

MISS COOLBRITH'S POEMS.

It has long been a matter of surprise among persons of literary taste that the poems of Ina D. Coolbrith, contributed during the last 12 years to various Californian and Eastern periodicals, have never been presented to the public in a permanent form. Their rare intrinsic merit, and their marked individuality, greatly distinguish them from the flood of ephemeral verse of the average magazine standard to suggest and justify the desire, which has been widely felt and frequently expressed, to see them collected in a volume. Those who are endowed with the taste and feeling requisite for the full appreciation of such rare poetic gems as "A Perfect Day," "A Prayer for Strength," "Beside the Dead," "In Blossom Time," "Meadow Larks," and "The Mother's Grief," could not willingly see them consigned to the oblivion which is the natural lot of the great bulk of fugitive poetry. For it has been deeply felt by thousands of thoughtful readers that these exquisite "fragments of song" are broadly discriminated from that class of agreeable and polished metrical productions which, after affording a momentary pleasure in the perusal, are laid by and forgotten without a regret, having stirred no emotion, and awakened no thought, vital enough to give birth to the wish to make them a part of our permanent household treasures. They are not like the greater portion of contemporary magazine verse, the product of mere culture and poetic feeling, stimulated by literary aspiration. Their inspiration comes

"From the strong will and the endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of hopes far scattered
Tempest shattered
Floating wide and desolate;
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart,
Till at length in books recorded,
They like hoarded
Household words no more depart."

Miss Coolbrith's earliest poetical efforts appeared anonymously in daily and weekly papers, chiefly those of San Francisco and Los Angeles. Of her maturer poems, published under her own name, some first made their appearance in the *Californian*, while edited by Chas. H. Webb, but the greater part in the *Overland Monthly*, to which she was a constant and most valued contributor during the entire period of its too brief existence. A few were first published in the *Galaxy*, *Harper's Weekly*, and other Eastern periodicals. Many of these poems have been extensively copied in various American and English publications, obtaining for their author a wider recognition than has been won by any other California poet, with but a single exception. It has been said that Miss Coolbrith's reputation has become national; and if by this it is meant that her poems have met with a warm and loving appreciation by a large class of cultivated minds in every part of the country, the declaration is not exaggerated. They are too thoughtful, though, and too strongly imbued with that autumnal pensiveness engendered in contemplative minds by the experiences of life—even when that life has not been one in which there has been more of shadow than of sunshine—to touch the cord of superficial feeling. But there is no trace of morbidness in this pensive quality of Miss Coolbrith's verse—a quality which is not sadness, though it has been characterized as such by an Eastern critic, and which

"Is not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

Her muse has all the wholesome sweetness, as well as the austere reserve, of Wordsworth; or even of George Herbert, whose very spirit breathes in the exquisite little poem, "A perfect Day." Indeed, the peculiar charm of these poems is one that, while it will make them precious to the lovers of "the high and tender muse" invoked by Wordsworth, is not likely

to be felt by those who relish the more popular literature of the day.

It has recently been determined by Miss Coolbrith's friends to publish, with her consent, an edition of her poems by subscription, under such arrangement that the entire proceeds, above the actual cost, may be secured to the author. The volume has been printed by J. H. Carmany & Co., of San Francisco, on the finest quality of paper, with typography and binding in a corresponding style of excellence. The price will be \$2.00 per copy in cloth—orders will, however, be taken for extra binding in any style desired.

It is hoped that the publication may meet with such a reception as will be worthy of the fame of the people of California for taste and liberality, and will secure a substantial testimonial to one who has reflected so much honor upon California literature.

DETERMINED SUCCESS.—The writer who talks of the great things that may be achieved by a determined will—by an intense, continuous act of volition to do and to be such and such a thing—forgets that this power of willing strongly is, to a large extent, a gift of nature, and as rare as any other good thing in the world. As a sensible writer says: "A man starts on his career with a tacit understanding with himself that he is to rise. It is a step-by-step progress. He probably has no distinct aim. It is only in books that he resolves from the first dawning of ambition to become owner of such an estate, or bishop of such a see. But he means to get on, and devotes his powers to that end. He fixes his thought beyond immediate self-indulgence, chooses his friends as they will help the main design, falls in love on the same principle, and habitually deferring to a vague but glowing future, learns to work toward it, and for its sake to be self-denying and long-sighted. His instincts quicken; he puts forth feelers, which men, who take their pleasure from hand to mouth, have no use for; he lives in habitual caution, with an eye always to the main chance. Thus, he refines and enhances that natural discretion which doubles the weight and value of every other gift, and yet keeps them on an unobtrusive level, leaving itself the most notable quality, till he is universally pronounced the man made to get on by people who do not know that it is a steady will that has made and kept him what he is."

WORKING UNDER WATER.—Mr. Fleuss, of Portsmouth, England, has recently devised a new apparatus for enabling persons to work under the water and in the presence of noxious gases. Some practical applications of the merits of the device were recently given. He takes below with him a supply of concentrated oxygen in a small reservoir which is slung on his back like a knapsack. At every respiration from the tank, which is effected by means of a tube and mouth piece, the exhausted gas, after being strained through a sponge saturated with caustic soda, returns to the tank, the impure ingredients alone being permitted to escape. In this way he can remain under water for four hours, and can penetrate to situations which are impossible to an ordinary diver, who is compelled to drag a lengthening pipe at every step, and is always liable to the danger of getting entangled with the means which supply him with air. When entering an atmosphere charged with smoke and poisonous gases, Mr. Fleuss divests himself of the diving dress, his only protection being tight-fitting coverings for his eyes and nostrils. Thus provided, Mr. Fleuss has gone unharmed through fumes of the densest and most pungent description.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION: Squire's daughter—"What is this we hear about your father and mother quarreling so, Peggy?" Peggy—"They're each had a little money left 'em, Miss, and I think feyther he wants the lot. Anyways, they can't agree nohow whether her money is his'n, or his hers, or his'n and hers here."

"THERE WERE TEARS ON HIS CHEEKS."

"Lord bless you, but I had never given him a second look! I knew that he was a Norwegian, slow but solid, hardly able to speak a word of English, and I never cared whether he had a relative on earth. Perhaps it looks a bit hard-hearted in me, but I am driven from morning till night, and I must drive the men under me. When I want a hod-carrier I look for muscle, and when I have found muscle I don't look further for sentiment."

"How did the accident happen?"

"He stepped off the scaffold."

"And is badly hurt?"

"Yes, though I think he'll pull through. Any man might have blundered as he did, but since I've learned how it was with him I've felt wumaniah in my heart."

"How was it?"

"Well, he had just got his hod filled with bricks down there when two or three of his countrymen came along and told him that his baby boy was dead. They had just come from his house on Russell street to bring him the news. He came up on the scaffold with his hod, probably intending to notify me of his affliction. His eyes must have been full of tears, and as he stepped out he missed his distance and went to the ground. There were tears on his cheeks when we picked him up, and the only word he uttered was to speak his dead boy's name. I had looked upon him only as an old Norwegian, but I found that he was a husband and father, a man with love and faith, a father who went home at night to soo with his baby and kiss the wife who had left all behind to follow him over the sea, and I tell you I feel like asking his forgiveness and doing all I can to soften the grief which has come upon his humble home."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE WOMAN'S SHARE.—Woman's share in influencing man is pronounced and clearly defined from the beginning of life. The mother sets her impress upon her boy. One expects to hear of a great and good man that his mother was serene, strong, and full of faith. Men are insensibly wrought upon every day by the women of their households. If you hear a young man speak lightly and flippantly of sacred things, if you observe in him a lowness of tone and impurity of sentiment, which jars upon and pains you, and, above all, if you know that he habitually thinks of woman as his inferior, doubting her sincerity, you may rest assured that he has not been under the guiding hand of wise and sweet women. His mother has been shallow and selfish, his sisters have been frivolous and idle, or his wife is vain and silly. But the woman who marries a man is not the woman who makes him—strong and potential as is her wifely influence. She can intensify his self-esteem, exalt his pride, and brood like a black frost on his desires after God. But the set, the trend, the start in his case was given partly before birth, in the temper and spirit of his mother—much in those early days when he lay a helpless babe in her happy arms.

A NEW ART PROCESS.—A curious device, whereby pictures of various kinds are burnt out on a piece of ordinary-looking rose-colored paper, has been brought out by a Berlin merchant, Herr Bergel. You apply a glowing match at two finely perforated points, and the sparks communicated then begin gradually to move over the paper, working out the picture. Neither leaves its proper path, nor injures the paper beyond, and when the end of the path is reached, the spark goes out. A negative and positive are thus obtained, after the manner of silhouettes. The contrivance proves highly entertaining, and may be employed for educational purposes.

A SELF-LIGHTING PIPE is the latest Yankee notion. It will be rough on the corporation laborers if it ever comes into general use, for then they'll have to invent some other excuse for stopping work every five minutes.