and making herself and all around her miserable on account of the dullness of the task. This learned Beulah, [illegible] as we administer talents and [illegible] as a walking encyclopedia of metaphysics, is certainly not lovable.—There is much of the authoress, but little of the woman about her, and we find it difficult to sympathize with Hartwell's infatuation. Such is not the bosom that erring, repenting, loving human nature would like to shed its tears upon. One would as likely think of caressing the statue of Minerva, as of petting such a self-sufficient female As for marrying her, he would as soon think of marrying a library edition of the *Spectator* or Webster's Unabridged. Such characters are admirable, estimable without doubt, but we are talking now of *lovable* heroines; of the heroines which, as we read, we can fancy standing beside us, with their large, loving eyes, and long to put our arms around and call friend, or, if we chance to be of the masculine sex, by names yet sweeter and more tender.

It is not to be understood, that such strong willed, self reliant, intellectual women should never appear as heroines in the pages of the novel. Since such exist in reality, and are needed and honored in society they should be sketched by the story-writer, whose province it is to give us faithful pictures of men and nature, but they need not be made to figure so conspicuously and constantly in tales of fiction—thus seeming to assume a superiority over others, whose hearts do not happen to be starved by their brains. There are plenty of women worth being made heroines of, who are yet innocent of printer's ink, ignorant of German, and not at all addicted to metaphysics.

Let our novelists remember that the two heroines best known and best beloved in literature—the Ruth of the Bible, and the Jeannie Deans of Scott—were sublime only in womanly tenderness and patient, self-forgetting love. Neither of these had any pretentions to intellectual superiority, yet none have ever written or spoken of them, but with the reverent affection due to true and noble women. Who shall say that they are not more lovable than those terrible, writing and philosophizing heroines who sit, stern and stoical, in the Diogenes' tub of their own "will" and can analyze you love in the crucible of philosophy, until it is reduced to an abstract idea?

At the risk of having the inky forefingers of my sisterhood shaken at me in ire and indignation, I protest that a confirmed, dyed-in-the wool blue stocking of the independent type is not a lovable or *marriageable* woman, either in fiction, or in real life. Now, there are milder forms of the *cacoethes scribendi*, when the disease only runs into rhymed versicles, or breaks out into little Fanny Fernish eruptions. This is not dangerous, and slight friction with a marriage ring, generally effects a cure. Many young damsels fancy themselves smitten with poetic *furor* when in fact, they are only love-smitten, (the conditions are somewhat analogous) or they write because of the superfluous life, energy and feeling that are in them and which soon find natural and safe vent, when home duties and affections keep hands and heart employed. Such blue stockings as these, who wear their blue chiefly in thier eyes, are often quite lovable enough; but the real Simon Pure—solemn, and decided as the Declaration of Independence, with not a vestige of graceful coquetry, or archness in her angular nature, and who has existed so long in an atmosphere of books and manuscripts that it is fair to conclude she has undergone a metamorphosis, and that her heart is changed to a roll of foolscap and the blood in her veins to Arnold's writing fluid—deliver us from loving such monstrous and unlovable anomalies! We would set them on a pedestal to be admired, perchance, but would never give them the rocking chair by the fireside, with rose-cheeked children to cling to them, like the fruit that burdens vines, and keeps them "low and wise." They should write as many books and newspaper articles as they pleased, and we would praise them and pay them, but we couldn't love them and wouldn't marry them—that's clear—that's flat.

So much for the most recent type of story and novel heroines, who with far more individuality and strength of character—are hardly more lovable than the insipidities of the old romances.

It has been admitted that there are exceptions to the prevalence of unlovable heroines, and Jeannie Deans has already been named. Miss Austen, whose characters unfold themselves as gradually and naturally as the blossoming of a rose, has given us some really delightful heroines—lively, rank, affectionate, human. The sensible, sprightly Elizabeth Bennette is her *chef d'œuvre*. Some of Dickens' female characters are sweet and amiable, but in the rare talent of *dramatic presentation* and natural delineation of character he is inferior to Miss Austen. Reid, in that queer medley—"Love me Little, Love me Long," has painted for us a woman of the world and supported her well throughout the story. She is a real, *female* woman, "consistent only in her inconsistencies," proud as a princess when knelt to, but obedient as a child when commanded; affectionate, kind, full of mischief and with a keen appreciation of the ridiculous; slightly coquettish, too, and disposed to lubricate the wheels of society with the oil of little flatteries and insincerities, proceeding from her wish to have everybody pleased. But in spite of her faults, we love her; she is human, and we sympathize with and forgive her, and when David Dodd, the rejected suitor, at last wins the prize he so well deserved, and "puts his powerful arm around her," we feel disposed, like Asmodeus in the play of the "Little Devil," to demand "our share."

The author of that strong, rich book "Adam Bede," has evinced capability of drawing a lovable character—having just missed it in Dinah and Hetty Sorel. Dinah's pure, oval, flower-like face, with its delicate touches of color on lips and brows, is a sweet picture; and even her cant is so quaintly simple and earnest, that it enhances the interest with which we regard her; but she is a trifle too evangelical, and there is not enough of piquantness or rich warmth in her nature to quicken our admiring respect into love; while poor, sweet, pretty Hetty with her dimpled pink limbs, her childlike vanity and weakness, and her winning, kitten-like ways!—if it were not that the blight of sin falls so soon upon her beauty, we could almost love her, notwithstanding her shallowness.

But after all, it is the great master artist—the Michael Angelo of literature, whose clear-seeing genius read the most folded and delicate leaves of the human heart, and whose knowledge of men, and more especially of women, seems inspiration—after all, it is Shakspeare himself who has bequeathed to us the most life-like portrait of a fascinating woman. Not his artless Miranda, his tender Perdita, his gifted Portia, his high-spirited Katharine, his impassioned Juliet; but one who combines all the qualities of these—the piquant, charming, witty, noble minded and warm-hearted "Rosalind," of "As you Like it." Was ever a true woman (true in the sense of natural) so truly portrayed? See how ingeniously she conceals her own feelings in those masquerading interviews with Orlando in the forests of Ardens, and how prettily her wit plays battledoor and shuttlecock with his in good humored retort! With what womanly artifice she contrives—under cover of her boy's dress assumed for the protection of herself and her cousin—to make Orlando repeat the story of his love for her (whom he supposes to be far away), and thus enjoys all the pleasure of hearing "that tale, to every woman's ear so sweet," without the embarrassment which would attend such a declaration, were she in her own proper person and petticoats! And when, in spite of male attire and assumed manliness, the loving, anxious woman makes itself manifest, and she swoons on suddenly hearing of Orlando's wound, how cleverly and quickly she turns it off by exclaiming, "Heigho! a body would think this well counterfeited! I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited."

Can our story writers give us occasionally by way of variety, some such sprightly, captivating, flesh-and-blood heroines as this Rosalind!—a heroine with a little animation, and a spice of humor about her,—though by no means the female monkey, which Mrs. Southwood manages to introduce into all her novels—being merely a disgusting and comparatively harmless little ape in "Jacquelina" "Cap" and half a dozen besides, but coming out a regular Gorilla, with full grown teeth, in the "Lionne" of her last *Ledger* production.—Not such extravagant creations as these, on any account, but such a heroine as Wordsworth has described—

> "A creature, not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food,
> For simple pleasures, harmless wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles,"

with an ample fund of good sense and good humor, a warm heart and quick sensibilities, and why may I not add, a rosy cheek and a bright eye—albeit the pale and plain heroine is all the fashion!—Why should heroines be made sallow and ugly, when it is obviously contrary to nature? Health should wait on youth, and to youth, health, and cheerfulness, beauty is most frequently the hand maiden; while these austere, strong willed personages, whose acquaintance we make in modern stories, are usually pale, taciturn, and far too often in the habit of making themselves miserable about something or other. The popularity of Mrs. Southworth's "Cap" has proved that even such monkey-fied caricatures of woman, are preferable to those grave petticoated philosophers,

> "With loads of learned lumber in their heads"

and with aims, hopes, and sorrows beyond our sympathies.

A lady was passing along a street when she was met by a young man, who, in staggering past, stepped on her dress. Turning to the lady, he remarked, "Hoops take up so much room," to which the lady quietly replied, "Not so much as whiskey, sir," and passed on.

Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren's blacking, when one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on the wall, "Try Warren's B[illegible] [illegible]

SCENES IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

Captain McClintock, of the British Navy, has published a narrative of his late voyage to the Arctic Seas and of the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, of which the New York Commercial Advertiser says:

Numerous as the volumes of Arctic explorations have been during the past few years, the story of these modern sea kings is read with an ever-fresh interest. The perils and hazards of the voyage, the sufferings and privations of officers and men, the experience of the long polar night and of the short summer time, the peculiarities of the scattered tribes that drag out existence in these hyperborean regions, all these and the thousand other incidents and accidents lend a curious charm to narratives of this class. They tell of heroism and perseverance, struggles and failures, of untiring zeal in the solution of problems whose development has been brought about only by the loss of valuable life and by the waste of many years of labor. Possibly, after all these sacrifices, the civilized world will be content to regard the problem as solved, and to indulge its thirst for adventure and novelty in fields perhaps as dangerous, but more inviting. The narrative of Captain McClintock is told in simple language, and with a sailor's frankness.—The story flows on from begining to end with little attempt at fine writing, and without deviation from a direct line. We subjoin a few extracts.

THE ARCTIC SHARK.

Sept. 27, 1857.—I much wished to capture one of these monsters (shark), as wonderful stories are told us of their doings in Greenland; whether they are the white shark or the basking shark of natural history, I cannot find out. It is only of late years that the shark fishery has been carried on to any extent in Greenland; they are captured for the sake of their livers, which yield a considerable quantity of oil. It has very recently been ascertained that a valuable substance resembling spermaceti may be expressed from the carcase, and for this purpose powerful screw presses are now employed. In early winter the sharks are caught with hooks and lines through holes in the ice. The Esquimaux assert that they are insensible to pain; and Petersen assures me he has plunged a long knife several times into the head of one whilst it continued to feed upon a white whale entangled in his net! It is not sufficient to drive them away with sundry thrusts of spears or knives but they must be towed away to some distance from the nets, otherwise they will return to feed. It must be remembered that the brain of a shark is extremely small in proportion to the size of its huge head. I have seen bullets fired through them with very little apparent effect; but if these creatures can feel, the devices practised upon them by the Esquimaux must be cruel indeed. It is only in certain localities that sharks are found, and in these places they are often attracted to the nets by the animals entangled in them. The dogs are not suffered to eat either the skin or the head, the former in consequence of its extreme roughness, and the latter because it causes giddiness and makes them sick.

SNOW CRYSTALS.

October 3, 1857.—The snow crystals of last night are extremely beautiful. The largest kind is an inch in length; its form exactly resembles the end of a pointed leather. Stella crystals two-tenths of an inch in diameter, have also fallen; these have six points, and are the most exquisite things when seen under a microscope. I remember noticing them at Mellville Island, in March, 1853, when the temperature rose to eight degrees. As these were formed last night between the temperature of six degrees and twelve degrees, it would appear that the form is due to a certain fixed temperature. In the sun or even in moonlight all these crystals glisten most brilliantly, and as our masts and rigging are abundantly covered with them, the Fox never was so gorgeously arrayed as she now appears.

A BEAR HUNT.

November 2, 1857.—[illegible] our dogs for nearly a month; they were rewarded on the spot with the offal. All of them, however, had not shown equal pluck; some ran off in evident fright, but others showed no symptom of fear, plunging or falling into the water with Bruin.—Poor old Sophy was amongst the latter, and received a deep cut in the shoulder from one of his claws. The authorities have prescribed double allowance of food for her, and say she will recover. For the few moments of its duration the chase and death were exciting. And how strange and novel the scene! A misty moon, affording but scanty light—dark figures gliding singly about, not daring to approach each other, for the ice trembled under their feet; the enraged bear, the wolfish, howling dogs, and the bright flashes of the deadly rifles.

SEVERE COLD.

November 15, 1858.—We have enjoyed ten days of moderate winds and calms, but the temperature has fallen as low as thirty-one degrees. This causes frost cracks in the ice across the harbor; they will freeze over and others will form and gape, and freeze at intervals, so that by the next spring we shall probably be moved several inches, perhaps feet off shore. Mists have obscured the sun of late, and now it does not rise at all. We are indifferent; its departure has become to us a matter of course. The usual winter covering of snow has been spread upon deck rather more than a foot thick. Its utility in preventing the escape of heat became at once apparent. Nothing has been seen but a few ptarmigan and one reindeer, which trotted off toward the ship. Our bullets missed him, and the dogs, unfortunately, caught sight of him and chased him away. I do not think any dogs could overtake a reindeer in this rough country; the rocks would speedily lame them, and the snow in many places is quite deep enough to fatigue them greatly, whereas it offers but slight impediment to the deer, furnished as he is with long legs and spreading hoofs.

NEW YEAR AT THE POLE.

January 1, 1859.—This being Saturday night as well as New Year's Day, 'sweethearts and wives' were remembered with even more than the ordinary feeling. New Year's eve was celebrated with all the joyfulness which ardent hope can inspire; and we *have* reasonable ground for *strong hope.* At midnight the explation of the old year and commencement of the new one was announced to me by the band—flutes, accordeon and gong—striking up at my door. Some songs were sung, and the performance concluded with 'God save the Queen.' The few who could find space in our mess room sang the chorus; but this by no means satisfied all the others who were without and unable to show themselves to the officers, so they echoed the chorus, and the effect was very pleasing.—Our New Year's day has been commemorated with all the substantials of Christmas fare, but without so much display—less tailoring in pastry, not quite so much clippings of dough into roses, and anchors and nondescript animals, &c. The past week has been cold and stormy; it now blows strong, and the temperature is 44 degrees.

THE ESQUIMAUX.

March, 1859.—These Esquimaux were all well clothed in reindeer dresses, and looked clean; they appeared to have abundance of provisions, but scarcely a scrap of wood was seen among them which had not come from the lost expedition. Their sledges, with the exception of the one already spoken of, were wretched little affairs, consisting of two frozen rolls of seal-skins coated with ice, and attached to each other by bones, which served as the cross-bars. The men were stout, hearty fellows, and the women arrant thieves, but all were good humored and friendly. The women were decidedly plain; in fact, this term would have been flattering to most of them; yet there was a degree of vivacity and gentleness in the manners of some that soon reconciled us to these Arctic specimens of the fair sex. They had fine eyes and teeth, as well as very small hands, and the young girls had a fresh rosy hue not often seen in combination with olive complexions. Esquimaux mothers carry their infants on their backs, within their large fur dresses, and where the babes can only be got at by pulling them out over the shoulder. Whilst intent upon my bargaining for silver spoons and forks belonging to Franklin's expedition, at the rate of four needles or a knife for each relic, one of the young old dams, after having obtained all she was likely to get from me for [illegible], pulled out her infant by the arm, and quietly held the poor creature (for it was quite naked) before me in the open air, the temperature at the same time being 15 degrees below freezing point. I was informed me that she was begging [illegible] for her child. I need not say [illegible] as expeditiously as possible; [illegible] time elapsed before the infant [illegible] out of sight to alarm me [illegible] for its safety in such a temperature. The natives, however, seemed to think nothing of what looked to me like [illegible] of a baby.

"[illegible] you walk, Bob, when you've a right to ride?" said a gentleman to a friend who was walking by the side of [illegible]. "Sure then," replied the [illegible] walking to rest my legs."

ART AND ITS WORKERS.

Art is indeed a long labor, no matter how amply nature has bestowed the gift of the artistic faculty. In most cases this has shown itself early, and illustrations of apparent precocity have been noted in the lives of most great artists. The anecdote related of West is well known. When only seven years old, struck with the beauty of the sleeping infant of his eldest sister while watching by its cradle, he ran to seek some paper, and forthwith drew its portrait in red and black ink. The little incident revealed the artist in him, and it was found impossible to draw him from his bent.—West might have been a greater painter had he not been injured by too early success: his fame, though great, was not purchased by study, trials, and difficulties, and it has not been enduring. Richard Wilson, when a mere child, indulged himself with tracing figures of men and animals on the walls of his father's house with a burnt stick. He first directed his attention to portrait painting; but when in Italy, calling one day at the house of Zucarelli, and growing weary with waiting, he began painting the scene on which his friend's chamber window looked. When Zucarelli arrived, he was so charmed with the picture, that he asked if Wilson had not studied landscape, to which he replied that he had not. "Then I advise you," said the other, "to try, for you are sure of great success." Wilson adopted the advice, studied and worked hard, and became our first great English landscape painter. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a boy, forgot his lessons, and took pleasure only in drawing, for which his father was accustomed to rebuke him. The boy was destined for the profession of physic, but his strong instinct for art could not be repressed, and he became a painter. Gainsborough went sketching, when a school-boy, in the woods of Sudbury, and at twelve he was a confirmed artist; he was a keen observer and a hard worker, no picturesque feature of any scene he had once looked upon escaping his diligent pencil. William Blake, a hosier's son, employed himself in drawing desings on the backs of his father's shop bills and making sketches on the counter. Edward Bird, when a child only three or four years old, would mount a chair and draw figures on the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. A box of colors was purchased for him, and his father, desirous of turning his love of art to account, put him apprentice to a maker of tea-trays! Out of this trade he gradually raised himself, by study and labor to the rank of a Royal Academician.

The Way the English bring up Children.—The English bring up their children very differently from the manner in which we bring up ours. They have an abundance of fresh out-door air, every day, whenever it is possible. The nursery-maids are expected to take all the children out airing every day, even to the infant. This custom is becoming more prevalent in this country, and should be pursued wherever it is practicable. Infants should be accustomed to the open air. We confine them too much, and heat them too much for vigorous growth. One of the finest features of the London parks is said to be the crowds of nursery maids with their groups of healthy children. It is so with the promenades of our large cities to a great extent, but is less common in our country towns than what it should be. In consequence of their training English girls acquire a habit of walking that accompanies them through life, and gives them a much healthier middle life than our women enjoy.—They are not fatigued with a walk of five miles, and are not ashamed to wear when walking, thick soled shoes, fitted for the dampness they must encounter. Half of the consumptive feebleness of our girls results from the thin shoes they wear and the cold feet they must necessarily have, English children, especially girls, are kept in the nursery and excluded from fashionable society and all the frivolities of dress, at an age when our girls are in the very heat of flirtation, and are think ng of nothing but fashionable life.

The Battle of Life.—The battle of life, in by far the greater number of cases, must necessarily be fought up hill; and to win it without a struggle were perhaps to win it without honor. If there were no difficulties, there would be no success; if there were nothing to struggle for, there would be nothing to be acheived. Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act only as a stimulus to men of pluck and resolution. All experience of life, indeed serves to prove that the impediments thrown in the way of human advancement may for the most part be overcome by steady good conduct, honest zeal, activity, perseverance, and, above all by a determined resolution to surmount difficulties, and stand up manfully against misfortune.—*Self-help.*

A person having occasion to notify his doctor to visit his wife, said to him as he was stepping into the chaise: "Now, doctor, you'll drive to kill, won't you?" "Yes, certainly," replied the doctor.

There is nothing which gives [illegible] pleasing a prospect of human nature as the contemplation of wisdom and [illegible]

What Women think of Themselves.—But let us have a look through the other end of the glass! See what a woman says as to her sex's instinctive goodness:—

"If women have one weakness more marked than men, it is towards veneration. They are born worshippers—makers of silver shrines for some divinity or other, which, of course, they always think, fell straight down from heaven. The first step towards their falling in love with an ordinary mortal is generally to dress him out with all manner of real or fancied superiority; and having made him up, they worship him. Now, a truly great man, a man really grand and noble in art and intellect, has this advantage with women, that he is an idol ready made to hand; and so that very painstaking and ingenious sex have less labor in getting him up, and can be ready to worship him on shorter notice.—In particular is this the case where a sacred profession and a moral supremacy are added to the intellectual. Just think of the career of celebrated preachers and divines in all ages. Does not poor old Richard Baxter tell us, with delightful single-heartedness, how his wife fell in love with him first, sp te of his long pale face; and how she confessed, dear soul, after many years of married life, that she had found him *less* sour and bitter than she had expected?—The fact is, women are burdened with fealty, faith, reverence, more than they know what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere for something high and strong to climb up by, and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admirers to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero who never wooed them except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of a noble life.

Anticipating Evils.—Enjoy the present whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition. It is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want drink the next day. If it be well to-day, it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing that it may be ill to-morrow—when you are full of to day's dinner, to fear that you shall want the next day's supper; for it may be you shall not, and then, to what purpose was this day's affliction? But if to-morrow you shall want, our sorrow will come time enough, though you do not hasten it: let your trouble tarry till its day comes.—But if it chance to be ill to-day, do not increase it by the cares of to morrow. Enjoy the blessing of this day, if God send them, and the evils it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours—we are dead to yesterday, and we are born to the morrow. He, therefore, is wise who enjoys as much as possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day (said Christ) is the evil thereof," sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evils of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The Northern Lights in Mexico.—The late celestial phenomena, which attracted so much attention here, and in the tropics, were equally objects of wonder to the simple minded people of the neighboring republic. And various were the interpretations thereof. Among the Indians the general opinion seems to have been that the end of the world was at hand, and that these flickering lights were only the advancing flames. The daily contests of the white population, however, as naturally led them to a political interpretation of the phenomena, which of course varied with their sympathies. These thought to see St. Ignatius, St. Francis or other founders of religious orders riding in chariots of fire—in their hands banners on which were inscribed "death to the Puros;" while the lively imaginations of the latter saw sights equally complimentary to their opponents.—*Pic.*

The Talent of Success.—Every man says Longfellow, must patiently abide his time. He must wait. Not in listless idleness, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, study, cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, "that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion." The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what [illegible] of us, to be always [illegible] others for approval [illegible] about the [illegible] be always [illegible] our own [illegible]