

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR.)

and the bewilderments of the human soul, the battles, conquests and victories of human life, the heralding of disgrace, defeat, renown and fame, the light and shadows of a sun bright day, the murky darkness of a stormy moon-light night, the sheen of the stars, on our beautiful Lake Michigan, the garnishment of the morning when the sun emerges from out the darkness dissipated waters—as seen from our bluff—the gorgeousness of sunsets, and of mountains crowned with everlasting snows, (as with garniture from the throne of the Almighty) all, all are His and thus He too is a true art worker, as His path lays in the line of the everlastingly pathetic, grand and beautiful, eternal in this that, with reverence be it spoken, the Almighty Himself was the first painter.

"Down through the ages, till Time's crown hoary
Twas He who painted each Autumn leaflets glory."

My time is limited, and I must hasten to close. I now come to speak of the fourth, and last of the arts, but it is pre-eminently the art which surpasses all the others, because it is incomparably the most symbolical, and expressive of them all. Need I name it, the art of poetry. Speech is its grand instrument, but, like the quality of mercy, it ever returns to bless its instrumentality, turning often human speech, into music. When requiring speech to express ideal beauty, poetry blends its own spirit into language, and makes it too, grand and idealistic. It gives language color, pathos and grandest modulation of sound, because from its own, full life it throws soul into otherwise dead words. The Poet has the most extended, the grandest of all realms, His sweep of thought and imagination, is with the past, and future eternity. The boundless realms of terrestrial nature, the stars and skies are his, his also, all the scope and possibilities of human life. Painting and sculpture are largely material, poetry vastly outmeasures them in its spiritual life, and boundless range of observation. It reflects sentiment like music, but with a power and variety which far outstrips it. In the high and wonderful quality of imagination, the Poet ranges in time and space immeasurably beyond all his competitors in art. Now think of it, how vast the range in the pursuit, first of all of the existence of beauty, and then the still wider scope, in the search after pure idealism. Imagination, God-like, wondrous faculty, it has no limit, no measure: in any one generation it can be applied to all things. The Poet's kingdom of the beautiful, by this power of facility, is wider than all the others. Dante in the light of the pit, with imagination, descends and paints Inferno. Milton takes the wings of the morning, and in his lofty flight sings of an undivided heaven, before the Luciferian fall. Shakspeare runs through much of all the alleys, and channels of human thought and poising midway creates, "cloud capt towers and gorgeous places" and anon in mystery bring back "per-turbed spirits." "To revisit the glimpses of the moon," "Lut to close and remain still at the threshold of this theme.

What a conjurer is poetry. Just think what a power it can give to words—soul to body—Think of it, a single word, sometimes, well chosen in poetic thought, is a transfiguration may become the most energetic universal and powerful, of all known symbols. Reflect on it again, what a world of images, thoughts, sentiments varied, profound, deep, confused, are excited by the words "My country 'tis of thee," "Home sweet home," or "Thou great Jehovah." Out of such as these, thoughts often come, vast, profound and for a poor limited human soul altogether too vast and overwhelming.

Thus see how the Poet is the superior of the Sculptor, the Painter, or the Musician. He by a fallsmatic stroke has the power to evoke alike all the forces of nature and the soul. He is the grandest of all magicians.

Take again as an illustration of the power of poetic thought in language, the force there is in the lamentations of David over Absalom; the prayer of Esther kneeling before the Lord; the gloriously triumphant song of Miriam. The wail of the children of Israel in Babylon. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" the burning words of Pergolesi in the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*; that finest of all song epics in human speech since Homer sang by Robert Burns: "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," or think of the depths of patriotism in the opening words of the Marseillaise. "To die for our country to die for liberty." This alone recited by Rachel and others has often produced the most terrific effect. In such words as these, thoughts become poetic thunderbolts. Every blow from them tells; under their recital the intellect advances, the heart rushes on, in their turn uprises floods of sentiment, and sentiment in its order becomes the mother of action. In fine, human speech idealized by poetry is the most powerful of forces. We now see that poetry is the one supreme art, unapproachable by all other arts, infinite, unique. It embraces all extremes, all contrarieties, all images, all sentiments, all ideas, all actions, all the human faculties; all the inmost recesses of the soul, all the forms of things, all real intelligent life, and all worlds.

If you want to know whether your grandmother was cross-eyed, or where your great uncle stood in his arithmetic class, just run for office, and you'll know it all.

The Chicago Times describes an office-holder as "collector of the port of Ararat, when Noah arrived there with his ark, and has uninterruptedly held office ever since."

A Jersey City lawyer was making a high-flown speech the other day, felling about angels' tears, weeping willows and tombstones, when his Honor said: "Confine your remarks to the dog fight."

A minister asked a tipsy fellow, leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go when he died. "If I can't get along any better than I do now," said he, "I shan't go anywhere. I'll stay where I am!"

THE WORDS WE USE.—It has been calculated that our language, including the nomenclature of the arts and sciences, contains 100,000 words; yet how few are in common use. To the great majority, even of educated men, three-fourths of these words are almost as unfamiliar as Greek or Choctaw. Strike from the lexicon all the words nearly obsolete—all the words of special arts or professions—all the words confined in their usage to particular locations—all the words which even the educated speaker uses only in homoeopathic doses—and it is astonishing into what a little volume your Webster, Worcester, or Johnson will have shrunk. It has been calculated that a child uses only about one hundred words; and unless he belongs to the educated classes, he will never employ more than three or four hundred.

An esteemed correspondent has handed us an interesting paper, which appears on our first page, reviewing the political history of the country, and deducing therefrom, and in view of recent Republican defeats, the transfer of Administrative power at the next presidential election to Democratic control.

The reasoning of the article, based as it is, upon the Patrick Henry doctrine of judging of "the future by the past," is, after all, to our mind, unsatisfactory and fallacious. In this age and nation, constant progression and the entire change in each decade of all surrounding and controlling circumstances, render these deductions unsafe ones from which to draw an inference, or upon which to erect a platform.

In our view, the main element of the opposition to the Republican party, is a reactionary and destructive one, not as our contributor believes, conservatism.

We have no space in which to discuss this question, and cheerfully publish the article, while not endorsing the sentiment.

Jenny June got a hat that turned up on one side, and her husband criticised it so severely that she wore her old bonnet when she went to see the Sphinx, and lo! it was the only one there. Everybody had on a new hat, and every one had it turned up high on the sides. Said her husband, "Good heavens! have all the women gone crazy?" "Yes," replied she, meekly, "and why can't I go crazy too?" "My dear," said he, "you may; it would be ridiculous to be the only sensible woman in the world." So hereafter she is going to wear her gray felt, turned up on one side, in peace.

We wish to call the attention of our readers, and particularly those contemplating the purchase of a home, to the advertisement in this paper of the three beautiful houses of Mr. S. C. Hotchkiss. Mr. H. is an accomplished architect and builder, and has given his personal effort to the planning and erection of these residences. The inducements he offers are rare, and will abundantly repay examination.

Waukegan, one of our northern suburbs, seems just now to be a grand centre for municipal litigants. The "Gage case" is just completed, and now come the authorities of our own city, seeking justice and certain unpaid license awards, at the hands of the local judiciary. At the time we go to press, these momentous matters are undecided, but are waited for with breathless suspense.

"My dear boy," said a fond aunt to a very fast-living nephew, "don't you know that in leading this irregular life you are shortening your days?" "It's quite possible that I may be shortening my days, but then look how I lengthen my nights," was the cool reply.

Auntie—"What is Nellie's nose for?" Nellie (doubtfully)—"To smell with." Auntie—"And what is Nellie's mouth for?" Nellie (cautiously)—"To eat with." Auntie—"And what are Nellie's ears for?" Nellie (confidently)—"Earrings."

There is no plural to Daddy Longlegs, as it's always been regarded as a singular creature.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

Home Advertisements.

ROYAL Insurance Company.

OF LIVERPOOL.

Assets 15 Million Dollars.

ANNUAL STATEMENT, JULY 1874.

United States Bonds.....	\$1,360,760 80
Cash in Bank at New York.....	141,449 77
Balance in hands of U. S. Agents.....	181,325 58
Total Assets in United States	\$1,683,536 16
Cash in Banks at Liverpool & Lyndon.....	386,985 94
Real Estate owned by Co.....	108,934 70
English Stocks Shares and Securities owned by Co.....	4,946,045 07
Loans to Towns, Township Corporations, Bonds and Mortgages, Interest, &c.....	6,775,991 84
Balance in hands of European Agts.....	543,975 8
Total Assets	\$15,445,469 52
Surplus as regards Fire Policy Holders, (after deducting unsettled Losses, Reserve Fund of Life Department, Reinsurance liability and all other liabilities.)	\$4,890,848 77

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Florist and Landscape Gardener!

All kinds of Green-house and Bedding Plants, at Low Prices.

Grounds Laid Out with Taste and Gardening Done in all its Branches.

HIGHLAND PARK.

FOR SALE,

ON HAZEL AVE. New and Complete in every respect, a House in
Ovo and Gothic Style of Architecture, containing nine rooms besides
Bath Room, Wash Room, Store Room; Alcove, five Closets, Brick Cellar,
Furnace Room with Furnace, hot and cold water above and below. Situated
on lot 150x300 feet, on same block with the new hotel; one and a
half blocks from depot. Price \$7,000. Time to suit responsible purchaser.

S. C. HOTCHKISS.

Owner, Architect and Builder.

FOR SALE

ON LAUREL AVENUE. A new eleven-room Swiss Gothic House
first-class in every respect, with modern improvements. Bath Room,
Gas Pipes, Furnace Pipes, Well, Cistern, &c., situated on lot 150x300 feet,
one and one-half blocks from Depot, three blocks from the lake, within a
block of two Churches, splendid view of the lake and city from tower of
house, (forty feet in height), large lawn and plenty of trees. Price \$8,500.
Good terms, long time, etc.

S. C. HOTCHKISS, Architect and Builder.

FOR SALE,

ON CENTRAL AVENUE. An ornamental Gabled House, with Balus
trade, Observatory, Deck, Bay Window, Portico, Verandah, Canopy, Bal-
cony, &c. House contains nine rooms, alcove, five closets, pantry, brick
cellar and foundation, situated on lot 75x200 ft. one block from Depot, one-
half block of Church, 3 1/2 blocks from Lake. Plenty of shade trees. Price
\$5,000; will take vacant property and some cash.

S. C. HOTCHKISS.

Owner, Architect and Builder.

(House can be ready for occupancy in 30 days.)