

THE JANUARY MAGAZINES.

"THE ATLANTIC." The January number of the Atlantic has the following table of contents:—"The Cathedral," "Among the Isles of Shoals," II; "Joseph and His Friends," I; "Il Giallo-Rospigliosi"; "The Study of History," "Americanism in Literature," "Nanhaught, the Deacon," "The Woman Thou Gavest with Me," "What to do with the Surplus," "Nearing the Snow-line," "Was he Dead?" "Under the Midnight Sun," II; "The Descent of Neptune to Aid the Greek," "By Horse-Car to Boston," and "Reviews and Literary Notices."

From the papers on "Americanism in Literature" we quote as follows:—"The highest aim of most of our literary journals has thus far been to appear English, except where some diverging experimentalist has said, 'Let us be German,' or 'Let us be French.' This was inevitable, as inevitable as a boy's imitations of Byron or Tennyson. But it necessarily implied that our literature must, during this epoch, be chiefly second-rate. We need to become national, not by any conscious effort, implying a deliberate and conscious strain, but by simply accepting our own life. It is not desirable to go out of one's way to be original, but it is to be hoped that it will lie in one's way. Originality is simply a fresh pair of eyes. You do not astonish the whole world, said Ruskin, tell the simple truth, it is easier to excuse a thousand defects in the literary man who proceeds on this faith than to forgive the one great defect of imitation in the purist who seeks only to be English. Whateer is inevitable as a boy's imitations is undoubtedly a wholesome figure to the mental eye; but will not twenty million copies of him do for the present?" We must pardon something to the spirit of liberty. We must run some risks, as an imitator, we are doing the effort to use our own limbs. Professor Edward Channing used to say that it was a bad sign for a college boy to write too well; that he was exuberant and inequalitarian. A nation which has but just begun to create a literature must sow some wild oats. The most tiresome vanguardism may be more hopeful than hypercriticism and spleen. The follies of the absurd spread-eagle orator may be far more promising, because they smack more of the soil, than the neat Londonism of the city editor who dissects him.

It is but a few years since we have dared to be American in even the details and accessories of our literary work; to make our allusions to nature or to objects of the world, to look for the classic and romantic on our own soil. This change began mainly with Emerson. Some of us can recall the bewilderment with which his verses on the humbler, for instance, were received, when the choice of subject seemed stranger than the words themselves. It was called "a foolish affectation of the familiar." Happily the illusion of distance forms itself rapidly in a new land, and the poem has now as serene a place in literature as "The Waste Land." The true cosmopolitan writer is not he who carefully deicides his work of everything occasional and temporary, but he who makes his local coloring forever classic through the fascination of the dream it tells. Reason, imagination, passion, are universal; but the sky, climate, costume, and even type of human character belong to some one spot alone till they find an artist potent enough to stamp their associations on the memory of the world. Whether his work be picture or symphony, legend or epic, of little moment. The spirit of the execution is all in all.

As yet we have hardly begun to think of the details of execution in any art. We do not aim at perfection in our details, in engineering, in much less in literature. In the haste of American life, much of our literary work is done at a rush, is something inserted in the odd moments of the engrossing pursuit. The popular preacher becomes a novel, the brilliant, perhaps, each and scissors to the compilation of a history; the same man must be a poet, wit, philanthropist, and genealogist. We find a sort of pleasure in seeing this variety of effort, just as the bystander of a street musician adjusts every joint in his body to a standard, and play a concerted piece with the whole of himself. To be sure, he plays each part badly, but it is such a wonder he should play them all! Thus, in our hurried and helter-skelter literature, the man brilliant, perhaps, his main work is well done, but his secondary work is slurred. The book sells, no doubt, by reason of the author's popularity in other fields; it is only the tone of our national literature that suffers. There is nothing in American life that can make concentration cease to be a virtue. Let a man choose his pursuit, and make all else court for recreation only. Goethe's advice to Eckermann is infinitely more important here than it ever was in Germany:—"Beware of dissipating your powers for a standard, to concentrate them. Genie, think it can't wait, ever it sees others doing, but it is sure to repent of every ill-judged outlay."

In one respect, however, this desultory activity is an advantage: it makes men look in a variety of directions, and the result of each sect in religion helps to protect us from some other sect, so every mental tendency is the limitation of some other. We need the English culture, but we do not need it more evidently than we need the German, the French, the Greek, the Oriental. In practical literature, the English contemporary models are not enough. There is an admirable vigor and heartiness, a direct and manly tone: King Richard still lives; but Saladin also had his fine sword-play; let us see him. There are the delicate French qualities, the atmosphere where literary art means fineness of touch. "On il n'y a point de decaresse, il n'y a point de decaresse. Un écrit ou ne se reconnoit que de la force et un certain feu sans éclat annonce que le caractère." But there is something in the English which seems to turn the fine edge of any very choice scymitar till it cuts Saladin's own fingers at last.

"HARPER'S." Turner Brothers & Co. send us Harper's Magazine for January, which has the following table of contents:—"Frederick the Great,"—II. The Double Marriage, with eight illustrations. "The Site of the National Capitol."—General Wager Swayne, with eight illustrations. "Lady Fortune."—Carl Spencer. "Beast, Bird, and Fish" (third paper).—Burt G. Wilder, with ten illustrations. "Paul Du Chaila Once More."—A. H. Guernsey, with eight illustrations. "Thunder-Struck."—D. R. Castleton. "The Wife of John Carver."—Jane G. Austin. "The Swift Messenger."—Carl Spencer. "A Brave Lady."—By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," with two illustrations. "The Leigh Hunt Memorial."—M. D. Conway, with a portrait of Leigh Hunt. "A Plain Statement of Facts."—Mrs. Frank McCarthy. "The Spanish Revolution."—Lyman Abbott. "Anteros."—By the author of "Guy Livingstone." "Miss Bridget's Christmas Box."—Frank H. Norton. "The Comic Side of Life."—George W. Bungay. "Editor's Easy Chair."—"Editor's Literary Record."—"Editor's Scientific Record."—"Editor's Historical Record."—"Editor's Drawer."

From the paper on Frederick the Great we quote the following sketch of the manner in which that prince was treated by his crazy father:—"Fritz had now attained eighteen years of age,

and Wilhelmina twenty-one. Fritz was very fond of music, particularly of his flute, upon which he played exquisitely, being, however, careful never to sound its notes without hearing of his father. A celebrated master from Dresden, by the name of Quantz, was his teacher. He came occasionally from Dresden and spent a week or two at Potsdam, secretly teaching the young prince. The mother of Fritz was in warm sympathy with her son, and sided with all ways in which he showed the intensity of his rage. Fritz had a favorite friend in the army, a young man of about his own age, Lieutenant Katté, who, when Fritz was with his music teacher, was stationed on the lookout, that he might give instant warning in case there were any indications of a plot against the king. His mother also was prepared, when Quantz was at Potsdam, promptly to despatch a messenger to her son in case she suspected his father of being about to turn his steps in that direction. Fritz, having thus established his confidence, was so much upon his father's mind, that he was obliged to retire to his room with his teacher, lay aside his tight-fitting Prussian military coat, which he detested, and called his shroud, draw on a very beautiful, flowing French dressing-gown of scarlet, embroidered with gold and decorated with lace and tassels, and with his hair dressed in the most fashionable style of the French court, surrender himself to the indulgence of his own luxurious tastes for sumptuous attire as well as for melodious sounds. He was thus one day in the height of his enjoyment, taking his landstine music lesson, when Lieutenant Katté came rushing into the room in the utmost dismay, with the announcement that the king was at the door. The wily and ever-suspicious monarch had stolen the march upon them. He was about to make his son a very unwelcome surprise visit. A bomb bursting in the room could scarcely have created a greater panic. Katté and Quantz seized the flutes and music-books and rushed into the woods, where they stood motionless with terror. Fritz threw off his dressing-gown, hurried on his military coat, and sat down at the table, affecting to be deeply engaged with his books. The king, frowning like a thunder-cloud, for he always frowned when he drew near, burst into the room, and with a look of the fiercest hair of his son "kindled the paternal wrath into a tornado pitch." The king had a wonderful command of the vocabulary of abuse, and was heaping epithets of vituperation upon the head of the prince when he caught sight of the dressing-gown behind a screen. He seized the glittering garment, and, with increasing outbursts of rage, crumpled it into the fire. Then searching the room, he collected all the French books, of which Fritz had quite a library, and sending for the bookseller near by, ordered him to take every volume away, and sell them for what they would bring. For more than an hour the king was thus raging, like a maniac, in the apartment of his son. Fortunately he did not look into the wardrobe, where he stood both Katté and Katté would have been terribly beaten, even had they escaped being sent immediately to the scaffold.

THE SAN JOAQUIN TRAGEDY.
Five Men Murdered—Robbery the Probable Cause—A Ghastly Spectacle.
The Stockton (Cal.) Republican, of December 11, has the following particulars of one of the most awful tragedies ever committed on the Pacific coast:—"About 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, information was received at the offices of the Sheriff and Coroner of this city that a wholesale murder of the most horrible character had been committed on Thursday night, on the old Mokolune road, about two and a half miles above San Joaquin, and in a short distance from Douglas place, near the Calaveras river, and distant from the city about twenty miles. "The butchery took place at the house of Frank Medina, an Italian, who has for some years past kept a store at the point above mentioned. During the early part of Thursday evening, persons passing the house heard considerable noise and confusion within, but presumed it was a drunken row, and no attempt was made to enter. Later in the night all became quiet, and no one seemed to have been entertained that a horrible crime had been committed. Yesterday morning people in the vicinity saw no one astir about Medina's store. For a time no notice was taken of this strange occurrence, and away and still no sign of life manifested itself about the premises, curiosity, and then suspicion began to be felt, and at last it was resolved to visit the house and ascertain the reason for the unusual quiet which prevailed. Reaching the house, a scene of confusion presented itself. The contents of the store lay about the floor in a damaged and disordered condition, and the whole interior of the room gave evidence of contention and struggle. Still, while there was every indication that the place had been the scene of violence and outrage, there was no blood or bodies, dead or living, to be found. It was not known who or how many persons had been in the store the evening before, and a search was immediately begun to discover, if possible, what had become of Medina and his clerk, both of whom were known to have been on the premises the evening before. A few minutes' search sufficed, for in the gulch, about 400 yards in the rear of the store, were found the bodies of Medina and his clerk, lying in a heap. They were the remains of Frank Medina, the owner of the store, the clerk, two Mexicans, and a colored man. It is said that they had all been gagged, and had their hands tied behind them. Medina, his clerk, and the two Mexicans had been shot through the head, and the colored man's throat was cut from ear to ear. Soon after finding the bodies a messenger was despatched to the city with the information, immediately upon the receipt of which Coroner Bond and two Deputy Sheriffs started for the scene of blood, the Coroner to hold an inquest on the bodies and the officers to seek some clue to the perpetrators of the bloody tragedy. There can be no reason assigned for this wholesale slaughter, except that of robbery. Medina was robbed at the same place some years ago, and compelled by the robbers to promise not to take steps for their arrest, and it is more than probable he has met his death at the hands of some of the gang, at least of the gang who robbed him at that time. He has been engaged in trading at the scene of his death for several years, and was known to have saved a considerable sum of money. Within a fortnight, two men were murdered in the night and the other two in the day, on the same road, within twelve miles of the city, and now we have another tragedy, more bloody in character, but similar in execution and object, on another road, but in the immediate vicinity of our city. A few days since, a man convicted of a state robbery at Los Angeles, told that there existed an organized band of robbers whose field of operations extended from Yreka to San Diego. His statement was hardly credited at the time, but the many robberies and murders occurring from one end of the State to the other would seem to imply that he was telling the truth. Certainly there is evidence of system and organization among the perpetrators of the many bloody murders which have startled the people of this county so recently. It is high time our citizens were taking prompt and active measures for the capture of the ruffian band who are butchering citizens almost in the very portals of the Sheriff's office. If the officers—the sworn executors of the laws—are incompetent for the last year, and if it will compel the people to take the law in their own hands and rid the country of the desperate characters who now imperil their lives and property."

Frank Medina came to this county from Santa Cruz county three or four years ago, and it is conjectured that he may have recognized some of the band who murdered him as old offenders and members of some of the organized bands of outlaws which existed, and probably still exist, in Monterey and Santa Cruz counties, and that after robbing they killed him to prevent exposure. It is also conjectured that the original

intention was not to kill the five men or any of them, and this is why they were found bound and gagged, but that during the progress of the robbery some one of the victims recognized one of the robbers, and unfortunately made known the fact, then, to prevent discovery, it was decided to murder the whole party. There are many other theories offered, all of them more or less probable, but all wanting in evidence. The coroner's inquest may develop evidence furnishing the officers a clue by which they may pursue the perpetrators of this bloody deed and bring them to a speedy expiation of their crimes.

CHRISTMAS IN NEW YORK.
Ritualistic Franks—The Midnight Mass at St. Alban's.
The Christmas Eve doings at St. Alban's Episcopal Church, in New York, were quite up to the extreme ritualistic mark. During the whole of the day before Christmas, says the New York Tribune, earnest members of the church had been busy decking it in its Christmas garb of flowers and evergreens; in fact, for a week past, several members of the Society of St. Alban's have been rusticated in Connecticut for the purpose of gathering evergreens and converting them into wreaths, garlands, festoons, crosses, and various other emblems. The coup d'oeil, on entering the church, was certainly we can not say accomplished in a small building, and the decorations had this great merit, that they were not only arranged in excellent taste, but with an eye to the ecclesiastical. From the eight beams which supported the roof, festoons of evergreens and festoons corresponding with the architectural lines. Over each of the windows were sacred texts and ecclesiastical emblems of various devices worked in evergreens. The pulpit was also beautifully decorated, as in the case of the altar, with garlands and festoons of choice flowers. On the floor of the sanctuary, at either angle of the altar, stood a large illuminated vase, containing a pyramidal bouquet of the choicest and rarest exotics, of great beauty and variety. In the center of the altar were two very large fan-shaped bouquets, equally costly and rare. The altar itself was a perfect blaze of light, having more than sixty lights about and around it. Precisely at 8 o'clock the notes of the Adagio were heard, and the organ, and the procession entered the church, consisting of the crucifer, in purple cassock and laced cotta; two deacons, in scarlet cassocks and cottas, carrying lighted tapers; thurifer, incense and boat bearers, and a choir of boys, singing solemnly the choir, in blue cassocks and surplices; several priests, and lastly, the sub-deacon, deacon, and celebrant. When all had taken their seats in the choir, the first solemn vesper of the festival were rendered; at the termination of which Father Morrill, the rector, ascended the pulpit and preached on "The Altar Our Bethlehem," taking as his text, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass." St. Luke ii, 15. At the conclusion of this address, which was listened to by the crowded congregation with the most profound attention, Father Morrill, vested in a magnificent silver satin cope, heavily trimmed with real gold fringe, approached the altar, attended by the acolytes and incense bearers, and immediately the organ, playing of Perleau's "Magnificat" echoed through the nave, incense being at the same time offered by the officiant. At its conclusion, the choir retired, singing "All My Heart" as a recessional. At midnight, the choir again entered the church in blue cassocks and surplices; several priests, and lastly, the sub-deacon, deacon, and celebrant. When all had taken their seats in the choir, the first solemn vesper of the festival were rendered; at the termination of which Father Morrill, the rector, ascended the pulpit and preached on "The Altar Our Bethlehem," taking as his text, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass." St. Luke ii, 15.

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The Stockton (Cal.) Republican, of December 11, has the following particulars of one of the most awful tragedies ever committed on the Pacific coast:—"About 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, information was received at the offices of the Sheriff and Coroner of this city that a wholesale murder of the most horrible character had been committed on Thursday night, on the old Mokolune road, about two and a half miles above San Joaquin, and in a short distance from Douglas place, near the Calaveras river, and distant from the city about twenty miles. "The butchery took place at the house of Frank Medina, an Italian, who has for some years past kept a store at the point above mentioned. During the early part of Thursday evening, persons passing the house heard considerable noise and confusion within, but presumed it was a drunken row, and no attempt was made to enter. Later in the night all became quiet, and no one seemed to have been entertained that a horrible crime had been committed. Yesterday morning people in the vicinity saw no one astir about Medina's store. For a time no notice was taken of this strange occurrence, and away and still no sign of life manifested itself about the premises, curiosity, and then suspicion began to be felt, and at last it was resolved to visit the house and ascertain the reason for the unusual quiet which prevailed. Reaching the house, a scene of confusion presented itself. The contents of the store lay about the floor in a damaged and disordered condition, and the whole interior of the room gave evidence of contention and struggle. Still, while there was every indication that the place had been the scene of violence and outrage, there was no blood or bodies, dead or living, to be found. It was not known who or how many persons had been in the store the evening before, and a search was immediately begun to discover, if possible, what had become of Medina and his clerk, both of whom were known to have been on the premises the evening before. A few minutes' search sufficed, for in the gulch, about 400 yards in the rear of the store, were found the bodies of Medina and his clerk, lying in a heap. They were the remains of Frank Medina, the owner of the store, the clerk, two Mexicans, and a colored man. It is said that they had all been gagged, and had their hands tied behind them. Medina, his clerk, and the two Mexicans had been shot through the head, and the colored man's throat was cut from ear to ear. Soon after finding the bodies a messenger was despatched to the city with the information, immediately upon the receipt of which Coroner Bond and two Deputy Sheriffs started for the scene of blood, the Coroner to hold an inquest on the bodies and the officers to seek some clue to the perpetrators of the bloody tragedy. There can be no reason assigned for this wholesale slaughter, except that of robbery. Medina was robbed at the same place some years ago, and compelled by the robbers to promise not to take steps for their arrest, and it is more than probable he has met his death at the hands of some of the gang, at least of the gang who robbed him at that time. He has been engaged in trading at the scene of his death for several years, and was known to have saved a considerable sum of money. Within a fortnight, two men were murdered in the night and the other two in the day, on the same road, within twelve miles of the city, and now we have another tragedy, more bloody in character, but similar in execution and object, on another road, but in the immediate vicinity of our city. A few days since, a man convicted of a state robbery at Los Angeles, told that there existed an organized band of robbers whose field of operations extended from Yreka to San Diego. His statement was hardly credited at the time, but the many robberies and murders occurring from one end of the State to the other would seem to imply that he was telling the truth. Certainly there is evidence of system and organization among the perpetrators of the many bloody murders which have startled the people of this county so recently. It is high time our citizens were taking prompt and active measures for the capture of the ruffian band who are butchering citizens almost in the very portals of the Sheriff's office. If the officers—the sworn executors of the laws—are incompetent for the last year, and if it will compel the people to take the law in their own hands and rid the country of the desperate characters who now imperil their lives and property."

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SPECIAL NOTICES.
NOTICE.—REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COKE.—The price of Coke has been reduced to eight cents per bushel, at the Market Street and Spring Garden Gas Works, and to seven cents per bushel at Point Breeze and Manayunk Works. Orders may be left at the different Works, or at the Office, No. 30 S. SEVENTH STREET.
THOMAS R. BROWN, Engineer.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26, 1869.
PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD CO., OFFICE, No. 227 S. FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22, 1869.
DIVIDEND NOTICE.
The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed on FRIDAY, the 1st instant, and reopened on TUESDAY, January 11, 1870.
A dividend of FIVE PER CENT. has been declared on the Preferred and Common Stock, clear of National and State taxes, payable in CASH, on and after January 17, 1870, to the holders thereof as they shall stand registered on the books of the Company on the 31st instant. All payable at this office. All orders for dividend must be witnessed and stamped.
S. BRADFORD, Treasurer.

THE ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA, Company's Building, No. 409 WALNUT STREET, Dec. 24, 1869.
NOTICE.—The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COMPANY will be held on MONDAY, the 10th day of January next, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the office of the Company, No. 409 Walnut Street.
An election for Twelve Directors to serve the ensuing year will be held on the same day, at the same place, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 12 o'clock P. M.
ALEX. W. WISTER, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS, No. 30 S. SEVENTH STREET, Dec. 23, 1869.
The holders of the SIX per Cent. Gas Loans, No. 7, due January 1, 1870, are hereby notified that the Cert