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DAILY EVENING HERALD.

JAMES ALLEN, Editor.

Wednesday Evening, Oct. 12, 1853.

He who shall calmly sit down to prepare a formal definition of poetry, will find the authority of great names, for the support of any formula which he may propose. Each man has in his own mind, a well settled type of true poetry. To one, it is the hoarse thunder, or the rough raging sea—the majestic or the terrible;—to another, it is the softness of evening, or the murmur of the zephyr,—the beautiful and the gentle;—one has the type in the strange world without, while another finds it in the world yet more strange, within himself. And yet many, the taste of whom is the most delicate, and whose enjoyment of the pure strains of song amounts to a full rapture, are unable to compose a single stanza.

It has been the fond hope of many, who, if they do not aspire to the poetic mantle, yet love the harmony of numbers, and the "dance of words," that poetry would steadily advance in excellence, as the world grows aged. But critics and reviewers have seemed to decide differently: they tell us that the early periods of the world were the only ones pas-

sionate enough for poetry; that Science is hostile to its further progress;—and that now, the old machinery of the God's having exploded, a powerful element of poetry is forever gone.

If indeed Poetry cannot flourish except in the absence of science, then truly its death seal is set. But this we cannot believe. Science is only the knowledge of the true; and the proper province of poetry is also the knowledge of the same. It must be true to nature, true to human passion—true to itself. Some may dream their darksome dreams, and wake to chant in solemn tones, that unreal vision:—They may wander far into the ideal world, and select the choicest gems of that fairy land; but if they would have it live and last, it must all be laid at the feet of truth. It may dive to the very bottom of the ocean of thought, and bring up the choicest pearls; but they can only serve as ornaments for the bridal dress of truth. Science has reduced to order the confusion in the stars above us. No more is the 'milky-way' the path of angels.' But is there less that is poetic in the discovery, that each of these stars is the centre of a system of worlds, and that thus, throughout immensity, series upon series are revolving around others, and all about that common centre—the throne of God!

 To the polite express of Wells, Fargo & Co., we are indebted for the last number of the *Ache oh!* It contains nothing of interest, and the little pet seems to have spent his entire week (or rather weakness,) in an attempt to be witty at our expense. It is a wonderfully curious article, and for a long time we hesitated

reading it, for fear of its effect upon us if it was really *as funny as it looked*. Who would dare to read an article headed like this? only hear him, "There are times and seasons in the career of an Editor, when the bright scintillations of genius will involuntarily burst forth, like the 'lucid intervals' of a confirmed maniac." Good! What a happy thing 'twould be if the *ake* could once experience that lucid interval. But alas, 'twill never be! His *ball* is wound up, tangled, twisted so, that he's mad beyond recall. "Debauchery, Prostitution"—what on earth can the man mean? Our devil read it, and was so affected that drawing up his locomotive members, he whirled over the *wrong way*, and precipitating himself upon the floor, he nearly caused a young earthquake amid the fixings of the office. Now dont *black-ball* us in that way any more, and hereafter we promise you the charity you desire whenever you again attempt to come the "Paux Pas."

THE STEAMER OREGON.—The non-arrival of the mail steamer, is exciting considerable apprehension, and among other rumors, there is one which, if it should prove correct, will create an expression of indignation, which words will, we think, fail to express. The *Sun* says:

There is a rumor prevalent in this city that, that the non-arrival of the P. M. S. S. Co's Steamer Oregon, is due to the fact, that she has been detained by the Mexican authorities at Acapulco, for non-payment of the onerous and unjustifiable tonnage duties of that port.

We trust that such is not the case.— If, however, it be true, and if the Mexican chief is so determined to compel a war, that he totally disregards that pro-

protection which he knows our government intends to throw over its agents, then let it come, and we hope that this time a lesson may be taught him which a temporary absence will not again allow him to forget.

FINE STOCK.—We saw at Peirson's stable this morning, two of the finest pairs of matched horses that has probably crossed the plains this season. They are, we understand from Chicago, where they were used as fancy carriage horses. Being quite reduced in flesh owing to their long journey, they still show that life and spirit, which no hardship could scarcely break. We do not know what disposition Mr. Peirson intends to make of them, but they are probably for sale.

LILEXE ON US!—"Lilexe," in this mornings *Express* left off his *adhesion* and his *Hydraulics*, and is now down on us.

It would seem from his writings that "the galled jade winces;" for he charges us with being *personal* towards him—when in fact, until this morning, we were as ignorant of the author as a sucking babe. We only intended to give good advice to all mankind, using "Lilexe" articles as a text. If we have ignorantly trodden upon his *corns*, we can't help it. "Lilexe," like the Downieville *Echo*, thinks it a sin to make a *pun*, and therefore as usual with such people charges us with *blackguardism*. Well we can't help it, nor we would'nt if we could.—We have no desire to enter into *badinage* with any one, but when driven to it we will endeavor always to come out *first* best.

A "pun is a sin" "Lilexe" cries
It makes li laxe, laxe lies.

It makes li lexe, lexe lies.

'Tis a blackguard thing complains the *Echo*
 For *Echo* then says nought but Ache O!
 And *pun-gent* reasons we will confess
 Lilexe gives us through *Express*.
 But no rules of metre ever planned
 Will let their language e'er be *scanned*,
 For it is SCANT we really fear
 Of anything like an idea.
 But they'll be read, yes *red* in name,
 When ruddy with the crackling flame
 And having a sufficient pyre
 Their *light*, *may* set the world on fire.

THEATRE.—Notwithstanding Bulwer's admirable play, *Richelieu*, was promised last evening, still the attendance was rather poor. In spite, however, of adverse circumstances Mr. Waller sustained himself with his usual credit, and brought out the character with good effect. He is a man of superior talent, and an actor of great merit, but cannot have that opportunity to display his powers, that he would, if not obliged so frequently to trust to Providence or the prompter rather than to those supporting him, for a reply or an interrogatory. Both Mr. and Mrs. Waller were all that any critic could demand of them under the circumstances; for, to compliment any of those who appeared as if to sustain the other characters, (excepting of course Messrs. Wright and Heywood) would be but to "damn with faint praise."

The Farce was well performed, Mr. McCloskey, Mr. Wright, and Mr. A. Chapman enacting their parts well. Mrs. Waller was the very Lisette herself. Her singing was delightful, and her acting graceful and enchanting. This lady is always at home in any character she undertakes, and we doubt much whether she she has her equal on any of the boards in California.

☞ We would call the attention of our readers to the Races advertised in another column. There is beginning in this vicinity to be considerable interest manifested in matters of the turf, and our

friends at Grove Hall are making such arrangements as when carried out, will give as good, if not the best course there is in the country. The track is now in good order, but for fear of its being injured by the wet weather, it is to be ploughed and newly vamped, fenced and in all respects arranged in a superior order. There is no quicker way of throwing "dull care to the wind" than by a visit to Grove Hall.

 An uncalled for assault was made upon one of the proprietors of the El Dorado saloon last evening, resulting in his being considerably injured. Public opinion should frown down such barefaced and high-handed operations. We understand that the Mayor imposed, this morning, a heavy fine upon the offender.

 The *Union* gives the particulars with regard to the collision between the steamers Confidence and Antelope, which we have not space to admit to-day.

 "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." There is a drinking saloon in San Francisco called "Paradise." We'd like to taste "o' them are" spirits.

IMPORTANT, VERY.—A large shark was killed in the bay near Oakland, a few days since.

 The Atlantic mail will close at 6 o'clock to-morrow, (Thursday evening.)

STEAMER HERALD.—Our Steamer edition will be ready for delivery at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning.

 The *Golden Era* truthfully remarks:

Mr. Murdoch has "passed the fiery

Mr. Murdoch has "passed the fiery ordeal" of newspaper criticism, and has come out unscathed. Mr. Stark *may* be a very clever actor, but Mr. Murdoch never caused a New York Theatre to "dry up" after a "fitful fever" of "one night only." Mr. Stark's fame must be in a very precarious condition truly, if it is necessary for his "blowers" to detract from Mr. Murdoch's merits as an actor.

TWO INDIANS KILLED.—We learn that on Tuesday last two Indians were killed in the vicinity of Mill Seat Creek, by Mr. Mackley, son of the gentleman whose death we noticed last week. The Indians who were killed were friendly to the whites, and were in search of strayed cattle, but unfortunately they were not recognized as such by Mr. Mackley.—*Shasta Courier*.

 The American whaling fleet has probably commenced to rendezvous at the Sandwich Islands. A number of our citizens intend passing the winter at the Islands, as affording the most delightful and salubrious retreat in this part of the world.—*Advertiser*.

NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF THE PRESS.— "A journalist," said the great Napoleon, "is a grumbler, a censorer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets."