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A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

PUBLISHED ONLY BY THE "REVIEW." PUBLISHERS' PREFACE. THE THEME of this grand epic is certainly lofty; and the Author has happily chosen the fabled pentameter, better known as the English Heroic Line, as best fit to express the dignified sentiment with which she was inspired. As the stars in the firmament differ in brightness, and but few are of the first magnitude, her facile pen has added new beauties and strength to this verse by interspersing it, at proper intervals with the true Alexandrine line. The brisk style adopted relieves the production of any tediousness common to depth of thought, and perfect rhyme has given the poem a musical quality that is pleasing to the most un-cultured ear. The carefully selected metaphors, similes and personifications are well sustained continually, and nowhere herein does the writer become in the least prosaic; in fact, the thought throughout is so highly poetic that if expressed in choice terms of any language it could be poetic with neither rhyme nor meter. Since our noblest impulses are best expressed in verse, one thing is certain, viz., poetry is a luxury within the grasp of all, and will grow in demand correspondingly to the progress of the civilized world, and the most highly polished nations will compete with each other in affording the best market for the produce of their most fruitful minds. Accordingly, we introduce this able authoress upon her merits as manifest in the following three books; hoping that in the revolution that the world is now undergoing, the American Occident may ultimately be determined upon as the seat of modern literature.

THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

BY MRS. DR. S. HAMILTON. BOOK I. THE ARGUMENT.

THERE is one God of whom mind is an offering through division; Wisdom and Death are personified; man represents the evil nature and woman a nature that is "saint" by her faith in the Word of God, while Adam as the Angel of the Covenant fills the figure of Christ who as the Voice of God in the Bow of the Congregator. As the Forbidden Tree is the sword of the Divider, the records of the Heavenly Garden are the generations of knowledge of which Israel is an allegory and the visions of St. John, revelations. The first description is of the rise and fall of the first Kingdom of Knowledge, a house that was built on the sand. There is one God, the Spirit of whose being know Not of the nature that the Image had, The form of the Universal Self that grew Alike blind to its Spiritual Head. A lone monarch, on a solitary throne, The Spirit sat— Supreme Will To whom birth and death were alike unknown— Whose seat combined a heaven and a hell. But over all, the Maker sat, The Parent Intellect that none may bound Save the Angel, who of its treasures taught, Even Himself borne on the wings of sound. His Image, the Creating Hand would rear Into a temple fitted for the mind, To which dust and spirit should their offspring bear, And each furnish a knowledge of its kind; And build a stair on which the Angels could descend To the depths of wrong and want and pain, Then to the heights of the Father's love ascend, And rest in his protecting arms again. To the faith that owns but one existing head, Beside whom there is no Good or Evil thing, Devils cannot be worse than void of good, Nor Angels purer be than void of wrong. For the Creating was a dividing Hand, Who cleft the Eternal mount in twain, And in the rent bred the mysterious mind, Born of its light and darkness and its joy and pain. When matter to the spirit yields the crown, And from the "formless void" answers the call, Of him by whom the Con'ring Bow is drawn, That Wisdom may be feasted on its spoil; 'Tis thus four mighty rivers drain the land, And give its features to the Master's eye, To be by discerning Wisdom scanned, And with its spirit's light divided by. For all created things this mission fills, To furnish the discerning mind with food, By which the Parent to his child reveals, By teaching it of Evil that He is Good. Where mighty worlds their steady marches keep, Within whose crystal home there is no flaw To jar and wake from its eternal sleep, A work that was too perfect for a law. Here the house for finite things was built Where the Immortal gave to mortal birth, And a knowledge of its nature was wrung from it, By the divider that was planted in its path; Even the voice, the Fountain of the word, The Tree that brought the Light of knowledge forth; By whose presence the Creative mind was bred, Whose absence was its spiritual death. The staff of Judah and of Israel, Was that voice, who was the Creating God, And who Himself, as a dividing wall, Bred a knowledge of the Evil and the Good. Thus of Himself, the Maker made the stumbling stone To light the lamp that made his bosom bare, And how the Creating work was done, The records of the Heavenly Garden are. These are the generations of the day, In which the Heaven and the Earth were made; When the Maker, to his creature, taught the way, To discern its nature's Evil from its Good. Of Good alone the Holy Record bears, Evil is left to the unpublished night, For darkness is the mask its nature wears, Whose birth was hidden from the Maker's sight. The gold of this mysterious land is Good, Bilellum and the Onyx stone are there, While "pleasant to the eye," and "good for food," Of the tree and herb, the records are. And grateful dews refreshed the soil, Where the first germs of life were bred, Ere man was made the ground to till, And plant the furrow with the seed. Here man was created— formed of dust, That breathed the breath, its Maker did, The voice of Paternal Wisdom that at first Fed to the infant soul, his living food.

By this living well all nature stands,

Whose thirst for light the Maker's breath supplies, And of Himself into the land of darkness seeds To learn of matter that hid in darkness lies. 'Tis thus life makes a handmaid of the dust, Whose hidden light a mine of wealth appears, Himself he would nourish at her breast, And be a parent to the son she bears. The elements of nature were combined, To render perfect the being that was made; Till the offspring of the infinite mind, Was planted in the Image of its God. "And man became a Living Soul," The prophetic voice of the Recorder adds, Which is the hope that guides his path through all The dark mysterious way his journey leads. Thus man was made an Heir of Promise, To which Jacob as a figure stands, While Evil and Good people his House, And in bondage 'neath the yoke of Wisdom beads. Nature's dividing wall in Eden stood, To separate the Evil from the Good, A sword to pierce the spirit of the Earth. Knowledge figures the coat that Jacob made Of many colors for his favored son, Who figures the Tree, of which Wisdom was the bride From which the Law now barred the man. How fair the knowledge of the good appears To Him who sees her by the Living well, A robe of Angelic purity she wears, That drapes a form where all the graces dwell. It was her that the Heir of Life would gain, By years of patient toil and weary care, Ignorant of the work that must obtain The Living knowledge that he seeks for hire. For Evil was man's inheritance by birth, Who came unsought and unbidden to his arms; Nature's first born who became man's bride by stealth, As when the hated Leah to Jacob comes. But man cannot the depth of Evil learn, While he holds communion with the Good, And in this appears the wisdom of a plan, That was built upon a motive that was hid. To learn of Evil man must die to Good, To learn of Good he must to Evil die; But to know of both is the wisdom of a God, A living well whose waters never dry. "The day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," Was a covenant the Maker made with man, That man, through death might gain from his sorrow fly When he should a knowledge of the Evil learn. To develop faith in the infant soul, That could pierce the gloom of a sunless sky, And fearlessly scale the forbidden wall, Was to be born a God, and as man to die. For the dissolving dust could only free The breath of the Maker, prisoned there, Arrayed in Wisdom's varied hue The garment of the gods of nature wear. The Maker's presence was the light that shone, And gave to the bloom of the garden birth; His fading face was Eden's warning sign, He disappeared from view; and it was death. Sadly the parent from his offspring goes, As the mother leaves her infant's newly made grave, When obedient to the law from Earth he rose, And helpless nature to the Ruler's hand he gave. Thus life from his parent source was rent, That Evil might be bred unheeded, When the Creator was from his creature sent, The light from nature's darkness was removed. The chill of a starless night began to fall, As when the sun from a summer sky sinks down, Converting Life's Heaven into its hell, And the smile on Nature's face into a frown. Thus with it the dividing nature drew All that was good and pleasant from the dust, In the light of his presence Heaven grew, But hell was created where it was lost. As in the debris of the ruined tower, Abraham discerns his Maker's voice, And by obedient faith was led to where He could recall his lost parental source. A figure of the Tree that in the garden stood, And clad in discerning wisdom shone; Of whom "she is my sister" Abraham said, But the Tree of Life and Abraham were but one. The knowledge of the Evil and the Good, Was as a pair of balances to men, To preserve the perfection of the God, And that he eats of either dies to one. And of the voice forbidding man to eat, At the first, from the last an echo comes, "See that the oil and wine thou do not hurt," Though cheap, all other food his bread becomes. And though primeval nature was As lovely as an infant at the first, Man was as helpless as his childhood is, When the perfection of the God was lost. "Unstable as water thou shalt exceed," Jacob describes the nature of his Elder son, While fear and hate and pain people the hell, That in the absence of the Good was born. The light of the law was the sun that shone, And taught to man the nature of the rod, To whom the Tree was clad in his Maker's frown And the covenant demanded blood. Both Death and the laborer were Handmaids to Wisdom's bondage given, For want and hunger begot toil and care, When all that was good from dust was taken. Here the garden with its leafy troop, Is given into the laborer's hand, The thorn and thistle choke the goodly crop, When Death has shorn the fates from the land. And dumb life is found an offering of night, That lives in sorrow, and in darkness dies; And gave to him who sought for Wisdom's light, A knowledge of what life in Nature's darkness is. "There were giants in those days" and monstrous shapes That were a horrid sight to the inquiring eye, Who from distorted nature lesson takes, And builds its wisdom on reality. The Lord, for Wisdom's sake created this, Though repenting oft that man was made, For as the pure and good and holy rose, Hell deepened, and man conceived of bad. But Heaven grew upon the other side, Where the Father taught his angels how to sing, While joy and peace and love abide— Condescendingly beneath his sheltering wing.

A mansion fitted for his child's return,

The watchful parent thus prepared, That when man should the love of Evil learn, He might receive a knowledge of the Good. But this was also death, for paternal love, Who longing to embrace its absent child, And all the good that filled the House above, Could not render the parent reconciled. Thus the dark, cold bosom of the ground Brought forth the knowledge of Evil and of Good, And it was here that Jacob's wives were found, Who figure the breath of the creating God. Though man was but an armlet of the sea, As compared with his creating Head, Who should the parent its nourishment deny, Was empty as some deserted river's bed. And it was thus that the parent Earth, Gave the daughters that her bosom bore, To the form of dust in which the Maker's breath Made of himself a slave for Wisdom's hire. Thus the first Angel, patient and pure, Bowled beneath the burdens Wisdom laid on him. But the reproach of Ephesus he bore, In that his first love was departed from. Vainly the parent stood by the Dividing Gate, For man had lost his knowledge of the Good, Till the wearied Father could not wait, And came Himself to seek the man's abode. And cruel Death was as a "hind let loose," When "Godly words," reveal the Master near, And another son is born to Jacob's House, Fraught with Heavenly promise for his ear. Here, Abraham gives battle to the Kings, And rescues his nephew from the lost, And when back from death his brother brings, As the Priest of an Eternal hire is best. Thus the altar of self-sacrifice is reared, On which the priest provides of himself a lamb, And in this voice its first victim first appeared, "Who is the figure of Him that is to come." For man with his evil nature was alone, When the Maker found his wandering child, And made of Himself an Helpmeet for his own, By whose neglect, paternal love was chilled. For it was Adam named the fowl and brute, And restored to man the wisdom of his Head, But the soul of man refused to mate, With Him who was the spirit of the Good. His feet still in the paths of Evil keep, Not the wisdom of the voice gave heed, Till his hardened soul was left to sleep, As he who grieves the spirit of his God. Paternal love could not penetrate the night, And give to man a knowledge of the Good, And sadly the angelic bearer of the Light, Stood by the wretched body of its dead. It was the Lord who caused this sleep to fall Upon the helpless, flesh-bound soul of man, When from his dark, wronged nature, all That could love or be loved from life was gone. And God of Sundry's poverty is judge, Who does not condemn the Jew that casts him off, He knows the heart that to its God is liege, And condemns carelessness, but pities unbelief. As when Jacob's helplessness enkindles wrath, Against the bride that at first he sought, Whose patient love approaches death, Because life gives no offspring to the light she brought. But Jacob did not know that Rachel went to God To obtain the life her soul desired, That of reproach she took advice instead, And thus the Heavenly tree conceived. And of that which was taken from man's side, The Lord now makes a help for Adam's need; And the reproach from man's nature was removed When the Helpmeet was born, man's proffered aid. For of Himself, the Father makes a son, To the forgotten nature of the Good; And now a partner with her in flesh and bone, The voice itself declares whose offspring is the word. It is a man who proclaims the woman's erigen, And the reason that gave her nature name, While the mysterious now that dates their union, Declares ere this that they were not the same. But the Father did not know that woman stole The light that for man's nature was designed, And by her Faith received the words that fell, And thus the creating-voice conceived. For she had but partaken of the crumbs, That were scattered from her husband's feast, Though of that spark a Living Light becomes, And a kingdom was built on what was counted lost. The parent soul, an offspring of the voice, Was thus created a being of the dust, By Adam forsaking his forbidden House, And dwelling where he was taken from at first. And a root of the offspring of the dust Was engrafted with the Heavenly vine, Who came to be an helpmeet for the lost, And now fills the figures of the woman's son. Thus the voice of the dying Jacob blessed Him who was divided from his brethren; "The blessings of thy Father have prevailed, Above those that my progenitors have given." "To the utmost bound of the Everlasting Hills, Their benefits shall rest on Joseph's head," "And on its crown" even the voice that fills His silver cup with the discerning word. Woman was herself a child of dust, While man was born of a spiritual sire, But while he was in the maze of Evil lost, The Voice, man's own creating head, was born to her. And the maternal parent of the man Was the knowledge that the Evil nature bore, While the mother who for Adam bears a son, Was the light of all that was holy, good and pure. "No beast of the field that God had made" Was wise as he who made an helpmeet of himself, And brought to man a knowledge of the Good, Which was the secret of Eternal Life. Meanwhile the Law gives promise of another son, And it is foretold by the creating voice, That the man shall yet forsake his own, And become an offspring of the woman's house. Thus earth is wedded to its kindred Heaven; For in Adam the spirit and the dust unite, Who for an husband to Jacob's throne is given, A glimmering star, in a setting of its night. But as a sword that hath two edges, Is the Good and Evil joined in one; And he of Pergamos judges, Finds the voice of Evil warring with his own,

That because Adam left his forbidden House,

To become a partner with flesh and bone, Man should also in justice to the voice, Join that of his wife and forsake his own. Lo; still with jealous hate the voice of Wisdom, Denies to man's wronged and wretched life, The light that was first of darkness taken from, Unless he casts his paternal nature off, It is the revenged voice of Sarah, Driving her handmaid from the House of Life, Because the light was not honored by an eye That was blinded by doubt and unbelief. The offspring of the voice did man become as they Who have themselves their parent tree forsaken, Angry that the Helpmeet on his bosom lay, Ere she a bride into his arms was taken. Who knew not she was a promised wife, Who was to be his husband long denied, Till man became a stranger to the life, That was suited to the nature of his bride. Thus the Firstborn of the Maker's breath, Was made to abdicate his Father's throne, Who knew not that the beauty of the Woman's house Was but the departed glory of his own. Beneath this altar the first victims lie, Who were slain by the Divider's sword, And to Heaven slain for vengeance cry, On him by whom the subtle snare was laid. But he who takes the sword by it shall fall; As these were slain, so shall their slayer be, But these shall wait till Justice gathers all, Who shall fall victims of the Forbidden tree. Discerning wisdom was the priceless gift, That the prophetic voice had promised man, Who through unbelief rejected it, And left his birthright to the younger son. Man was the offspring of his Maker's breath; But this the noblest of his Father's house, Had lost the knowledge of his birth, And that he was an offspring of the voice. And when he cast his paternal nature off, He sold it for the knowledge of the Good, That he had lost through delay and unbelief, And could not have again restored. The Law was also taken in this snare, For Judah had compromised with Death, And the children that the rod would spare, Were those he found her pregnant with. All praise is due the Angel of Judah's line, "Whose works at last are more than at the first," But he who writes to Thyatira points his pen, At her whose shade on Judah's house is cast, For to obtain the light, man sleeps with Death, In obedience to his knowledge of the Good, And died as an offspring of the Maker's breath, By thus forsaking this paternal Head. And the arm of life was swallowed in the sea, While discerning Light discards her maid, And leaves their wronged deserted dust to die, The form that for which the Maker's breath was made. The spirit of him who rejects the Good And of him who rejects the bad are brethren; Both natures sprang from the same God, And Evil is but Wisdom's elder son; And the Father loved the elder best, The one the staff discerning Light, was built upon, Even as Isaac loved Esau the most, "Because he did eat of his son's venison." The breach in nature thus was closed, The Evil and the Good were joined as one, And man as hire for him he sold received The wealth of dust and spirit for his own. It was the Law who bade man cast his Head away, Who now as the woman yields the sword, A Rachel thus a knowledge of the Evil buy, And would for Reuben's mandrakes sell her Lord. To gain the light of life man sold his God, And gave his house into the woman's hand, Who to gain the light of Evil sold the Good, And Death became sole monarch of the land. But a few names in Sardinia yet remain, Whose garments are undefiled by hire, And their robes are yet without a stain Saith He who knows the heart and what its motives are. The hand of Evil loosened on the Earth, Chilling winds and biting frosts are stayed, The laborer no longer fought with Death, Though the fat of the land became his bread. Still a little strength and Heavenly faith, Is in the church of Philadelphia found, Though fast falling into the hands of death, Whose arms are now around her victim wound. Thus woman was enthroned in nature, And as a wife conceals her light from view, From present death her innocence protects her Who is the bride of Good and Evil too. And of the Tree that was for man designed, The woman thus obtained the fruit; Thus the Good was to the Evil joined, Or added to man his nature's need to meet. But as Evil and Good, "as cold and hot," The light of the Laodiceans cannot stand, "Their souls are fall, they hunger not," And the Tree is neglected in the land. This was Eden the home of innocence, Where care not want nor pain were known, But the price man paid was an offense, And for the broken Covenant he must atone. Lo; Jacob for the Lambs of Laban's flock, Now disregards the call of his Father's God, Till the day is done, and the night grows dark, Before he starts upon his homeward road. Thus he who should surely come while it was day, Waited 'till the brightness of his light was gone, And the knowledge lost by this delay, Was the only robe that man could call his own. For man's knowledge on his parent nature leant, He could forget the Evil, who forgot the Good, Except he died to him who could forget, Ere his nature's light had from his spirit fled. Here the forsaken Dust is seen to meet, And with his seeing children holds commune, While as Evil nor Good, in love nor hate, Each relates the wrong the other had done. Thus from nature the light of Good and Evil fades, And each hangs up a witness to its death, And save for the images that Rachel hides, A starless night obscures the glory of the Earth. Were they figures of the Holy Book, That now bears the impress of the Word; That from the House of Laban Rachel took, To supply her soul with Living Food?

The spoken word materialized,

Is an image on which man's hope must rest By his memory alone preserved, In forgetfulness its light would soon be lost. And they were figures of the spoken Word, That the woman in her breast concealed, Till she stood before an avenging God, And her hidden treasure was revealed. "Let him die, with whom thy Gods are found," The angry voice of Jacob blithely cries; But of her treasure the woman's heart is fond, And on the God of Jacob's mother she relies. The God of Abraham was Jacob's shield, And he bears record of that oath, Unconscious that he thus condemns a child Who trusts in him to save her soul from death. But the discarded bonimaid now turns back; The form of dust falls from the Spirit's side, On Earth a life-preserving salt to make To a nature both childless and widowed, And when an outcast in the wilderness, Hagar found "the well of Hims that seeth me," Where pity answered to her distress Whose wrong was the burden of her cry, A child of bondage born of wrong, That oppressed the mother's spirit sore, Thus was light to Wisdom from the Image wrung, The son that dust unto the spirit bore. As a handmaid to the House of Life, The dust is still pregnant to the Tree, And though a fallen and discarded wife, Her son shall an heir of her Master be. "In the presence of all his brethren," As the first Adam, Ishmael shall stand, By whom the light of Life from him was taken, Who in token wears the vengeful brand. His was the likeness that the tablets bore, Which were engraved on Sinai, Who fought their enemies with Heavenly Fire, And by reflected light bred the discerning eye. As when Sodom and Gomorrah fell, Thus were the Heaven and the Earth destroyed; But the fugitives avoid the mountain still, And are into the fowler's net decoyed. Where the daughters of the dust bring forth, Of their nature's blindness to the Parent Tree, Evidence that he that said, had spoken truth, "The day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Though to discerning Light, Adam was born, Who of himself for man an offering made, But Judah would not submit his younger son, To the embrace of the Evil Bride. Thus the woman's House was built upon the sand, Whose parent nature by compromise was lost, As Evil nor Good Wisdom could stand, And nature was even as it was at first. That which was Evil neutralized the Good, And nakedness devoured them both; The foundations of knowledge were destroyed, Whose shifting sands reveal Hell's open mouth. Well might the mother of the Promise laugh, The elements of Life's Temple were dissolved, And Death had captured Judah's staff, When the parent nature were betrayed. Like Rachel weeping for her children, "Nor would be comforted because they were not," Thus doth the Angel of the woman mourn, Over the desolation Death has wrought. Compressed Novel. 1854. Mortimer Mulchay comes to America. Works in a brickyard. Saves a few hundred dollars. Sends to old country for Arabella O'Shaughnessy, who comes over on first ship and is married to Mortimer. They live economically. Mortimer becomes a contractor. Amasses wealth. Goes to live in a fashionable quarter. Has no children of his own. Takes young girl named Georgiana McPelham into his family. Georgiana is a good girl. Repays the kindness of the Mulchays with tender devotion. Williamson Corker comes often to the house. Becomes enamored of Georgiana. Attachment reciprocated. They marry. Presents numerous and elegant. Two days afterward Mr. and Mrs. Mulchay are drowned in yacht. Williamson and Georgiana weep. They take possession of the Mulchay estate. No will found. Claimant from old country turns up in person of Mulchay's brother. Lawsuit. Brother wins suit. Turns the Corkers out. Permits them to take some old books and cheap keepsakes. Rolls in wealth. Williamson Corker poor. Struggles along for sixteen years. The Rev. Sam Jones comes to city. Williamson attends meetings. Becomes deeply excited. Goes home. Begins to read bible. Old family bible, formerly property of Mulchay. Folded paper found in book of Second Chronicles. "Georgiana, what document is this?" Document examined. Proves to be will of Mortimer Mulchay. Been in that family bible sixteen years. Gives all of his property to Georgiana. Another lawsuit. Triumph of Corkers. Moral lesson of story obvious. The end: THERE is a society lately formed in Japan called the "Roman Alphabet Association," and already it numbers many thousand persons. The Chinese alphabet, composed of about 40,000 characters, has been discarded, and the Roman alphabet, with some changes, substituted. As adopted by the Japanese, the alphabet consists of twenty-two letters. The consonants are taken at their English sounds, while the vowels are pronounced with the Italian accent. The laborious study required to become proficient in the Japanese language proves it to be too slow a medium for the acquisition of knowledge for this awakened and progressive people. All classes, but more particularly the wealthy, are exceedingly desirous of learning English. They highly appreciate the presence of so great a number of foreigners who are now engaged in teaching in that country, and pay liberally for the instruction given. Mr. Astor recently presented the Astor Library a fine copy of Ptolemy's Cosmography, edition of 1478, bound in green morocco, by Bedford. This is the earliest edition with maps, and shows how the land was supposed to lie a few years before the voyage of Columbus. It may indeed have been consulted by him before sailing out upon the Western Ocean.