



HOME AND ABROAD.

SECOND SERIES

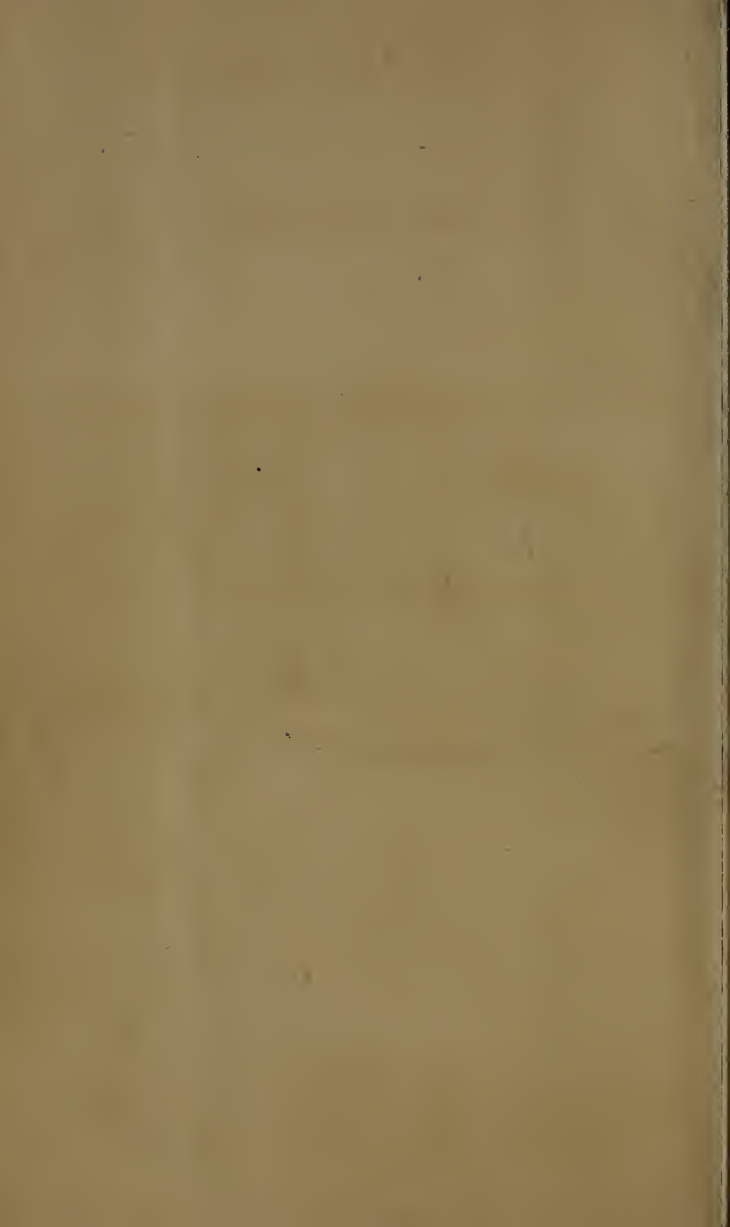
BAYARD TAYLOR.



California Trees

NEW YORK: G. E. PUTNAM

1852.



# AT HOME AND ABROAD:

A SKETCH-BOOK

OF

LIFE, SCENERY AND MEN

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Second Series.



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# AT HOME AND ABROAD.

## SECOND SERIES

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### I.

#### A COUNTRY HOME IN AMERICA.

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##### 1.—HOW I CAME TO BUY A FARM.

IN the first place, it runs in the blood. If there is any law I believe in, it is that of the hereditary transmission of traits, qualities, capacities, and passions. My father *is* a farmer; my grandfather *was*, and his father before him, and his, and his again, to the seventh ancestor, who came over in one of William Penn's vessels, and immediately set about reducing the superfluous sylvanism of that Apostle's *Sylvania*. If I could brush away the clouds which hang about this portion of the genealogical tree, I have no doubt but that I should find its trunk striking through cottages or country halls for some centuries further; and that "Roger, (*ob.* 1614,) the son of Thomas, the son of Roger," who wore the judicial ermine upon his escutcheon, had his favorite country-house in the neighborhood of London.

The child that has tumbled into a newly-ploughed furrow never forgets the smell of the fresh earth. He thrives upon it as the butcher's boy thrives upon the steam of blood, but a healthier apple-red comes into his cheeks, and his growing muscle is subdued in more innocent pastimes. Almost my first recollection is that of a swamp, into which I went bare-legged at morning, and out of which I came, when driven by hunger, with long stockings of black mud, and a mask of the same. If the child was missed from the house, the first thing that suggested itself, was to climb upon a mound which overlooked the swamp. Somewhere, among the tufts of the rushes and the bladed leaves of the calamus, a little brown ball was sure to be seen moving, now dipping out of sight, now rising again, like a bit of drift on the rippling green. It was my head. The treasures I there collected were black terrapins, with orange spots, baby frogs the size of a chestnut, thrush's eggs, and stems of purple phlox.

I cannot say that my boyish experience of farmwork was altogether attractive. I had a constitutional horror of dirty hands, and my first employments—picking stones and weeding corn—were rather a torture to this superfine taste. But almost every field had its walnut tree, and many of the last year's nuts retained their flavor in the spring; melons were planted among the corn, and the meadow which lay between never exhausted its store of wonders. Besides, there were eggs to hide at Easter; cherries and strawberries in May; fruits all summer, fishing-parties by torch-light; lobelia and sumac to be gathered, dried, and sold for pocket-money; and in the fall chestnuts, persimmons, wild

grapes, cider, and the grand butchering after frost came—so that all the pleasures I knew were those incidental to a farmer's life. The books I read came from the village library, and the task of helping to "fodder" on the dark winter evenings was lightened by the anticipation of sitting down to Gibbon's Rome, or Thaddeus of Warsaw, afterwards. To be sure, I sometimes envied the store-keeper's boy, whom I had once seen shovelling sugar out of a hog's-head, and who now and then stealthily dipped his hand into the raisin-box; but it is not in the nature of any child to be perfectly satisfied with his lot.

A life of three years in a small country town effectually cured me of all such folly. When I returned to the homestead as a youth, I first felt the delight and the refreshment of labor in the open air. I was then able to take the plough-handle, and I still remember the pride I felt when my furrows were pronounced even and well turned. Although it was already decided that I should not make farming the business of my life, I thrust into my plans a slender wedge of hope that I might one day own a bit of ground, for the luxury of having, if not the profit of cultivating it. The aroma of the sweet soil had tintured my blood; the black mud of the swamp still stuck to my feet.

It happened that, adjoining my father's property, there was an old farm, which was fast relapsing into a state of nature. Thirty or forty years had passed since the plough had touched any part of it. The owner, who lived upon another estate at a little distance, had always declined to sell—perhaps for the reason that no purchaser could be found to offer an encouraging price. Left thus to herself,

Nature played all sorts of wild and picturesque pranks with the property. Two heaps of stones were all that marked the site of the house and barn; half a dozen ragged plum and peach trees hovered around the outskirts of the vanished garden, the melancholy survivors of all its bloom and fruitage; and a mixture of tall sedge-grass, sumacs, and blackberry bushes covered the fields. The hawthorn hedges which lined the lane had disappeared, but some clumps of privet still held their ground, and the wild grape and scarlet-berried celastrus clambered all over the tall sassafras and tulip-trees.

Along the road which bounded this farm on the east stood a grove of magnificent oaks, more than a hundred feet in height. Standing too closely to permit of lateral boughs near the earth, their trunks rose like a crowded colonnade clear against the sky, and the sunset, burning through, took more gorgeous hues of orange and angry crimson. Knowing that if the farm were sold, those glorious trees would probably be the first to fall, and that the sunset would thereby for me lose half its splendor, I gradually came to contemplate them with the interest which an uncertain, suspended fate inspires. At the foot of the oaks, on the border of the field, there was an old, gnarled mother-pine, surrounded by her brood of young ones, who, always springing up in the same direction, from the fact that the seeds were scattered by the nor'west winds, seemed to be running off down the slope, as if full-fledged and eager to make their way into the world. The old pine had an awful interest to me as a boy. More than once huge black snakes had been seen hanging from its

boughs, and the farm-hands would tell mysterious stories of an old mother-serpent, as long as a fence-rail and as swift as a horse. In fact, my brother and I, on our way to the peach-trees, which still produced some bitter-flavored fruit, had more than once seen snakes in our path. On a certain occasion, as my memory runs, I chased the snake, while he ran away. *His* story is, that he chased and I ran—and the question remains unsettled to this day.

In another wood of chestnuts, beyond the field, the finest yellow violets were to be found; the azaleas blossomed in their season, and the ivory Indian-pipe sprang up under the beech-trees. Sometimes we extended our rambles to the end of the farm, and looked down into the secluded dells beyond the ridge which it covered: such glimpses were like the discovery of unknown lands. How far off the other people lived! How strange it must be to dwell continually down in that hollow, with no other house in sight! But when I build a house, I thought, I shall build it up on the ridge, with a high steeple, from the top of which I can see far and wide. That deserted farm was to me like the *Ejuxria* of Hartley Coleridge, but my day-dreams were far less ambitious than his. If I had known then what I learned long afterwards, that a tradition of buried treasure still lingers about the old garden, I should no doubt have dug up millions in my imagination, roofed my house with gold, and made the steeple thereof five hundred feet high.

At last came the launch into the world—a slide, a plunge, a shudder, and the ship rides the waves. Absence, occupation, travel, substituted realities for dreams, and the farm, if not forgotten, became a very subordinate object in



the catalogue of things to be attained. Whenever I visited the homestead, however, I saw the sunset through its grating of forest, and remembered the fate that still hung suspended over the trees. Fifty years of neglect had given the place a bad name among the farmers, while Nature, as if delighted to recover possession, had gone on adorning it in her own wild and matchless way. I looked on the spot with an instructed eye, and sighed, as I counted up my scanty earnings, at the reflection that years must elapse before I could venture to think of possessing it. My wish, nevertheless, was heard and remembered.

In July, 1853, I was on the island of Loo-Choo. Returning to the flag-ship of the squadron one evening, after a long tramp over the hills to the south of Napa-Kiang, in a successful search for the ruins of the ancient fortress of Tima-gusku, I was summoned by the officer of the deck to receive a package which had been sent on board from one of the other vessels. Letters from home, after an interval of six months without news! I immediately asked permission to burn a lamp on the orlop-deck, and read until midnight, forgetting the tramp of the sentry and the sounds of the sleepers in their hammocks around me. Opening letter after letter, and devouring, piece by piece, the banquet of news they contained, the most startling, as well as the most important communication, was—the old farm was mine! Its former owner had died, the property was sold, and had been purchased in my name. I went on deck. The midwatch had just relieved the first: the night was pitch dark, only now and then a wave burst in a flash of white phosphoric fire. But, as I looked westward over the

stern-rail, I saw the giant oaks, rising black against the crimson sunset, and knew that they were waiting for me—that I should surely see them again.

Five months afterwards I approached home, after an absence of nearly two years and a half. It was Christmas Eve—a clear, sharp winter night. The bare earth was hard frozen; the sun was down, a quarter-moon shone overhead, and the keen nor'west wind blew in my face. I had known no winter for three years, and the bracing stimulus of the cold was almost as novel as it was refreshing. Presently I recognized the boundaries of *my property*—yes, I actually possessed a portion of the earth's surface! After all, I thought, possession—at least so far as Nature is concerned—means simply *protection*. This moonlit wilderness is not more beautiful to my eyes than it was before; but I have the right, secured by legal documents, to preserve its beauty. I need not implore the woodman to spare those trees: I'll spare them myself. This is the only difference in my relation to the property. So long as any portion of the landscape which pleases me is not disturbed, I possess it quite as much as this.

During these reflections, I had reached the foot of the ridge. A giant tulip-tree, the honey of whose blossoms I had many a time pilfered in boyhood, crowned the slope, drooping its long boughs as if weary of stretching them in welcome. Behind it stood the oaks, side by side, far along the road. As I reached the first tree the wind, which had fallen, gradually swelled, humming through the bare branches until a deep organ-bass filled the wood. It was a hoarse, yet grateful chorus of welcome—inarticulate, yet


intelligible. "Welcome, welcome home!" went booming through the trees, "welcome, our master and our preserver! See, with all the voice we can catch from the winds, we utter our joy! For now there is an end to fear and suspense: he who knows us and loves us spreads over us the shelter of his care. Long shall we flourish on the hill: long shall our leaves expand in the upper air: long shall our grateful shadows cover his path. We shall hail his coming from afar: our topmost boughs will spy him across the valleys, and whisper it to the fraternal woods. We are old; we never change; we shall never cease to remember and to welcome our master!"

So the trees were first to recognize me. Listening to their deep, resonant voices, (which I would not have exchanged for the dry rattle of a hundred-league-long forest of tropical palms,) I was conscious of a new sensation, which nothing but the actual sight of my own property could have suggested. I felt like a tired swimmer when he first touches ground—like a rudderless ship, drifting at the will of the storm, when her best bower takes firm hold—like a winged seed, when, after floating from bush to bush, and from field to field, it drops at last upon a handful of mellow soil, and strikes root. My life had now a *point d'appui*, and, standing upon these acres of real estate, it seemed an easier thing to move the world. A million in bank stock or railroad bonds could not have given me the same positive, tangible sense of *property*.

When I walked over my fields (yes—actually *my* fields!) the next day, this sensation returned in an almost ridiculous excess. "You will of course cut down that ugly old tree,"



said some one. It impressed me very much as if I had been told: "That chapter in your book is inferior to the others—tear it out!" or, "Your little finger is crooked· have it amputated!" Why, even the sedge-grass and sumacs—how beautiful they were! Could I ever make up my mind to destroy them? As for the cedars, the hawthorn, the privet, the tangled masses of climbing smilax—no, by the bones of Belshazzar, they shall stand! "This field will not be worth much for grain." Well—what if it isn't? "Everything is wild and neglected—it wants clearing, sadly." Everything is grand, beautiful, charming: there is nothing like it! So ran the course of remark and counter-remark. I did not suffer my equanimity to be disturbed; was I not sole owner, appellator, and disposer of all? Nor did the trees appear to be sensible of the least fear. They leaned their heads against one another in a sort of happy, complacent calm, as if whispering: "It's all right: let us enjoy the sunshine; he'll take care of us!"

Yes, one cannot properly be considered as a member of the Brotherhood of Man, an inhabitant of the Earth, until he possesses a portion of her surface. As the sailors say, he *stays*, he don't actually *live*. The Agrarians, Communists, Socialistic Levellers, and Flats of all kinds, are replenished from the ranks of the non-owners of real estate. Banks break; stocks and scrips of all kinds go up and down on the financial see-saw; but a fee-simple of solid earth is  THERE! You see it, you feel it, you walk over it. It is yours, and your children's, and their progeny's (unless mortgaged and sold through foreclosure) until the Millennium.

And this is how I came to buy a Farm.

## 2.—“FREE SOIL.”

“FOR and in consideration of the sum of — dollars, good and lawful money of the state of —, I, the aforesaid A. B., do hereby convey and transfer to the aforesaid C. D., etc. etc., his heirs, executors, or assignees, all my right, title, and interest in the aforesaid messuage and tract of land,” etc., etc. The signatures, duly witnessed, the declaration of the wife, alone in the presence of the magistrate, that she had signed the deed of her own free will, without compulsion on the part of her husband, even the note of registry in the Registrar’s office of — county, were all there. The stiff phrases and redundant tautology of the law, once so absurd, now seemed highly exact and appropriate. Ought not the casket which holds my property to be so thoroughly wrapped and cemented, that not a rat shall find a hole to creep through? Certes, fifty folios were not too much to secure my right of possession! Let all the synonyms in the English language be exhausted—so much the better. Mrs. Browning tells somebody to say to her: “‘Love me, love me, love me,’ in silver iteration,” and what is true of one kind of love, is true of all kinds. If the deed had simply stated that C. D. had “bought” the land of A. B., I do not think I should have been satisfied. But this luscious lingering upon the circumstance, ringing it over and over upon all words which had a remote approach to the meaning—conveyed, transferred, made over, disposed of, invested with, deeded to, granted, given, empowered—what fulness and richness, what vitality and certainty it gave to the act!

I repeat it, the only positive property is real estate. Not only in imagination, but also in fact. You may hold in your hand a hundred thousand dollars in bank-notes; a sudden puff of wind surprises you, and whisk! away they go. Or you may fall into the water, and they are reduced to a worthless pulp—or the house burns down, and your notes, and jewels, and mortgages, are consumed with it. But who ever heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter? Did any man ever see a counterfeit farm? The market value of land may fluctuate considerably, but, unless Nature is subjected to violence and outrage, its intrinsic value never varies. It always possesses the same capabilities, if not the same qualities.

There is one feature at least—and, to me, not the least important—wherein the bleakest barren is equal to the most bountiful intervale. Within its limits the proprietor is sovereign lord. He may build, tear down, excavate, fill up, plant, destroy, or do whatever else he will. Yea, he may even (in our own country) write, speak, proselytize, establish a new religious sect, adopt another form of government—provided he still pays his taxes—and in every other way, compatible with the rights of his neighbors, give free play to the eccentricities of his individual nature.

I, at least, in receiving the deed, determined that my land should be "Free Soil." Free to myself, free to my friends, free to all the world,—with certain restrictions to be hereinafter specified. Before proceeding to these, let me note another feature of human nature, which, as *homo sum*, could not have failed to present itself without constituting

me a highly exceptional person. I forget whether it was on the first, second, or third visit I made to the old farm, (I believe I went every day for the first week,) when my satisfaction received a check. The ridge running through the property is the highest in the neighborhood, with the exception of one immediately to the north, which conveniently protects it from the cold winds of winter. My own ridge, therefore, commands an extensive view over the regions to the east, south, and west. Through the inlets of cedar-besprinkled lawn between the triple groves, I caught lovely glimpses of other valleys, between me and the distant purple hills. A line of post-and-rail was drawn across the middle ground of each picture—it was my line fence! There my sovereignty ceased.

My previous sense of possession, "This is mine," was immediately displaced by the unreasonable longing: "If all that were only mine!" Like the Frenchman, who, sitting down to a crust of bread and a cup of water, and being unexpectedly presented with a bottle of wine, growled, "*Peste! vin ordinaire!* you might have given me Burgundy!"—or the child who gets an apple and then cries because he can't have six, I now wanted to feel myself the owner of all the land within the range of vision. My possession was incomplete—it was only *part of a landscape*. Those forests which now so beautifully feather the distant hills may be destroyed at the will of another. I have no power to preserve them. How fortunate are those large landholders in England, who can ride thirty miles in a straight line through their own property! They can mount the highest hill, and all which the rounded sky incloses.

belongs to them—stream, forest, meadow, mountain, village, mills, and mines!

But presently an inner voice whispered: "Great estates are a curse. They flatter the selfish pride of one man, that a thousand others may be homeless. You, who rejoice in the soil you have just achieved, finding therein a better right to residence on the earth, would you crowd out others from the same privilege? You, with your fields and groves, would you grudge the laborer his single acre, or yonder farmer his hill-sides, made dearer to him by the labors of his fathers for a hundred and fifty years? Have you not soil enough for the exercise of your coveted freedom? Were all the land yours, to the furthest hill, you would stand upon that, and extend your wishes to the next horizon. He has enough who makes a wise use of his property. Beware! for there have been those, who, not satisfied with ten thousand acres, were reduced to seek contentment at last in six feet of earth!"

Besides, I thought, this is but the *outside* of my farm. Possession is not merely the superficial area: it extends, legally, to the centre of the earth. I own, therefore, a narrow strip of territory nearly four thousand miles in length! Truly I cannot travel to the end of my dominion; what of that?—I have no desire to do so. And above me, the seas of blue air, the dark, superimposing space—all is mine, half-way to the nearest star, where I join atmospheres with some far-off neighbor! The scattered clouds, as they pass over, the rain, the rainbow, lightnings and meteoric fires, become my temporary chattels. Under my feet, what unknown riches may not exist!—beds of precious minerals, geodes



of jewels, sparry caverns, sections of subterranean seas, and furnaces heated from the central fire! This is wealth which, indeed, would not be received as collateral security for a loan, but it is therefore none the less satisfactory to the imagination.

Standing, once, on the lawn at Farringford, I congratulated Alfred Tennyson on the beauty of *his* view across the Solent, to the blue, wavy outline of the New Forest. "Yes," he answered, "but it wants another feature—three summits of perpetual snow, yonder!" pointing to the north-west. To make my landscape complete, not only those three peaks are required, (also in the northwest,) but a lake or a river in one of the intervening valleys. Until I can procure them, I construct temporary Alps from the masses of sun-gilded cumuli which settle along the western horizon, and flatter myself that I shall be able to see a distant river from the top of my future house. The changes of the atmosphere—the shifting of some prevailing tone in the colors of the landscape—give me, virtually, the range of many lands. My property may lie in Norway, in America, or in Andalusia: it depends upon the sky. Usually, however, it represents the midland vales of England—undulating, deep in the richest foliage, intersected with lanes of hawthorn and clematis, and dotted with old stone country-houses and capacious barns. The sentiment of the scenery is the same—order, peace, and home comfort.

But I have wandered away from the proposed disposition of my farm. It is to be Free Soil, I have said—whereby I do not mean the narrower political, but the larger social sense of the phrase. If I am lord of my own acres, (as the

politicians say, addressing their agricultural constituents,) I can certainly establish my own social laws. In the first place, I proclaim the decrees of Fashion, so far as dress is concerned, to be null and void, anywhere inside of my lineage. No gentleman shall there be obliged to cut his throat with dog-collars, nor any lady to present the appearance of a smashed skull, by wearing the hideous new bonnet. Understand that I do not prescribe; I merely abrogate: my guests are at liberty to wear the most frightful costumes, if they please. I prefer beauty to deformity—that is all.

Thought and speech (unnecessary profanity excepted, which, indeed, is not to be presumed of any of my guests) shall be as free as possible. My political, religious, or literary antagonist, if he be not inadmissible on personal grounds, shall have free range of my woods and fields. Believing that men can only be justly estimated by their character, not by their opinions, I shall ask no man to declare himself on the foregoing points. I have been treated with brotherly kindness by pious Mussulmen and noble-hearted heathen: God forbid that I should possess a narrower soul than they! There is one class of characters, however, which will be tolerated on no condition. Hypocritical, insincere, time-serving creatures, shams of all kinds, men with creaking boots, stealthy cat-step, oily faces, and large soft hands, (which they are always rubbing)—for such there is no entrance. To this class belong most of the Pharisees, who, it is needless to say, are excluded, severally and collectively. The other variety—the men with thin faces, bilious, sallow complexions and mouths depressed at

the corners, with a melancholy aridity of face—the humar Saharas, in fact—will not seek me.

While I am upon the subject of Prohibition, it occurs to me that there are two other classes of men to whom the taboo must necessarily be applied. Those who worship the Golden Calf, to the exclusion of all other gods, are sometimes men of acquirements, agreeable talkers, candid and consistent characters, even. Where their stinginess is hereditary or congenital, I can make great allowance for it. I could have torn down every fence to let Wordsworth in. Pope, who spent a thousand pounds on his garden, would be most welcome, were he living. But in these examples, the æsthetic sense was as fully developed as the acquisitive faculty. Where the latter predominates, without any counterbalancing grace of mind, it is sure to protrude hatefully in all directions. My trees, for instance, would become so much standing lumber, my lawn a hay-field, my violets “trash,” in the eyes of a genuine miser. My oaks would consider it an insult to be forced to cast their summer shadow on such a head.

At the outer gate I shall hang up a large board, with the inscription, “NO ADMITTANCE FOR BORES.” Not that I expect it will do much good—for the Bore never seems to suspect that he *is* a bore. I have known some so pronounced in character that they might almost be classed under the genus Vampyre, who yet imagined themselves the most charming persons in the world. Unexceptionably dressed, booted, gloved, and perfumed regardless of expense, they resembled automatic figures, and exhausted you in your attempts to find a soul, or to infuse one into



them. You may cry *Procul, O procul!* until you are hoarse. They draw all the nearer, complacently supposing that their parrot phrases are the certain "Open Sesamé!" to your spiritual crypts. May my Dryads and Hamadryads—or, if these fail, my underground gnomes—find some spell to keep them off! If every other charm fails, I think I shall have a special chamber in my house for their accommodation, a reproduction of the *Falterkammer* or torture-chamber of the Middle Ages, where they shall sleep between sackcloth sheets, breathe carbonic acid gas, and be visited at midnight by My Skeleton, which shall issue from its closet in the corner. I shall also assume a character for their benefit—ridicule their ideas, (if they have any,) shock their prejudices, (which they always have,) and so relieve myself of the disgust which I feel for them by making them disgusted with me.

With the foregoing exceptions, all honest men and women are free to my soil. Antagonism does not preclude respect or admiration. I shall be happy to see Mr. H., the young Virginian Christian, feeling confident that he will not attempt to muzzle me, on my own ground. But of all visitors, that class described by Wordsworth in his "Poet's Grave" will be most welcome. The Poet, whether known or unknown, shall have the range of my pastures. He may come with his brother, the Artist, by his side: no questions will be asked: the gate will open of itself: the trees will drop their branches in salute, and if the house be built, banners will suddenly unfold from the topmost tower. They may lie in the tropical shade of sassafras trees or bury themselves in arbors of wild-grape; listen to the song of

the wind in the pines, or track the hidden brook under its banks of concealing fern. I can number five poets, already, who have given their benediction to the landscape, and one of them whom Nature has taken to her heart as an accepted lover, said to me, in the hearing of my trees: "Spare them, every one!" With such guests, no secret beauty of my possession shall remain undiscovered. Every mind shall be associated with some new grace, some previously overlooked beauty, until I shall live, as in an island of a tropic sea, enringed with enchanted warmth and bloom.

Thus much may Life grant to me—but can I keep out the spectral visitors which enter every door? Will not Care leap over my fence from her perch behind the horseman? Will not the tutelary deity of these United States—the goddess Worry—compel me to erect an altar for her worship? Ah, me! the soil that is free to light must be free also to shadow. The sun shines upon my southward-sloping lawn, but sometimes a gloomy rain comes over the northern hill. Well, if Care but come hand-in-hand with Cheerfulness—if the statue of Patience look with composed face upon the knit brows of Worry—my soil shall be free, even to the persecuting deities! Like Polycrates, I shall now and then throw a ring into the sea. To enjoy the loan of Peace, which we borrow from a Power outside of this bankrupt world, we must pay an interest of at least ten per cent. of Trouble.

But individual freedom is so rare a blessing as to be worth any price a man can pay. Therefore, whatever visitors take advantage of the open gate, no immunity would be quite so bad as a padlock. The gate shall stay open—

*nailed* back, if need be, like the hospitable doors of Tartary—and the Soil shall be Free!

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### 3.—THE BUILDING OF A HOUSE.

As a matter of course, when I bought the old farm, it was with the expectation of building a house at some time or other. Not but that I was for the present satisfied to possess and protect the old trees, and to have a basis of reality for my airy architecture; but I also looked far ahead, and hoped, at least, that the necessity for a house would be among the fruits of Time. For, you understand, a house implies something more than—a house. Nothing in this world should be done without a reason for it, and the true reason, which I could not give at that time, is one which can only come to a man through the favor of some benignant Fate.

Nevertheless, it was pleasant to walk over the briery fields, and say: “In case I *should* build a house, here—or here—would be a good site for it.” “Oh, not there,” would some kind adviser suggest—“but here, in the wood.” “Nearer the road, by all means,” said another. “No, I should build on the foundations of the old house,” was the opinion of a third. Nature, however, had fixed the true site too palpably to be mistaken, and the discovery of this fact saved me all discussion. Between my grove of oaks and the clumps of vine-entangled trees which had sprung up along the line of the old hedge-row, lay some ten acres of ground, sloping gently toward the south-east,

and dotted with the most charming groups of cedars which it is possible to imagine. In the centre thereof stood a single oak, with broad arms drooping until they touched the ground in a wide circle around its trunk. Further down were five scattered chestnut and hickory trees, a glossy gum, two maples, and a bowery wilderness of hawthorns, which, in May, rose like mounds of snow against the borders of another grove on the south. But in the gaps between these scattered trees and the groves on either hand, one could see the village on the hill-top, a mile away, and the soft blue slopes of other and higher hills in the distance.

Here was a lawn, ready-made by Nature, such as half a century of culture could scarcely achieve elsewhere. To the north, where it reached the highest portion of the ridge, the ground was level and bare of trees, except a single group of walnuts, close at hand, and two colossal chestnuts, a little to the west. As the ground began to fall off northward, the cedars again made their appearance, increasing in number as they approached the edge of still another wood, which bounded my possessions on that side. On this ridge, crowning the natural lawn, sheltered on the north, open to the south-east and to the sunset, and surrounded with the noblest specimens of tree-beauty, was the place. Having once imagined a house there, it could not be removed. "Why," said I, "I have only to cut off these briers and turn the sedge-grass into sod, and the building of the house will transform this wilderness into an ancient park, suggesting care and culture everywhere—

—“ an English house,—gray twilight poured  
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,  
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,  
A haunt of ancient Peace.”

Now, what kind of a house shall I build? was the next question I asked myself; and I ran over in my mind the Grecian temples of some years ago, the misnamed Gothic of to-day, the Palladian, the Elizabethan, and the Non-descript (very popular), only building to tear down again, as I saw some incongruity, some want of adaptation to climate, soil, and surroundings. Soon, however, I hit upon the truth, that, as the landscape was already made and the house was not, the former should give the character of the latter. I have no choice: I must build something that will seem to belong naturally to the lawn and the trees. Except in a city, where houses are the accessories of houses—often a mere blank background, against which you can paint anything—the situation of a dwelling must determine its architecture. The cottage that would be charming beside a willowy brook, is ridiculous behind an avenue of elms, and the mansion which dominates superbly over a broad and spacious landscape fails to impress you when built in a secluded valley.

The community, I found, had settled the matter long before me. The house was to contain something of every style of architecture which I had seen in my wanderings over the world. There was to be a Grecian façade, with one wing Gothic and the other Saracenic; a Chinese pagoda at one corner, an Italian campanile at the other, and the pine-apple dome of a Hindoo temple between the chimneys.



The doors would be copied from Westminster Abbey, the windows from the Mosque of Omar, the ceilings from the Alhambra, and the staircases from the Mormon temple at Salt Lake. The material, of course, was to be a mixture of brick, granite, porcelain tiles, clap-boards, marble, *adobes*, and porphyry. But a man's life and works, alas! too often fail to realize the expectations of his friends.

More than five years elapsed, from the time the property came into my possession, before I saw a good reason for making it habitable. When I came to think, seriously, upon the plan of a house which was to be built up with no imaginary mortar, but *bonâ fide* lime and sand, I found that the true plan was already there, perhaps unconsciously suggested by the expectant trees. It must be large and stately, simple in its forms, without much ornament—in fact, expressive of strength and permanence. The old halls and manor-houses of England are the best models for such a structure, but a lighter and more cheerful aspect is required by our Southern summer and brighter sky. There must be large windows and spacious verandas for shade and air in summer, steep roofs to shed the rain and winter snow, and thick walls to keep out our two extremes of heat and cold. Furthermore, there must be a tower, large enough for use as well as ornament, yet not so tall as to belittle the main building.

This much being settled, the next step was so to plan the interior arrangements that they should correspond to the external forms. The true way to build a house is to determine even the minutest details before commencing the work. In any case, the interior is of paramount import

ance, and it is better to get the rooms, staircases, closets, doors, and windows rightly arranged at first, and then inclose them with the external wall, than the reverse. Here, again, another subject claims our consideration—the furniture, which demands certain spaces and certain arrangements. In short, none of the appliances of domestic life can be overlooked. I was astounded—when I came to the downright work at last—to find what a multitude of interests it was necessary to harmonize. The *soul* of a house, after all, which is its character as a home, is of more importance than the body.

I do not propose to take up the question of the internal details, as every man—or, rather, every man's wife—has, or ought to have, her own views of housekeeping, and its requirements. I had some general ideas, however, which I determined to carry out, and the result of my experience, inasmuch as it has no reference to individual tastes, may be useful to others.

I saw, in the first place, that the houses built in this century are generally much inferior, in point of comfort and durability, to those built in the last. Walls crack, roofs leak, wood rots, plaster peels off, in a way that would have astonished our ancestors. I know of a house in Maryland, two hundred years old, the foundation wall of which, having been completely undermined at one corner for the purpose of building a vault, held together unmoved, supporting the weight of the house by lateral adhesion only. Good mortar, then, was the first requisite: thick walls, the next: well-seasoned timber, the third. The shells erected in our cities, with mortar that crumbles and joists that

bend or crack, would not be tolerated in Europe. We build in the most expensive style possible—that is, so rapidly and slightly, that a house is ready to be pulled down at the end of twenty-five years, instead of being habitable at the end of five hundred. Here, then, is one error which I shall avoid.

Moreover, once in a lifetime is often enough for most men to build. It is very little more trouble to build a large house than a small one, when one's hand is fairly in. As for running up a building proportioned to your present necessities, and then adding to it as your necessities enlarge, I set my face against it. Besides the repetition of a distracting labor, the result is generally an incongruous mass, where both external beauty and internal convenience are sacrificed. I shall, therefore, I said, build larger than I need. Better have a few empty chambers for some years, than build a second time.

With regard to the material, a stone house is the most beautiful and durable, and, if the external walls have a hollow chamber (as they always should have), as dry and comfortable as any other. I scarcely know a more appropriate house for the country than a rough, irregular stone-wall, with dressed quoins, projecting a little beyond it. My choice, however, has to be directed by other considerations. There are both limestone and hornblende in the immediate neighborhood, and within six miles quarries of serpentine; but I have a bed of excellent clay in one of my own fields. The expense of hauling the stone, in a hilly country, would alone equal the cost of the brick. Some architect has said, that the color of a house should



always have some resemblance to that of the soil upon which it stands—which is really a very good general rule: then why not also, if you can, get the material for your house out of the soil? Some rocks of gray, silvery sandstone which cropped out on the ridge at the edge of the oak-wood, promised to furnish me with the loveliest material, but after furnishing just enough for the foundation-walls, the deposit suddenly ceased.

After much deliberation I decided upon brick, with stone quoins. The clay, to my great satisfaction, had a pale purplish tinge when burned, instead of the usual glaring red, and harmonized admirably with the bluish-gray granite of the corners. There was such an abundance of it that I felt entirely free to carry out my ideas with regard to strength and durability. I therefore fixed the thickness of the walls at two feet, including a hollow chamber of an inch and a half, and the thickness of the inner partition-walls (which were also of brick) at one foot. The latter, besides being fire-proof and almost impervious to sound, proved to be as cheap in the end as studs and laths. The result has satisfied me that no house can be truly comfortable unless the walls are thick, with a hollow chamber, or at least fired on the inside. The latter plan, however, does not always insure complete dryness. On the other hand, I have heard of one brick wall of thirteen inches, which proved to be quite dry; but in this case the mortar was of the best quality. The additional thickness of the wall would be paid for in a few years by the saving in fuel, in many parts of the country.

For the finishing of the rooms there is nothing equal to

the native wood, simply oiled to develop the beauty of the grain. Even the commonest pine, treated in this way, has a warmth and lustre, beside which the dreary white paint, so common even in the best houses, looks dull and dead. Nothing gives a house such a cold uncomfortable air as white paint and white plaster. This color is fit only for the tropics. Our cheap, common woods—pine, ash, chestnut, oak, maple, beech, walnut, butternut—offer us a variety of exquisite tints and fibrous patterns, which, until recently, have been wholly disregarded in building. Even in furniture, we are just beginning to discover how much more chaste and elegant are oak and walnut than mahogany. The beauty of a room is as dependent on the harmony of its coloring as that of a picture. Some of the ugliest and most disagreeable apartments I have ever seen, were just those which contained the most expensive furniture and decorations.

My experience shows that a room finished with the best seasoned oak or walnut costs actually less than one finished with pine, painted and grained in imitation of those woods. Two verandas of yellow pine, treated to two coats of boiled oil, have a richness and beauty of color beyond the reach of pigments; and my only regret connected with the house is, that I was persuaded by the representations of mechanics, to use any paint at all.

There is another external feature which the brilliancy of our sunshine not only suggests, but demands. *Relief* is an absolute requirement. Most houses should have, not only a cornice proportioned to their dimensions and in keeping with their character, but string-pieces between the

stories, and window-caps and sills projecting sufficiently to cast a shade. I found also, that an excellent effect could be obtained, without additional expense, by setting the windows and doors in raised panels of brickwork, projecting two or three inches from the face of the wall. For the string-pieces, a simple row of dentils, formed by setting out alternate bricks, can be made by the most ordinary workman. Design, not cost, is the only difference between a fine house and a poor one. The same material used in building the plainest and dreariest cube called a house, may be cast into a form which shall charm every one by its elegance and fitness. I have seen very beautiful villas—the residences of wealthy families—on the islands of the Neva, at St. Petersburg, which were built entirely of unhewn logs, exactly of equal size, barked, dovetailed at the corners, and painted the color of the wood. Such a house, with a rustic veranda of unbarked limbs, overgrown with our wild ivy or clematis, would make a more beautiful and appropriate farmer's home than a brown-stone palace.

Let me give one more hint, derived from my experience, to those who may be contemplating a little private architecture. Get all the estimates from the various mechanics, add them together, and increase the sum total by fifty per cent., as the probable cost of your undertaking: but do not say what the real cost is until everything is finished. *Then* you will know. Even the estimates of the most experienced workmen, I have found, are not to be depended upon. It is the little ills of life that wear us out; and it is likewise the little expenses that empty our purses.

However, let me content myself that another requisition

of the Italian proverb is fulfilled—that the house is built, and likely to stand for two or three centuries, when, in all probability, the inscribed stone over its portal will be the only memorial of the name of its builder. That, however, does not concern me. While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful, idyllic landscape, my free country life, at least half the year, and while I possess so much, with the ties out of which all this has grown, I shall own 100,000 shares in the Bank of Contentment, and consider that I hold a second Mortgage Bond on the Railroad to the Celestial City.

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#### 4.—RESULTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Now that my house has been inhabited for upwards of eighteen months—that sedge and briars have vanished from the lawn, and thick green English grass is usurping the place of mullein and white-weed; that, high over the spot where I once walked and dreamed, I now sit and write—it may be well to report, confidentially, to my friends, on the result of the plans already laid before them. A kite of fancy always flies more steadily when it is weighted by a tail-bob of fact. Let no reader presume that the foregoing papers are merely imaginative. Every object I have named I can still exhibit in proof, except the lower boughs of my solitary lawn-oak which a murderous farmer cut off during my absence. The cedars unpruned, but cleared of the choking wilderness and given a smooth base to stand upon, are the admiration of strangers. But a single tree in the grove has been felled—not by my orders. The bees had

chosen one of its hollow limbs for their hive, and some unknown wretch, whom I have not yet forgiven, sawed the stately trunk asunder on a dark midnight, ruining for ever the work of three hundred years! The lightning has cut a deep gash in my tallest tulip-tree from crown to root, and the patriarchal chestnuts have lost some boughs in a storm; but they still retain their twenty-four feet of girth, hang themselves with mealy tassels in June, and feed our squirrels when the burrs crack open in the early frost.

Meantime, our store of associations has been enriched by two discoveries. The muck having been removed from a swamp in the edge of a piece of primitive woodland, we found underneath a compact bed of gravel and blue clay, in which, four feet below the surface, the pick unearthed the guard of a sword-hilt. It was of hammered brass, straight and simple in form, with no feature by which its origin could be determined. I am pretty sure, however, that it is Swedish. More than two hundred years ago, the troopers of Gustavus Adolphus landed on the banks of the neighboring river; and this relic, doubtless, tells of some party of exploration sent inland from the fortress of the giant Printz on Tinicum island. A hundred and thirty years later, the armies of Howe and Cornwallis plundered my farm, on the morning of the Brandywine battle, and it is also possible that the guard may date from that incursion. I prefer the older and more interesting conjecture.

One morning, before the house was built, we were surprised at finding that two large holes had been dug during the night near our clump of walnut-trees, at the corner of the ancient garden. Who the excavator was, we have never

been able to discover, but he was probably some person of the neighborhood who had kept the tradition of the buried treasure. That he had found nothing, was evident, and the fact of the attempt gave so much color to the tradition that I was really very glad it had been made. I can now say, with tolerable assurance, "somewhere near this spot lies the treasure"—but I shall take good care not to dig for it, lest I should not find it. The story is, that one Fitzpatrick (properly known as "Fitz,") a noted highwayman, who was the terror of collectors seventy years ago, had a lair in the neighboring woods, and secreted a portion of his spoils on the old farm. His arrest was so unexpected, and he was so carefully guarded until his execution, that he had no opportunity of imparting the secret to his confederates. The attempt to discover the treasure so long afterwards, shows that the story must have been very generally believed.

The house stands as I have said, and the farm is gradually assuming an aspect of olden culture. One would never guess the wilderness it so recently was. Fifty years of neglect have done for me what twenty years of careful landscape gardening could not accomplish. The groups of dark southern cedars suggest the planting of a hand guided by as true a taste as Downing's; yet they have been so little disturbed that my brood of owls still sit there in the summer evenings and hoot their melancholy music. We have placed a rude table and seats under the walnuts, and lo! they seem to have been the bower of generations. The bunches of blue and white violets, set in among the grass on a sunny bank, come up in the spring as naturally as if



they had grown there for a thousand years. Nature repays with boundless gratitude the smallest attention of her lovers. She seems to know every point of finish that is necessary for her own completeness, and devotes a special energy to the employment of the offered help. Difficult as it is to force her into new and unusual developments, nothing is easier than to lead her towards the beauty which she herself suggests.

Of the pines and firs which I planted along my northern boundary, not one in fifty died, and their growth has been so constant and luxurious as to assure me that they feel themselves to be in their true position. The larches in the openings of the grove are no less satisfied with their places, and I have already discovered spots which the elm, the purple beech, and the magnolia, will at once recognize and appropriate. The experience of a year satisfies me that the cedar of Lebanon, the deodar of the Himalayas, the Japanese *cryptomeria*, and the gigantic *sequoia* of California, can be acclimated to my lawn. The deciduous cypress of the Southern States is a near neighbor; the *magnolia grandiflora* needs but a slight protection through the winter, and I am not without hopes of the live-oak. The ridge on which my house is built, I find, is much more favorable to the growth of delicate trees and plants than are the deep and sheltered valleys on either side. The early and late frosts scarcely touch us, and the extreme cold of winter, besides being dry in its character, is never of long duration. On this very 25th of November, the geraniums, the pomegranates, and the golden-belled arbutilón are still growing in the open air. My latitude, I should explain, is 39° 50'.



I hope all builders of houses will be as well satisfied with their work as I am with mine. Not that the plan might not have been bettered in many ways. There never yet was a house built which its owner could pronounce incapable of further improvement. Further, no new house ever stood a year without certain repairs being necessary. Build as you may, a violent storm will disclose to you the fact, that there is *one* leak in the roof; *one* chimney will smoke when the wind is in a certain direction; one window will rattle o' nights, and one door warp so that the bolt fails to shoot clear. But in the main requisitions, there is success: the thickness of the walls baffles alike cold, heat, and moisture. Storms war around us, and we sit in a calm, dry, pure air. We kindle our fires in the autumn a fortnight later than our neighbors, and let them go out a fortnight earlier, in the spring. In a southern room, which was not heated, the thermometer did not fall below 38°, during the whole of last winter, and the hardier greenhouse plants throve finely. In fact, when the sun shines, fire is scarcely necessary in the rooms that look towards him.

In summer, though the shadow of no tree touches the house, it holds a core of coolness in the midst of the fiercest heat. The sun, unchecked, may exercise his wholesome chemistry. The morning pours into our windows a vitalizing torrent of light, until the air feels crisp with electric vigor: the deep verandas give us shade as the day advances, and keep it until the sunset strikes under them from the opposite side. We thus receive the beneficent influences of light—we keep free space for

the enjoyment of cloud-scenery, and the colors of morning and evening—without being obliged to take the glare and heat with it. I have always considered that the masses of foliage in which most of our country-homes are buried, are prejudicial to the health of the occupants. They are necessary, no doubt, as a protection, both summer and winter, in the absence of thick walls. A cottage low enough to *look under* a tree, may stand beside one; a large mansion should have trees *near* it, but not so close as to hide the out-look from its windows.

Notwithstanding I am so new a resident on my own acres, I have already hoarded up quite a store of suggestions as to what *may* be done. I perceive ways by which I can lure the returning Spring to my doors, in advance of her season, mitigate the green monotony of Summer, arrange in harmonies or splendid contrasts the scattered colors of Autumn, and even contrive a remedy for the bleakness of Winter. There are quaky patches I can drain, and groups of living springs, which I can collect into a pond. There are unsightly features to be hidden, and gaps to be opened for fairer views—here, a bit of rough land to be smoothed and rounded; there, a wild briery clump to be spared for some possible future office in the scenery. The successful commander must know his men, and the gardener, likewise, must have an intimate personal acquaintance with his trees and plants. If you want a certain duty performed, you must select the individual best fitted to discharge it. I really believe that plants will grow better when they are set out in accordance with true taste, than when taste is violated. A weeping-willow, with its pen-

dent, swaying tresses, suggesting reliance and dependence, would be ridiculously out of place on the summit of a cliff, and it will not grow there. A beech is handsomest in groups, and it does not thrive so well singly : an oak is most perfect when alone, or at a respectful distance from its brethren. The sassafras is loveliest when it is wedded to the wild-grape, and neither party languishes in the union.

Hence follows a rule, simple enough, but which cannot be repeated too often. Do nothing in a hurry. Above all, lift the axe twenty times before you strike once. Do not remove a tree, until you have studied it for a whole year—until you have seen its autumnal as well as its summer hue, and looked through its bare boughs to see whether the objects behind it would be a gain or a loss to the eye. Whenever you plant, take a mental picture of the full-grown tree, with its individual form and color ; place it in the spot, and compare it with the surroundings. Substitute other trees, in your mind, so as to suggest a different effect. Be as patient, if you like, and as hard to suit as a girl in selecting the ornaments for her hair, on the evening of her first ball. Every time you walk over your grounds, perform this imaginary process of planting, until you accustom yourself to see trees, and study their effects in advance of their growth. Then, when you plant, you may plant deep and sure, with a tolerable certainty that your tree will grow and be a credit to you.

These practices have taught me the capabilities (an auctioneer's word) of the country everywhere. The superior beauty of England is owing to no inherent superiority of

soil, vegetation, or climate; it is simply *development*, as contrasted with our transition state. Here, one sees fragments of the wilderness all through the oldest settled States: wood-sides, where the tall naked trunks show that the axe has shaped their boundaries; spindly trees without individuality left standing where woods have been cut away, or stretches of field and meadow without a tree. We lack nothing which England possesses, but her fresh; perennial turf. Our tree-forms are finer, and infinitely more varied, as the forms of our scenery are grander. But those who will see America in her developed beauty will be our descendants a hundred years hence.

Thus, you see, the day-dreams I spun about the old farm long ago, are actually realized. Nor have the later dreams deceived me. The trees are protected, the house is built, and the soil is free! The poet and the artist have tested their right to admittance; the Bore and the Pharisee have shunned my gates. A few clumps of shrubbery will soon hide my line-fence from sight, and I shall then possess the entire landscape. The flag of the undivided Union floats from my tower, and no traitor's footstep has yet blackened my door-sill. So much has been changed from the airy coinage of the brain into the hard ringing gold of actual life, that I have no right to grieve if a piece turns out to be counterfeit, now and then. God is bountiful just in proportion as men are able to see His bounties.

I have often, at sea, gone on deck in a dark, rainy night, and looked abroad into the wild confusion of wind and wave, the chaos of the fatal elements, where life is instantly swallowed up. Yet, under my feet, inclosed within the

hollow timbers, were warmth, and light, and gay triumphant life—a shell of immortal existence rushing onward through darkness, over the surface of death. It seems to me no less miraculous that I have been able to inclose a portion of the common atmosphere, so that heat, cold, wind, and rain, must turn aside and pass it by—a warm region of secure life which they cannot wither or blow away. Every house is such a miracle—a geode, which, however rough on the outside, beaten by the unkind elements, may cover the hollow calm in which jewels ripen. Not unreasonably did the old Romans adopt their lares and penates. Every home attests the presence of the Divinity that works through man. But our Lar shall be a Christian goddess, crowned with amaranth and olive; and on the borders of her garment shall be written, “Content.”

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## II.

### NEW PICTURES FROM CALIFORNIA.

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#### 1.—SAN FRANCISCO, AFTER TEN YEARS

WHEN I first landed in San Francisco, on the 18th of August, 1849, I was put ashore on a clay bank, at the foot of Clark's Hill. I saw before me a large encampment of tents and canvas houses, among which some wooden buildings arose with an air of ostentation. For the fee of two dollars, a Mexican carried my trunk to the Plaza, where I found quarters in the loft of an adobe building—a rude bed, and three meals of beefsteak, bread, and coffee, at thirty-five dollars per week. The town was already laid out, however, and there was much speculation in building-lots. About a dozen streets had assumed a visible outline, but beyond the chaotic encampment rose, bleak and barren, a semi-circle of high sand-hills, covered with stunted chaparral. The population of the place was about 5,000.

On the 28th of August, 1859—ten years and ten days



later—I found, instead of the bay between Rincon and Clark's Point, spacious and well-built streets, completely covering the former anchorage for smaller vessels. From the water-front—which forms a chord across the mouth of the lost harbor—stretched fifteen massive piers out into the bay. The low ground in front of us was crowded with warehouses and manufactories, as the tall brick chimneys denoted; while up the heights behind, stretched row after row of dwellings, and the diverging lines of streets, to the very summits of the four hills. Our steamer drew up to the end of a pier, and made fast; we were immediately saluted with the cries of hackmen and omnibus drivers; runners with hotel cards jumped aboard; residents (no longer dressed in flannel-shirts, revolver-belts, and wide-awakes) came down to welcome returning friends—in fact, there was not a Californian feature about the picture, if I except the morning-blanket of gray fog, which the hills of the Coast Range never kick off until nine or ten o'clock. There were no wash-bowls to be seen; no picks; no tents; no wonderful patent machines; no gold-dust.

The scene upon which I looked was altogether unfamiliar to my eye. Flags in the breeze, church-spires, fantastic engine-houses, gay fronts of dwellings, with the animation of the holiday crowds in the streets below, gave the city a gay Southern aspect. Unlike all other American towns, there was nothing *new* in its appearance. The clouds of sand and dust, raised by the summer monsoon, speedily wear off the gloss and varnish of newly-erected buildings, and give them a mellow tone of age and use—the characteristic, as well as the charm of Mediterranean ports.



Without the evidence of my own experience, I should have found it impossible to believe that I looked upon the product of ten years.

When the fog had rolled off seaward, and the soft, pale-blue sky of San Francisco arched over the beryl plain of the bay and its inclosing purple mountains, I experienced a mighty desire to shake off the lethargy of a tropical voyage by a drive into the country. I took the precaution, however, to ask what such a luxury would cost. "Twenty dollars, probably," was the answer. Here I began to realize that I had reached California. Nevertheless, I was about to order a vehicle, when a friend placed his own private team at my disposal. We were advised to take the new San Bruno road, which had recently been opened beyond the mountain of that name, in order to afford a shorter and more agreeable road to San José than the old trail over the hills.

The restless, excited, ultra-active condition of mind and body engendered (in myself, at least,) by the San Francisco air, can only be cured, homœopathically, by draughts of the same. People work here as they work nowhere else in the world. The nor'west wind, flavored with Pacific salt, which draws through the Golden Gate every day at noon, sweeps away not only disease, but sloth, despondency, and stupidity. Bulwer says: "On horseback I am Cæsar, I am Cicero!"—but that afternoon, when I saw again the Mission Valley, and first breathed the heavenly odor of the *Yerba Buena*, sitting behind a span of noble bays, I was Homer, Pindar, Alexander the Great, Peter the Great, Milo of Crotona, and General Jackson, all in one!

We drove through an enchanted land. I thought I had been there before, yet everything I saw was as new to me as it was to my companion. Our hotel stood without the bounds of the San Francisco of 1849. Well I remembered the three miles of loose sand and thorny chapparal which intervened between the ridge terminating in Rincon Point and the Mission of Dolores. Now we drove for half a mile down a broad well-built street. Here and there, behind the houses, lowered a mound of yellow sand, like the scattered forces of a desert kept at bay and but half conquered. The rear of Clay-street Hill, dotted over with small square cottages, resembled Barth's picture of Timbuctoo. But the Mission Valley, in front of us, green and lovely, with a background of purple mountains, was a reminiscence of the fairest scenery of Greece. "Now," said I, "have I found the original type of the landscapes of California!" She has been compared to Italy—to Syria, with more correctness—but her true antetype in nature is Greece.

Even the vegetation had undergone a change since my first visit. Along the streets, in rows, grew the exquisite feathery acacia; from the balconies, fuchsias hung their pendants of coral and sapphire; heliotropes wantoned in immense clumps under the windows; and the fronts of some of the cottages were hidden to the eaves in the scarlet splendor of geraniums. The *malva*, here a tree, opened its hundreds of pink blossoms: the wild pea-vine of Australia clambered over the porticoes, and the willowy *eucalyptus* flourished as if in its native soil. The marshy thickets near the mouth of Mission Creek had vanished,

and vegetable gardens filled their place; on either hand were nurseries, breathing of mignonette and violets, and covered, chin-deep, with superb roses—huge bouquets of which were offered us by boys, along the road, at “two bits” apiece. German beer and music gardens, the French Hospital, a sugar refinery, and groups of neat, suburban residences, which extended even beyond the Mission, combined to give the valley an old, long-settled air.

Near the top of the hill, behind the Mission building, was a spot which I looked for with a curious interest. In 1849, I had taken up a claim there, had paid for the survey, and, for aught I could learn, acquired as secure a title as most others in San Francisco. My tract contained about two acres—part of which was stony, and all of which was barren: there was neither grass nor water, but a magnificent prospect. At that time, I could scarcely say that I owned anything; and the satisfaction which I felt in sitting upon one of *my* rocks, and contemplating the view from *my* imagined front-window, amply repaid me for the surveyor’s fee. Where the documents are, I have not the least idea: whether the claim was ever worth anything is exceedingly doubtful; but I noticed with exultation that nobody had as yet built upon it. I herewith magnanimously present the property to the first man who shall be absurd enough (in all eyes but mine) to build the house I imagined, and enjoy the view I admired. And this shall be sufficient to him, his heirs, executors, and assigns, to have and to hold, etc., etc.

Crossing the Mission Creek, the road kept on, over rolling hills, toward the San Bruno mountain. On either side

were farms—the fields divided by substantial fences of red-wood, the houses small and one-storied, but sufficiently comfortable, and the gardens luxuriant with vegetables. The landscape was dotted with windmills, which are very generally used for irrigation, and form a marked feature in the agricultural scenery of California. About six miles from the city, we came upon a hill, divided by a narrow valley from the San Bruno range. The mountains, lighted by the oblique rays of the afternoon sun, gleamed in the loveliest play of colors. The tawny hue of the grass and wild oats, brightening into lines of clear gold along the edges of the hills buttressing their base, brown on their fronts, and dark in the sloping ravines, resembled velvet of the richest texture; while the farther peaks—pink in light, and violet in shade—gave the contrast of a delicate silk. A grove of live-oaks—slanting away from the wind in such curious attitudes of haste, that they seemed to be scampering at full speed over the hill—stood in the foreground, while on our left the transparent green of the bay shifted through blue into purple, far off. For aerial beauty and harmony of color, I have never seen anything to surpass this view, except in Greece.

My first walks through San Francisco were devoted to the search for some old landmark—some wooden, iron, or copper house which had been standing in 1849. But I was disappointed: there was nothing which I recognized. Four great fires had swept away the temporary structures, which had cost almost their weight in silver, and stately houses of brick or granite stood in their places. Montgomery street—which is now, as it was then, the centre of business—would be considered a handsome, well-built street

anywhere ; while the other main avenues, although abounding in cheaply-built and hastily-erected wooden edifices, partake, at least, of the same character of life and activity. San Francisco, with its population of 80,000, has already the stamp of the great metropolis which it is destined to be.

Everywhere change ! I went to the plaza, which I last saw inclosed by gaming-hells on three sides, and the U. S. Custom House on the fourth. The flimsy structures of '49 had vanished like an exhalation—even the old adobe, with its tiled roof, representing the early days of California, was gone. In place of the Parker House stood a City Hall, of Australian freestone. A lofty, irregular mass of buildings had arisen on all sides, dwarfing the square, which, surrounded by a heavy iron railing, and devoted entirely to threadbare turf and some languishing, dusty trees, had a prim and respectable air, truly ; yet I missed the rude, fantastic, picturesque, unrestrained life wherewith it was filled ten years ago. The old Post-Office had almost passed out of memory, and a structure much more massive and spacious than our lubberly city of New York can boast of (which must be content with the most inconvenient little church this side of the Atlantic), is now devoted to Mails and Customs. From all parts of the city rise the spires of churches and engine-houses, showing that the most ample provision has been made for the quenching of both spiritual and temporal fires. To complete the climax of progress, San Francisco is more honestly governed than New York, has a more efficient police, and better guards the lives and property of her citizens.



It is unfortunate that the advice of an intelligent engineer could not have been taken, when the city was first laid out, and thus the advantages of its topography turned to better account. The people seem at first to have cherished the idea that the hills would ultimately be levelled, or, at least, their tops thrown into the hollows between, so as to produce that uniformity of surface in which the American mind delights. Great excavations have been made at the foot of Telegraph Hill, but mainly for the purpose of running a street through to North Beach. The other hills, however, proved too formidable; and the inhabitants have at last found out, perforce, that the slight inconvenience they occasion is a hundredfold atoned for by the picturesque beauty they confer upon the city, and the charms which they give to a residence in it. Clay street Hill is but little short of four hundred feet in height, and the windows of the private houses on its side command the grandest views of the city, the bay, the Golden Gate, and the Mission Valley. Had the streets been arranged terrace-wise along the hills, as in Genoa, they would not only have been more convenient, but far more beautiful. It is still not too late to remedy this mistake, in part.

The view of San Francisco, from either Rincon or Telegraph Hill, surpasses—I say it boldly—that of any other American city. It has the noblest natural surroundings, and will, in the course of time, become the rival of Genoa, or Naples, or even Constantinople. From the breezy height of Rincon, the whole town lies before you, rising gradually from the water to the summit of the semi-circular sweep of hills. Its prevailing colors are gray, white, yellow, and pale red;

while, at this distance, the very confusion and incongruity of its architecture becomes an additional charm. Over Telegraph Hill rise the dark-blue mountains of Angel Island and Sousolito; to the right stretches the bay, with the brown steeps of Yerba Buena guarding the anchorage; while beyond all, the mountains of Contra Costa, bathed in the loveliest golden and lilac tints, melt, far to the north and south, into the distant air. I have seen this landscape, with all its grand features, of a cold, dark, indigo hue, under heavy clouds—glittering with a gem-like brilliancy and play of color, under a clear sky, and painted—bay, islands, and shores—with the deepest crimson of sunset, till you seemed to look on a world smouldering in the fires of Doom. It was therefore no marvel to me, when nine out of ten of my old acquaintances said: “I have made up my mind to live and die here—I cannot be contented elsewhere.”

The first thing which attracts the notice of the stranger who arrives at San Francisco in summer, is probably the last thing which he would expect to find in so recently-settled a country. The profusion, variety, and quality of the fruit which he sees displayed on all sides fills him with astonishment. What magic, he asks, has evoked from this new soil such horticultural splendors? What undiscovered nutriment has fattened these plethoric apples? Whence did these monstrous, melting pears gather their juice? What softer sun and sweeter dew fed these purple nectarines—these grapes of Eshcol—these peaches, figs, and pomegranates?

California, in fact, is the Brobdignag of the vegetable world. The products of all other lands are Lilliputian



compared with hers. Erect your ears and expand your eyes, my reader; for I am going to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. I forget the exact measurement of the peaches; but there are none in the world so large—with, perhaps, the exception of those of Papigno, in the Apennines. The size, however, is not procured at the expense of the flavor. Excessive irrigation of the orchards, it is true, dilutes their rich, ambrosial quality; but the peaches of Marysville and the lower slopes of the Sierra Nevada are not a whit inferior to those of New Jersey or Montreuil. The skin has a peculiarity which I have not found elsewhere. Delicate as the silky lining of an egg-shell, it peels off at a touch; and the royal fruit, with its golden and ruby nerves laid bare, is flayed without a knife. As you crush it upon your tongue, you remember the ambrosial fruits upon which, according to Arabic tradition, Adam was fed; and wonder how soon your breath, like his, will be able to turn the coarse growth of the thickets into cinnamon and sandal-wood.

Apples and pears have been raised, weighing three pounds apiece; and I have been told of instances in which the fruit upon a tree weighed more than the tree itself. An orchard begins to bear the second year after planting; and the grafts upon an old tree have yielded two hundred pounds' weight of fruit in the same length of time. I have never seen a single instance in which the fruit was knotty, wormy, or otherwise imperfect. Nature seems to possess not only a fecundity, but a degree of health, unknown in any other part of the earth. In Santa Cruz, a peach tree two years old produced *two hundred* perfect peaches. Apple

trees sometimes yield two crops in the course of a single season. The extent to which fruit is already cultivated in California may be inferred from the fact that the peach trees in the State number 2,000,000; apple trees, 750,000; and pear trees, 100,000. The number of grape-vines is estimated at *five millions*, the average yield of which is fourteen pounds of grapes for each vine.

A few days after our arrival at San Francisco, the annual Fair of the Horticultural Society was held. It was a singular collection of vegetable monstrosities. I saw, for the first time in my life, cabbage-heads weighing between fifty and sixty pounds; onions as large as my head; and celery that threatened to overtop corn-stalks and sugar-cane. Upon one table lay a huge, dark-red object, about the thickness of my body. At a distance, I took it for the trunk of some curious tree; but on approaching nearer, I saw that it was a *single beet*, weighing 115 pounds! The seed was planted in the spring of 1858; and when taken up in the fall of that year, the root weighed 43 pounds. The owner, desiring to procure seed from so fine a specimen, planted it again last spring. But it wouldn't go to seed! It devoted all its energies to growing bigger; and here it was, sound throughout, and full of a life which seemed almost supernatural. I was glad to learn that it was to be planted again the next spring, and perhaps the year after—the owner having declared that he would keep on planting it until it reached a thousand pounds, or consented to run to seed!

The circumstances under which I visited San Francisco naturally procured for us a very pleasant introduction to

its society. Besides, many of my friends of '49 were still residing there, no longer lonely and homeless, enduring a virtual exile for the sake of speedy gain, but with their families around them, working with more moderation, and finding a permanent and happy home in the spot which they first looked upon as a temporary stopping-place. Active as their life is, it does not wholly prohibit a fair amount of social relaxation. Society there is also too new to set up exclusive barriers; its tone is liberal and metropolitan, and the mingling of so many various elements relieves it of that prim, respectable dulness which characterizes some of our older cities. The society of San Francisco seems to me to be above the usual average of refinement and cultivation, which is partly owing to the fact that the female portion has improved even more by transplantation than the male.

As we in the Atlantic States often exaggerate the prevailing fashions of Europe, so in California there is a still further exaggeration. Nowhere are wider hoops expanded, smaller bonnets placed *against* the head, or more barbaric circles of gold attached to the ears. Nowhere are the streets swept with such expensive silks. Few of the dwelling-houses, as yet, admit of very luxurious entertainments, but it is easy to foresee that this additional field of expenditure will ere long be opened. Where there is so much female beauty, and where so many of the gentlemen have unlearned habits of close economy, luxury is the natural result. Why, even servant-girls in California dress in silk, and wear twenty-dollar bonnets!

I had the best opportunity for judging of the average

cultivation of the San Franciscans. A lecturer sees people *collectively*, as well as individually, and takes their intellectual measure by the impressions which come to him in a single hour—nor are such rapid conclusions as he draws generally far from the truth. Holmes says that a popular lecture should contain nothing which five hundred people cannot understand and appreciate at the same instant: therefore, when a lecturer finds that five hundred out of a thousand are following him closely, treading securely and evenly in the tracks of his thought, he may be sure that their mental calibre is at least equal to the bore and range of his own mind. In San Francisco, lectures (at least special importations for that object) were new: curiosity no doubt contributed to the success of the experiment, but it was none the less a test of the cultivation of the audience.

The impression made upon me was precisely similar to that produced in Boston. At first, there was the usual amount of curiosity, followed by an uncertain silence and impassiveness. Judgment was held in abeyance; each depended a little on the verdict pronounced by others, but all at last silently coalesced unto a mutual understanding, and were thenceforth steadily attentive, critical, and appreciative. These phases of the mind of an audience are not betrayed by any open demonstration. They communicate themselves to the mind of the lecturer by a subtle magnetism which he cannot explain, yet the truth of which is positive to his mind. I am sometimes inclined to think that there is as distinct an individuality in audiences as there is in single persons. The speaker, after a little practice, is able to guess the average capacity as well as the average

cultivation of those whom he addresses. Thus, notwithstanding the heterogeneous character of the population of California, the companies to whom I lectured made no divided impression upon me; each community, new as it was, had already its *collective* character.

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## 2.—THE VALLEY OF SAN JOSÉ.

HAVING made arrangements to give two lectures in San José, I availed myself of the kind offer of Mr. Haight, of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco, who proposed conveying us thither in his carriage. The distance is fifty-one miles—San José lying in the mouth of the celebrated valley of the same name, which stretches southward for forty miles between the two ranges of the Coast Mountains—having once been, from all appearance, a portion of San Francisco Bay. I had been over the road four times in 1849—once on foot, once in a cart, and twice on muleback—and flattered myself that I was thoroughly familiar with the country; but I soon found I knew very little about it. The difference between a trail through a wilderness and a fenced-in road, with bridges, taverns, incipient villages even, scattered along it, was greater than I had imagined.

“Where are the nine-league ranches of the native Californians?” I asked.

“They have been swindled out of them.”

“Where are the grizzly bears and coyotes?”

“They have been killed off.”



“Where are the endless herds of cattle?”

“Butchered for the San Francisco market.”

“Who cut down the magnificent trees that once stood here?”

“The Pikes.”

Here I must make an explanation. [A “Pike,” in the California dialect, is a native of Missouri, Arkansas, Northern Texas, or Southern Illinois. The first emigrants that came over the plains were from Pike county, Missouri; but as the phrase, “a Pike county man,” was altogether too long for this short life of ours, it was soon abbreviated into “a Pike.” Besides, the emigrants from the aforementioned localities belonged evidently to the same *genus*, and the epithet “Western” was by no means sufficiently descriptive. The New England type is reproduced in Michigan and Wisconsin; the New York, in Northern Illinois; the Pennsylvania, in Ohio; the Virginia, in Kentucky; but the Pike is a creature different from all these. He is the Anglo-Saxon relapsed into semi-barbarism. He is long, lathy, and sallow; he expectorates vehemently; he takes naturally to whisky; he has the “shakes” his life long at home, though he generally manages to get rid of them in California; he has little respect for the rights of others; he distrusts men in “store clothes,” but venerates the memory of Andrew Jackson; finally, he has an implacable dislike to trees. Girdling is his favorite mode of exterminating them; but he sometimes contents himself with cutting off the largest and handsomest limbs. When he spares one, for the sake of a little shade near his house, he whitewashes the trunk.

In all parts of California you now find the Pike. In the valleys of San José, Napa, and Russian River, he has secured much of the finest land. But some of his original characteristics disappear, after he has been transplanted for a few years. He wears a tan-colored wide-awake; sits in a Mexican saddle; becomes full and ruddy, instead of lank and sallow; and loses his chronic bitterness of spirit as "the shakes" cease to torment him. If he would but pay a little more attention to the education of his children, the young Pikes, or Pickerels, might grow up without those qualities which have made their parents rather unpopular. The name "Pike" is a reproach—a disparagement, at least—in most parts of California.

Following the new turnpike until we had passed the San Bruno Mountain, we came upon the rich level country beyond, as the sun, driving the dull fog-clouds seaward before him, brought warmth to the air and color to the landscape. On one side were salt marshes, whereon hundreds of cattle were grazing; on the other, white farm-houses, nestled in live-oak groves, at the bases of the yellow hills. I looked eagerly for the ranche of Sanchez, where I had twice passed a night; but, though our road led us directly past the house, I failed to recognise it. The mud-colored adobe hut, with its tiled roof, had been transformed into a white building, with shining roof and a broad veranda. All the surroundings were changed; other buildings had sprung up in the neighborhood; and the very face of the landscape seemed no longer the same.

I noticed with pleasure that the settlers had generally selected the sites of their houses with good taste, building



them in the midst of the superb natural parks, which were not always wantonly hewed away. The architecture, also, was well adapted to the country and climate—simple forms, roofs flatter than usual, and always spacious verandas, sometimes encircling the whole house. As there is no snow, and but little frost (the thermometer never falling below 20°), both paint and stucco are very durable; and the cheerful, airy architecture of Southern Europe will, in the end, be preferred to any other. What a country this will be, when stately mansions, adorned with art and taste, replace the first rude dwellings, and the noble parks surround the homes for which they have waited thousands of years!

To me, there is no delight of the senses quite equal to that of inhaling the fragrance of the wild California herb—the “yerba buena” of the Spaniards, the “tar weed” of the Pikes. It is a whitish, woolly plant, resembling life-everlasting, and exudes, when mature, a thick aromatic gum. For leagues on leagues the air is flavored with it—a rich, powerful, balsamic smell, almost a *taste*, which seems to dilate the lungs like mild ether. To inhale such an air is perfect ecstasy. It does not cloy, like other odors; but strengthens with a richer tonic than the breath of budding pines. If *Life* had a characteristic scent, this would be it: that a man should die while breathing it, seems incredible. A lady with weak nerves informed me that it made her sick—but some persons “die of a rose, in aromatic pain.” To me, it stirs the blood like a trumpet, and makes the loftiest inspiration easy. I write poems, I paint pictures, I carve statues, I create history. If I should live to be old, and feel

my faculties failing, I shall go back to restore the sensations of youth in that wonderful air.

After a ride of twenty miles, we passed some noble ranches of 2,000 acres each, and approached San Mateo. The deep, dry bed of the creek, shaded with enormous bay-trees, chestnuts, and sycamores, was fresh in my recollection. The glorious trees were still standing; but among them, on the right, rose a beautiful Gothic residence; and after we had crossed the arroyo on a wooden bridge, we drew up at a handsome hotel on the left. Everywhere, neatness, comfort, and a profusion of shrubs, flowers, and vines. Opposite the hotel was the country residence of Captain Macondray, my fellow-passenger ten years ago—now one of the oldest inhabitants, happy in a success which he has wholly deserved. As we reached the house, through a lawn dotted with glittering bays and live-oaks, the captain came out to welcome us; and I could not refrain from expressing my delight that San Mateo had fallen into hands which will protect its beauty.

Our walk through the garden was marked by a succession of exclamations. Such peaches, such pears, such apples and figs! What magic is there in this virgin soil? The wild crab is as far behind the products of our Atlantic orchards, as are the latter behind the fruit that we saw. Colossal, splendidly colored, overflowing with delicious juice, without a faulty specimen anywhere, it was truly the perfection of horticulture. In a glass-house (necessary only to keep off the cool afternoon winds) we found the black Hamburg, the Muscatel, and other delicate grapes, laden from root to tip with clusters from one to two feet in

length. The heaps of rich color and perfume, on the table to which we were summoned, were no less a feast to the eye than to the palate.

Continuing our journey, we bowled along merrily over the smooth, hard road, and presently, Redwood City, the county-seat, came in sight. Ten miles ahead, towered the solitary redwood, two hundred feet in height—the old landmark of the valley. The town numbers perhaps four or five hundred inhabitants, having grown up within the last four or five years. Beyond this, the quality of the soil deteriorates somewhat; the sea winds, sweeping over gaps in the coast-range, giving a rawness to the air, and fringing every branch of the oaks with long streamers of gray moss. This part of the road would have been monotonous, but for the magnificent frame of mountains which inclosed it. The bay, on our left, diminished to a narrow sheet of silvery water, and the ranges on either hand gradually approached each other, their golden sides no longer bare, but feathered with noble groves of oak and redwood. All along this *jornada* of twenty miles without water—as it was ten years ago—farm now succeeds to farm, the whirling wind-mill beside every house, pumping up orchards, and gardens to beautify the waste.

After crossing San Francisquito Creek, finding our appetites waxing in the keen air, we looked out for a tavern. The first sign we saw was “UNCLE JIM’S,” which was enticingly familiar, although the place had an air of “Pike.” Our uncle was absent, and there were actually four loafers in the bar-room. That men with energy enough to cross the Plains, should “loaf,” in a country ten years old, is a

thing which I would not have believed if I had not seen it. The house betrayed its antiquity by the style of its construction. Instead of being lathed and plastered, the walls and ceilings were composed of coarse white muslin, nailed upon the studs and joists. This is the cheap, early method of building in California, and insures sufficient privacy to the eye, though none at all to the ear. Every room is a Cave of Dionysius. Whatever is whispered in the garret, is distinctly heard in the cellar. There can be no family feuds in such a house; Mrs. Caudle might as well give her lectures in public.

A further drive of ten miles, brought us to Santa Clara. The old Jesuit Mission, with its long adobe walls, tiled roof, quaint Spanish church, and orchards hedged with the fruitbearing cactus, were the same as ever; but beyond them, on all sides, extended a checkerwork of new streets—brick stores, churches, smiling cottages, in the midst of gardens and orchards, which seemed unnaturally precocious. Here both the Catholics and Methodists have large and flourishing schools.

The valley, bathed in sunset, lay before us, calm and peaceful as Eden. The old avenue of trees still connects Santa Clara with San José; but as we drove along it, I looked in vain for the open plain, covered with its giant growth of wild mustard. The town now lies imbedded in orchards, over whose low level green rise the majestic forms of the sycamores, which mark the course of the stream. As the eastern mountains burned with a deep rose-color, in the last rays of the sun, the valley strikingly reminded me of the Plain of Damascus; color, atmosphere,

and vegetation were precisely the same—not less, but even more lovely. But in place of snowy minarets, and flat oriental domes, there were red brick masses, mills, and clumsy spires, which (the last) seemed not only occidental, but accidental, so little had they to do with architectural rules.

San José, nevertheless, is a very beautiful little town. Many of the dwellings recently erected are exceedingly elegant, and its gardens promise to be unsurpassed. Its growth has been slow (the population, at present, not exceeding twenty-five hundred), but it has scarcely recovered from the misfortune of having been the State capital. The valley in which it lies is one of the most favored spots in the world, in point of fertility, salubrity of climate, and natural beauty. When the great ranches are properly subdivided, as they will be in time, and thousands live where units are now living, there will be no more desirable place of residence anywhere on the Pacific coast.

What a day was that which succeeded our arrival! As Howadji Curtis says: "Opals and turquoises are the earth's efforts to remember a sky so fair." As soon as the last fringe of fog disappeared, and the valley smiled in cloudless sunshine, we twain, seated in a light buggy, behind an enthusiastic horse, set out for the mines of New Almaden. Our road led southward, up the valley. Near the town, the soil, baked by four months of uninterrupted sun, and pulverized by thousands of wheels, was impalpable dust for six inches deep; but the breeze blew it behind us, until some eddy caught and whirled it into slender, smoky pillars, moving across the yellow stubble-fields until they



dissolved. After three or four miles, however, the road became firm, and gloriously smooth; and the ambrosial herb, which had been driven back by gardens and orchards, poured its intoxicating breath on the air.

Now, how shall I describe a landscape so unlike anything else in the world—with a beauty so new and dazzling that all ordinary comparisons are worthless? A valley ten miles wide, through the centre of which winds the dry bed of a winter stream, whose course is marked with groups of giant sycamores, their trunks gleaming like silver through masses of glossy foliage: over the level floor of this valley park-like groves of oaks, whose mingled grace and majesty can only be given by the pencil: in the distance, redwoods rising like towers; westward, a mountain-chain, nearly four thousand feet in height—showing, through the blue haze, dark-green forests on a background of blazing gold: eastward, another mountain-chain, full-lighted by the sun—rose-color, touched with violet shadows, shining with a marvellous transparency, as if they were of glass, behind which shone another sun: overhead, finally, a sky whose blue lustre seemed to fall, mellowed, through an intervening veil of luminous vapor. No words can describe the fire and force of the coloring—the daring contrasts, which the difference of half a tint changed from discord into harmony. Here the Great Artist seems to have taken a new palette, and painted his creation with hues unknown elsewhere.

Driving along through these enchanting scenes, I indulged in a day-dream. It will not be long, I thought—I may live to see it before my prime of life is over—until San

José is but a five-days' journey from New York. Cars which shall be, in fact, travelling-hotels, will speed on an unbroken line of rail from the Mississippi to the Pacific. *Then*, let me purchase a few acres on the lowest slope of these mountains, overlooking the valley, and with a distant gleam of the bay: let me build a cottage, embowered in acacia and eucalyptus, and the tall spires of the Italian cypress: let me leave home when the Christmas holidays are over, and enjoy the balmy Januaries and Februaries, the heavenly Marches and Aprils of my remaining years here, returning only when May shall have brought beauty to the Atlantic shore! There shall my roses out-bloom those of Pæstum: there shall my nightingales sing, my orange-blossoms sweeten the air, my children play, and my best poems be written!

I had another and a grander dream. A hundred years had passed, and I saw the valley, not, as now, only partially tamed and revelling in the wild magnificence of Nature, but from river-bed to mountain-summit humming with human life. I saw the same oaks and sycamores, but their shadows fell on mansions which were fair as temples, with their white fronts and long colonnades: I saw gardens, refreshed by gleaming fountains—statues peeping from the gloom of laurel bowers—palaces, built to enshrine the new Art which will then have blossomed here—culture, plenty, peace, happiness everywhere. I saw a more beautiful race in possession of this paradise—a race in which the lost symmetry and grace of the Greek was partially restored—the rough, harsh features of the original type gone—milder manners, better-regulated impulses, and a keener apprecia-



tion of all the arts which enrich and embellish life. Was it only a dream?

After a drive of ten miles, we drew near the base of the western mountains, and entered a wilder, but not less beautiful region. The road led through a succession of open, softly-rounded hills, among which the first settlers were building their shanties. The only persons we met were Mexicans, driving carts, who answered my questions in Spanish. Three miles further, a deep, abrupt glen opened on our right. The hot, yellow mountain-sides shut out the breeze, and the sun shone fiercely upon the deep, dazzling green of the trees which overhung a little brook below us. Presently we reached a large, white mansion, surrounded by a garden of fig, peach, and pomegranate trees. A uniform row of neat wooden cottages followed; and beyond them, on an open space, rose the tall, black chimneys of the smelting-furnaces. This was New Almaden.

At a small, but comfortable, tavern we obtained dinner. The host, a perfect specimen of sunburnt health and natural politeness, afterwards showed us the soda spring and the smelting-houses. The mines of cinnabar are two miles off, near the top of the mountain, and thirteen hundred and fifty feet above the sea. As they were then under litigation, instituted by the United States government, all labor had been suspended. The principal adit is four thousand feet in length—the ore being found in detached masses. The average annual production is something over a million of pounds, which is obtained at an expense of \$280,000, and yields a profit considerably greater. The

process of smelting is very simple, the mercury being detached from the cinnabar by heat, and afterwards collected by condensation. Below the condensing chambers are huge bowls, some of which were still partially filled with the metallic fluid. It was a curious sensation to set your foot into the cold, slippery mass, which, as if disdainful of such treatment, rolls off, leaving your boot unsoiled. Huge heaps of cinnabar, of a rich dark-vermilion color, lay idly beside the furnaces. Some specimens, which I ventured to carry away, contained seventy-five per cent. of quicksilver.

Before leaving San José, I visited two or three of the pleasant private residences, which, with their gardens and orchards, adorn the outskirts of the town. It seems really incredible that ten years could work such a marvellous change. Instead of a bare, open plain, there were groves and bowers—streets lined with rows of trees, and houses hidden in foliage and blossoms. Fig-trees, laden with their second crop of fruit, encircled the fountain-basins; rustic summer-houses, overgrown with fuchsia, passion-flower, and the Australian pea, rose out of thickets of acacia, laurel, and the African tamarack, with its thin, thready foliage; and with the simple protection of glass, the orange and banana flourished as in the Tropics. A cluster of cottonwoods, planted eight years ago, were already fifty feet high, with trunks fifteen inches in diameter! Here, old proverbs fail. A man does not plant an orchard, that his grandchildren may have fruit, or a tree, that his sons may sit beneath its shade: if he can count on five more years of life for himself, he does these things for his own sake.

Now, I ask, where Nature does so much, should we not expect proportionably more from *Man*? The Californians have labored well, it is true, but not so much as they might have done. I am not going to flatter them with unmingled praise. Coming from such a stock, carrying the habits, tastes, and ideas of the older States with them, they could not have accomplished less, without exhibiting a deterioration in character. The material progress of the State is not so much to be wondered at, when we consider that every improvement either *pays*, or is expected to pay. There are fine roads constructed at great expense, all through the mining districts—but ask the teamsters how much toll they pay. There are good bridges everywhere—your purse acknowledges the fact, as well as your eyes. But there is, as yet, no thorough geological survey of the State: the Common School system is far less generally established than it should be: and the population are too bent upon money-making to insist on the proper administration of the laws, which, except in San Francisco, are as loosely and carelessly regarded as in—New York City. The *energy of Selfishness* has worked wonders—but it takes something more to make a State great, wise, and happy.

We determined to return to San Francisco up the eastern shore, through Alameda County, thus making the circuit of the bay. The distance to San Antonio near Oakland, is about forty miles; the fare, if you take a team at a livery-stable, is twenty-five dollars—by the stage, it is one dollar. The difference would buy an acre of land: so we took the stage. To avoid the dust, as well as the rough crowd of French laborers, Chinamen, and Pikes

inside, my wife and I climbed to the top of the Concord coach, and established ourselves behind the driver. The morning was overcast and raw: the mountains were drab instead of golden, and the bay indigo, instead of purple. To conciliate the driver, I presented him with a cigar, accompanied with a remark. He had a full, handsome face, a military moustache, and a rough courtesy in his manners, emphasized with profane words. I should never have suspected him of being a "Pike," if he had not admitted it. He had been in the country nine years; weighed one hundred and twenty-seven pounds when he came; now weighed one hundred and ninety; used to be sick all the time at home; had the shakes—had 'em *bad*; never had 'em now; was afraid to go home, for fear he should git 'em again. Knowed all about horses; druv 'em so's to go fast, and so's not to hurt 'em nuther. Some — drivers upstot the stage, goin' over side-hills; — if he did; passengers might swear 'cause he went slow; *he* knowed what he was about—*he* did. All which latter statements proved to be perfectly true. He was an honest, careful, skilful fellow; and we enjoyed the journey all the more, from our confidence in him.

For some ten miles our road led over the level floor of the valley. The land here appeared to be tolerably well divided into farms, the fields fenced with redwood, regardless of expense, and the most superb orchards and vineyards springing up everywhere. I was glad to see that the fences were all substantial post-and-rail—none of those hideous "worm-fences" which are so common in the Middle and Western States. Redwood timber has a great dura-

bility in a moist soil, though it is liable to dry-rot elsewhere. Col. Fremont saw a redwood post at the Mission of Dolores, which had been in the ground seventy-five years, and had only rotted to the depth of half an inch. Nearly all the frame houses are built of this timber, and I never saw without pain its rich, *beautiful* natural color—intermediate between that of mahogany and black walnut—hidden under a coat of paint. If it could be preserved by oil, or a transparent varnish, nothing could be more elegant.

We were obliged to stop at Warm Spring (which lies off the road) on account of the mail. As we slowly climbed the glen, the national flag, flying from a flag-staff which towered above a clump of sycamores and live-oaks, announced the site of the hotel. Here was truly a pleasant retreat. A two-story frame building, with a shady veranda, opening upon a garden of flowers, in the midst of which the misty jet of a fountain fluttered in the wind, vineyards in the rear, and the lofty mountain over all. There must be leisure already in this new world of work, when such places exist.

Three miles further, up and down, crossing the bases of the hills, brought us to the Mission of San José. I found the old Mission intact, but a thriving village had sprung up around it. Its former peaceful seclusion has gone for ever: a few natives, with their sarapes and jingling spurs, lounge in the tiled corridors; while, in bar-rooms opposite, the new owners of the land drink bad liquors and chew abominable tobacco. The old garden on the hill has passed into the hands of speculators, and its wealth of figs, pears, and melons is now shipped to San Francisco.



Here I left my trail of 1849, which turned eastward, over the mountains, while our road kept along their base, northward. As the sun came out, the huge stacks of sheaves, in the centre of the immense wheat-fields, flashed like perfect gold. I have never seen grain so clean, so pure and brilliant in color. If the sheaves had been washed with soap-suds and then varnished, they could not have been more resplendent. The eastern shore of the bay is certainly more fertile than the western, and richer in arable land, though it has less timber and less landscape beauty. The land appears to be all claimed (generally in despite of the original proprietors) and nearly all settled.

We now saw the dark line of the Encinal, in front, and sped onward through clouds of black dust to San Antonio, which we reached at noon. An old friend was in waiting, to convey us to his home in the village of Alameda, two miles distant. We here saw more of the wonders of horticulture—but I am really tired of repeating statements so difficult of belief, and will desist. We spent the afternoon under his live-oaks, bathed in the aroma of giant pears and nectarines, and in the evening returned to San Francisco.

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### 3.—A JOURNEY TO THE GEYSERS.

A WEEK later, we left San Francisco in a little steamer, for Petalumá. I had made arrangements to lecture there on Saturday evening, and in Napa City on Monday evening; and determined to accomplish a visit to the Geysers,



in the intervening time, although most of my friends pronounced the thing impossible. Yet, at the same time, they all said: "You must not think of leaving California without seeing the Geysers"—those who had never been there being, as usual, most earnest in their recommendations. It was all new ground to me, as I had seen literally nothing of the north side of the bay during my first visit.

Petaluma is the westernmost of three valleys which, divided by parallel spurs of the Coast Range, open upon the north side of San Pablo Bay. It communicates, with scarce an intervening "divide," with the rich and spacious valley of Russian River—a stream which enters the Pacific at Bodega, some twenty miles north of the Golden Gate, where the Russians once made a settlement. It is thus, virtually, the outlet of this valley to the Bay of San Francisco; and the town of Petaluma, at the head of navigation, bids fair to become a place of some importance. In 1849, the valley was an Indian ranche, belonging to one of the brothers Vallejo; and the adobe fort, built for protection against the native tribes, is still standing. At present, there is a daily line of steamers thither—a fact which shows that the progress of California is not restricted to the gold-bearing regions.

We passed close under the steep mountain-sides of Angel Island. At the base, there are quarries of very tolerable building-stone, which are extensively worked. Across a narrow strait lay Sousolito, overhung by dark mountains. Here there is a little settlement, whence is brought the best supply of drinking-water for San Francisco. An hour more brought us to Point San Quentin,

where the State prison is located. In this institution, terms of imprisonment are shortened by wholesale, without the exercise of executive clemency. When the inmates have enjoyed a satisfactory period of rest and seclusion, they join in companies, and fillibuster their way out. During my sojourn in California, forty or fifty of them took possession of a sloop, and were only prevented from escaping, by a discharge of grape-shot, which killed several.

As we approached Black Point, at the mouth of Petaluma Creek, the water of the bay became very shallow and muddy, and our course changed from a right line into a tortuous following of the narrow channel. The mouth of the valley is not more than two miles wide; and the creek, which is a mere tide-water slough, winds its labyrinthine way through an expanse of reedy marshes. To the westward, towers a noble mountain-peak, with groves of live-oak mottling its golden sides; while on the east a lower range of tawny hills divides the valley from that of Sonoma.

The windings of the creek were really bewildering—more than doubling the distance. But there is already enterprise enough to straighten the channel. Gangs of men are at work, cutting across the bends, and in the course of time, the whole aspect of the valley will be changed. We left the steamer at a place called The Haystack, about two miles from Petaluma. Time is gained by taking an omnibus here, and avoiding the remaining curves of the stream. The town, built on the southern slope of a low hill, makes a very cheerful impression. The main street, built up continuously for near half a mile, slowly climbs the hill—its

upper portion overlooking the blocks of neat cottages and gardens in the rear. The houses, of course, are mostly frame; but a beautiful dark-blue lime-stone is rapidly coming into use. The place already contains 2,500 inhabitants, and the air of business and prosperity which it wears is quite striking.

After collecting all possible information concerning the journey to the Geysers, I determined to go on the same night to Santa Rosa, sixteen miles further up the valley. A considerate friend sent a note by the evening stage to Mr. Dickinson, a landlord in Healdsburg (in Russian River Valley), engaging horses for the mountains. I then sought and found a reasonable livery-stable, the proprietor of which furnished me with a two-horse buggy—to be left at Napa City, twenty-four miles distant, on the third day—for \$20. The vehicle was strong, the horses admirable, and I was to be our own driver and guide. I had intended employing a man to act in the latter capacity, until I was told, “You can never find the way alone.”

After my evening duty was performed, and the moon had risen, we took our seats in the buggy, well-muffled against the cold night-wind. I was especially warned against this midnight journey to Santa Rosa. People said: “We, who have been over the road, lose the way in going by daylight. How can you find it by night?” But I have my plan of action in such cases. I ask half a dozen men of very different degrees of intelligence, separately, to give me instructions. No matter how much they may differ, there are always certain landmarks which coincide: hold on to these, and let the rest go! Thus, after much ques-

tioning, I found out that I must keep a certain main road until I had passed the Magnolia Tavern; then turn to the right around the garden-fence; then cross a gully; then *not* take a trail to the right; then drive over a wide, fenceless plain; then take the right hand, and mount a hill: and, after I had struck the main fenced road, keep it to Santa Rosa.

Accompanied with good wishes and misgivings, we left the Washington Hotel, in Petaluma. The yellow landscape shone with a ghastly glare in the moonlight; and the parched soil and dust of the road were so nearly the same color, that I was only able to distinguish the highway by the sound of the wheels. I found the Magnolia, rightly enough; turned around the garden, crossed the gully, and struck out boldly over the dim plain. The cold wind, still raw from the Pacific, blew in our faces, and cheered us with the balsam of the tar-weed. No sound of coyote or gray-wolf disturbed the night. Through a land of ghostly silence the horses trotted steadily onward. Up the promised hill; through groves of wizard oaks; past the dark shanties of settlers: with wheels rattling on gravel or muffled in dust; crossing the insteps of hills, and then into an apparently boundless plain—so we dashed until midnight, when we reached a large stream. Thus far we had not seen a living soul; but now, a “solitary horseman” came up behind us.

“Is this the road to Santa Rosa?” I asked.

“You are in Santa Rosa now,” was the reply.

Once over the stream, there lay the village, which the oaks and sycamores had concealed from us.

I thundered vigorously on the door of a tavern; but it was long before there was any answering sound. Finally, the door was opened by a barefooted man, in shirt and trowsers—not growling, as I anticipated, but excessively polite and obliging. Passing through a parlor, with glaring ingrain carpet and hair sofa, he ushered us into a bedroom, bounded on one side by a kitchen, and on the other by a closet, where servant-girls slept. It had evidently been his own room; for the bed was still warm, and no imagination could endow the limp cotton sheets with freshness. The room was disgustingly dirty—old clothes, indescribable towels and combs being scattered in the corners. Fortunately, our fatigue was great, and the five hours' sleep (which was all we could take) cut short the inevitable loathing.

Our lodging cost two dollars; our horses the same. Soon after six o'clock, we were under way again—intending to take breakfast at Healdsburg, sixteen miles further. As we got out of the shabby little village of Santa Rosa, I perceived that we were already in Russian River Valley. Its glorious alluvial level, sprinkled with groves of noble trees, extended far and wide before us—bounded, on the west, by the blue mountains of the coast. The greater part of the land was evidently claimed, and the series of fenced and cultivated fields on either side of the road was almost uninterrupted. It was melancholy to see how wantonly the most beautiful trees in the world had been destroyed; for the world has never seen such oaks as grow in Russian River Valley. The fields of girdled and blackened skeletons seemed doubly hideous by contrast with the glory of the



surviving trees. Water seems to be more abundant in this valley than in that of San José: the picturesque windmill is not a feature in the landscape. The settlers are mostly Pikes; but one man, of whom I asked the way, rather puzzled me, at first. His shaggy brown hair, flat nose, and Calmuck nostrils, led me to suspect that he might be a Russian remnant of the old settlement of Bodega. After trying Spanish and German without success, I was vainly straining after a Russian phrase, when he suddenly addressed me in French. His patois, however, was harsh and barbarous, and I set him down for a Basque or a Breton.

The valley gradually narrowed to a breadth of five or six miles; the mountains became more densely wooded; imperial sycamores lifted their white arms over the heads of the oaks; and tall, dark redwoods towered like giants along the slopes and summits. The landscapes were of ravishing beauty—a beauty not purchased at the expense of any material advantage; for nothing could exceed the fertility of the soil. Indian corn, which thrives but moderately elsewhere in California, here rivalled the finest fields of the West. The fields of wild oats mocked the results of artificial culture; and the California boast, of making walking-canes of the stalks, seemed to be scarcely exaggerated. Then, as we approached Russian River, what a bowery luxuriance of sycamores, bay trees, shrubbery, and climbing vines! What wonderful vistas of foliage, starry flowers, and pebbly reaches, mirrored in the sparkling water! It was a kindred picture to that of the Valley of the Alpheus, in Greece, but far richer in coloring.

Such scenery was not to be enjoyed without payment.



There was beauty around, but there was dust below. After crossing the river, our wheels sank into a foot of dry, black powder, which spun off the tires in terrific clouds. It was blinding, choking, annihilating; and the only way to escape it was, to drive with such rapidity that you were past before it reached the level of your head. But under the dust were invisible ruts and holes; and the faster you drove, the more liable you were to snap some bolt or spring, by a sudden wrench. Less than a mile of such travel, however, brought us to the outskirts of Healdsburg. This town—which is only two years old, and numbers six or eight hundred inhabitants—is built in a forest of fir and pine trees. The houses seem to spring up faster than the streets can be laid out, with the exception of an open square in the centre—a sort of public trading-ground and forum, such as you see in the Slavonic villages of Eastern Europe. Wild and backwoodsy as the place appeared, it was to us the welcome herald of breakfast.

The note dispatched from Petaluma had had the desired effect. Mr. Dickinson had gone on to Ray's tavern, at the foot of the mountains, with the saddle-horses; and his partner soon supplied us with an excellent meal. The road to Ray's was described as being rough, and hard to find; but as the distance was only eight or nine miles, and my instructions were intelligibly given, I determined to take no guide. There are settlements along Russian River, almost to its source—some seventy or eighty miles above Healdsburg; and still beyond the valley, as you go northward, extends a succession of others, lying within the arms of the Coast Range, as far as Trinity River. They are said

to be wonderfully fertile and beautiful, and those which are not appropriated as Indian reservations, are rapidly filling up with settlers. As there are no good harbors on the coast between Bodega and Humboldt, much of the intercourse between this region and the Bay of San Francisco must be carried on by the way of Petaluma and the Russian River. The sudden rise of Healdsburg is thus accounted for.

Resuming our journey, we travelled for four or five miles through scenery of the most singular beauty. To me, it was an altogether new variety of landscape. Even in California, where Nature presents so many phases, there is nothing like it elsewhere. Fancy a country composed of mounds from one to five hundred feet in height, arranged in every possible style of grouping, or piled against and upon each other, yet always rounded off with the most wonderful smoothness and grace—not a line but curves as exquisitely as the loins of the antique Venus—covered with a short, even sward of golden grass, and studded with trees—singly, in clumps, or in groves—which surpass, in artistic perfection of form, all other trees that grow! “This,” said I, “is certainly the last-created portion of our planet. Here the Divine Architect has lingered over His work with reluctant fondness, giving it the final caressing touches with which He pronounced it good.”

Indeed, our further journey seemed to be through some province of dream-land. As the valley opened again, and our course turned eastward toward the group of lofty mountains in which Pluton River lies hidden, visions of violet peaks shimmered afar, through the perfect trees.

Headlands crowned with colossal redwood were thrust forward from the ranges on either hand, embaying between them the loveliest glens. The day was cloudless, warm, and calm, with barely enough of breeze to shake the voluptuous spice from the glossy bay-leaves. After crossing Russian River a second time—here a broad bed of dry pebbles—we found fields and farm-houses. The road was continually crossed by deep *arroyos*, in and out of which our horses plunged with remarkable dexterity. The smaller gullies were roughly bridged with loose logs, covered with brush. We were evidently approaching the confines of civilization.

I missed the road but once, and then a cart-track through the fields soon brought me back again. At noon, precisely, we reached Ray's—a little shanty in a valley at the foot of Geysers Peak. Thence we were to proceed on horseback to the region of wonders.

Ray's Tavern (or stable) is only twelve miles from the Geysers; yet we should find these miles, we were told, longer than the forty we had travelled. Some of our friends had given us threatening pictures of the rocks, precipices, and mountain-heights to be overcome. It was fortunate that the horses had been ordered in advance; for Ray's is a lonely place, and we might otherwise have been inconveniently delayed. Mr. Dickinson and an Indian boy were the only inhabitants. There was a bar, with bottles, a piece of cheese, and a box of soda-crackers, in one room, and a cot in the other.

Presently, our horses were led up to the door. Mine was a dilapidated mustang, furnished with one of those

Mexican saddles which are so easy in the seat and so uneasy in the stirrups (on mountain roads); while my wife received a gray mare, recommended as an admirable creature; and so she was—with the exception of a blind eye, a sore back, and a habit of stumbling. “You can’t miss the trail,” said Mr. Dickinson—which, in fact, we didn’t. Starting off, merrily, alone, up a little cañon behind the tavern, with the noonday sun beating down fiercely upon our backs, it was not long before we breathed a purer air than that of the valley, and received a fresher inspiration from the richly-tinted panorama which gradually unfolded before us.

The high, conical peak, behind which lay the Geysers, and the lower slopes of which we were ascending, was called Monte de las Putas, by the Spaniards; but is now, fortunately, likely to lose that indecent appellation, and return to respectability, as Geyser Peak. Its summit is 3,800 feet above the sea, and distinctly visible from the Bay of San Francisco. Eastward, across an intervening valley, rises the blue bulk of Mount St. Helene, 5,000 feet high; while, to the West and South, the valley of Russian River, which here makes an abrupt curve, spread wide below us—a dazzling picture of warmth, life, and beauty, covered as with a misty violet-bloom. Our road was shaded with pines and oaks, with an undergrowth of buck-eye and *manzanita*. The splendid forms of the trees were projected with indescribable effect against the yellow harvest which mantled the mountain-sides. The *madrono*, elsewhere a shrub, here becomes a magnificent tree, constantly charming the eye with its trunk of bronze, its branches of copper, and its leaves of supernatural green.

Ascending gradually for a mile and a half, we reached the top of the first terrace or abutment of the mountain-chain. Here stood a shanty, near a spring which suddenly oozed out of the scorched soil. Half-a-dozen used-up horses were trying to get a drink, and a hard of at least four hundred sheep was gathered together under the immense spreading boughs of some evergreen oaks; but settlers and shepherds were absent. I rode up to the window; but a curtain of blue calico, placed there to exclude the sun and flies, baffled my curiosity.

We now followed the top of the ridge for three or four miles, by a broad and beautiful trail marked with cart-wheels. A pleasant breeze blew from the opposite height, and the clumps of giant madronos and pines shielded us from the sun. As we cantered lightly along, our eyes rested continually on the wonderful valley below. The landscape, colossal in its forms, seemed to lie motionless, leagues deep, at the bottom of an ocean of blue air. The atmosphere, transparent as ever, was palpable as glass, from its depth of color. No object lost its distinctness, but became part of an unattainable, though not unreal world. The same feeling was excited, as when, leaning over a boat in some crystal cove of the tropical sea, I have watched the dells and valleys of the coral forests below. Across a deep hollow on our right, splendidly robed in forests, rose Geyser Peak, covered to the summit with purple *chamisal*. I am afraid to describe the effect of this scenery. It was a beauty so exquisite, a harmony so complete, as to take away the effect of reality, and our enjoyment was of that supreme character which approaches the sense of pain.



Finally we descended into the hollow, which narrowed to an abrupt gorge, losing itself between steep mountain walls. Masses of black volcanic rock, among which grew Titanic pines, gave the place a wild, savage air, but the bottom of the gorge was a bower of beauty. An impetuous stream of crystal water plunged down it, overhung by a wilderness of maples, plane-trees, and deciduous oaks. As we were about to cross, a wild figure on horseback dashed out of the thicket. It was a Pike boy of fourteen, on a Mexican saddle, with calzoneros, leather-gaiters, and a lasso in his hand. "Have you seen a stray cow?" he shouted. We had been looking at something else than cows. "'Cause," he added, "one of ourn's missin'. You're goin' to the springs, I reckon? Well, I'm goin's fur's the Surveyor's Camp." He had been four years in the country. His father lived in the valley, but sent cattle upon the hills to pasture. "Lost cattle reg'lar. Grizzlies eat 'em sometimes—still, it *paid*. What was them trees?—*matheroons* (madronos)." "Like California?" "Yes. Didn't want to go back, nohow. Didn't want a cigar—*chawed*;" as a dexterous squirt of brown juice over his horse's head proved. Such was the information elicited by my questioning.

Meanwhile we had been gradually regaining the summit of the ridge beyond the gorge; riding under broad-leaved oaks, which reminded me of the Erymanthean forests. Presently there opened the most unexpected picture. A circular meadow of green turf, the peak on our right, golden and purple to its summit; an oak-knoll on the left, dotted with white tents, with picketed horses, men lying in the shade, and all the other picturesque accessories of a camp



It was the head-quarters of Capt. Davidson, of the Coast-Survey—evidently a man of taste as well as science. The repose was tempting, especially to my companion, to whom rough mountain travel was a new thing; but we had no time to lose, for there were the Geysers before us, and a journey of sixty miles on the morrow. A *made* trail, engineered up the steep by easy windings, led us to a height of 3,200 feet above the sea; whence the unknown realms behind Geysers Peak became visible, and we turned our backs on Russian River Valley.

It was a wild region upon which we now entered. Sheer down slid the huge mountain-sides, to depths unknown, for they were concealed by the thick-set pillars of the fir and redwood. Opposite rose heights equally abrupt; over their almost level line, the blue wall of a chain beyond, and scattered peaks in the dimmest distance. The intervening gorges ran from east to west, but that immediately below us was divided by a narrow partition-wall, which crossed it transversely, connecting the summits of the two chains. Over this wall our road lay. The golden tint of the wild oats was gone from the landscape. The mountains were covered to the summits with dense masses of furze, chamisal, laurel, and manzanita, painting them with gorgeous purples, yellows, browns, and greens. For the hundredth time I exclaimed, "What a country for an artist!"

On the sharp comb of the transverse connecting-wall over which we rode, there was barely room for the trail. It was originally next to impassable, but several thousand dollars expended in cutting chapparal, blasting rocks, and bridging chasms, have made it secure and easy. The carcass of a

calf, killed by a grizzly bear a few days before, lay beside the path. We also passed a tethered mule, with a glimpse of somebody asleep under a rock; after which, the silence and solitude was complete.

We reached the opposite ridge with feelings of relief—not from any dangers passed, but because we knew that Pluton River must lie in the gorge beyond, and we were excessively fatigued and hungry. The sky between the distant peaks became so clear as to indicate that a considerable depression lay below it, and I conjectured (rightly, as it proved,) that this must be Clear Lake. Looking down into the gulf below us, I noticed only that while the side upon which we stood was covered with magnificent forests, the opposite or northern steep was comparatively bare, and the deep gullies which seamed it showed great patches of yellow and orange-colored earth near the bottom. But no sound was to be heard, no column of vapor to be seen. Indeed, the bottom of the gorge was invisible, from the steepness of its sides.

Straight down went the trail, descending a thousand feet in the distance of a mile. It was like riding down the roof of a Gothic church. The horses planted themselves on their fore feet, and in some places slid, rather than walked. The jolts, or shocks, with which they continually brought up, jarred us in every joint. Superb as was the forest around, lovely as were the glimpses into the wild dells on either side, we scarcely heeded them, but looked forward at every turn for the inn which was to bring us comfort. At last we saw the river, near at hand. The trail, notched along the side of its precipitous banks, almost overhung it, and a sin-

gle slip would have sent horse and rider into its bed. Ha! here is a row of bathing shanties. A thin thread of steam puffs out of a mound of sulphur-colored earth, opposite. Is that all? was my first dolorous query—followed by the reflection: if there were nothing here, we have still been a thousand times repaid. But—there comes the hotel at last!

It was a pleasant frame building of two stories, surrounded with spacious verandas. Patriarchal oaks shaded the knoll on which it stood, and the hot river roared over volcanic rocks below. A gentleman, sitting tilted against a tree, quietly scrutinized us. While I was lifting my helpless companion from the saddle, an Indian ostler took the beasts, and an elegant lady in a black-velvet basque and silk skirt came forward to receive us. I was at a loss how to address her, until the unmistakable brogue and manners betrayed the servant-gal. She conducted us to the baths, and then assumed a graceful position on a rock until we had washed away the aches of our bones in the liquid sulphur. A pipe, carried from a spring across the river, supplies the baths, which have a temperature of about 100 degrees. In their vicinity is a cold spring, strongly impregnated with iron.

The bath, a lunch, and a bottle of good claret, restored us so thoroughly, that my wife declared her ability to make the tour of the Geysers at once. In the meantime, Mr. Godwin, the proprietor of the hotel and the adjacent Pandemonium, arrived with Capt. Davidson, who had been endeavoring to ascertain the temperature of the steam. The former was kind enough to be our guide, and we set

out immediately, for the remaining hour and a half of daylight was barely sufficient for the undertaking. The Geysers lie in a steep little lateral cañon, the mouth of which opens on Pluton river, exactly opposite the hotel. The best way to visit them is, to enter the bottom of this cañon, and so gradually climb to the top. Many persons, ladies especially, are deterred from attempting it, but there is nothing very difficult or dangerous in the feat. The air of the valley is strongly flavored with sulphur, but beyond this fact, and the warmth of the stream, there are no indications of the phenomena near at hand.

Mr. Godwin first showed us an iron spring, in a rude natural basin among the rocks. The water is so strongly ferruginous, that a thick, red scum gathers on the top of it, and the stones around are tinted a deep crimson. A little further there is an alkaline spring, surrounded with bubbling jets of sulphur. The water becomes warmer as we climb, the air more stifling, and the banks of the ravine higher, more ragged in form, and more glaringly marked with dashes of fiery color. Here and there are rocky chambers, the sides of which are incrustated with patches of sulphur crystals, while in natural pigeon-holes are deposits of magnesia, epsom salts, and various alkaline mixtures. One of these places is called the Devil's Apothecary Shop. Hot sulphur springs become more frequent, gushing up wherever a little vent-hole can be forced through the rocks. The ground grows warm under our feet, and a light steam begins to arise from the stream. The path is very steep, slippery, and toilsome.

After passing several hot springs, impregnated with

epsom salts and magnesia, we come, finally, to the region where sulphur maintains a diabolical pre-eminence. The trees which shade the ravine in the lower part of its course, now disappear. All vegetation is blasted by the mixture of powerful vapors. The ground is hot under your feet: you hear the bubbling of boiling springs, and are half choked by the rank steam that arises from them. From bubbling, the springs at the bases of the rocks gradually change to jetting, in quick, regular throbs, yet—what is most singular in this glen of wonders—no two of them precisely alike. Some are intermittently weak and strong, like a revolving light; some are rapid and short, others exhale long, fluttering pants or sighs, and others again have a double, reciprocal motion, like the sistole and diastole of the heart. In one you fancy you detect the movement of a subterranean piston-rod. They have all received fantastic names, suggested by their mode of working.

With the light bubbling and sputtering of these springs, and the dash of the boiling brook, there now mingles a deeper sound. Above us are the gates of the great chamber, whose red, burnt walls we dimly see through volumes of whirling steam—nothing else is visible. We walk in a sticky slush of sulphur, which burns through the soles of our boots; we gasp for breath as some fiercer whiff drives across our faces. A horrible mouth yawns in the black rock, belching forth tremendous volumes of sulphurous vapor. Approaching as near as we dare, and looking in, we see the black waters boiling in mad, pitiless fury, foaming around the sides of their prison, spirting in venomous froth over its jagged lips, and sending forth a hoarse, hiss-



ing, almost howling sound. This is the Witches' Caldron. Its temperature, as approximately ascertained by Capt. Davidson, is about 500 degrees. An egg dipped in and taken out is boiled; and were a man to fall in, he would be reduced to broth in two minutes.

Climbing to a little rocky point above this caldron, we pause to take breath and look around. This is the end of the cañon—the gulf of perdition in which it takes its rise. The torn, irregular walls around us glare with patches of orange, crimson, sulphur, livid gray, and fiery brown, which the last rays of the sun, striking their tops, turn into masses of smouldering fire. Over the rocks, crusted as with a mixture of blood and brimstone, pour angry cataracts of seething milky water. In every corner and crevice, a little piston is working or a heart is beating, while from a hundred vent-holes about fifty feet above our heads, the steam rushes in terrible jets. I have never beheld any scene so entirely infernal in its appearance. The rocks burn under you; you are enveloped in fierce heat, strangled by puffs of diabolical vapor, and stunned by the awful hissing, spitting, sputtering, roaring, threatening sounds—as if a dozen steamboats blowing through their escape-pipes, had aroused the ire of ten-thousand hell-cats. You seem to have ventured into a prohibited realm. The bubbling pulses of the springs throb in angry excitement, the great vents overhead blow warning trumpets, and the black caldron darts up frothy arms to clutch and drag you down.

I was rather humiliated, that I alone, of all the party, was made faint and sick by the vapors. We thereupon climbed the “fiery Alps,” crushing the brittle sulphur-



crystals, and slipping on the steep planes of hot mud, until we reached the top, whence there is a more agreeable, but less impressive view of the pit. I here noticed that the steam rushes from the largest of the vent-holes with such force, and heated to such a degree, that it first becomes visible at the distance of six feet from the earth. It there begins to mix with the air, precipitate its moisture, and increases in volume to the height of eighty feet. In the morning, when the atmosphere is cool, the columns rise fully two hundred feet. These tremendous steam-escapes are the most striking feature of the place. The term "Geysers" is incorrect: there is no spouting, as in the springs of Iceland—no sudden jets, with pauses of rest between: yet the phenomena are not less curious. Mr. Godwin informed me that the amount of steam discharged is greater during the night than by day, and in winter than in summer. I presume, however, that this is only a difference in the *visible* amount, depending on the temperature of the air—the machinery working constantly at the same rate of pressure.

A short distance to the east is another cluster of pulsating springs, on the side of the hill. Here the motions are again different, and present some curious appearances. In one place are two pistons working against each other; in another, a whirling motion, like that produced by the blades of a propeller. Still further up the valley are other springs, which we had no time to visit. The accounts heretofore published are very incorrect. No appreciable difference in the temperature of the valley is occasioned by these springs. The hotel is 1800 feet above the sea, and snow falls in the

winter. The abundance of maples and deciduous oaks shows the same decrease of warmth as is elsewhere observed at the same height. The plan of planting tropical trees on the sides of the cañon, which I have seen mentioned in the California newspapers, is preposterous. No vegetation can exist within the limits of the heated soil.

Sunset was fading from the tops of the northern hills, as we returned to the hotel. The wild, lonely grandeur of the valley—the contrast of its Eden-like slopes of turf and forest, with those ravines of Tartarus—charmed me completely, and I would willingly have passed weeks in exploring its recesses. A stage-road is to be made over the mountain, but I should prefer not to be among the first passengers. One man, they say, has already driven across in his buggy—a feat which I could not believe to be possible. The evening before our arrival, a huge grizzly bear walked past the hotel, and the haunch of a young one, killed the same day, formed part of our dinner. In the evening I sat in the veranda, enjoying the moonlight and Capt. Davidson's stories of his adventures among the coast tribes, until thoroughly overcome by sleep and fatigue.

At sunrise, the hissing and roaring was distinctly audible across the valley. The steam rose in broad, perpendicular columns, to an immense height. There was no time for another visit, however, for we were obliged to reach Napa City the same evening, and by seven o'clock were in our saddles. The morning air was fragrant with bay and aromatic herbs as we climbed the awful steep. A sweet wind whispered in the pines, and the mountains, with their hues of purple and green and gold, basked in glorious sunshine.

In spite of the rough trail and rougher horses, we got back to Ray's in three hours and forty minutes. My companion dropped from the saddle into a chair, unable to move. Mr. Dickinson, with kindly forethought, had provided some melons, and I think I was never refreshed with more cold and luscious hydromel.

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#### 4.—A STRUGGLE TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT.

THE change from our bone-racking saddle-horses to the light, easy buggy and span of fast blacks, made the commencement of our journey a veritable luxury, in spite of the heat and dust. Our road led up a lateral arm of Russian River Valley, extending eastward toward the foot of Mount St. Helene. Though the country was but thinly settled, there was more than one stately two-story farmhouse standing, with a lordly air, in its natural park of oaks, and we passed—what I had been longing to see—a school-house. The few cultivated fields were fenced without regard to expense—or, rather, with a proper regard to their bountiful harvests—yet the trees, whose slaughter we had lamented, further down the valley, were generously spared. The oaks were hung with streamers of silver-gray moss, from one to three feet long, and resembling, in texture, the finest point-lace. So airy and delicate was this ornament, that the groves through which we passed had nothing of that sombre, weeping character which makes the cypress swamps of the South so melancholy. Here they were

decked as if for a bridal, and slept in languid, happy beauty, in the lap of the golden hills.

More than once, the road was arbitrarily cut off, and turned from its true course, by the fencing in of new fields. This was especially disagreeable where a cove of level bottom-land had been thus inclosed, and we were forced to take the hill-side, where the wheels slipped slowly along, one side being dangerously elevated above the other. I was informed (whether truly or not I cannot say) that the county has never yet located a single road—consequently, the course of the highways is wholly at the mercy of the settlers, each of whom makes whatever changes his interest or convenience may suggest. A mile of side-hill was sometimes inflicted upon us, when a difference of ten yards would have given us a level floor. Our horses, however, were evidently accustomed to these peculiarities, and went on their way with a steadiness and cheerfulness which I had never seen equalled.

Still more remarkable was their intelligent manner of crossing the deep *arroyos* which we encountered near the head of the valley. There were rarely any bridges. The road plunged straight down the precipitous side of the gully, and then immediately mounted at the same angle. As we commenced the descent, the horses held back until they seemed to stand on their fore-feet, poising the buggy as a juggler poises a chair on his chin. When half way down, they cautiously yielded to the strain, sprang with a sudden impetus that took away one's breath, cleared the bottom, and, laying hold of the opposite steep as if their hoofs had been hands, scrambled to the top before the vehicle had

time to recover its weight by wholly losing the impulsion. Even my inexperienced companion, to whom these descents seemed at first so perilous, was soon enabled to make them with entire confidence in the sagacity of the noble animals.

In one instance, they showed a self-possession almost human. We came to an *arroyo*, which, at first sight, appeared to be impassable. It was about forty feet deep, the sides dropping at an angle of forty-five degrees, and meeting in a pool of water at the bottom. Down we went, with a breathless rush; but, fearing that the sudden change from the line of descent to that of ascent might snap some bolt in the vehicle, I checked the speed of the horses more than was prudent. We were but half way up the other side, when the buggy recovered its weight, and began to drag back. They felt, instantaneously, the impossibility of bringing it to the top; stopped; backed, with frightful swiftness, to the bottom, and a yard or two up the side they had just descended; then, leaping forward, in a sort of desperate fury, throwing themselves almost flat against the steep, every glorious muscle quivering with its tension, they whirled us to the summit. I felt my blood flush and my nerves tingle, as if I had witnessed the onset of a forlorn hope.

Finally, the valley, growing narrower, wholly lost itself in a labyrinth of low, steeply-rounded, wooded hills. The road, following the dry bed of a stream, was laboriously notched in the sides of these elevations. There was barely room for a single vehicle, and sometimes the hub of one wheel would graze the perpendicular bank, while the tire of the other rolled on the very brink of the gulf below us.



The chasms were spanned by the rudest kind of corduroy bridges. Bad and dangerous as the road was, it was really a matter of surprise that there should have been any road at all. The cost of the work must have been considerable, as the cañon is nearly two miles in length. I had every confidence in the sagacity of our horses, and knew that our vehicle could safely go where a settler's cart had already gone; but there was one emergency, the possibility of which haunted me until my nerves fairly trembled. What if we should *meet* another vehicle in this pass! No turning out, no backing, often not even the chance of lowering one of them by ropes until the other could pass! The turnings were so sharp and frequent, that it was impossible to see any distance ahead; and I approached every corner with a temporary suspension of breath. Suddenly, in the heart of the cañon, where the bays exhaled thick fragrance in the hot air, a dust arose, and horses' heads appeared from behind a rock. My heart jumped into my mouth for an instant, then—riders, thank Heaven!

“Is there a team behind you?” I cried.

“I think not,” said one of them. “Hurry on, and you're safe!”

The pass opened into a circular valley, behind which towered, in the east, the stupendous bulk of Mount St. Helene. This peak received its name from the Russian settlers, as a compliment to the Grand-Duchess Helene. It is generally called St. Helena by the Americans—who, of all people, have least sense of the fitness of names. The mountain, 5,000 feet high, rises grandly above all the neighboring chains. As seen from this point, its outline



strikingly resembles that of a recumbent female figure, hidden under a pall of purple velvet. It suggests to your mind Coreggio's Magdalen, and a statue of St. Cecilia in one of the churches of Rome. The head is raised and propped on the folded arms; the line of the back swells into the full, softly-rounded hip, and then sweeps away downward in the rich curve of the thigh. Only this Titaness is robed in imperial hues. The yellow mountains around are pale by contrast, and the forests of giant redwood seem but the bed of moss on which rests her purple drapery.

It was now past noon, and still a long way to Napa City, where I had engaged to lecture in the evening. I supposed, however, that we were already in Napa Valley, with all the rough and difficult part of the road behind us. Driving up to the first settler's shanty I accosted a coarse, sunburnt fellow, who was making a *corral* for pigs and cattle.

"How far to Napa?"

"Well (scratching his head), I don't exactly know."

"Is this Napa Valley?" I then asked.

"No," he answered; "this is Knight's Valley. You've got to pass Knight's afore you come to Napa."

Presently, another man came up with a lasso in his hand, and stated, with a positive air of knowledge that was refreshing, that we had thirty miles to go. In doubtful cases, however, I never trust to a single informant; and this was the result of my inquiries in passing through Knight's Valley:

|                           |                |           |
|---------------------------|----------------|-----------|
| Head of valley . . . . .  | (to Napa City) | 30 miles. |
| A mile further . . . . .  | " "            | 27 "      |
| Half mile . . . . .       | " "            | 35 "      |
| One " . . . . .           | " "            | 45 "      |
| One-fourth mile . . . . . | " "            | 40(1) "   |

After this, I gave up the attempt in despair, being satisfied that I was upon the right road, and that if the place could be reached, I should reach it. At Knight's, near the eastern end of the valley, we found a company of emigrants, who had just crossed the plains, and were hastening on, dusty and way-worn, to settle on Russian River. The men were greasing the wheels of their carts, while the younger children unhitched and watered the horses. The former had a sullen, unfriendly look—the result of fatigue and privation. An emigrant, at the close of such a journey, is the least social, the least agreeable of men. He is in a bad humor with the world, with life, and with his fellow-men. Let him alone; in another year, when his harsh experience has been softened by memory, the latent kindness of his nature returns—unless he be an incorrigible Pike. Nothing struck me more pleasantly, during this trip, than the uniform courtesy of the people whom we met.

Crossing an almost imperceptible divide, after leaving Knight's, we found ourselves in Napa Valley. The scenery wore a general resemblance to that of Russian River, but was, if possible, still more beautiful. Mount St. Helene formed a majestic rampart on the north; the mountain-walls on either hand were higher, more picturesquely broken, and more thickly wooded; the oaks rising from the floor of the valley, were heavier, more ancient—some of them, in fact, absolutely colossal—and fir-trees two hundred feet in height rose out of the dark glens. A wide, smooth highway, unbroken by arroyos, carried us onward through Druid groves, past orchards of peach and fig, farm-cottages nestled in roses, fields and meadows, and the

sunny headlands of the mountains. It was a region of ravishing beauty, and brought back, lovelier than before, the day-dreams which had haunted me in the valley of San José.

As the valley grew broader, and settlements became more frequent, we encountered the old plague of dust. The violet mountains, the golden fields, even the arching avenues of the evergreen oaks vanished in the black cloud, which forced me to close my eyes, and blindly trust to the horses. To add to our discomfort, we were obliged to pass drove after drove of cattle, each enveloped in almost impenetrable darkness. But my gallant blacks whirled on, in spite of it, and at sunset we reached a gate with the inscription "OAK KNOLL"—the welcome buoy which guided us into our harbor for the night.

Oak Knoll is the residence of Mr. Osborne, one of the largest farmers and most accomplished horticulturists in California. His ranche of 1600 acres is on the western side of the valley, four miles north of Napa City. It is a princely domain, as it comes from the hands of Nature, and its owner has sufficient taste not to meddle unnecessarily with her work. The majestic oaks she has nurtured for centuries form a splendid irregular avenue for the carriage-road to his house, which stands upon the mound she placed for it, sheltered by the mountains behind, and overlooking the valley in front—no glaring mass of brick, or Grecian temple with a kitchen attached, but a quaint wooden structure, full of queer corners and gables, which seemed to have grown by gradual accretion. Its quiet gray tint, framed in dark green foliage, was a pleasant relief

to the eye, after looking on the dazzling colors of the fields and hills.

After riding to Napa City and back again to Oak Knoll in the misty night-air, I felt satisfied with the day's work—twelve miles of mountain-climbing, fifty-five in a vehicle, and one lecture (equal, under the circumstances, to fifteen more!). The next evening, however, was appropriated to San Francisco, involving another journey of nearly equal extent. So, with the first streak of dawn, I tore my bruised body from the delicious embrace of the bed, and prepared to leave the castle. The steamer to San Francisco left Napa on alternate days, and Tuesday was not one of them. There was no other way, then, but to drive to Benicia, cross the Straits of Carquinez, take a fresh team to Oakland, and catch the last ferry-boat across the Bay. It was a difficult undertaking, but it was *possible*. Mr. Osborne, to whom there is no such word as "fail," started us off with a cheering prediction and a basket of his choicest fruit. The five dusty miles to Napa City soon lay behind us, and I left my Petaluma team at a livery stable, in good condition.

The distance to Benicia was estimated at twenty-two miles. It was necessary that I should reach there by eleven o'clock, as the ferry-boat only makes a trip every two hours. I asked for a two-horse buggy and driver, which the stable-keeper refused, on the ground that there was no use for it. A less expensive team would do the business. He produced a tall, clean-limbed dun mare, which he said would "put you through." I could drive, myself, and leave the team in Benicia. Ten dollars. There was really no time to make any other arrangement, so I acquiesced—wondering why it

is that the liverymen in California always prefer to let you drive to your destination, and then go to the trouble of sending for the team. I never obtained a driver—though I always offered to pay especially for one—without reluctance.

It was half-past eight when we were fairly seated and in motion. Napa City, by daylight, resembles any young Western “city”—which means, a very moderate specimen of a village. There were two or three blocks of low houses, brick and frame, ambitiously stuck against each other, so as to present a metropolitan appearance—outside of these a belt of frame cottages inserted in small garden-plots, with here and there the ostentatious two-story residence of the original speculator and the “head-merchant,” surmounted by a square pigeon-box, called an “observatory”—we all know how such a place looks. The population is about eight hundred, and not likely to increase very fast, as the region supplied from this point does not extend beyond the valley. Just below the town, Napa Creek terminates in a tide-water slough, which enters the Bay of San Pablo near Mare Island, forming a channel for vessels of light draught. Tulé swamps, forming at first narrow belts on both sides of this slough, gradually widen as you descend the valley, until, at its mouth, they usurp nearly the whole of its surface.

It was impossible to lose the road, I was told. I therefore drove on boldly, occupied with getting the dun mare gradually warmed up to her best speed, until I noticed that we had entered a lateral valley, which lost itself in a deep cañon between two mountains to the eastward. The road was broad and well-travelled; but after proceeding two



miles, it split into several branches. I began to suspect that we were on the wrong trail, and therefore hailed two women who were washing clothes near a shanty. They pointed to the main branch, which, I could see, climbed the mountain, assuring me that it was the road to Suscol—the first stage on the way to Benicia. The broad slope of the mountain was covered with a stream of lava, from an eruption thousands of years ago. The rough blocks had been cleared away from the road, but the ascent was still very toilsome. Twisted live-oaks partly shaded the highway; above us towered the mountain, bare and yellow, while the cañon, on our left, sank suddenly into a gulf of blue vapor. It was a singularly wild and picturesque spot, and I marvelled that my friends had made no mention of it.

From the summit we had a prospect of great beauty. All Napa Valley, bounded to the west by the range which divides it from Sonoma, lay at our feet—the transparent golden hue of the landscape changing through lilac into violet as it was swallowed up in the airy distance. The white houses of the town gleamed softly in the centre of the picture. I gave our animal but a short breathing-spell, and hurried on, expecting to find a divide, and a valley beyond, opening southward toward the Straits of Carquinez. I was doomed, however, to disappointment. There was no divide; the road became very rough and irregular, with side-hill sections, as it wound among the folded peaks. We passed the shanty of a settler, but nobody was at home—the tents and wagons of an emigrant party, deserted, although recently-washed shirts and petticoats hung on the bushes; and, to crown all, no one was abroad in the road.



Presently, side-trails began to branch off into the glens; the main trail, which I kept, became fainter, and finally—two miles further—terminated altogether in front of a lonely cabin!

A terrible misgiving seized me. To miss one's way is disagreeable under any circumstances; but to miss it when every minute is of value, is one of those misfortunes which gives us a temporary disgust toward life. I sprang from the buggy, halloed, tried the doors—all in vain. "O ye generation of vipers!" I cried; "are ye never at home?" Delay was equally impracticable; so I turned the horse's head, and drove rapidly back. A boy of eighteen, who came down one of the glens on horseback, thought we were on the right road, but wasn't *sure*. At last I espied a shanty at a little distance; and, leaving the buggy, hastened thither across a ploughed field, taking six furrows at a stride. A homely woman, with two upper teeth, was doing some washing under a live-oak. "Which is the road to Benicia?" I gasped. "Lord bless you!" she exclaimed, "where did you come from?" I pointed to the cañon. "Sakes alive! that's jist right wrong! Why didn't you keep to the left? Now you've got to go back to Napa, leastways close on to it, and then go down the valley, fol-lerin' the telegraph poles."

Talk of a "sinking of the heart!" My midriff gave way with a crash, and the heart fell a thousand leagues in a second. I became absolutely sick with the despairing sense of failure. Here we were, in the mountains, seven miles from Napa, all of which must be retraced. It was a doubtful chance whether we could reach Benicia in season for the

next ferry-boat, at 1 P. M.—and then, how were we to cross the mountains to Oakland (twenty-five miles) by 5 P. M.? It had been my boast that I *always* kept my appointments. During the previous winter I had lectured 135 times in six months without making a failure. I had ridden all night in a buggy, chartered locomotives, spent, in some instances, more than I received, but always kept the appointment. I had assured my doubting friends in San Francisco that nothing short of an earthquake should prevent me from returning in season: yet here I was, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, with sixty-six miles of mountains, bays and straits to be overcome! The merchant who loses half his fortune by an unlucky venture is a cheerful man, if his sensations could be measured with mine.

I do not know whether other lecturers experience the same weight of responsibility. If they do, there is no more anxious and unhappy class of men. The smallest part of the disappointment, in case of failure, falls upon the lecturer himself. In the first place, the evening has been chosen by the association which engages him, with a nice regard to pecuniary success. Nothing else must interfere, to divide the attendance of the public. In the second place, five hundred, or a thousand, or three thousand people, as the case may be, hurry their tea, or decline invitations, or travel many miles, in order to attend; they “come early to secure good seats,” wait an hour or two—the dreariest of all experiences—and then go home. It is no agreeable sensation to be responsible for the disappointment of one individual: multiply this by a thousand, and you will have the sum total of my anxiety and distress.

Back again, through the wild cañon; down the steep, whence the landscape, so sunny before, now looked dark and wintry; over the bed of lava; across the bottom-land, and over the hill we went—until, just in the outskirts of Napa City, we found the telegraph poles and a broad road leading down the valley. Two hours and a half were still left us for the twenty-two miles. The dun mare was full of spirit, and I began to pluck up a little spirit also. Rolling along over low, treeless hills, we reached Suscol (five miles) in half an hour. The dun mare whisked her tail and stretched out her head; her hoofs beat a lively tattoo on the hard, dry soil, as she trotted off mile after mile, without a break. A cool wind blew up from the bay, bringing us balsam from the fields, and the ride would have been glorious, if we could have enjoyed it. A carriage travelling the same way enveloped us in dust. I submitted to this, as we were approaching the town of Vallejo, opposite Mare Island, by avoiding which we could save a mile or more, and I had a presentiment that the carriage was bound for Benicia. True enough, it struck into an open trail; I followed, and in fifteen minutes found myself on the main road to Benicia. For this service I thanked the travellers, by pushing ahead and giving them clouds of dust to swallow. The straits of Carquinez lay on our right, sparkling in the sun. The road crossed the feet of the bare, yellow hills, upon which the sun beat with culinary force; flecks of foam gathered on the mare's hide, but she still stepped out merrily, and at a quarter before one we were in Benicia.

The ferry-boat, I found, did not leave before half-past

one, and consumed half an hour in crossing the Strait to Martinez. This left me but three hours and a half for the journey thither to Oakland. Clearly it would be impossible to make the trip over the mountains in a vehicle—but it might be done on horseback. I therefore decided to leave my wife in Benicia (whence she could reach San Francisco by the evening boat from Sacramento) and try my further luck alone. Having telegraphed to San Francisco that if I should not arrive in the last boat from Oakland, it was to be specially sent back for me, regardless of expense, there was nothing further to be done. Dinner was upon the table at the hotel, but although I had driven forty-one miles since breakfast, I found it impossible to eat.

While waiting at the pier for the ferry-boat, a man came up hastily, saying :

“Have you heard the news? Broderick is killed!”  
“What?” “When?” “How?” rang on all sides.  
“This morning—there is a telegraphic dispatch—Judge Terry shot him. Broderick is dead, and Terry has run away!” “Well,” said one of the bystanders, “it’s no more than was expected.” This was true, in fact. I had already, a dozen times, at least, heard the prediction: “Broderick will be killed after the election is over.” I do not suppose that there was really anything like a conspiracy to that end, as his friends afterwards charged; but from the virulence which marked the campaign, a series of duels was anticipated, in one of which he would probably fall. No man in California had warmer friends or bitterer enemies.

The boat was delayed by taking on board a herd of cattle, and it was a quarter past two before I landed at Mar-

tinez. I hastened up the long pier, and up the hot village street, until I discovered a livery stable. The keeper was lounging indolently in the shade, and the horses seemed to be dozing in their stalls. "Can I magnetize this repose, and extract speed from it?" was the question I put to myself; whereupon the following dialogue ensued:—

"I must reach Oakland in time for the last boat for San Francisco. Give me two fast saddle-horses and a guide."

"It can't be done!" (with a lazy smile.)

"It *must* be done! What is the shortest time you have done it in?"

"Four hours."

"How much do you get—two horses and a man?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"You shall have twenty-five—saddle the horses immediately."

"There's no use in taking saddle-horses—a two-horse buggy will get along faster."

"Get it then! Instantly! Don't lose a second!"

He was magnetized at last. The pass which I made over the region of his pocket, subjected him to my will. Hostlers, horses, and vehicles, were magnetized, also. There was running hither and thither—examination of bolts, buckling of straps, comparison of horses—chaotic tumult burst out of slumber. At half-past two I jumped into the buggy. We had exactly three hours in which to make a journey of twenty-five miles, by a rough road, crossing a mountain range two thousand feet high. The horses were small, not handsome, but with an air of toughness and

courage: the driver had the face of a man who possesses a conscience. These were encouraging signs. My spiritual mercury immediately rose to fifteen degrees above zero.

It was hard, though, to sit still while we drove moderately up the hot glen behind Martinez, waiting for the horses to get the requisite wind and flexibility of muscle. I quieted my restless nerves with a cigar, sufficiently to enjoy the Arcadian beauty of the scenery. Clumps of evergreen oak, bay, and sycamore, marked the winding course of the stream; white cottages, embowered in fig-trees, nestled at the foot of the hills, every opening fold of which disclosed a fresh picture; and to the eastward towered, in airy purple, the duplicate peak of Monte Diablo. Out of this glen we passed over low hills into another, and still another, enjoying exquisite views of the valleys of Pacheco and San Ramon, with Suisun Bay in the distance. The landscapes, more contracted than those of Napa and San José, had a pastoral, idyllic character, and I was surprised to find how much loveliness is concealed in the heart of mountains which, as seen from the Bay, appear so bare and bleak. Scarcely any portion of the land was unclaimed. Farm succeeded to farm, and little villages were already growing up in the broader valleys.

The afternoon sun burned our faces, though a light breeze tempered the heat enough to allow our horses to do their best. I urged upon the driver the necessity of making all he could at the start, and evaded his inquiries with regard to the time. This plan worked so well that we reached a village called Lafayette, thirteen miles from Martinez, in one hour and ten minutes. Here we watered



the horses, and I lighted a fresh cigar. The mercury had risen to 32°. Beyond this extended a wild, winding valley, some three or four miles in length, to the foot of the high range. The hills shut us in closely: settlements became scanty, and at last we entered a narrow gorge, through which the road had been cut with much labor. A clear brook murmured at the bottom; bay-leaves scented the air, and climbing vines fell over us in showers, from the branches of the trees. Through the dark walls in front rose the blue steep of the mountain which we were obliged to scale. The roughness of the road and the chance of being stopped by meeting another team could not wholly spoil my delight in the wild beauty of this pass.

Now we grappled with the bare mountain-side, up which the road zigzagged out of sight, far above. Of course, it was impossible for the horses to proceed faster than a walk, and the lingering remnants of my anxiety were lost sight of in the necessity of preserving the equilibrium of our vehicle on those sidelong grades. We leaned, first to the right and then to the left, changing at every turn, to keep our wheels upon the slippery plane, until the shoulder of the range was surmounted, and we saw the comb about half a mile distant. From the summit we looked down, as from the eaves of a house, into the throat of a precipitous cañon which yawned below us. Between its overlapping sides glimmered, far away, a little triangle of the Bay of San Francisco. Now, let us see how much time is left to reach the shores of that blue vision? Fifty-five minutes! The mercury immediately sank to 10°.

What a plunge it was until we reached the bottom of the

summit-wall, where the first springs gushed forth!—and how the horses held back, with our weight pressing upon them, was more than I could understand. The narrow cañon then received us, and the horses, as if maddened with the previous restraint, dashed recklessly down the shelving road, which, as it crossed from one side to the other, back and forth, obliged us to fling our weight always on the uppermost wheels. From the rapidity of their descent, a little jolt would have been sufficient to have hurled us over into the bed of the stream. The excitement of the race made us perfectly regardless of the danger: there was even a keen sense of enjoyment, to me, in the mad, reckless manner in which we turned the sharp corners of the ravine, or spun along brinks where the pebbles, displaced by our wheels, rattled on stones twenty feet below. Neither of us said a word, but held fast for life, flinging our bodies half out of the vehicle as the road shifted sides. There was *one* fear hanging over us, but we no more mentioned it than the Alpine traveller would shout under the poised avalanche which the sound of his voice might start from its bed.

Corner after corner was passed; the horizon of the Bay, seen through the gap in front, sank lower, and the intervening plain glimpsed nearer. Then a house appeared—lo! the end of the cañon, and in fifteen minutes from the top we had made the descent of more than two miles! We both, at the same instant, drew a long, deep breath of relief, and the driver spoke out the thought which was in my own mind. “That’s what I was afraid of,” said he, without further explanation. “So was I,” was my answer. “I didn’t say a word about it, for fear talking of it would make it

happen—but think, if we had met another team on the way down!” “But we *didn't*,” I shouted; “and now we'll catch the boat! And my thermometer stands at 90°—and the world is beautiful—and life is glorious—and all men are my brethren!” He smiled a quiet, satisfied smile, merely remarking: “I thought I'd do it.”

The remaining trot of five miles over the plain was child's play, compared with what we had done. When our smoking and breathless horses were pulled up on the steamboat pier at Oakland, there were just eight minutes to spare! We had made the trip from Martinez in *two hours and fifty-two minutes*—the shortest time in which it had ever been accomplished. The bystanders, to whom my driver triumphantly proclaimed his feat, would not believe it. I paid the stipulated twenty-five dollars with the greatest cheerfulness—every penny of it had been well earned—jumped aboard the ferry-boat, and threw myself on one of the cabin sofas with an exquisite feeling of relief. The anxiety I had endured through the day wholly counteracted the fatigue of the journey, and the excitement continued without the usual reaction. When we reached San Francisco, at seven o'clock, I found my friends waiting for me on the pier. They had arranged to send the boat back in case I should not arrive, which would have cost one hundred dollars.

Fortifying myself with repeated doses of strong coffee (for there was no time to get dinner), I made my appearance on the rostrum at the appointed hour. My face was baked and blistered by the sun, and my lungs somewhat exhausted by the day's labors, but I went through the discourse of an hour and a half with very little more than the

usual fatigue. At the close, when I felt inclined to congratulate myself a little, I was rather taken aback by my friends, who seeing my fiery face, and knowing nothing of the day's struggle, exclaimed, with wicked insinuation: "You have been dining out this evening!" At ten o'clock, my wife arrived in the Sacramento boat, and our supper at the Oriental was a happy finis to the eventful day.

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### 5.—THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

BEFORE completing my engagement at San Francisco, I had already made arrangements for a lecturing tour through the interior of the State. Literary associations are few in California: the prosperity of the mining towns is, in general, too precarious—their population too shifting—to encourage the growth of permanent institutions of this character; and the lecturer, consequently, misses the shelter and assistance to which he has been accustomed at home. He must accept the drudgery along with the profit. I confess that, after my previous experience, the undertaking was not tempting; but while it was incumbent upon me to visit the mining regions before leaving California, it was also prudent to make the visit (such is human nature!) pecuniarily advantageous. For Sacramento and the mountain-towns, I secured the services of Mr. E——, news-agent, as *avant-coureur*, hirer of theatres, poster of placards, and distributor of complimentary tickets.

This arrangement took the drudgery of the business

off my hands, it is true; but, at the same time, it brought me before the public in a new and less agreeable character. No longer the invited guest of societies—no longer introduced to audiences by the presidents thereof—I fell to the level of itinerant phrenologists and exhibitors of nitrous oxide gas: nay—let me confess it—I could no longer look down upon the Ethiopian minstrel, or refuse to fraternize with the strolling wizard. It did not surprise me, therefore, that the principal of a classical academy, in a town which shall be nameless, not only refused to hear me, but denied permission to his scholars. “He is an author!” exclaimed this immaculate pedagogue; “yet he degrades his calling by thus appearing before the public. I have too much respect for authors to countenance such degradation!”

My lecture in Sacramento was to take place on Saturday, and my friend, Judge Hastings, of Benicia, arranged for the previous evening at the latter place. Preparing ourselves, therefore, for a month's journey, we left San Francisco in the afternoon boat.

About twenty-five miles from the Golden Gate, the Bay of Pablo terminates, and we enter the Straits of Carquinez, which connect it with Suisun Bay, the reservoir of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, lying beyond the Coast Range. These straits are from six to seven miles in length, with a breadth varying from half a mile to four miles. With their bold shores, and their varying succession of bays and headlands on either side, they have been compared to the Bosphorus—which, indeed, they surpass in natural beauty. When the hills, folding together in softly-embracing swells, which give the eye a delight



like that of perfect music to the ear, and now draped in gilded velvet as the sunset strikes along their sides, shall be terraced with gardens of never-fading bloom—when, besides the live-oak, the dark pillars of the cypress, the umbelliferous crowns of the Italian pine and the plummy tufts of the hardy Chinese palm shall flourish in their sheltering arms, and when mansion on mansion shall line the water's edge, with balconies overhanging the tide, and boats tossing at the marble steps—then the magnificent water-street which leads from Constantinople to the Euxine will find itself not only rivalled, but surpassed.

As the sun went down, in a blaze of more than Mediterranean beauty, we reached Benicia. In 1849, many persons actually supposed that this place would become the commercial metropolis of the Pacific, and speculation raged among the lots staked out all over its barren hills. Vessels of the largest tonnage could lie close to the shore, said they—forgetting that it was possible to build piers at San Francisco. There was a fine back-country—as if all California were not the back-country of its metropolis! In fact, there was no end to the arguments (especially if you owned a lot) advanced to prove that San Francisco must go down, and Benicia must go up! But Commerce is a wilful and a stubborn goddess. She pitches on a place by a sort of instinct, and all the coaxing and forcing in the world won't budge her a jot. Benicia was made the headquarters of the Army—but it didn't help the matter. Lots were given away, shanties built, all kinds of inducements offered—still, trade wouldn't come. It was made the State capital—but, alas! it is not



even the county seat at present. It is still the same bare looking, straggling place as when I first saw it, but with more and better houses, the big brick barracks of the soldiers, and the workshops of the Pacific Steamship Company. The population is about 3,000.

I have no doubt the failure of his plan broke old Semple's heart. Robert Semple, the lank Indiana giant—one of the first emigrants to California, and the President of the Constitutional Convention at Monterey—owned a great part of the land, and it would bring, he believed, millions of money into his coffers. He never spoke of San Francisco, but with the bitterest disgust. "Augh!" he exclaimed to me, as we once camped together in the Pajaro Valley; "don't mention the name: it makes me sick!" If this feeling was general among the speculators, there must have been a great many invalids in California about that time.

The superb, solitary mass of Monte Diablo, robed in the violet mist of twilight, rose before us as we landed at Benicia. Monte Diablo is a more graceful peak than Soracte: he reproduces the forms as well as the tints of the storied mountains of Greece. Like Helicon or Hymettus, he overlooks a ruin. At his base, on the shore of Suisun Bay, another metropolis was founded by Col. Stevenson, who commanded the New York Regiment sent to California in 1846. He called his embryo city (Heaven help us!) "New-York-of-the-Pacific!" Nature tolerates many strange names in our United States, but this was more than she could stand. In 1849, I saw three houses there; and *then*, one could not venture to laugh at beginnings. What was my joy, when I now beheld only *two* houses—one of them uninhabited—

and was informed that the shore was covered with the skeletons of musquitos which had died of starvation!

To keep my engagement at Sacramento the next evening, it was necessary that we should make the journey thither by land, a distance of sixty miles. After riding in a jolting stage around the great tulé marsh, to Suisun City, twenty miles off, I had the good luck to meet a gentleman who placed a two-horse team at our disposal. We were thus free to finish the journey on our old independent footing.

The day was cloudless, and intensely hot, and even the dry, yellow grass appeared to have been scorched off the cracked and blistered earth. Low undulations of soil rolled away before us, until the plain vanished in fiery haze, and the wind which blew over it was as the blast from out a furnace. At intervals of four or five miles, we found a settler's cabin, with its accompanying *corral* and garden, and a windmill, lazily turning in the heated gusts. Miles away on our right, a blue line of timber marked the course of the Sacramento River, apparently separated from us by a lake, dotted with island-like clumps of trees. Every distant depression of the plain was filled with the same illusive water. Newly-arrived emigrants, unacquainted with the mirage, often ride far out of their trail, in the endeavor to reach these airy pools. An accustomed eye has no difficulty in detecting them, as the color is always that of the sky, whereas real water is a darker blue.

After a steady travel of nearly five hours, the road swerved to the right, and ascended an artificial dyke, or embankment, which has been made with much labor, in order to raise it above the reach of the winter floods. At

intervals of fifty or a hundred yards, there are bridges, to allow passage for the water: and I think we must have crossed twenty-five of them in the distance of a mile. On either side were dried-up swamps of giant tulé. This causeway conducted us to the river-bank, which is considerably higher than the plain in its rear. Thence, for six miles, we followed the course of the stream—the road, deep in dust, winding among golden and purple thickets, which exhaled the most delicious fragrance, and under the arching arms of the oak and sycamore. It was a storehouse of artistic foregrounds. I know not which charmed us most—the balmy, shadowed sweetness of the air, the dazzling gaps of sunshine, the picturesque confusion of forms, or the splendid contrasts of color.

Four miles below Sacramento, we crossed the river on a ferry-scow, and hastened onward through Sutterville; for the sun was nigh his setting. A cloud of white dust hid the city, and lay thick and low all over the plain. Increasing in volume, huge, billowy eddies of it rolled toward us, and we were presently blinded by the clouds that arose from our own wheels. Of the last two miles of the drive I can say nothing—for I saw nothing. Often there was a rattling of wheels near me, as the strings of vehicles returning from the fair-grounds passed by; but the horses instinctively avoided a collision. I shut my eyes, and held my breath as much as possible, until there came a puff of fresher air, and I found myself in one of the watered streets of the city. Blinded, choked, and sun-burned, we alighted at the St. George Hotel, and were so lucky as to find a room. The city, like San Francisco, was altogether a different

place from the picture in my memory. Having been not only laid in ashes, but completely washed away by the inundation of 1853, not a house remains from the pioneer times. It was, in reality, only six years old—a fact which accounted for the light character of much of the architecture, and the unusual number of one-story buildings. The streets are broad, inflexibly right-angled, and prosaically named after the numerals, and the letters of the alphabet. The business portion of the city extends five or six blocks back from the river, and a greater distance along J, K, and L streets. Beyond this region, there are many beautiful private residences and gardens. The place is greatly admired by its inhabitants, but the uniformity of surface and plan made it appear tame and monotonous, after San Francisco.

The first thing I looked for, and totally missed, was the profusion of grand, ancient oaks and sycamores, which once adorned the streets. Every one had fallen—some destroyed in the conflagration, but the most part cut down, because they interfered with buildings, or dropped their aged limbs in a storm. Their place was miserably filled with rows of young cottonwoods, of astonishing growth, which cast alternate showers of down and sticky gum upon the garments of those who walk in their shade. I grieved over the loss of the noble old trees. Perhaps it was inevitable that they should fall, but it was none the less melancholy.

Sacramento is a cheerful, busy town of about 15,000 inhabitants, with a State-house which would be imposing if it were all one color, substantial churches and school-houses, a few flourishing manufactories, and drinking saloons innu-

merable. It boasts the best daily paper in the State (*The Union*), the biggest hotel, and (being the capital) the worst class of politicians. It is a city whose future is *sure*, but whose character must necessarily be provincial. Its difference from San Francisco, in this respect, is already striking.

Hearing the sound of solemn singing in the street, on Sunday morning, I went upon the balcony. There was a crowd below, collected around a young man with a pale face and short-cut blonde hair, who was singing a Methodist hymn, in a clear, penetrating voice. After he had finished, he commenced an exhortation which lasted about twenty minutes, the crowd listening with respectful attention. At its close, a seedy-looking individual went around with a hat, with such good result, that some twenty or thirty dollars in silver were poured out on a stone at the preacher's feet. By this time, most of the ladies in the hotel were collected on the balcony. Casting his eyes upward, the preacher acknowledged their presence in a series of remarks rather courtly than clerical. He concluded by saying: "That distinguished traveller, *Bay-ard* Taylor, has also stated that, wherever he went, he was kindly treated by the ladies! When he visited the Esquimaux, in the Arctic Regions, the ladies received him with great hospitality; and even among the Hottentots, his friends were still—*the ladies!*" Not content with attributing Ledyard's sentiment to myself, he made that noble traveller guilty of a vulgarism. Ledyard said "*woman*," not "*lady*." After this, I can almost credit Miss Martineau's statement, that an American clergyman said, in one of his sermons: "Whc



were last at the cross? Ladies! Who were earliest at the sepulchre? Ladies!"

The State Agricultural Fair (then in progress) was held in a Pavilion, the erection of which, for this special occasion, was the boast of the city. It was a hall of brick, resting on a basement—two hundred, by one hundred and fifty feet in dimensions, and fifty in height. About seven weeks, only, were consumed in building it. The display of productions—agricultural, horticultural, mineral, mechanical, and artistic—astonished even the Californians themselves. Few of them had been aware of the progress which their State had made in the arts—nor, though familiar with the marvellous energies of her soil, could they guess how rich and varied were its productions, until thus brought together. Few of the annual fairs of our Atlantic States could have surpassed it in completeness, to say nothing of the vegetable wonders which can be seen nowhere else in the world.

Entering the basement, you saw before you a collection of carriages, fire-engines, saddlery, harness, furniture, and agricultural implements—all of California manufacture: blocks of granite and freestone, blue, white, and amber Suisun marble: statuary, cured hams, pickles, sauces, preserves, canned fruits, dried fruits, honey, oil, olives, soap, butter, cheese, vinegar: twenty or thirty different varieties of wine: rows of bee-hives near the windows, which were opened, that the unembarrassed insects might go on with their work: rope, tanned hides, boots, clothing; in short, all the necessaries of life, and not a few of the luxuries. Coming upon a pile of green boulders—huge geodes of



malachite, you suspect—you find them to be water-melons walking down a glen, between rounded masses of orange colored rock, you see, at last, that they are only pumpkins, weighing two hundred and sixty pounds apiece! What is this silvery globe, the size of your head? Bless me, an onion! Are those turnips, or paving-stones? White columns of celery, rising from the floor, curl their crisp leaves over your head; those green war-clubs are cucumbers; and these legs, cut off at the groin and clad in orange tights, are simply carrots!

Again, I say, it is useless to attempt a description of California vegetables. The above comparisons suggest no exaggeration to those who have seen the objects—yet my readers this side of the Rocky Mountains will not believe it. Growth so far beyond the range of our ordinary experience seems as great a miracle as any which have been performed by the toe-nails of saints. I have been informed even, that some vegetables change their nature, after being transplanted here for a few years. The lima-bean becomes perennial, with a woody stem; the cabbage, even (though I should prefer seeing this), is asserted, in one instance, to have changed into a sort of shrub, bearing a head on the end of every branch! I believe no analysis of the various soils of California has yet been made. It would be curious to ascertain whether this vegetable vigor is mostly due to a fortunate climate, or to a greater proportion of nutriment in the earth than is elsewhere found.

The great hall was devoted principally to fruits, and presented a rare banquet of color and perfume. Green, lemon-yellow, gold, orange, scarlet, pink, crimson, purple, violet,

blue, and their mottled combinations, fairly made the mouth water from the delight of the eye. There were thousands of specimens, from gardens in the Sierra Nevada and gardens on the sea-coast; in Los Angeles, under the palm, and in Oregon under the pine. A fountain, at one end of the hall, played upon two enormous cubes of crystal ice—one from Nevada Lake and one from Sitka. The latter was so airily clear, that it would have been invisible but for the gleam of light on the edges. As an illustration of progress in California, the contents of the pavilion were doubly remarkable. Who so mad, ten years ago, as to have predicted this result? Who, now, can appreciate, without seeing it?

I must not leave Sacramento without speaking of the garden and nursery of Mr. A. P. Smith, a visit to which was the crown and culminating point of a glorious ride over the plain around the city. After dragging along through deep roads, where wagon-loads of straw had been scattered, to keep down the dust, we approached the American Fork, some three miles above Sacramento. There were various suburban beer-gardens, shaded with cottonwoods, and with long arbors of grape-vines to attract the Teutonic imbibers—all of them pleasant places, but tame and vulgar in comparison to what we were to see.

An avenue, lined with locusts and *arbor vitæ*, conducted us, finally, to some neat wooden cottages, the verandas of which were overrun with the scarlet-fruited passion-flower. A clean gravel road inclosed a circle of turf, in the centre whereof grew willow, locust, and pomegranate trees, beyond which extended a wilderness of splendid bloom. Behind

the house rose the fringe of massive timber which lines the American Fork. A series of stairs and balcony-terraces connected one cottage with another, and formed an easy access to the very roof-tree. A wild grape-vine, which had so covered an evergreen oak that it resembled a colossal fountain, pouring forth volumes of falling Bacchic leaves, stretched forth arms from the topmost boughs, took hold of the balconies, and ran riot up and down the roof, waving its arms above the very chimneys. Behind this Titanic bower were thickets of bay and willow, with a glimpse of the orange-colored river, framed on the opposite side, by as grand and savage a setting. From the top of the roof, the eye overlooked the whole glorious garden, the spires of the city, the yellow plain, vanishing in purple haze, and the range of violet mountains in the east.

I was curious to see what had been done toward introducing the trees and plants of other parts of the world into a climate so favorable to all, from Egypt to Norway. I found even more than I had anticipated. There, side by side, in the open air, grew the natives of Mexico, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, China, the Himalayas, Syria, Italy, and Spain. The plants were mostly very young, as sufficient time had not elapsed since the seeds were procured, to enable any of them to reach a full development; but the character of their growth was all that could be desired. To my great delight, I found not only the Indian *deodar* and the funeral cypress of China, but the cedar of Lebanon, and the columnar cypress of Italy, and the Orient. The exquisite Cape *ericas* and *azaleas* flourished as in their native air; the thready tamarack of Africa, the Indian-rubber

tree, the Australian *eucalyptus*, and the Japanese *camelia* were as lush and luxuriant as if rejoicing in their new home. In the conservatories, no artificial heat is required, except for the orchids and other tender tropical plants. What a vegetable splendor will California present in fifty years from now! I should almost be content to live so long, that my eyes might behold it.

Not less remarkable was the superior luxuriance which the growths of the Atlantic States exhibit, when transferred to the Pacific Side. The locust, especially, doubles the size of its leaf, and its pinnated tufts almost rival those of the sago palm. The *paawlonia* spreads a tremendous shield; and even the evergreens, especially the *thuya*, manifest a new vitality. The rose is frequently so large as to suggest the idea of a peony, yet loses nothing of its fragrance and beauty. I never beheld a more exquisite bouquet of half-blown roses, than Mr. Smith's gardener cut for my companion. Great beds of violets, heliotrope, and mignonette, fairly ran wild, like weeds, and the lemon verbena became a bush, higher than our heads. The breezes fainted with excess of perfume as they came over this garden—the languid, voluptuous atmosphere of which can only be compared to that of the nutmeg orchards of Ceylon.

Mr. Smith related to me a curious fact with regard to the habits of fruit-trees in California. He uses no irrigation—in fact, finds no necessity for it. Seeing that the young trees thrive without interruption, during the long summer drouth, he was led to examine them closely, and discovered that every plant makes it the first business to send down a straight, slender tap-root, until it reaches the stratum of

moisture. Having once accomplished this, it feels secure, and devotes its energies to the visible portion of its body. I saw a pear tree, three feet high, which in one summer had thrust a tap-root *six feet* straight down into the earth, and no thicker than a knitting-needle! All plants appear to change in this respect.

And then comes the question—if plants change, wherefore not men? And if so, how? Or is the change only in the hidden roots of our character, not in the boughs and blossoms which we show to the world?

Travelling in California is very like what it was in the Atlantic States thirty years ago. The stage-coach, obsolete among us, is there a prominent institution. The various lines are very well managed, on the whole—the proportion of speed and safety being fully up to the old average. There are, however, three disadvantages—jolts, dust, and Chinamen. The amount of freighting done on all the principal roads speedily wears the best highways into holes and ruts; the hoofs of four horses, playing in a bed of powdered earth, raise volcanic puffs of brown dust; and unless you are on a hard plain, where there is a pick of tracks, and the wind abeam, you have your mouth jerked open as fast as you can shut it, and choked every time it is opened. Then the proximity of a greasy, filthy Chinaman, with his yellow, libidinous face and sickening smell of stale opium, is in itself sufficient to poison all the pleasure of the journey. I have often felt an involuntary repulsion when seated near a negro in some public conveyance, at home; but I confess I would rather be wedged in between two of the blackest Africans than be touched by one Chinaman. In



both cases, the instinct is natural and unconquerable; but on the score of humanity, the former race stands immeasurably above the latter.

I must plead guilty to a prejudice against the Chinese. If it were possible for human nature to be so thoroughly perverted that even the simplest, most general ideas of right and wrong should be transmitted from generation to generation in distorted forms, this phenomenon would be found among them. Of all people with whom I have become acquainted, they stand on the lowest moral platform—rather, indeed, on none at all: and when one once knows with what abominations their lives are filled, he sees, thenceforward, pollution in their presence. Those who have been in China will understand me—for many of the reasons of my dislike cannot be told. The Chinaman in California, it is true, is hardly treated; but it were better if he could have been wholly excluded. He has the one virtue of industry, and his cheap habits of life enable him to get a profit out of bars deserted by the white miners, and soil scorned by the white farmers. In this way, he adds something to the production of the State: he also washes, cooks, and serves in various menial capacities—but I doubt whether these services atone for the moral contamination of his presence. I have never found it more difficult to exercise Christian charity, than toward these *fungi* of a rotten civilization.

On leaving for Marysville, I avoided the three discomforts of stage travel, by securing a seat behind the driver. Rolling out through the watered streets of Sacramento, between shivering rows of dusty cottonwoods, which con



tinually drop their gum and tow on the promenaders, we speedily reached the American Fork. The color of these rivers, since the discovery of gold, has changed from a pure crystalline beryl to an opaque reddish-yellow, similar to that of pickled salmon. They are not only hopelessly polluted, but the earth brought continually down from above fills up the channel, changes its course, increases inundations, and year after year, so clogs the bed of the Sacramento that steamboat navigation—which is now feasible for one hundred and eighty miles above the city—threatens to be cut off altogether.

A balmy wind blew from the north, carrying the dust away from us, and the journey, in my lofty seat, with a free outlook over the vast landscape, was very enjoyable. At the Six-Mile House, our horses were watered, and the passengers brandied: at the Twelve-Mile House, the horses were changed, and the passengers whiskied. Our speed perceptibly increased after each halt, and ere long, the far line of oaks marking the course of the Feather River became visible. First, a pale-blue braid, tacked along the hem of the landscape, it gradually became an irregular flounce, cut into embayed scallops; and, finally, the very pattern on the golden ground of Nature's dress. The eye rested with double delight on those superb trees, after the monotony of the sun-scorched plain. The river flows in a more contracted bed than the American Fork, whence it is navigable, although the body of water is not greater.

A quiet, sleepy little place is the town of Nicolaus, on Feather river, twenty-five miles from Sacramento. Huge oaks, stretching their arms over the single broad street,

give it an air of rural repose. There is also a very comfortable inn, where we halted a few minutes, and the passengers beered or brandied. Owing to this fact, no doubt, the new horses were exceedingly spirited, and the four miles to Bear Creek were accomplished in twenty minutes. Over the hard, level road, through alternate belts of sunshine and shade, galloped the four fiery animals until we reached a spot which was to have been called "Oro," and would have been, if anybody could have been induced to settle there. A single house, on a knoll above the dry bed of Bear Creek, is all that is to be seen. This was formerly one of the many capitals of the State. A certain State Senator, who bought a ranche here, introduced a bill making it the seat of government. "Why," remarked another member, "there is no water in Bear Creek: how will steamboats get up to the place?" "Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed the mover of the bill, fiercely brandishing his cane; "I assure the House that *The Senator* can reach the spot every day in the year, and I will chastise you if you deny my word!" "The Senator" was a large steamboat, which plied between San Francisco and Sacramento. Thereupon the other apologized, withdrew his remark, and the bill passed. The ranche was immediately staked into lots, and the possessor realized some forty or fifty thousand dollars by the sale thereof.

Summer came, Bear Creek dried up, and the humbug was seen by everybody. "What did you mean by saying that *The Senator* could get here every day in the year?" exclaimed the indignant purchasers. "Why," coolly answered the ex-Senator, "it is true: the Senator who

contradicted me *can* get here at any time—what is to hinder him? I never said a *steamboat* could do it!" Having thus reconciled the swindle to his conscience, the gentleman prudently retired from California. This was told me by two fellow-passengers, while passing the spot.

As it drew toward noon, the breeze fell, and the sun beat fiercely upon our heads. The temperature was at least 90° in the shade—which, for the 19th of September, was a fair degree of heat; though, as the driver said: "This here ain't a circumstance to the hot days in June." "How hot was it then?" I asked. "Why," said he, "120° in the shade." "Impossible!" "Well, it *was*, and more'n that. Lord! how the horses used to drop dead along this road! The leaves jist curled up in the heat, and the trees looked as they was ready to take fire. The wind blowed from the south, and you'd ha' thought a piece of hot sheet iron was held before your face. Why, the crows couldn't fly, but jist sot on the branches; and every now an then one would tumble off, dead as a hammer." "That's so!" said one of the passengers; "it was the awfulest heat I ever see. The ground burnt through your boots, and the sky was sort o' hazy, like the world was nigh bustin' into a blaze." These accounts were afterwards corroborated by others. The temperature must have equalled that of the Sahara—yet the effect upon human life seems not to have been so fatal as some of our "heated terms" on the Atlantic Coast.

The Sacramento Buttes—a curious isolated group of hills, which form a landmark for near a hundred miles up and down the valley—now rose blue and beautiful before us,

their craggy sides tinted with rose-color in the sunshine. From the topmost peak, which is about twelve hundred feet above the level of the valley, there is a wonderful panorama, in clear weather. The view extends from Monte Diablo in the south to the solitary Alpine cone of Shasta in the north, a distance of more than two hundred miles. Lovely little dells lie between the bases of the group; and the citizens of Marysville, only eight miles distant, are beginning to perceive the prudence of securing residences in a spot which combines so many natural advantages. Here, again, there is the basis for another Arcadian day-dream.

As we approached the Yuba River, the country became rolling, the road a fathomless bed of dust—yet this was disregarded, in the contemplation of the superb trees, studded with growths of misletoe, and hung with a gorgeous drapery of wild grape-vines. Where the land had been cleared, there were fields of Indian corn which surpassed anything I had ever seen. The average height of the stalks was not less than fifteen feet, and the size and number of the ears was in proportion. The brick blocks of Marysville now appeared in front, on the west bank of the Yuba, which we crossed by a lofty and substantial bridge.

Marysville is the best-built town of its size in California. At the head of navigation on Feather River, it occupies the same situation with regard to the northern mines that Stockton does to the southern, while the opening of Honey Lake and Pitt River valleys insure for it a more prosperous future. Its founder, Mr. Fall, who is still the largest proprietor, is one of the few men who made a lucky hit at the

start, and kept it. He was absent on a trip to Carson Valley at the time of my visit, and I regretted that I did not see his garden, which is one of the most beautiful in the State. Marysville has already a population of eight thousand. It is laid out in regular squares, the houses being mostly of brick, flat-roofed, and two stories high. The prevailing red tint is not agreeable to the eye; but this will probably disappear in the course of time. The situation of the town is very beautiful, the Yuba, in spite of its orange tint, being a lovely stream, not yet denuded of its timber, through the openings in which you see the far peaks of the Sierra Nevada.

My performances were held in the theatre, which was then vacant. Considering the fact that five or six hundred of the principal citizens were then in Sacramento, attending the State Fair, the attendance was very good, and I was gratified at seeing, in the gallery, quite a number of flannel-shirted miners. One circumstance puzzled me at first. After I had been discoursing for half an hour, several gentlemen got up and left. Presently, another party rose and retired in a body. Well, thought I, they are certainly bored: it is not the entertainment they expected: they have been accustomed to negro minstrels, and anything of a serious nature is tiresome to them. But, to my surprise, they all returned in five minutes afterwards, and sat quietly until the close. On stating this to a friend, he laughed. "Why," said he, "didn't you guess it? They only went out *for a drink!*" I afterward got accustomed to this practice, as it happened almost every night. The innocence with which it was



done amused me, although the interruption was annoying. I had serious thoughts of engaging waiters, in felt slippers, to attend, take orders, and bring to each thirsty auditor the drink he desired. In other respects, the Marysville audience was very agreeable—decidedly more warm and genial than in San Francisco, with an equally intelligent attention.

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### 6.—THE NORTHERN MINES.

I HAD made an engagement with a literary society in the town of Nevada, high up in the mountains, for the next evening; and it was therefore necessary to take a stage which left Marysville at three in the morning. The driver cruelly picked us up first of all, and then went around the town, in the cold morning starlight, calling for the other passengers. Two or three miners and traders and a Chinese woman entered—the latter surrounded with a hideous, jabbering crowd of countrymen, who yelled after her adieux which sounded more like curses. Then we drove off upon the dark plain, silent and uncommunicative for the first two hours. The dawn came as we were passing through the oak openings at the base of the foot-hills, and revealed to us the bearded faces and stalwart forms opposite, and the squat yellow figure on the middle seat, with her lantern, tea-kettle, paper-box, and various other articles, tied separately in dirty handkerchiefs. She looked around with a grin, cackled a few unknown words, and then proceeded to roll a cigar, strike fire, and smoke.



Noticing my wife, she made a second cigar, and offered it to her. As this was declined, she took a small black cake in her harpy talons, and made a second attempt to be friendly. To refuse, without an open manifestation of disgust, was all that was possible.

By sunrise, we were toiling up and down a rough, side-ling road, on the west bank of the Yuba. I looked with great interest for the first signs of gold-washing, and they were soon visible in the bare, yellow, devastated river-bed below us. Soon after entering the hills we reached Long Bar, a mining-camp which extends for some distance along the river. Wooden flumes, raised on tall tressels, brought water from some reservoir above to the diggings, where it fell into the sluices in which the earth is washed. The absence of any appearance of permanent settlement—the rough board shanties in which the miners live—did not give evidence of a great yield of gold. In fact, they were washing the same bars over for perhaps the fifth or sixth time. Every year some new deposit is struck, besides what is continually brought down by the winter floods; but the chances of great strikes are gradually lessened. These operations are now carried on by small companies of miners: individual labor, which was the rule in 1849, has almost entirely ceased.

The miners were just turning out of their bunks, and the doors of their shanties being open, enabled us to see how rude and simple are their habits of life. They lived, two or three in a hut, doing their own cooking and house-keeping. Some were washing their eyes, and combing their matted hair: some kindling fires in little stone ovens:

others taking a morning draught at the "*Hotel de la France!*" and some few singing songs in the patois of the Canadian *voyageurs*. Rough, ruddy fellows they were, with any amount of animal health and animal appetites. Where culture is engrafted on such a physical stock, the fruit is—MEN.

Crossing the Yuba by a species of floating bridge, we climbed the opposite bank, and after winding among the red, dry-baked hills for a mile or two, reached Timbuctoo—a place which has recently grown into notice through the hydraulic mining carried on there. It lies in a narrow glen, down the bottom of which poured a stream of yellow batter, scarcely to be recognized as water after it has been employed in mining. The village consists of a single street, well-built, though wooden, and lively and cheerful to look upon. We only stopped to leave the mails, and then drove on, gradually ascending, to the Empire Ranche, two miles further, where breakfast awaited us. Fine oak-trees, a large barn and stabling, a peach-orchard, vineyard, and melon patch, were the first signs of permanent settlement we had seen since entering the hills. The breakfast was abundant and good, and there was a marked increase of social feeling among the passengers, afterwards.

Beyond this, the hills, which had been terribly denuded of timber, retained their original forests. The road crossed several spurs, and then entered a long, shallow cañon, up which we toiled in heat and dust. Blue mountain-ranges gleamed afar, through the gaps in the trees; the clayey water rushed overhead through the flumes, or fell in turbid cascades down the side of the hill, and huge freight teams,

drawn by long strings of mules, occasionally blocked our way. It was a singular mixture of savage and civilized Nature. From the top of the cañon we descended three or four miles into Penn's Valley, a rich, circular tract of bottom land, studded with magnificent trees, and already mapped into farms, and fenced. Two miles beyond this is Rough-and-Ready, a mining camp in a very rich ravine. It had recently been destroyed by fire: half of it consisted of new, uninhabited shanties, and the other half of blackened embers.

Another hour, over a rolling, well-timbered region, two thousand feet above the sea, and crossing the brow of the hill, we saw a large town below us. Blocks of brick buildings, church spires, suburban cottages and gardens, gave it quite an imposing air—but war and tempest seemed to have passed over the surrounding landscape. The hills were stripped of wood, except here and there a single pine, which stood like a monumental obelisk amid the stump head-stones of its departed brethren: the bed of the valley was torn into great holes and furrows; and wherever the eye turned, it met with glaring piles of red earth, like redoubts thrown up in haste and then deserted. This was Grass Valley, famous in the annals of mining: and such are the ravages which the search for gold works on the fair face of Nature.

Descending into the town, we found macadamized and watered streets, and plank sidewalks, respectable hotels, a theatre, express offices, and all other signs of a high civilization. Here the young woman called John (every Chinaman, male or female, is called "John" in California) left us. Mails were delivered, and we bowled along over

a broad turnpike to Nevada, four miles farther. The approach to the town, along the steep bank of a ravine, is very striking. The houses rise along the opposite bank, on both sides of a lateral ravine, sending out irregular arms up the hills, to the foot of a conical peak, called the Sugar Loaf, which overlooks it. But for the red brick, I should compare it to some Syrian city. Around it there is a barren, desolated space, full of yawning gaps, and piles of naked earth, with here and there a young garden interposed; and over all—like a raised rim to the basin in which it lies—a forest of pines. The place is a little larger than Grass Valley, having about four thousand inhabitants.

We found comfortable quarters in Mr. Lancaster's fire-proof tavern. The afternoon was devoted principally to repose, as my day's work had to be done in the evening. An audience of more than three hundred assembled in the theatre, which, as the tickets cost a dollar, was equivalent to double the number at home. With the exception of San Francisco, the attendance was the best I found in California. In character, the people resembled the communities of the Western States—genial, impulsive, quick, anticipative even. Professional talkers will understand how pleasant is an audience of this character.

Having expressed a great desire to get a sight of the central chain of the Sierra Nevada, Mr. Rolfe proposed an excursion along the main ridge, which runs parallel with the South Fork of the Yuba, up to the Truckee Pass. We started early the following afternoon, designing to reach a point some eight or ten miles distant, whence the highest peaks of the northern Sierra could be seen. Behind Nevada,

an admirable road, cut along the side of the hill, leads off in a north-eastern direction for two miles, gradually mounting to the summit of the ridge. The unbroken, primitive forest then received us. Pillars two hundred feet high and six feet in diameter, straight as a lance, and tapering as gracefully as the shaft of the areca palm, rose on all sides: far above mingled the tufted boughs, admitting only chance beams of sunshine, which struck in slanting lines of gold through the fragrant, shadowy air. The road was a rough, rutty, fathomless bed of dust, but elsewhere the dry earth was hidden under a carpet of yellow ferns. Where the ridge fell off on either side, the summits of the trees below formed an impervious canopy which shut out the distant view. We drove for several miles through the aisles of this grand natural cathedral, before which the pillared hall of Karnak and the aspiring arches of the minster of Cologne sink into nothingness. No Doric column could surpass in beauty of proportion those stupendous shafts. They are the demigods of the vegetable world.

Here and there we saw a small clearing, or a saw-mill—the blasphemous dragon which lays waste these sacred solitudes—or a tavern, patronized by the teamsters who traverse this road on their way to the upper diggings, near the source of the Yuba. Still further on, we were surprised by a fierce roaring sound, and the sight of scarlet gleams of fire, flashing out of the shades. The giant trunks stood scornfully in the midst of it, secure in their bulk, but the underwood and the dead boughs which had fallen snapped and crackled, as the flames leaped upon them. We drove through the midst of it, and, on a ferny knoll beyond, saw



whence it originated. A company of Digger Indians, half-naked, lay upon the ground. They had been burning a dead body, and, according to their custom, had plastered their hair and cheeks with a mixture of pitch and the fat rendered out of the deer departed, as a token of sorrow. During the performance of this ceremony, their howlings and lamentations are frightful. Those whom we saw had completed their task, and had an air of stupid satisfaction, resulting from the consciousness of having done their duty.

The dust raised by our wheels was so fine, penetrating, and suffocating, that the excursion became a torture rather than a pleasure. We, therefore, relinquished the idea of going on to Gold Hill—a picturesque mining-camp on a terrace overhanging the river—and halted at a point where the ridge turns sharply to the south, allowing a wide outlook to the north and east. The view was vast in extent, grand and savage in character, yet monotonous in form, lacking the usual abruptness and picturesqueness of mountain scenery. Directly below us yawned the valley of the South Fork, at least two thousand feet deep. Opposite, rose a ridge similar to that on which we stood, dividing the South and Middle Forks—its summit presenting an almost even line, covered with dark forests. Over this a few higher peaks lifted themselves, in the distance; and still further, Pilot Knob and the other summits of the Sierra, beyond Downieville. Eastward the deep gorge vanished between vapory mountain-walls, over which towered the topmost heights between us and the Great Basin of Utah. The highest peaks were about ten thousand feet above the sea-level; yet, greatly to our disappointment, no snow was



to be seen. The unusual heat of the summer had denuded even the loftiest summits, and they stood bare and broken, of a pale violet color, like the dolomite mountains of Southern Tyrol.

Returning along the same track, we emerged from the forest just at sunset, and halted, involuntarily, at the wonderful beauty of the scene before us. The deep, trough-like glen down which our road lay, slept in shadow : at its mouth Nevada, with her encircling hills, burned in a flush of imperial purple light ; while the mountains of the Coast Range, seventy miles away, were painted in rose-color, transparent against the sunset. I know of but one pencil capable of reproducing this magic illumination. In Spain, and Sicily, and Syria, I have never seen a lovelier effect of color. For a full half-hour the glow lingered, as if reluctant to fade away and leave to us the unlovely reality of shanties, shabby houses, heaps of dirt, and riddled and perforated hills.

While in Sacramento, I had received an invitation to spend an evening in Timbuctoo, and on my way to Nevada, completed the arrangements for visiting that unknown and mysterious place. It involved a journey of twenty miles over the road I had already travelled, and a return to Nevada on the following day ; but as Timbuctoo is said to be the grandest example of hydraulic mining in California, I did not grudge the extra travel. Early on Monday morning we took saddle-horses, my companion being ambitious to gain experience in an art new to her. We had a pair of spirited animals—almost too much so, in fact, for such a sultry, stifling day—and got over the four miles to Grass

Valley in short order. Thence to Rough-and-Ready and Penn's Valley, all went well; but as the sun mounted higher, and the dust rose, and the unaccustomed arm wearied of the check-rein, the inspiration of the ride flagged, and never was haven more welcome than the Empire Ranche, two miles from Timbuctoo.

In the afternoon, Mr. Carpenter, to whom I was indebted for the opportunity of visiting the place, accompanied me to view the mining operations. A ridge about five hundred feet in height divides the glen in which the town lies from the Yuba River, and the whole of this ridge from the summit down to the bed-rock, contains gold. At first the washings were confined to the bottom of the valley, and to Rose's Bar, on the Yuba. After the richest deposits were exhausted, short drifts were carried into the hills at their base, and it was finally ascertained that if any plan could be devised to curtail the expense of labor, the entire hill might be profitably washed down. In this manner originated what is called hydraulic mining—a form of working, which, I believe, is not known in any other part of the world.

The undertakings for the purpose of procuring a steady supply of water through the dry seasons, commenced as early as 1850. It was found that the deposits of gold were not only on the river-bars, but that scarcely a valley, or glen, or dip among the hills, throughout the whole extent of the gold region, was barren of the precious metal. That these might be worked, the rivers were tapped high up in the mountains, and ditches carried along the intervening ridges, raised on gigantic flumes wherever a depression

occurred, from distances varying from fifteen to forty miles. Here was immediately a new field for enterprise. Water companies were formed for the construction of these vast works, and the ditches led so as to supply the greatest number of mining localities. The water is furnished at so much per inch—generally at very exorbitant rates—and is therefore a surer source of profit than mining itself. Nothing seemed to me more remarkable, in travelling through the gold region, than the grand scale on which these operations are conducted.

The ditch which supplies Timbuctoo is thirty-five miles long, and was constructed at a cost of \$600,000. Yet, on this capital it yields an annual dividend of at least forty per cent. Some ditches are still more profitable than this, and it may be said that none of them has failed to pay handsomely, except through mismanagement. One of the companies at Timbuctoo uses water to the value of \$100 every day. Near the end of the ditch there is a reservoir, into which the stream is turned at night, in order to create a reserve for any emergency.

Following a line of fluming along the top of the ridge, we presently came to a great gulf, or gap, eaten out of the southern side of the hill. A wall of bare earth, more than a hundred feet high, yawned below our feet, and two streams of water, pouring over the edge, thundered upon the loose soil below, which was still further broken up by jets from hose which the workmen held. After the water had become thoroughly commingled with earth, it was again gathered into a stream and conducted into a long sluice, in the bottom of which grooves of quicksilver

caught the scattered grains of gold. Nothing could be more simple than the process. The water of itself ate channels into the lofty wall of earth, and then pulverized and dissolved the dirt it had brought down. Commencing at the base of the hill, the soil has thus been gradually eaten away to the depth of two hundred yards, down to the bed-rock, leaving a face exposed, in some places 150 feet in perpendicular height. The whole of the immense mass of earth which has been displaced has passed through the sluice, deposited its gold, and been carried down by the waste water to clog the currents of the Yuba, the Feather, and the Sacramento.

On the northern side, a similar process was in operation, and the two excavations had approached each other so nearly, that a few months only were requisite to break the back of the hill. Crossing the narrow bridge between, I approached the end of the ridge, and found myself on the edge of a third, and still grander work! Thousands on thousands of tons had been removed, leaving an immense semicircular cavity, with a face nearly 150 feet in height. From the summit, five streams fell in perpendicular lines of spray, trampling and boiling in cauldrons of muddy foam as they mingled with the loose dirt at the bottom. While I gazed, a mass of earth, weighing, at least, five tons, detached itself from the top, between the channels cut by two of those streams, and fell with a thundering crash, which made the hill tremble to its base. Another and another slide succeeded, while the pigmies below, as if rejoicing in the ruin, sprang upon them with six-inch jets from the hose-serpents which coiled around the bank, and reduced the

fragments to dust. Beyond this scene of chaos, the water gathered again, and through the straight sluice—like a giant bleeding to death from a single vein—the mountain washed itself away.

It seemed a work of the Titans. When I saw what the original extent of the hill had been—how certainly the whole ridge, which rose so defiant, as if secure of enduring until the end of the world, was doomed to disappear—how the very aspect of Nature would be in time transformed by such simple agents as this trough of water, and those three flannel-shirted creatures with their hose—I acknowledged that there might be a grandeur in gold-mining beyond that of the building of the Pyramids.

Some fascination must be connected with this labor, or men would not trifle so recklessly with the forces they attack. Scarcely a week passed without some report of workmen being buried under the falling masses of earth. Though continually warned—though familiar with the danger from long experience—they become so absorbed in the work of undermining the slippery bluffs, that they gradually approach nearer and nearer; the roar of the water drowns the threatening hiss of the relaxing soil—down comes the avalanche, and, if the man's foot is not as quick as his eye, he is instantly crushed out of existence. In descending to the village, I followed two miners, taking a path which led downward, on the top of a narrow wall, left standing between the two excavations on the southern side. In some places, the top was not more than six feet wide, and the appearance of the loose, gravelly soil, dropping straight down a hundred feet on either hand, threatening to give



way beneath my weight, was not calculated to inspire confidence. Seven days afterward, the entire mass fell (fortunately in the night), with a crash that jarred the earth for a mile around.

In Mr. Carpenter's office, I found a choice collection of standard works—Ruskin, Coleridge, Emerson, Gœthe, Mrs. Somerville, and others, whom one would not expect to find in the midst of such barren material toil. I also made the acquaintance of a miner—a hired laborer—who had sent all the way to Boston for a copy of Tennyson's "Idyls," knew "In Memoriam" by heart, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Browning. One of my first visitors, on reaching San Francisco, was an old Oregon farmer, who called to know whether I had ever seen the Brownings—what was their personal appearance—what sort of a man was Tennyson, also Longfellow, Whittier, and various other poets. Verily, no true poet need despair—

" His words are driven  
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
The birds of Fame have flown"—

and, also, where such birds have not flown. If I knew, as Tennyson does, that a poem of mine made an imprisoned sailor, in the long Arctic night, shed tears, I would smile upon the critic who demonstrated, by the neatest process of logic, that there was no veritable afflatus to be found in me.

The next day we returned to Nevada—my companion, much less enthusiastic than before, taking the stage, while



I galloped back with a led horse attached to my right arm. The day was overcast, with a presentiment of ill in the atmosphere. It was that anxious, oppressed, congested feeling, which Nature often experiences before a rain, when life looks cheerless, and hope dies in the soul of man. Anywhere else I should have laid my hand on *The Book*, and affirmed that rain would come—and even here, rain *did* come. I did not believe my ears, when I heard the pattering in the night—I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I looked abroad in the morning, and saw the dust laid, the trees washed and glittering, and the sky as clear and tranquil a blue as—no matter whose eye. We were to go to North San Juan, an enterprising little place on the Middle Yuba, ten miles off; and, in spite of bruised bones, there was no thought of fatigue. With the help of that exquisite air, we could have climbed Chimborazo.

This time, however, it was a light, open buggy and a capital black horse. I have rarely seen better or more intelligent horses than there are in California. Probably the long journey across the Plains sifted the stock, the poorer specimens dropping by the way, as many humans do, blood and character holding out to the end. Be this as it may, I made the acquaintance of no horse there to whom I would not willingly have done a personal favor. Merrily we rattled up the planked street of Nevada, around the base of the Sugar Loaf, past the mouths of mining drifts, and the muddy tails of sluices, and into a rolling upland region, about half stripped of its timber, where every little glen or hollow was turned upside down by the miners. After a drive of three or four miles, the blueness

of the air disclosed a gulf in front, and we prepared for a descent to the bed of the South Yuba.

It was a more difficult undertaking than we were aware of. The road plunged down the steep at a pitch frightful to behold, turning and winding among the ledges in such a manner that one portion of it often overhung another. Broad folds of shade were flung into the gulf from the summits far above, but the opposite side, ascending even more abruptly, lay with its pines and large-leaved oaks, sparkling, in the clearest sunlight. Our horse was equal to the emergency. Planting himself firmly on his fore-feet, with erect, attentive ears, he let us carefully, step by step, down the perilous slopes. With strong harness, there is really no danger, and one speedily gets accustomed to such experiences.

The northern bank, as beautifully diversified with picturesque knolls and glens as the rapidity of the descent would allow, confronted us with an unbroken climb of a mile and a half. Luckily we met no down-coming team on the way, for there was no chance of passing. At the summit, where there is a little mining-camp called Montezuma, we again entered on that rolling platform, which, like the *fjelds* of Norway, forms the prominent feature of this part of the Sierra Nevada—the beds of the rivers lying at an average depth of two thousand feet below the level of the intervening regions. Looking eastward, we beheld a single peak of the great central chain, with a gleaming snow-field on its northern side. Montezuma has a tavern, two stores, and a cluster of primitive habitations. The *genus* “loafer” is also found—no country, in fact, is so new that it does

not flourish there. Far and wide the country is covered with giant pines, and not a day passes but some of them fall. They are visibly thinning, and in a few years more, this district will be scorched and desolate. It is true young trees are starting up everywhere, but it will be centuries before they attain the majesty of the present forests.

Pursuing our winding way for three miles more through the woods, we saw at last the dark-blue walls of the Middle Yuba rise before us, and began to look out for San Juan. First we came to Sebastapol (!), then to some other incipient village, and finally to our destination. North San Juan is a small, compact place, lying in a shallow dip among the hills. Its inhabitants prosecute both drift and hydraulic mining, with equal energy and success. As at Timbuctoo, the whole mass of the hill between the town and the river is gold-bearing, and enormous cavities have been washed out of it. The water descends from the flumes in tubes of galvanized iron, to which canvas hose-pipes, six inches in diameter, are attached, and the force of the jets which play against the walls of earth is really terrific. The dirt, I was informed, yields but a moderate profit at present, but grows richer as it approaches the bed-rock. As each company has enough material to last for years, the ultimate result of their operations is sure to be very profitable. In the course of time, the very ground on which the village stands will be washed away. We passed some pleasant cottages and gardens which must be moved in two or three years. The only rights in the gold region are those of miners. The only inviolable property is a

“claim.” Houses must fall, fields be ravaged, improvements of all sorts swept away, if the miner sees fit—there is no help for it.

The next morning, we drove back to Nevada betimes, in order to reach Grass Valley before evening. Before taking leave of the pleasant little town, where we had spent three delightful days, I must not omit to mention our descent into the Nebraska Mine, on the northern side of Manzanita Hill. This is as good an example of successful drift mining as can readily be found, and gave me a new insight into the character of the gold deposits. All the speculations of the early miners were wholly at fault, and it is only within the last four or five years that anything like a rational system has been introduced—that is, so far as so uncertain a business admits of a system. Hydraulic mining, as I have before stated, is carried on in those localities where gold is diffused through the soil; but drift mining seeks the “leads”—mostly the subterranean beds of pre-Adamite rivers—where it is confined within narrow channels, offering a more contracted but far richer field.

These ancient river-beds are a singular feature of the geology of the Sierra Nevada. They are found at a height of two thousand feet above the sea, or more, often cutting at right angles through the present axis of the hills, jumping over valleys and re-appearing in the heights opposite. One of them, called the “Blue Lead,” celebrated for its richness, has been thus traced for more than a hundred miles. The breadth of the channels varies greatly, but they are always very distinctly marked by the

bluff banks of earth, on each side of the sandy bed. Their foundation is the primitive granite—upon which, and in the holes and pockets whereof, the gold is most abundant. The usual way of mining is, to sink a shaft to the bed-rock, and then send out lateral drifts in search of the buried river. The Nebraska Company at Nevada has been fortunate enough to strike a channel several hundred feet wide, and extending for some distance diagonally through the hill. Until this lead was struck, the expenses were very great, and a considerable capital was sunk; but now the yield averages ten thousand dollars per week, at least three-fourths of which is clear profit.

One of the proprietors, who accompanied us, was kind enough to arrange matters so that we should get a most satisfactory view of the mine. After having been arrayed, in the office, in enormous India-rubber boots, corduroy jackets, and sou'-westers, without distinction of sex, we repaired to the engine-house, where the sands of the lost Pactolus are drawn up again to the sunshine, after the lapse of perhaps five hundred thousand years. Here, my Eurydice was placed in a little box, from which the dirt had just been emptied, packed in the smallest coil to avoid the danger of striking the roof on the way down, and, at the ringing of a bell, was whisked from my eyes and swallowed up in the darkness. I was obliged to wait until the next box came up, when, like Orpheus, I followed her to the shades. A swift descent of six hundred feet brought me to the bed-rock, where I found those who had gone before, standing in a passage only four or five feet high, candles in their hands, and their feet in a pool of water.



Square shafts, carefully boxed in with strong timbers, branched off before us through the heart of the hill. Along the bottom of each was a tram-way, and at intervals of five minutes, cars laden with gray river-sand were rolled up, hitched to the rope, and speedily drawn to the surface. Following our conductor, we traced some of these shafts to the end, where workmen were busy excavating the close packed sand, and filling the cars. The company intend running their drifts to the end of their claim, when they will commence working back toward the beginning, cleaning out the channel as they go. Probably, three or four years will be required to complete the task, and if they are not very unreasonable in their expectations, they may retire from business by that time. We sat down for half an hour, with the unstable, sandy ceiling impending over our heads, and watched the workmen. They used no other implements than the pick and shovel, and the only difficulty connected with their labor was the impossibility of standing upright. The depth of the sand varied from three to six feet, but the grains of gold were scantily distributed through the upper layers. In one place, where the bed-rock was exposed, we saw distinctly the thick deposits of minute shining scales, *in situ*.

The air was very close and disagreeable, and the unrelieved stooping posture so tiresome, that we were not sorry when the guide, having scraped up a panful of the bottom sand, conducted us by watery ways, to the entrance shaft, and restored us to daylight. The sand, on reaching the surface, is tilted down an opening in the floor, and is instantly played upon by huge jets of water, which sweep



it into a long sluice. Here it is still further agitated by means of riffles across the bottom, and the gold is caught in grooves filled with quicksilver. Every week, the amalgam thus produced is taken out and assayed. The tailings of these sluices are frequently *corraled* (a California term for "herded" or "collected"), and run through a second sluice, or turned into some natural ravine, which is washed out twice a year. In spite of this, a considerable percentage of the gold, no doubt, escapes. There is a gentleman in Nevada, who owns a little gully, through which runs the waste of a drift on the hill above. He had the sagacity to put down a sluice and insert quicksilver, thinking sufficient gold might be left in the sand to pay for the experiment; and his net profits, from this source, amount to fifteen thousand dollars a year.

The pan of dirt brought up with us, having been skilfully washed in the old-fashioned way, produced a heap of mustard-seed grains, to the value of five or six dollars, which was courteously presented to my wife as a souvenir of her visit. Those who predict the speedy failure of the gold of California, do not know what wonderful subterranean store-houses of the precious metal still lie untouched. The river-bars were but as windfalls from the tree.

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#### 7.—TRAVELLING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

SAN JUAN was the northern limit of our mountain wanderings. I then turned southward—having so disposed of my time, that a fortnight would be devoted to the mining

regions between the Yuba and the Stanislaus. Leaving Nevada on Thursday afternoon, we drove over to Grass Valley, where Mr. E—— had arranged for my discourse in the theatre that evening. I found that the announcement had been made with more zeal than modesty. When that gentleman asked me, before starting on his journey of preliminaries: "What shall I put on the posters in addition to your name?" I earnestly charged him to put nothing at all. "If the subject of the lecture will not attract auditors, I must do without them; and I shall never be guilty of blowing my own trumpet." I leave the reader to imagine my feelings, when, on entering Grass Valley, the colossal words, "The world-renowned traveller and historian!!!" stared at me from every blank wall. And so it was wherever I went. My agent's indiscreet zeal made me appear, to the public, not only as a monstrous self-glorifier, but also as arrogating to myself a title to which I had no claim. "The printers would have it so," was his meek excuse.

Grass Valley and Nevada, being only four miles apart, and very nearly of the same size and importance, are, of course, deadly rivals. Curiously enough, this fact was the occasion of some pecuniary detriment to myself. The circumstance was, at the same time, laughable and vexatious. In the evening, shortly before the appointed hour, a gentleman approached me with a mysterious air, and, after some beating about an invisible bush, finally asked, plumply: "Are you going to lecture to-night for the benefit of the Nevada people?" "What do you mean?" I exclaimed, in great astonishment. "Why," said he, "it is reported that

the Society in Nevada has engaged you to come here, as if on your own account, so that *we* sha'n't know anything about it, and they are to have the profits!" "What do you take me for?" I asked, indignant at such a mean suspicion; "but even if *I* were capable of it, the Nevada people are above such trickery." "Well," said he, "I will hurry out and correct the impression, as far as possible; for it is going to prevent scores of people from coming to hear you."

My next point was Forest Hill, a new mining camp, situated on the left ridge between the North and Middle Forks of the American River. The distance was more than thirty miles, over a very wild and broken portion of the mountains, and I was obliged to hire a two-horse buggy and driver, at an expense of \$35 for the trip. A miner from Michigan Bar, returning homeward, also joined us, and his knowledge of the road proved indispensable. We took an eastward course on leaving Grass Valley, crossing bleak, disforested hills, where the dust was frightfully deep and dry; then, approaching Buena Vista Rancho, plunged by degrees into the woods, where the air was cool and balsamic, and the burnt ground was hidden under a golden plumage of ferns. The road at last dropped into a linked succession of dells, which enchanted us with their beauty. The giant pillars of the forest rose on all sides, but here and there the pines fell back, leaving grassy knolls dotted with clumps of oak, or green meadows fringed with laurel and buckeye, or tangled masses of shrubbery and vines. There were also cottages and gardens, secluded in these Happy Valleys, where, one sighed to think, care, and pain, and

sorrow, come as readily as to the bleakest moor or the rudest sea-shore.

For four or five miles we drove merrily onward through that Arcadian realm. The blue sky shone overhead, the pines sang in the morning wind, the distant mountains veiled themselves in softer purple, and the exquisite odors of bay and pine, and dry, aromatic herbs gave sweetness to the air. Then the scene became wilder, a rugged cañon received us—a gulf opened in front—broken, wooded steeps rose opposite, and we commenced the descent to Bear Creek, the first of the valleys to be crossed. It was, however, an easy task, compared with that of the South Yuba. The road was stony and sideling, to be sure, but not more than half a mile in descent.

At the bottom was a bridge—useless in the dry season—with a toll of a dollar and a half at the further end. A ruddy, bustling woman, who kept the toll-house and accompanying bar-room, received us with great cordiality. Hearing the driver address me by name, she exclaimed: “Why, are you Mr. Taylor? Excuse me for not knowing you! And that is your wife, I suppose—how do you do, Mrs. Taylor? Won’t you have a bunch of grapes?” Into the house she popped, and out again, with a fine cluster of black Hamburgs. “Now then,” she continued, “since we know one another, you must come and see me often.” “With pleasure,” said I; “and you must return the visit, though it’s rather a long way.” “Oh, I don’t mind that,” she rejoined; “but you must stop longer the next time you come by”—which I readily promised. Really, thought I, as we drove away, this is fame to some purpose. How

friendly this woman became, as soon as she found out who I was! How much she must admire my writings! What a sublime contempt she has for time and space—inviting us to *come over often*, and visit her! My complacent reflections were interrupted by a chuckle from the driver. “Well,” said he, “the old lady’s rather took in. She thinks you’re Mr. Taylor, that lives up t’other side o’ the Buena Vista Ranche!”

Regaining the summit on the southern side, we found a rolling country, ruder and more broken than that we had passed through, and in half an hour more reached a large mining camp, called Illinoistown. It was eleven o’clock, and we determined to push on to Iowa Hill, eight or nine miles further, for dinner. As we approached the North Fork of the American, a far grander chasm than any we had yet encountered yawned before us. The earth fell sheer away to an unknown depth (for the bottom was invisible), while a mighty mountain wall, blue with the heated haze of noonday, rose beyond, leaning against the sky. Far to the east, a vision of still deeper gorges, overhung by Alpine peaks, glimmered through the motionless air. We had an uninterrupted descent of two miles, and a climb of equal length on a road hacked with infinite labor along the sides of the steeps, and necessarily so narrow that there were but few points where vehicles could pass. It was not long before we arrived at a pitch so abrupt that the horses, with all their good-will, could not hold back; we alighted and walked, enjoying the giddy views into the abyss, which enlarged with every turn of the road. The muddy river was already in sight, and the bottom seemed not far distant,

when three heavy teams emerged from around a corner, dragging their slow length up the height. Our driver selected the widest part of the road, drove to the edge, and ran his near wheels into the outside rut, where they held firm, while the off portion of the vehicle dropped over the edge, and remained thus, half-suspended. There was barely space for the teams to graze past. We reached the bottom with tottering knees, and faces plastered with a thick mixture of dust and sweat.

The bridge-toll was two dollars—which, however, included a contribution for keeping the road on both sides in good repair, and was really not exorbitant. The road itself, considering the youth of the country, is a marvel. We found the ascent very tedious, as the horses were obliged to stop every fifty yards, and regain their wind. But all things have an end; and at two o'clock, hot, dusty, and hungry, we drove into Iowa Hill.

This was formerly a very flourishing mining town, but has of late fallen off considerably, on account of some of the richest leads giving out. In spite of a broad, planked street, hotels, express offices, and stores, it has rather a dilapidated appearance. At the tavern where we stopped for a dinner, the following notice was stuck up :

“CONSTABLE'S SALE.

“ Fifty Chickens and Six Rose Bushes will be sold on Friday next.”

The guests' parlor was, at the same time, the sitting-room of the landlord's family, and, while we were waiting for dinner, the hostess entered into conversation with my wife. “ Why won't you stop here this evening ?” she asked.



“We are bound for Forest Hill,” was the reply. “But you might as well stop; our theatre is empty, and everybody would go.” Thinking she referred to my lecture, my wife answered: “The engagement was made at Forest Hill for this evening.” “I wish I could go,” exclaimed the lady; “I *do* like to hear concerts. You give quartetts, of course, as there are four of you. Is he (pointing to the driver) the comic one? What is your husband—tenor or bass? I’m sure you could get our theatre at a minute’s notice. We haven’t had no concert for a long while; and if there’s fun, you’d have lots of people!”

We started again at three, as there were still twelve miles to be gotten over. A scene of truly inspiring beauty now received us. Emerging from the woods, we found ourselves on the brink of a deep, wild, winding valley, up which streamed the afternoon sun, tinting its precipitous capes and their feathery mantle of forests with airy gold, while the intervening gulfs slept in purple gloom. The more gradual slopes on either side were nobly wooded, with a superb intermixture of foliage. The road—broad, smooth, and admirably graded (costing, I am told, \$30,000)—wound around the hollows and headlands, sometimes buried in the darkness of oracular woods, sometimes poised in sunshine over the hazy deeps. Our journey across this magnificent valley was a transit of delight. There is nothing more beautiful anywhere in the Sierra Nevada.

Now, what do you suppose is the name attached to this spot? What melodious title enfolds in its sound a suggestion of so much beauty? It is called—conceal thy face, O modest reader! I write it with a blush mantling my

steel-pen, down to the very point—"Shirt-tail Cañon!" Palsied be the profane tongue that first insulted Nature by bestowing it! The story is, that the first miner, washing in the stream, with nothing on but his shirt, was seen by the next comers, carrying up his gold in the tail thereof, like an apron, regardless of appearances. Be that as it may, this part of the Sierra Nevada has been made infamous by its abundance of the most condemnable names which a beastly imagination ever invented. A little further up in the hills is a mining-camp, called "Hell's Delight!" There is also "Bogus Thunder" not far off, and a village with the delicious appellation of "Ground Hog's Glory!" Hallelujah! what a field the future poets of California will have! Fancy one of them singing:

"When in Shirt-Tail Cañon buds the grove,  
And the larks are singing in Hell's Delight,  
To Ground Hog's Glory I'll come, my love,  
And sing at thy lattice by night!"

Or thus :

"My heart is torn asunder,  
My life is filled with pain ;  
The daughter of Bogus Thunder  
Looks on me with disdain!"

I have only given the most favorable specimens. There are some places, the names of which are current from mouth to mouth, but which, for obvious reasons, are never printed. Some of them are out-of-way camps, which will never become classic localities—but a spot of such remarkable beauty as the cañon we have just passed through (I will not repeat the name) deserves to be immediately redeemed.

Let me suggest a title. I noticed a resemblance, in certain features, to a wild and beautiful valley in the Taygetus. Let it, therefore, be called "Spartan Cañon"—which will, at the same time, convey the idea of the original name to the classical traveller. I call upon ye, inhabitants of Iowa Hill, Forest Hill, Yankee Jim's, Mount Hope, and Hell's Delight, to accept this name (if you cannot find a better) and let the present epithet perish with the wretch who first applied it!

Toward sunset we reached Yankee Jim's—a very picturesque and cheerful little village, in spite of its name. Thence, there were four miles along the summit of a ridge covered with gigantic pines and arbor vitæ (the latter often 200 feet high), to Forest Hill. The splendor of the sunset-glow among these mountains is not to be described. The trees stood like images of new bronze, inlaid with rubies—the air was a sea of crimson fire, investing the far-off ridges with a robe of imperial purple—while dark-green and violet hues painted the depths that lay in shadow. The contrasts of color were really sublime in their strength and fierceness.

We wandered off the trail, and, before knowing it, found ourselves in the bottom of a weird glen, called the "Devil's Cañon." The dusk was creeping on; sheets of blue smoke, from fires somewhere in the forest, settled down between the huge, dark trunks; unearthly whispers seemed to float in the air; and the trail we followed became so faint in the gloom as barely to be discerned. I thought of the "Wolf's Glen," in *Der Freischütz*; and "Samiel, come! appear!" was on my lips. The only exit was by climbing a bank

which seemed almost perpendicular. By springing out and holding on the upper side of the vehicle, we prevented it from capsizing, regained the proper trail, and ere long reached Forest Hill. Mr. Webster, the express agent, kindly tendered us the hospitalities of his house—the repose of which was most grateful after our long journey.

Forest Hill is a charming little place, on the very summit of the lofty ridge overlooking the Middle Fork of the American, and at least three thousand feet above the sea. The single broad street is shaded by enormous pines and oaks, which have been left standing as the forest is thinned away. The hill is perforated with drifts, which run under the town itself; and, as they settle, will some day let it down—as recently occurred at Michigan Bluffs, where the people awoke one morning to find one side of the street five feet lower than the other. Forest Hill is a new and successful camp, and probably secure for two or three years yet. When the leads fail, it will fall into ruins, like Wisconsin Hill.

From a point near the village, we had a fine view of the main chain of the Sierra Nevada, dividing the waters of the American from Carson Valley. Pyramid Peak (which rises to the height of near twelve thousand feet) was clearly visible, with a few snow-fields yet lingering on its northern side. Directly opposite to us lay Georgetown, my destination for the night; but the great gulf of the Middle Fork intervened; and while the distance, in an air-line, was not more than five miles, it was ten miles by the bridle-path across, and *thirty* by the wagon-road which we were obliged to take. This will give some idea of the grand fissures by which this region is divided.

The journey from Forest Hill to Georgetown was so tedious, so fatiguing, and so monotonous, that I have no mind to say much about it. Our vehicle was an old-fashioned carriage, with seats about six inches apart. Being wedged in so tightly, we were doubly sensitive to the incessant furious jolts of the road; while, the day being intensely hot and still, the dust arose in clouds, which rarely allowed us to open our eyes. There were fifteen mortal miles of jolting down the gradually descending ridge to Murderer's Bar (another name!) and then fifteen miles up a similar ridge to Georgetown. Here and there, we had a pleasant bit of landscape; but generally, the scenery was tame, compared with that of the previous day.

Georgetown is one of the oldest mining camps in the State. I heard of it in 1849, although my trip did not extend so far north. The place has a compact, quiet, settled appearance, which hints at stagnation rather than progress. The hotel is a very primitive affair—the bed-rooms being simply stalls, divided from one another, and from the sitting-room by muslin partitions. The theatre is a bankrupt church: nothing seems to flourish except drinking saloons. Mining was at a low ebb at the time of my visit, and many persons had taken up gambling instead. Nevertheless, there are several jolly and genial gentlemen in the place, and its atmosphere of leisure was rather attractive to me than otherwise. After rising in season, next morning, for the journey to Placerville, I had the satisfaction of rousing the sleeping stable-men, and waiting a full hour in the growing dawn before they were ready with the vehicle. Across

the way was a drinking-saloon, in which a company of gamblers, who had been sitting there the evening before, were still plying their trade, with haggard faces, and blood-shot eyes. The law against gambling is quite inoperative in the mining districts, as the Maine Liquor Law, or any other statute repressing the coarse, natural appetites of men would be. The ruder the toil, the ruder the indulgence for which it pays. So long as the population of these places fluctuates according to the mineral wealth, and the moral influence which springs from a stable society is wanting, this must continue to be the case. I see no help for it. Men *will* have cakes, though stuffed with nightshade berries; and ale, though it be hell-broth.

It was fairly sunrise before we got away from Georgetown, and the temper with which I began the day's journey was not sweetened by the knowledge that I had lost an hour of precious sleep to no purpose. But the balmy air, the golden light, and the soothing flavor of a sedative herb worked their accustomed magic, and I reserved my discontent for the heat and dust to come. We travelled for six miles, or more, through a succession of pleasant little valleys, all more or less populated, and, consequently, ravaged and devastated by pick and spade. In place of the green meadows, set in circles of glorious forest, as in 1849, there were unsightly heaps of dirt and stones, and naked hill-sides, perforated with drifts, and spanned by lofty flumes, from which poured torrents of liquid mud, rather than water. Nature here reminds one of a princess, fallen into the hands of robbers, who cut off her fingers for the sake of the jewels she wears.



The passage of the South Fork of the American, which followed, resembled that of the other branches, on a smaller scale. Once on the summit, two miles across the flat top of the ridge brought us to the brink of a narrow, winding valley, in the bottom of which lay Placerville. Passing between rows of neat cottages, shaded with young cottonwoods, or embowered in trellises of passion-flower and Australian pea, we reached the business portion of the town—jammed in the narrow bed between the hills, compact, paved, and bustling—and halted at the Cary House. To travellers coming from Utah, who have lived ten days on salt pork, and drank the alkaline waters of Humboldt River, this hotel must seem a veritable Elysium; and even to us, who had had no breakfast, and were unconscionably hungry, it was a welcome haven. Clean, comfortable rooms, and an obliging host, seconded the first impression, and I did not so much wonder at the toughness of the meats, on learning that there is but one butcher in the place, who buys out or competitiously ruins, all rivals.

The diggings around Placerville are among the oldest in California. The place was known, in 1849, as "Hangtown," but having become a permanent centre of business, and the capital of Eldorado County, the original name (suggestive of Lynch law) was very properly dropped. I cannot say, however, that property is much more secure than under the old *régime*. A few days before our arrival, the County Treasurer's office was broken into, and the public funds, amounting to \$8,000, carried off. Scarcely a day passed during our sojourn in the mountains, without our hearing of some store or express office being plundered,

and it did not once happen that the thief was caught. As the currency is specie (banks being prohibited by the Constitution), money is a serious embarrassment. Besides, it cannot be identified, if stolen. One result of this prohibition is, that many capitalists, having no secure place of deposit, bury their money until they need it. From one end of California to the other, coin is potted and put into the earth for safe keeping. Often, when a farmer wishes to make an investment, you may see him measuring so many feet from such a tree, at such an angle with such another tree, etc., until he has found the right spot, when he will dig you up five, or ten, or twenty thousand dollars. This is a phenomenon which I commend to the attention of political economists.

To return to Placerville. The sides of the hills around are scarred with surface-mining and penetrated with drifts, while the stamps of quartz-mills may be heard pounding in the valley. Ditches, brought from the river twenty-seven miles above, are carried along the summits of the ridges, where they not only furnish means for washing the dirt, but occasionally irrigate gardens on the slopes. The best placers, I was told, are exhausted, and mining in the immediate neighborhood of the town is rather precarious, at present. I was more interested in visiting the reservoir of the Water Company, on a height some three or four miles distant. The cost of the ditch, fluming, etc., was upwards of \$750,000. No idea can be formed of the immense labor bestowed on such works, along the whole range of the Sierra Nevada. There has been some wild engineering, it is true, and many of the works might have been con-

structed at half the expense ; yet they are none the less an exhibition of the colossal enterprise of the new country.

In the afternoon, we paid a visit to a quartz mill, in a little ravine behind the town. The propelling power is steam, and the capacity of the mill twenty stamps, which will crush about one hundred tons of rock per week. These stamps are simply heavy iron *pounders*, lifted by the action of cogs on a main shaft, which turns behind them, and then allowed to fall on the pieces of broken quartz, which are fed in below. A stream of water flows constantly over the bed whereupon they fall, carrying away the powdered rock, after it has been reduced to sufficient fineness, over an inclined plane, at the bottom of which it is gathered into a sluice. The quicksilver then separates the gold in the usual way. No use, I believe, has yet been made of the refuse quartz-powder ; but I should think it might be profitably employed in the manufacture of stone-ware. The plan of working is the simplest that can be devised. In many places, the old Spanish *arastra* is still employed. This is a hopper, in the centre of which is an upright shaft, turned by horse-power, in the same manner as a cider-mill. From the shaft project two horizontal bars, at the end of which heavy stones are suspended, while the hopper is filled with broken quartz. By the turning of the shaft, the stones are dragged over the quartz, slowly crushing and reducing it. It is a tedious, but very cheap manner of extracting the gold.

## 8.—THE SOUTHERN MINES.

HITHERTO, my journeys in the Sierra Nevada had been entirely over new ground; but now, I was to revisit the field of my adventures in 1849. I looked forward with much interest to seeing again the bear-haunted woods, the glens where I had been lulled to sleep by the baying of the wolves, and where a chorus of supernatural voices sang to my excited imagination. The fresh, inspiring beauty of those scenes was still present to my eye, and I did not doubt that I should find them, if possible, still more attractive since the advent of civilization.

The first point to be reached was Jackson, the capital of Amador county, about thirty-five miles from Placerville. As it was a cross road, traversing the ridges at right angles, this was an ample journey for one day. We were obliged to start before sunrise, taking the Folsom stage as far as Mud Springs, whence, after a delay of an hour, another vehicle set out for Drytown. This interval we employed in getting breakfast, which, had quantity and quality been reversed, would have been a good meal. The table-cloth, from its appearance, might have lain all night in a barnyard, trampled by the feet of cattle; upon it were plains of leathery beef, swimming in half-congealed tallow, mountains of sodden potatoes and leaden biscuit, with yellow, stratified streaks of potash, and seas of black, bitter fluid, which—mixed with damp, brown sugar, and cold, thin milk—was called coffee. Satan would have rejoiced to see the good gifts of God so perverted. We starved in the midst of plenty. It was

“Victuals, victuals everywhere,  
And not a bit to eat.”

Presently the stage came along. It was a square-bodied machine, with imperfect springs, drawn by two horses. The seats were hard and flat, and covered with slippery leather. As Cowper says, “The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part;” and one was obliged to be on the look-out, lest he should find himself on the floor of the vehicle in descending the hills.

The country through which we drove, though at a considerable elevation above the sea, was comparatively level. It was sparsely timbered, and more brown and scorched in appearance than the hot plains below. Here and there, however, were some pleasant little valleys—still pleasant to the eye, though cruelly mutilated by the gold-diggers. Quartz-mills, driven by steam, were frequent; I could not, however, ascertain their proportion of success. I was struck with the great variety of opinion regarding quartz-mining among those with whom I conversed. I made it a point to ascertain the views of intelligent men, for the purpose of drawing juster conclusions. I found about an equal number of the sanguine and desponding. Some said: “The richest yield is at the top of the vein; it gradually runs out as you go downward”—while others affirmed, with equal certainty: “The gold increases as you approach the bed-rock; and it is very evident that quartz-mining will give a deeper return as the drifts are sunk deeper.” Most of them, however, considered the auriferous harvests of California as tolerably certain for the next fifty years.

After several additional miles, through the same torn and

devastated region, offering very little to gratify the eye, we reached Drytown. This is a village of four or five hundred inhabitants, in a district once famed for its rich placers. The only interest it had for us was, that it gave us a dinner, and an hour's respite from our jolting stage-coach. Both these refreshments were welcome, as we still had ten or twelve miles to Jackson.

I now began to look out for remembered land-marks; but after a time gave up all hopes of recognising anything which I had seen before. In 1849, I had travelled this road on foot, plodding along through noble forests, which showered their suspended rain-drops upon my head, rarely catching a view of the surrounding hills. Now, the forests are cut away; the hollows are fenced and farmed; the heights are hot and bare; quartz-mills shriek and stamp beside the road, and heavy teams, enveloped in dust, replace the itinerant miners, with wash-bowl on back and pick in hand. The aspect of this region is therefore completely changed. Even the village of Amador, which I remembered as a solitary ranche, was no longer to be recognised. The changes were for the worse, so far as the beauty of the scenery is concerned.

After crossing Dry Creek, the road ascended a long, gradual slope, on gaining the crest of which, I cried out in delight at the vision before us. The level, crimson rays of the sun streamed through the hazy air, smiting the summits of the mountains with a bloody glow. In the valley, two miles off, lay Jackson, half hidden by belts and groups of colossal pines. High in the east towered the conical peak of The Butte, which *my* feet first scaled, and to which I



gave the name of Polo's Peak. In front, violet against the burning sky, was Mokelumne Hill and the picturesque heights around the Lower Bar—while far away, in an atmosphere of gorgeous color, we saw, or thought we saw, a pyramid of the Sierra Nevada. I knew the prominent features of the landscape, yet beheld them again, as in a dream.

My recollections of Jackson were of two rough shanties in the woods, where I tried to feed a starving horse on cornmeal, and afterward slept all night on a raw hide spread on the ground, beside an Indian boy. Now, in the falling twilight, we drove down a long, compact street, thronged with miners and traders, noticed the gardens in the rear, the church and court-house, and finally a two-story hotel, with a veranda filled with tropical flowers. As the sunset faded, and the half-moon shone in the sky, veiling whatever was peculiarly Californian in the appearance of the place, I could easily have believed myself in some town of the Apennines.

Midway between Jackson and Mokelumne Hill rises the Butte, a noble landmark far and wide through the mountains. On my way to the Volcano, in November, 1849, I climbed to its summit; and by right of discovery, conferred upon it the name of a brave old Indian Chieftain (Polo), who once lived in the neighborhood. I had hoped the name might remain, but was disappointed. It is now universally called the Butte (which means any isolated hill), and all my inquiries had no greater success than to ascertain that there was *one* man on the Mokelumne who had heard some other man say, years ago, that he (the other man) had heard it once called "Polo's Peak." My good

name (as I conceived it to be) is forgotten, while "Bogus Thunder" and "New-York-of-the-Pacific" still exist. Such is life!

I was glad to find, however, that a tradition of my ascent is still preserved in the neighborhood. The summit is now a favorite place of resort for pic-nic parties, in the pleasant season. Not long ago, a romantic widow of Jackson made it a condition that she should be married there—which was accordingly done; clergyman, bride's-maids, friends, and refreshments all being conveyed to the top. There is no limit, however, to the eccentric fancies of brides. During the State Fair at Sacramento, a young couple succeeded in having themselves married on the platform of the great hall, in the view of two thousand people. While in Minnesota, I heard of a marriage behind the sheet of Minne-há-ha. Fancy the happy pair standing with their feet in mud and their heads in spray, the clergyman yelling through the thunder of the fall: "Wilt thou have this man?" etc., and the bride screaming "I will!" at the top of her voice! Others have been married in the Mammoth Cave, on Table Rock, on the Washington Monument, in a balloon, for aught I know. Whenever I see such an external straining after sentiment, I always suspect an inner lack of it.

The next morning dawned warm and cloudless. Our day's journey was but eight miles to the village of Mokolumne Hill, which we had seen the evening before, in the last rays of the sun, on the top of a mountain beyond the Mokolumne. I therefore hired a two-horse buggy, with a bright, intelligent driver, and we set out early, to avoid the noonday heat. After crossing some hills, which gave us

lovely views toward Polo's Peak, we entered a narrow cañon, winding downward to the river between steep acclivities. The road, which was broad and of easy grade, had been excavated and built up with great labor; ditches of sparkling water ran along the opposite bank, and groups of bay, evergreen oak, and manzanita rose warm in the sunshine. While we were heartily enjoying the wild, shifting beauty of the glen, the driver suddenly turned around to me, saying:

"You know this place, don't you?"

"I seem to recognise parts of it," said I, "but everything is so changed, since '49, that I could not be certain."

"Why," he exclaimed, "the people say you are the first man that ever went through this cañon!"

Looking more closely, and taking the bearings of the hill above Lower Bar and the Butte, I saw that it was in reality the same ravine up which I had climbed after leaving the river, supposing that it might be a shorter passage to an Indian trail beyond. The old, forgotten picture came back suddenly, as if revealed by some lightning-flash in the dark of Memory. There was the gusty November sky; the wild ravine, wet with recent rains; dark pines rising from its depths; suspicious clumps of madrono and manzanita, which might conceal some grizzly bear; and myself, in well-worn corduroy armor, slowly mounting the rocky bed of the stream. This circumstance, which I had wholly forgotten, had been remembered by others, and the descent of the cañon had a double enjoyment to me, after the discovery.

We came upon the Mokelumne River at Middle Bar, a

great bed of gravel and sand, now almost deserted, except by a few Chinamen in huge umbrella hats, who were foraging here and there, after the gleanings left by the white harvesters. A turn of the river concealed from my view the camp on the hill-side at Lower Bar, where Lieut. Beale and I had shared the hospitality of Baptiste, the *voyageur*, and where, during a two-days' rain, I had amused myself by watching Senator Gwin lay down the political wires which he afterward pulled to some purpose. There I ventured on my first and last speculation. I was persuaded to invest \$200 in an operation for damming the river. It promised well, the work was completed, the washings turned out splendidly, and I was in full hopes of receiving \$1,000 in return for my venture, when the rains fell, the river rose, and away went the dam. "Let me give you a serious piece of advice," said Washington Irving to me, one day, "never invest your money in anything that pays a hundred per cent.!" And I never have, since then, and never will.

For the sake of old times, I should gladly have gone down to the Lower Bar, but the sun was already high and hot, and an ascent of near a mile and a half lay before us. The Mokelumne at this point, however, does not lie in a tremendous trough, like the Forks of the American and the Yuba; the steps on either side are of irregular height, and broken by frequent lateral cañons. The scenery is, therefore, less savage and forbidding in appearance, but infinitely more picturesque. On reaching the summit of the mountain plateau, we saw before us the village—perched, as it were, on scattered hills, a loftier peak over

hanging it on the east, a table-shaped mountain (with a race-course on the top), guarding it on the south, while elsewhere the steeps dropped off into gorges filled with dim blue mist. Though on a still grander scale, it reminded me somewhat of the positions of Perugia, or Narni, among the Roman Apennines.

In other respects, the resemblance was quite as striking. The dry soil, with its rich tints of orange and burnt sienna—the evergreen oaks, so much resembling the Italian ilex—the broad-leaved fig-trees in the gardens—the workmen with bare, sunburnt breasts—the *dolce far niente* of a few loungers in the shade—and the clear, hot, October sky, in which there was no prophecy of winter, all belonged to the lands of the Mediterranean. If we had here the grace which Art has cast over those lands, thought I, we might dispense with the magic of their history.

Bidding a reluctant good-bye to Mokelumne Hill, next morning, we continued our journey southward across the mountains—our next destination being San Andreas, the court-town of Calaveras county. The table-shaped mountain behind the former town is the water-shed between the Mokelumne and the Calaveras—the latter river having a broad and comparatively shallow basin, with numerous affluents, while the Mokelumne and the Stanislaus, to the north and south of it, flew through deep, precipitous troughs. After we had passed the summit, our road dropped into a picturesque, winding glen, beyond which rose the blue mass of the lofty Bear Mountain.

It was a journey of only eight miles to San Andreas, through a rolling, cheerful country, with some beginnings



at cultivation. A farmer who was threshing his wheat in the open air informed me that the yield averaged forty-two bushels to the acre; this, of course, without manure, and with the most superficial ploughing. The vine grew with the most astonishing luxuriance wherever it was planted, and I have not the least doubt that the best wines of California will ultimately be produced from the hill-sides of the Sierra Nevada. As we approached the Calaveras river, the range of Bear Mountain rose high and blue on our left, like a last bulwark against the plain of the San Joaquin. The view from its summit is said to be magnificent.

At noon we reached San Andreas, a village of perhaps eight hundred inhabitants, scattered over the northern slope of a hill, whose conical summit overhangs it. The place is neither so picturesque nor so well-built as Mokelumne Hill, with the exception of the hotel, a new and spacious edifice of brick. Here, everything was neat and commodious, and we congratulated ourselves on finding such agreeable quarters. The hot autumnal afternoon disposed to laziness, yet we could not resist the temptation of strolling through and around the town, running the gauntlet of the curious eyes of the loafers congregated about the doors of the drinking-saloons.

In their structure, these mining villages are very similar. The houses are built close against each other, as in a large city. The most of them are of wood, and one story in height. Here and there, you see a block of brick stores, two stories high, flat-roofed, and with iron doors and shutters, as a protection against fire. There are plank sidewalks, and very often the streets are planked, also.



Awnings keep off the hot sun, and verandas are introduced wherever it is practicable. Behind the main street are clusters of shanties inhabited by the miners—small, dusty, barren of ornament, and usually standing alone, with a rough oven of stones and clay adjoining. On the outskirts of these are the still more rude and repulsive dwellings of the Chinese. The alleys between are strewn with rags, old clothes, broken bottles, and miscellaneous filth, and swarm with—fleas, at least. This portion of the village strikingly resembles the native towns in Central Africa. There are usually one hotel, one small church, a theatre of rough boards, and five-and-twenty dram-shops to a place. On pleasant locations in the vicinity, are the comfortable residences and gardens of the successful traders, the owners of “leads,” or quartz-mills, and the holders of office.

Life in such a place, to a refined and cultivated man, must be rather dreary. There is already, it is true, some little society; but relaxation of any kind is irregular and accidental, rather than permanent. Women fail; reading (except of political newspapers) is an obsolete taste; and the same excess which characterizes labor is too often applied to amusements. On the other hand, there is a freedom from restraint—an escape from that *social tyranny* which is the curse of the Atlantic States—almost sufficient to reconcile one to the loss of the other advantages of society. I do not think that the Californians, now that they have cast off their trammels, will ever voluntarily assume them again. The worst feature of the absorbing rage for gold is the indifference of the people to the morality of those whom they elect to office. No State

in the Union has been; and still is, more shamefully plundered.

Reaching the slope of the hill, where a hot breeze, charged with rich, minty odors, blew in our faces, we climbed to the summit, which, as we now saw, was a level of about two acres, laid out and inclosed as the cemetery of San Andreas. A lofty cross is its appropriate crown. No roses were planted on the graves, but the manzanita and a sort of dwarf ilex grew in clusters. The place had a solemn, yet soothing and cheerful aspect. No nearer hills interrupted the azure circle of the air, wherein the distant mountains floated; the noises of labor, and trade, and profanity, and jollity, in the town below, blended into an indistinguishable hum; while, to the east and west, a gap in the mountains seemed purposely left, that the sun might give this spot his first and latest greeting. The predominant colors of the landscape were blue and a pale golden-brown, mottled with the dark, rich green of scattering trees. A range of irregular peaks to the east shut out the snowy chain of the Sierra Nevada, but a lofty mountain, near the head-waters of the Stanislaus, was visible, far in the south.

From the flat roof of the veranda, upon which our window opened, we enjoyed a delicious view of the sunset illumination of the landscape. Evening after evening, the same phenomenon had been repeated—a transmutation of the air into *fluid color*, of a pale crimson tinge, which lent itself to every object touched by the sun. The mountains shone like masses of glowing metal, and the trees near at hand stood as if formed of compact flame. During the

few minutes of sunset the color changed into the purest vermillion, after which it gradually faded into dull purple, followed by an *after-glow* (as among the Alps), of faint golden radiance. The wind always falls at this hour, and the atmosphere is balmy, and fragrant with the odor of dry herbs. The nights are cool, but not cold—making one blanket comfortable, and requiring no more.

We hailed the morrow, for it was to take us to the southern limit of our journey through the mining regions. Two weeks of such rough, dusty travel, unrelieved by a single day of rest, had made us heartily weary, while the scenery, grand as it is, is nevertheless too monotonous to inspire an unflagging sense of enjoyment. The stage-coaches are terribly uncomfortable, and the inhaling of an atmosphere of dust which effectually hides your complexion and the color of your hair in the course of two or three hours, is not one of those trifling discomforts to which you soon become accustomed. It is said not to be unhealthy—in fact, our lungs suffered no inconvenience from it—but it often produces violent inflammation in weak eyes. There are instances of persons having endangered their sight from this cause. The first symptom is an acute pain, intermittent in its character—which, if not allayed, terminates in ophthalmia more malignant than that of Egypt. Women are more subject to it than men, and the worst cases are probably those who have been accustomed to a life of unnatural semi-darkness at home.

At nine o'clock, the stage-coach from Mokelumne Hill to Sonora arrived, and we took passage to the latter place, thirty-four miles distant. As fate would have it, I was

crammed into the narrow back-seat, beside a disgusting Chinaman. If there had been any enjoyment in the journey, this fact alone would have spoiled it. The stale, musky odor of the race is to me unendurable: no washing can eradicate it, and this fellow was not washed. Huc, in his travels in Tartary, refers to the peculiar smell of the Chinese, and states that the dogs always discovered him under any disguise, by the difference of his *bouquet*. I do not doubt the statement. I would undertake to distinguish between a Chinaman, a Negro, an Indian, and a member of the Caucasian race, in a perfectly dark room, by the sense of smell alone. The human blossoms of our planet are not all pinks and roses; we find also the *datura stramonium*, the toad's-flax, and the skunk-cabbage.

Our course at first led in a southeastern direction, through one of the tributary valleys of the Calaveras, with the Bear Mountains rising grandly on our left. Here the drooping, elm-like evergreen oaks, which had so charmed us in the valley of Russian River, again made their appearance, and the landscapes were once more warm, idyllic, and characterized by exquisite harmony of color and outline. The hollows were less frequently scarred by surface-washings: the plough only had disturbed, in order to beautify, the face of Nature. On the other hand, it was evidently a region of gold-bearing quartz. In the neighborhood of Angel's, I noticed a number of mills, many of them running from twenty to thirty stamps. Some of these mills are said to be doing a very profitable business. They have effectually stripped the near hills of their former forests, to supply fuel for the steam-engines and beds for the sluices in which the

gold is separated from the crushed rock. The bottoms of the sluices are formed of segments a foot thick, sawed off the trunks of pine-trees and laid side by side; yet such is the wear and tear of the particles of rock and earth, carried over them by the water, that they must be renewed every two or three weeks.

We found Vallecitos (an intermediate place,) to be a brand-new village of about three hundred inhabitants, having been burned to the ground a fortnight previous. The new houses were of wood, stuck side by side, like the old ones; and the place will probably burn again, every summer. There was a French hotel and restaurant, which our conductor scorned—halting before the “Valhalla,” an open saloon, with lager beer attachment. A dinner of sour-kraut and boiled pork smoked upon the table; but the beer, which should have completed the three-fold chord of Teutonic harmony, was decidedly out of tune. It mattered little, however, as but five minutes were allowed us for the meal.

The worst part of the journey was still before us. The road wound for two or three miles up a shallow valley, walled on the right by a steep, level ridge, which denoted our approach to the Stanislaus River. In a dip of this ridge is the reservoir of the ditch which supplies the mines in the neighborhood. Our road led past it, and over a low “divide,” into a glen thickly wooded with oak and pine. The soil was very stony, and our progress rough and painful, though rapid. In the middle of this glen, where it opened to the sun, stood a neat farm-house, with a melon-patch and an orchard of luxuriant fruit-trees. Two miles beyond, crossing a ridge, and emerging from the thickest



portion of the forest, we found ourselves on the brink of the great chasm of the Stanislaus.

This pass, or gorge, is only equalled by that of the North Fork of the American. The length of the descent is about two miles; but advantage is taken of little spurs and shoulders of the mountain to obtain a less difficult grade. The river was invisible, and we could only guess its distance below us by the perspective of the misty mountain-wall beyond. The scenery was of the most grand and inspiring character. Giant oaks and pines clung to the almost precipitous steps; clumps of manzanita, covered with red berries, fringed the road, and below us yawned the gulf, full lighted by the afternoon sun, except to the eastward, where its sides so approach and overhang as to cast a perpetual shade.

I walked to the bottom, but preferred riding up the opposite ascent. The other passengers, who trudged on in advance, found their advantage in a rest of twenty minutes at the summit, and the hospitality of a farmer's wife, who regaled them with milk and hot biscuits. Before fairly reaching the top, I was surprised to see traces of mining operations, on all sides. On the left of the road was a deep chasm, resembling a tropical *barranca*, which appeared to have been entirely excavated by art. Beyond it, on a level tract which was left standing, like an island between two arms of the chasm, was an orchard of splendid peach-trees—the branches whereof trailed upon the ground under the weight of their fruit. In the east rose a mountain-ridge—a secondary elevation of the Sierra Nevada; for it appeared to overlook all between it and the central line of snowy



pyramids. We entered a broad basin, inclining to the south, and drained by winter streams, which join the Stanislaus further down. Everywhere the soil was dug up, and turned up, and whirled upside down.

Presently, cottages and gardens offered a more cheerful sight, and the reservoir which supplies the mining companies of Columbia with water lay spread out before us like a lake, reflecting in its bosom the houses and spires of the town beyond. We were surprised and delighted at the extent and evident stability of the place. The population cannot be less than three thousand. There are solid blocks of buildings, streets of stores, a wide extent of suburban cottages dotting the slopes around, and all the noise and life of a much larger town. The airy verandas, festooned with flowering vines, the open windows, the semi-tropical character of the trees and plants, make a very different impression upon the visitor from that produced by Nevada or Grass Valley. Although scarcely a degree and a half apart, there are still the distinctive traits of North and South. In the population you find something of the same difference—the Northern emigrants taking to the northern mines by a natural instinct, and the Southern to the southern.

Columbia and Sonora, towns of nearly equal size, are only four miles apart—rivals, of course. The broad valley lying between is probably the most productive placer in California. It has been dug over a dozen times, and still pays handsomely. From the perseverance with which every particle of earth, down to the bed-rock, has been scraped away in many places, one sees that the soil must be every-

where gold-bearing. Such a scene of ravage I have never beheld. Over thousands of square rods, the earth has been torn and burrowed into, leaving immense pits, out of which project the crooked fangs of rocks, laid bare to the roots and knotted together in unimaginable confusion. A savage, coming upon such a place, would instantly say: "Here the devil has been at work!" Our road, sometimes, was a narrow ridge, left standing between vast tracts where some infernal blast of desolation seemed to have raged. I was involuntarily reminded of the words of a hornpipe, more rowdy than refined:

Did you ever see the Devil,  
With his iron wooden shovel,  
Scratchin' up the gravel  
With his big toe-nail?"

Here was the very place where he must have performed that operation. The earth seemed to have been madly *clawed into*, rather than dug out. I thought I had already seen some evidence of the devastation wrought upon Nature by gold-mining, but this example capped the climax. It was truly horrible. You may laugh, you successful operators, who are now fattening upon the gains drawn from these incurable pits; but still I say, they are horrible. No cultivation, no labor will ever be able to remove such scars from the face of the earth.

I found Sonora a very lively, pleasant place. Many intelligent Southern gentlemen are among the inhabitants, and, though there is scarcely a greater amount of fixed society than elsewhere, what there is of it is genial and attractive. The mining operations are carried on, not only around the

town, but in it and under it. The principal street is completely undermined in places, and I even saw a store which was temporarily closed, in order that the cellar might be dug out. The Placer House had been burrowed under within the past year, and a large quantity of gold extracted. Some of the inhabitants seemed to think that the whole town would be gradually removed, until all the houses rest on the bed-rock, below which there is nothing.

If a vein of gold could be found extending straight through the Sierra Nevada, there would soon be a tunnel, without cost, for the Pacific Railroad!

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#### 9.—THE BIG TREES OF CALAVERAS.

At Vallecitos (where we had dined the previous day, in the Valhalla of the Teutonic gods), we were but twenty miles from the grove of Giant Trees, in Calaveras county. This grove was one of the things which I had determined to see, before setting out for California. I have a passion for trees, second only to that for beautiful human beings, and sculpture. I rank arboriculture as one of the fine arts. I have studied it in all its various schools—the palms of Africa, the cypresses of Mexico, the banyans and peepuls of India, the birches of Sweden, and the elms of New England. In my mind there is a gallery of master-pieces, which I should not be afraid to place beside those of the Vatican and the Louvre. Types of beauty and grace I had already—the Apollo, the Antinous, the Faun, even the Gladiator—but here were the Heraclidæ, the Titans!

Besides, on the American Continent, trees are our truest antiquities, retaining (as I shall show) the hieroglyphics, not only of Nature, but of Man, during the past ages. The shadows of two thousand years sleep under the boughs of Montezuma's cypresses, at Chapultepec: the great tree of Oaxaca is a cotemporary of Solomon, and even the sculptured ruins of Copan, Palenque, and Uxmal are outnumbered in years by the rings of trunks in the forests which hide them. In California, the only human relics of an earlier date than her present Indian tribes, are those of a race anterior to the Deluge; but those giants of the Sierra Nevada have kept, for forty centuries, the annual record of their growth. As well think of going to Egypt without seeing the Pyramids, as of visiting California, without making a pilgrimage to her immemorial Trees!

I procured a two-horse team, with driver, in Sonora, regardless of expense. Mr. E——, whose labors were now drawing to a close, also accompanied us. We had but two days for the trip—in all, sixty miles of very rough mountain-road—and therefore started with the first peep of dawn. As far as Vallecitos, our road was that which we had traversed in coming from San Andreas, crossing the great chasm of the Stanislaus. The driver, however, took another route to Columbia, leading through a still more terribly torn and gashed region, and approaching the town from the eastern side. Here were huge artificial chasms, over which the place seemed to hang, like Fribourg over its valley. The multitude of flumes, raised on lofty tressle-work, which crossed these gulfs—the large water-wheels—the zigzag sluices below, and the cart-roads running on nar-

row planes of different elevation into the various branches of the mines, with distorted masses of primitive rock sticking up here and there, formed, altogether, a picture so vast and grotesque as to make us pause in astonishment. I remember nothing like it in any other part of the world.

We breakfasted at the Broadway Hotel, and then hastened on, in order to reach Murphy's by noon. The gulf of the Stanislaus was crossed without accident, as it was rather too early for any other teams to be abroad on the road. The possibility of meeting another vehicle is the one great risk which haunts you, during such transits. Near Vallecitos, while crossing one of the primitive bridges, our "off" horse got his leg into a hole, injuring it rather severely, though not so as to prevent his going on. The miners carry their ditches and sluices across a road just as they please; and in order to save a few planks, bridge them with rough logs and the branches of trees, interspersed with irregular boulders, to hold them. "When a stick is too crooked for anything else, they make a bridge of it," growled the driver, who threatened to tear up a fence or a flume, and would have done so, had not the bridge been mended on our return.

At Vallecitos, we left the road to San Andreas, and took a trail leading eastward to Murphy's, an old mining-camp, four or five miles distant. We passed through a succession of shallow valleys, which in spring must be lovely, with their scattered trees, their flowery meadows, and the green of their softly-rounded hills. They were now too brown and dry—not golden with wild oats, like the Coast Mountains, but showing the dull hue of the naked soil. In one of the



broadest of these valleys lay Murphy's—a flourishing village until ten days previous, when it was swept away by fire. This was the *fourth* mining town destroyed during our visit! The cottage residences, standing alone in the midst of their gardens, escaped; but the business portion of the place, including the hotel, was utterly consumed.

The proprietors of the hotel, the Messrs. Perry, are also the owners of the Big Trees. They enjoy a wide reputation for their enterprise, and the good fare wherewith they regale the traveller. They had already erected a shanty among the ruins, and promised us dinner while the horses were feeding. My wife was kindly received by Mrs. Perry, and I was overwhelmed with cordial invitations to stop and entertain the Murphyites—which, to my regret, was impossible. We had, in fact, a miraculous dinner—everything was good of its kind, and admirably cooked. What more can be said? The claret was supreme, and the pears which we purchased for dessert dissolved in inexpressible fragrance upon the tongue. The farmer from whom we procured them presented me with a watermelon, Mr. P. added some fresh meat for our supper at the forest hotel, and we went our way rejoicing.

In the outskirts of the village were encamped companies of newly-arrived emigrants, among their shattered wagons and their weary cattle, and we met numbers of others on the way. From Luther's Pass at the head of Carson Valley, a trail turns southward, crosses the Sierra, and passing down the ridge above Silver Valley to the Big Trees, forms the most direct road from Carson River to the Southern mines. These emigrants were now at the end of their toil



and sufferings; but, instead of appearing rejoiced at the deliverance, their faces wore a hard and stern expression, with something of Indian shyness. The women, as if conscious that their sun-browned faces and their uncombed hair were not particularly beautiful, generally turned their heads away as we passed. Dirty, dilapidated, and frowsy as many of them were, they all wore hoops! Yes, even seated in the wagons, on the way, their dusty calicoes were projected out over the whiffle-trees by the battered and angular rims of what had once been circles! It was an exhibition of sacrifice to fashion, too melancholy for laughter.

The valley of Murphy's is 2,000 feet above the sea, and lies at the foot of those long lateral ridges which connect the broken ranges called the Foot-Hills with the central ridge of the Sierra Nevada. The distance to the Big Trees is fifteen miles, with an additional ascent of 2,500 feet. Immediately on leaving the village, we entered a close, wooded cañon, down the bottom of which rushed the water of a canal, as if in its natural bed. It was delightful to drive in the shade of the oaks and pines, with the clear waters of a roaring brook below us—*clear* water being the rarest sight in these mountains. Gaining the summit of the ridge, we drove for miles over an undulating, but rapidly-ascending road, deep in dust and cut into disagreeable ruts by the wheels of emigrant wagons. Huge shafts of fir, arbor-vitæ, and sugar-pine, arose on all sides, and the further we advanced the grander and more dense became the forest. Whenever we obtained an outlook, it revealed to us hills similarly covered: only now and then, in the hollows, were some intervals of open meadow. The ditch,

coming from far up in the mountains, still kept beside us, sometimes carved in the steep side of the hill, and sometimes carried across a valley on a wooden framework a hundred feet high.

The air perceptibly increased in coolness, clearness, and delicious purity. The trees now rose like colossal pillars, from four to eight feet in diameter, and two hundred feet in height, without a crook or a flaw of any kind. There was no undergrowth, but the dry soil was hidden under a bed of short, golden fern, which blazed like fire where the sunshine struck it. We seemed to be traversing some vast columned hall, like that of Karnak, or the Thousand Columns of Constantinople—except that human art never raised such matchless pillars. Our necks ached from the vertical travels of our eyes, in order to reach their tops. Really, the Western hyperbole of tall trees seemed true, that it takes two men to see them—one beginning where the other leaves off.

Our progress, from the ascent, and the deep dust which concealed the ruts, was slow, and would have been tedious, but for the inspiring majesty of the forest. But when four hours had passed, and the sun was near his setting, we began to look out impatiently for some sign of the Trees. The pines and arbor-vitæ had become so large, that it seemed as if nothing *could* be larger. As some great red shaft loomed duskily through the shadows, one and then another of us would exclaim: "There's one!"—only to convince ourselves, as we came nearer, that it was not. Yet, if such were the courtiers, what must the monarchs be? We shall certainly be disappointed: nothing can

fulfil this promise. A thick underwood now appeared, radiant with the loveliest autumnal tints. The sprays of pink, purple, crimson, and pure gold flashed like sprinkles of colored fire amid the dark-green shadows. "Let us not ask for more," said I; "nothing can be more beautiful."

Suddenly, in front of us, where the gloom was deepest, I saw a huge *something* behind the other trees, like the magnified shadow of one of them, thrown upon a dark-red cloud. While I was straining my eyes, in questioning wonder, the road made a sharp curve. Glancing forward, I beheld two great circular—shot-towers? Not *trees*, surely!—but yes, by all the Dryads, those are trees! Ay, open your mouth, my good driver, as if your two eyes were not sufficient, while we sit dumb behind you! What can one say? What think, except to doubt his senses? One sentence, only, comes to your mind—"there were giants in those days."

Between these two colossi, called The Sentinels, ran our road. In front, a hundred yards further, stood the pleasant white hotel, beside something dark, of nearly the same size. This something is only a piece of the trunk of another tree, which has been felled, leaving its stump as the floor of a circular ball-room, twenty-seven feet in diameter. Dismounting at the door, we were kindly received by the Doctor, and assured of good quarters for the night. The sun was just setting, and we were advised to defer the inspection of the grove until morning. Seating ourselves in the veranda, therefore, we proceeded to study The Sentinels, whose tops, *three hundred feet* in the air, were

glowing in golden lustre, while the last beam had passed away from the forest below them.

To my astonishment, they did not appear so very large, after all! Large they were, certainly, but nothing remarkable. At first, I was puzzled by this phenomenon, but presently remembered that the slender saplings (apparently) behind them, were in themselves enormous trees. In dwarfing everything around them, they had also dwarfed themselves. Like St. Peter's, the Pyramids, and everything else which is at once colossal and symmetrical, the eye requires time to comprehend their dimensions. By repeatedly walking to them, pacing round their tremendous bases, examining the neighboring trees, and measuring their height by the same comparison, I succeeded in gradually increasing the impression. When the last gleam of twilight had gone, and the full moon mounted above the forest, they grew in grandeur and awful height, until the stars seemed to twinkle as dew-drops on their topmost boughs. Then, indeed, they became older than the Pyramids, more venerable than the triune idol of Elephanta, and the secrets of an irrecoverable Past were breathed in the dull murmurs forced from them by the winds of night.

"Thank God that I have lived to see these works of His hand!" was the exclamation with which I turned away, reluctantly driven in-doors by the keen, frosty air. Before a cheerful fire the doctor related to us the history of the discovery of the grove. When I was on the Mokelumne, in 1849, its existence was unknown. At the close of that year, some miners, prospecting high up in the mountains, are reported to have come upon some of the trees, and to

have been laughed at, and called hard names by their friends, on account of their incredible stories. In the spring of 1850, however, a company on a tour of prospecting, hunting, and general speculation, happened to encamp in a valley about four miles distant. One of the men, pushing up the ridge, alone, found himself at last in the midst of the monstrous grove. He was at first frightened (I can well imagine it), then doubtful, then certain. Returning to the camp, he said nothing about the trees, knowing that he would only be called a liar, but informed the leader of the party that he had found signs of gold, or of deer, higher up, and offered to guide them. By this device he brought them all to the grove—and the story of the Big Trees soon afterward astonished the world.

But with discovery came also ruin. After the first astonishment was over, came the suggestion of a speculative mind—"Can't some money be made out of this here thing?" A plan was soon formed. One of the biggest trees must be cut down, barked, and the pieces of bark numbered, so that when put together again in the same order, they would, externally, exactly represent the original tree. Take them to New York, London, Paris—and your fortune is made. How to get the tree down? was the next question. A mass of solid wood, *ninety feet* in circumference, was clearly beyond the powers of the axe. Where was the saw, or the arms to wield it, which could do the work? But the prospect of money sharpens the wits, and this difficulty was finally overcome. Pumpaugers were the thing! By piercing the trunk with a great number of horizontal bores, side by side, it might

finally be cut asunder. Augers were therefore procured, and two sets of hands went to work.

After a steady labor of six weeks, the thing was done—but the tree stood unmoved! So straight and symmetrical was its growth, so immense its weight, and so broad its base, that it seemed unconscious of its own annihilation, tossing its outer branches derisively against the mountain winds that strove to overthrow it. A neighboring pine, of giant size, was then selected, and felled in such a way as to fall with full force against it. The top shook a little, but the shaft stood as before! Finally the spoilers succeeded in driving thin wedges into the cut. Gradually, and with great labor, one side of the tree was lifted: the line of equilibrium was driven nearer and nearer to the edge of the base: the mighty mass poised for a moment, and then, with a great rushing sigh in all its boughs, thundered down. The forest was ground to dust beneath it, and for a mile around, the earth shook with the concussion.

Yet, perhaps, it is as well that *one* tree should be felled. The prostrate trunk illustrates the age and bulk of these giants better than those which stand. We learn from it that the wood was sound and solid throughout; that the age of the tree was thirty-one hundred years; that it contained two hundred and fifty thousand feet of timber: and that, a thousand years ago, the Indians built their fires against its trunk, as they do now. The stump, as I said before, is the floor of a ball-room: higher up (or, rather, further off), is a bowling-alley. The pine trees, forming the forest around the house, though apparently so small,



average six feet in diameter, and over two hundred in height.

Our quarters at the little hotel were all that could be desired. Pure, ice-cold water, venison, delicious bread and butter, and clean beds, all combined to make us regret that our stay was so limited. At daybreak the Doctor summoned us, and we prepared for a stroll through the grove before sunrise. The great Trees, to the number of ninety, are scattered through the pine-forest, covering a space about half a mile in length. A winding trail, ascending one side of the glen, and descending on the other, conducts to the principal trunks. They have all received names, more or less appropriate. Near the house is the "Beauty of the Forest," really a paragon of colossal elegance, though comparatively young. Her age is probably not more than two thousand years.

How cool, and silent, and balmy was the stupendous forest, in the early morn! Through the open spaces we could see a few rosy bars of vapor far aloft, tinted by the coming sun, while the crimson and golden sprays of the undergrowth shone around us, like "morning upbreking through the earth!" The dark-red shafts soared aloft rather like the great, circular watch-towers of the Middle Ages, than any result of vegetable growth. We wandered from tree to tree, overwhelmed with their bulk, for each one seemed more huge than the last. Our eyes could now comprehend their proportions. Even the driver, who at first said, "They're not so—*condemned* big, after all!" now walked along silently, occasionally pacing around a trunk, or putting his hand upon it, as if only such tangible proof could satisfy him

We first visited the "Three Graces," then the "Miner's Cabin" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The two last are hollowed out at the bottom by Indian fires, which have burned themselves central chimneys far up the trunk. Either of them would give shelter to a family of moderate size. The next group bore the traces of fools. Some love-sick blockhead, visiting the grove in company with three ladies, one of whom looked coldly upon his suit, another sang, and another did something else, has fastened upon three of the trees marble tablets, inscribed severally, in letters of gold, "The Marble Heart (!)" "The Nightingale," and "The Salem Witch." I said to the Doctor: "Have you a ladder and a hammer about the house?" "Yes—why?" "Because if I were to remain here to-night, you would find those things smashed to-morrow morning." His furtive smile assured me that the search for the trespasser would not be very strict. Miss Avonia Jones, an actress, who was there a short time previous, bestowed her own name upon a tree, and likewise had a marble tablet prepared, regardless of expense. Fortunately the tablet happened to reach Murphy's, on its way to the grove, just before the fire, and was destroyed. Fancy one of those grand and awful trees bearing the name of "Avonia Jones!" Even Senator Gwin, as I was informed, had his name cast on an iron plate, and sent to the Mariposa Grove, to be placed on one of the largest trees. Oh! the pitiful vanity of our race!

At the top of the glen stands the "Mother of the Forest," ninety-three feet in circumference, and three hundred and twenty-five feet high. Her bark, which has been

stripped off to a height of one hundred and ten feet, now represents her in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. This was wanton wickedness. She now stands blasted, stretching her bare, reproaching arms high over the forest. She forms part of what is called the "Family Group," numbering twenty-four trees. Here we commenced the return trail, and soon came upon the "Father of the Forest," which surpasses everything else by his tremendous bulk. He lies upon the earth, as he fell, centuries ago. His trunk is one hundred and ten feet in circumference at the base, and his original height is estimated to have been four hundred and fifty feet! In contemplating him, one almost refuses to credit the evidence of one's senses: By counting a few of the rings, and making a rough estimate, I satisfied myself that his age could not have been less than *five thousand years!* The interior of the trunk is burned out, forming a lofty, arched passage, through which you walk for one hundred and eighty feet, and then emerge from a knot-hole! Not far off is another prostrate trunk, through which a man may ride on horseback for more than a hundred feet.

There are a variety of trees named after various States; also the "Old Maid" and "Old Bachelor," two lonely, leaning, dilapidated figures, and "Pike," a tall, gaunt trunk, not so inappropriately named. The largest of all the living trees is called "Hercules," and is, if I mistake not, ninety-seven feet in circumference. I suggested that his name should properly be changed to "The Patriarch." Young trees, sprung from the seeds, are seen here and there, but the soil seems insufficient to nourish many of

them, until the older race passes away. The Doctor called my attention to a new and curious fact. In the earth, completely covered by the gradual deposits of centuries of falling leaves, are the trunks of the progenitors of these giants. The wood is almost black, and has a dry, metallic sound. In one place a living tree, between two and three thousand years old, is found to be planted astride of another trunk, entirely hidden in the soil! It is evident that eight, or perhaps ten, thousand years have elapsed since this race of trees first appeared on the earth. One is bewildered by the reflections which such a discovery suggests.

During our walk, we watched the golden radiance of the sun, as, first smiting the peaks of the scattered giants, it slowly descended, blazing over a hundred feet of their massive foliage, before the tops of the enormous pines were touched. This illumination first gave us a true comprehension of their altitude. While sketching The Sentinel afterwards, from the veranda, the laws of perspective furnished a new revelation. The hostess and my wife, standing together at the base of a tree, became the veriest dwarfs. Beyond them was what appeared to be a child's toy-cart—in reality the wagon of an emigrant family, which had arrived the evening before! Some of the young "Pikes," expert with their rifles, brought down a few cone-bearing twigs, two of which the Doctor presented to me, together with a large stick of timber, and a piece of bark, four inches thick, of a golden-brown color, and with the softness and lustre of velvet.

Botanists have now decided that these trees are akin to

the California redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*, and they will henceforth be known as the *Sequoia gigantea*, thereby settling the national quarrel as to whether they shall be called *Washingtonia* or *Wellingtonia*. It is singular that this discovery should not have been sooner made: a single glance at the cone is enough. It is very small, not one-fourth the size of a man's fist, containing a few thin, laminar seeds, something like those of a parsnip. As the tree will bear a degree of cold equal to zero, it may be successfully grown in the latitude of Washington. The growth is slow at first—so the gardeners in Sacramento and San Francisco inform me—but increases rapidly as the tree gains root.

Since the discovery of this grove, three others have been found, showing that the tree is not phenomenal in its appearance. One of these groves, near the head-waters of the Tuolumne, lies at an altitude of six thousand feet, and contains about four hundred trees, but few of which are thirty feet in diameter. The Mariposa Trees, on the road to the Yo-semite Valley, number about three hundred, one of which is said to be one hundred and two feet in circumference. Visitors are divided in opinion as to which grove is grandest and most impressive in its character. But he who would not be satisfied with the Calaveras Trees is capable of preferring his own nondescript cottage to the Parthenon, and his own crooked legs to those of the Apollo Belvidere.

Taking a last look at these immemorial giants of the forest, as they stretched their tufted boughs silently in the sunshine, over the heads of the vassal trees, we drove



down the mountain through the aisles of pine, and between the gem-like sprays of the thickets. In four hours we reached Murphy's, dined again luxuriously, and then sped away for Columbia, where my evening's work awaited me. It seems almost miraculous that we should cross the great chasm of the Stanislaus for the *third* time, without meeting another team.

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#### 10.—CALIFORNIA, AS A HOME.

At last we packed for a final departure from the mountains. The trip to Stockton, a distance of about fifty-five miles, was to be accomplished in a single day. At three o'clock in the morning we took our seats in the stage, and after picking up a sufficient number of passengers to fill the huge, swinging vehicle, emerged from Sonora by the lower entrance of the valley. The morning was chill, the road rough, and our ride remarkably tedious. After we had made ten or twelve miles, the sun rose, we breakfasted, and the scenery improved. There were three or four villages on the road, which had an air of permanence and prosperity, but the valleys were too narrow and too entirely given over to gold-mining to allow of farming to any great extent. The road was, at the same time, stony and dusty, and we were heartily glad when the settlement at Knight's Ferry, on the Stanislaus, announced our exit from the mountain region.

Knight's Ferry is a smart, busy place of near a thousand inhabitants. The broad bar which the river here makes is quarried up, and trenched in all directions by the indefati-



gable gold-miners. There is a large hotel, the chief energy of which appears to be expended on a spacious bar-room, well supplied with ice and liquors. We here changed stages, having the satisfaction of knowing that only thirty miles, for the most part of level road, separated us from Stockton. A few more long, sweeping undulations—the last subsiding waves of the Sierra Nevada—and we entered the great plain of the San Joaquin. We lost, it is true, the pure mountain air, the blue chasms, the splendid pines, but we had no longer the dread of meeting vehicles, the danger of overturns, the jolts and the dry quagmires of dust. Merrily our coach rolled along over the level floor, between the high redwood fences, past occasional groves of live-oak, farm-houses, dusty orchards, wind-mills, turning in hot puffs of southern wind, and stacks of shining straw or snowy bags of grain. Ten rapid minutes, only, were allowed us for dinner, and by two o'clock we saw the spires of Stockton over the groves of scattering oaks which surround the town.

Broad, cheerful, watered streets, suburban gardens, neat churches, and a glimpse of shipping in the tide-water slough, gave us a pleasant initial impression of the place, which was not diminished by the clean, comfortable quarters we found at the Weber House. How delicious it was to sit in the open French windows, watching the golden afternoon light deepen into sunset color on the blue water, the groves of oak, the church-spires, and the dim mountain-ranges far away, knowing that our month of rude mountain-travel was over! Repose is always sweet, but never more so than after prolonged fatigue.

We were greatly delighted with our visit to the residence of Mr. Weber, the original proprietor of Stockton, who has transferred a tongue of land, between two arms of the slough, into a garden, and built himself a spacious house in the centre. There is no more delightful villa on Bellosguardo or the slopes of Fiesole. A thick hedge, outside of which is a double row of semi-tropical trees, surrounds the peninsula. The gate opens into a lofty avenue of trellis-work, where the sunshine strikes through pulpy bunches of amethyst and chrysolite, while, on either hand, beds of royal roses of every hue (except the impossible blue) fill the air with ripe odor. The house is low, but spacious, with wood-work of the native redwood, scarcely less beautiful than mahogany. Vine-covered verandas surround it and keep off the sun, and every window discloses a vision of plants which would be the glory of any greenhouse on the Atlantic side.

In Mrs. Weber, I found an old acquaintance of my former visit. Well I remembered the day when, hot, hungry, and foot-sore, I limped up to the door of her father's ranche, in the valley of San José, and found her reading a poem of mine (no author ever had a more welcome introduction!)—when her father saddled his horse, and rode with me to the top of a mountain, and her own hands prepared the grateful supper and breakfast which gave me strength for the tramp to Monterey. It was pleasant to meet her again as the happy mistress of such a princely home.

The garden delighted us beyond measure. The walks were waist-deep in fuchsia, heliotrope, and geranium; the

lemon verbena grew high above our heads, and the pepper-trees, with their loose, misty boughs, hailed us as old friends from the skies of Athens. A row of Italian cypresses, straight and spiry as those which look on Florence from San Miniato, were shooting rapidly above the other growths of the garden. How they will transform the character of the landscape when, at last, their dark obelisks stand in full stature! Here, in the middle of October, all was bloom and warmth, as in our Atlantic Augusts. A week or two of heavy rain, in November, ushers in the winter, and the balmy skies, green turf, and sprouting daisies of January, announce the coming of another beautiful year. What a country is this for a home—if it were not quite so new!

Our passage was taken for Thursday, the 20th of October, so that but few days were left us on Californian soil, and we hastened back to San Francisco. We had already overstayed by a fortnight the time which we had allotted to our visit, but although private interests and sacred ties alike called us home, we could not conceal an emotion of sorrow and regret at the thought of leaving. We had found many kind friends in San Francisco, so that the charm of human associations was added to that of its climate and scenery. Besides the free, liberal, sensible life of the place has its separate attractions. The society of San Francisco is a combination of two extremes—the aristocratic and democratic principles in sharp contrast—Puritanism in religion, and Sunday theatres—and between the two, a man of sense and reflection finds a clear space, where he may live and move untrammelled.

On Wednesday evening, I gave my final lecture, for the benefit of the Protestant Orphan Asylum—making, in all, *thirty-eight* lectures in California, in the space of eight weeks. As the first attempt to transplant the Great Institution to the Pacific Coast, the result was in the highest degree cheering. My visit was made at probably the most unfavorable period of the year—at the close of the dry season, when business is dull, and in the midst of violent political excitement—yet there was no single instance of failure. The people everywhere showed themselves wide-awake, intelligent, and appreciative.

Although my impressions of California have been scattered plentifully throughout the foregoing sketches, my readers may, like myself, feel the necessity of reproducing them in a final *résumé*, detached from my narrative of personal experiences. During the interval of ten years between my two visits, I traversed the three continents of the ancient hemisphere, passing through all zones of the earth (with the exception of the Antarctic); and therefore possessed the best possible means of verifying or correcting the impressions of the first visit by those of the second. This circumstance, I trust, may give additional weight to my opinions, even with those who may honestly differ from them.

The first thing to be considered, in discussing the character of a new country, is its climate. California possesses the great advantage of lying upon the western side of the continent, which, as compared with the eastern, is an isothermal difference equal to ten degrees of latitude. Thus, San Francisco, lying on very nearly the same parallel as

Richmond, possesses the climate of Andalusia and Sicily—or Jacksonville, Florida, on our Atlantic Coast. There are local differences, however, which give it an advantage over countries in the same latitude in Europe. Climate, it is well-known, is greatly modified by the character of the prevailing winds. California, like India, is exposed to the action of a periodical monsoon, blowing from the north-west during the summer, and from the south-east during the winter. The former wind, cooled by the Arctic current which sweeps downward along the coast, precipitates fog as it meets with the hot, dry winds of the interior; and the summer, in the valleys of the Coast Range, seems actually to be cooler than the winter. In the same manner, the dry, warm south-east winds, coming over the vast deserts of heated sand on both sides of the Colorado, heighten the winter temperature. The mean temperature of noonday, throughout the year, is remarkably equable, for such a latitude. The seasons seem to have shifted their parts, the winter being green and fragrant with flowers, and the summer brown and bare on the hills, while the forests of live oak, bay, redwood, and pine, rejoice in eternal verdure.

A record of temperature has been for nine years carefully kept by Dr. Gibbons, at San Francisco. The greatest cold in that time was  $25^{\circ}$ , and the greatest heat  $98^{\circ}$ . These may, therefore, be taken as the extremes, showing the *utmost* range of the thermometer. The difference is  $73^{\circ}$ , but the average annual range is not more than  $65^{\circ}$ . In New York and the New England States, it is near  $130^{\circ}$ . At San Francisco, in 1853, the maximum was  $88^{\circ}$ , and the



minimum  $40^{\circ}$ . Another peculiarity of the climate is the difference between the temperature of day and night. The mean daily range varies from  $12^{\circ}$  to  $23^{\circ}$ , being least in winter and greatest in summer. The nights, therefore, throughout the year are of a much more uniform temperature than the days—a fact which contributes very greatly to the health of the inhabitants, as well as to the vigor of vegetation. In the interior, where the heats of summer are much more intense than in the coast valleys, the difference is still greater. The summer thus possesses a bracing element in the midst of her fiercest fires. California presents the anomaly of a semi-tropical climate, with all the inspiring and invigorating qualities of a Northern atmosphere.

In this respect, therefore, our Pacific Coast stands unequalled by any land in the world. It is not without drawbacks—for the cold coast-winds of summer, the unfathomable dust of autumn, and the first deluging rains of winter, are things to be endured—but no one, except a fool, expects to find absolute perfection on this planet. The dry, pure air possesses no taint of malaria; fevers are rare, except in a few localities, and the great, world-encircling epidemics lose half their violence. The statistics of San Francisco show that it is, already, one of the healthiest cities in the world. As a place for the development and the enjoyment of animal life, I know no land equal to California.

The peculiarity of the climate, combining great variation between day and night—with comparatively little variation between winter and summer—seems to be especially favorable to vegetable life; and this, I suspect, is the main cause of those productions which have astonished the world.



Something, of course, may be attributed to the virgin vigor of a new soil; but where this has already been expended, as in the region about Los Angeles, the same results are obtained. With the exception of the apple, all fruits, from the fig to the pear, from the pomegranate and olive to the gooseberry and currant, thrive better than elsewhere. With regard to grapes, the average annual yield is fourteen pounds per vine. When all the vines now planted are in bearing condition, they will produce *five million* gallons of wine annually. A more wholesome and delicate sparkling wine is not easily found than that manufactured by the Brothers Sansevain, who bid fair to reproduce, on that far shore, the famous "Sansovino," the praises of which Redi, the Tuscan Bacchus, sang in his dancing verse. Let me add a few more specimens of vegetable production to those I have already given. The *California Register* says: "A fig-tree, four years from the cutting, is seventeen inches around the stem, twenty feet high, and bears two crops a year; a grape-vine, three years old, yields eighty pounds of grapes; a tree, three years old, bears fifty-five apples, weighing, on an average, nine ounces each!"

The six months during which no rain falls have not the usual effect of a drouth in the Atlantic States. The grain is all ripe early in the season, and may be cut, threshed, measured, and sold (all in the open air) just as the farmer can spare time. The hard-baked surface of the earth covers a stratum of moister soil, into which the trees thrust their roots, and flourish; and though the velvet turf, which is the glory of northern lands, is wanting, yet the blue lupin, the orange-colored poppy, and other salamandrine flowers,

blossom in all the valleys. I saw but one genuine piece of turf in California. It was in front of a house in San José, where it was kept alive and fresh by artificial showers. Its dazzling greenness and beauty seemed to be little short of a miracle. Trees, when transplanted, require to be carefully watered the first summer, after which, they are generally able to supply themselves. Water, which is struck everywhere in the valleys, at a depth of twenty or thirty feet, is sweet and good.

So far as scenery is concerned, I can imagine nothing lovelier than the valleys of San José, Napa, Russian River, and San Ramon. The one feature which they lack—in common with the landscapes of Italy and Spain—is *water*. The streams which traverse them in winter, become dry, stony beds in summer, and the matchless trees which adorn their banks, have no glass wherein to mirror their beauty. In all other respects—color, outline, harmony of forms—there is nothing to be desired. Even the great plains of Sacramento and San Joaquin are redeemed from tameness by the superb framing of the distant mountains on either side, and thus are far more beautiful than those dreary, interminable prairies of the West, which fatigue the sight with their monotony. The scenery of that portion of the Sierra Nevada which I visited is less picturesque and striking than that of other mountain-chains of equal height, owing to the uniform character of the great slopes between the rivers, buttressing the central chain. The two or three exceptions to this judgment, are Spartan cañon, the region about Mokelumne Hill, and Columbia. The valley of the Yo-Semite, further south, is the one grand and

incomparable feature of the Sierra Nevada. Further north, however, the Shasta Peak, Lassen's Butte, and the upper valley of the Sacramento, present a new series of magnificent landscapes, forming the proper vestibule through which to approach Oregon, with its giant cones of solitary snow.

On the whole, California is a land where life seems to be most plastic—where, so far as climate, soil, and scenery are concerned, one may shape his existence in the most various moulds. Within the range of two hundred miles, he may live on the mountains, or by the sea—among pines or pomegranates—in snow or flowers—in the maddest whirl of business, or in dreamy indolence—on the confines of barbarism, or the topmost round of civilization. Why not, then, escape care, consumption, cold, neuralgia, fashion, bigotry, east-winds, gossip, and chilblains, and fly to that happy shore? For one simple reason: It is *too new*—too recently fallen into the possession of man—too far away from the great centres of the world's life—too little touched, as yet, with the genial influences of Art and Taste. Life, at present, is beautiful there, but lonely; and so it must remain for another generation to come. In the valleys of the Coast Range, Nature is in advance of Man. Gold is yet King—though, I think, and hope, already beginning to shake a little on his throne.

Taking into consideration the fact that California was settled exclusively by persons in pursuit of wealth, and that money-making is, more especially there than elsewhere, the main object of life, the character of society is far less cold and sordid than might have been expected. Even the

wealthy circles, composed of families from all parts of the United States, and of all phases of refinement, have less pretentiousness and exclusiveness than the same circles in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. There is a genial liberality, courtesy, and heartiness of demeanor, which is as refreshing as it is unexpected. A highly cultivated person would, undoubtedly, find many agreeable associates in San Francisco—though he might miss that vitalizing influence which a *productive* class of authors, artists, and *savans* always imparts to the intellect of a country. These are flowers that only grow after all other kinds of growth have been in a measure accomplished.

The influence of the climate has already made its impression on the character of the people. They will, in time, exhibit the same combination of Northern and Southern peculiarities; and the result, I hope, will be as favorable to their moral, as it undoubtedly will be to their physical nature. If this should be so—if they should possess an equal capacity for action and repose, warmth without fickleness, principle without coldness, a broad and genial humanity, earnestness combined with grace and softness, and a perception of life's duties in the midst of its sensuous enjoyments—there will at last be a *happy* American-born race. But this is expecting too much. I confess, when I look into the vile pit of California politics (holding my nose all the time), and note what is the standard of honesty in public affairs, my hope grows small. It is no worse, I must admit, than in the city of New York—an admission which does not better my statement. The home of Literature and Art, however, will be in the valleys near the coast—

not among the scarred and tortured hills of gold, where official misrule most flourishes.

The children born in California are certainly a great improvement upon those born among us. Nowhere can more rosy specimens of health and beauty be found. Strong-limbed, red-blooded, graceful, and as full of happy animal life as young fawns, they bid fair to develop into admirable types of manhood and womanhood. To them, loving their native soil with no acquired love—knowing no associations which are not linked with its blue skies and its yellow hills, we must look for its proper inhabitants, who will retain all that is vigorous, earnest, and generous in the present race, rejecting all that is coarse and mean. For myself, in breathing an air sweeter than that which first caught the honeyed words of Plato—in looking upon lovelier vales than those of Tempe and the Eurotas—in wandering through a land whose sentinel peak of Shasta far overtops the Olympian throne of Jupiter—I could not but feel that Nature must be false to her promise, or Man is not the splendid creature he once was, if the Art, and Literature, and Philosophy of Ancient Greece are not one day rivalled on this last of inhabited shores!

### III.

#### A HOME IN THE THÜRINGIAN FOREST.

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##### 1.—TAKING POSSESSION.

JULY 1, 1861.

THE postillion has driven off down the hill, the letter-carrier has brought in the last small bundle, the landlady has opened the rooms and initiated us into all the mysteries of closets, cupboards, and cellars—and here we are, at home! I herewith take possession of my little study, with its one window opening on the mountains, and the writing cabinet, (as small and plain as that which Schiller used,) and feel myself already lord and master of the cottage and garden, and co-proprietor of the landscape. The air is so cold—after six days' rain—that we have kindled a fire of pine-splints in the great earthenware stove. The fir-clad mountains are black and lowering, and there is really, just at this moment, no very cheerful point in the scenery, unless it be the Felsenkeller, a rustic tavern on the ridge beside us, where the beer is always of the best.



Nevertheless, the gloom of the evening is counterbalanced by our pleasant feeling of independence—by the knowledge that we occupy a house which we can temporarily call our own, conducting our housekeeping as we see fit. The rooms are neatly but completely furnished; a little bare, perhaps, to an American eye, but we are accustomed to the simplicity of German life, and, moreover, our home is rather *outside* than inside the cottage. Still, it is well to know that the beds are of fresh linen, that the supply of water is ample, and that the cane arm chairs in the drawing-room are agreeable to sit upon. A peep into the kitchen disclosed the surprising fact that we have butter, eggs, salad, and raw Westphalian ham, and as Hanna, the tidy servant-girl who awaited our arrival, has already made a fire in the ponderous range, I feel that our supper is secure. Let no apprehension for the morrow, therefore, disturb our first day of possession!

Really, this is the ideal of Travel. Not in great hotels, where one lives according to fixed rules, or pays enormously for breaking them—not in capitals, where the levelling civilization of our century is fast annihilating social peculiarities, and establishing, so to speak, a uniform gauge, adapted to all nationalities, can one feel the pulse of a foreign life. Men must be studied in their homes, and, whenever possible, *from* a home among them. We must find an empty cell in the hive, and inhabit the same, though it be in the character of a drone. What the tent—the wandering house of the nomad—is to the traveller on the Tartar steppes, the furnished summer residence is to the stranger in most European countries. But one must not,

like poor Tom Hood, on the Rhine, be so ignorant of the language, as to have a bunch of quills put on the table instead of a fowl, nor so wedded to his home habits as to make himself unhappy because he cannot retain them. With a little human flexibility, a catholic breadth of taste, and an entire freedom from the prejudices of the Little Peddlington in which most men are born, we may, without sacrificing a jot of our individuality, without hazarding the loss of a single principle, live the life of other races and other climates, and thus gather into our own the aggregate experience of Man.

This is the true *Heimskringla*, or World-Circle—the completed sphere of life on this planet, which he must traverse who shall write the yet unwritten *human* Cosmos.

—This little study, I find, illustrates a truth which is known to authors, and to none else: that the range of thought is in inverse proportion to the dimensions of the material dwelling of the thinker. In other words, the narrower your chamber, the wider your brain: hence poets seek garrets by a natural instinct, and the philosopher who could not sling a cat in his room assuredly never felt the need of that diversion. The mental labor which it would be difficult to perform in a spacious Gothic hall, would be comparatively easy in a low hut, with one window. If this journal should be discursive—of which I have a strong presentiment—the reason will be apparent.

But where is our home? A familiar spot in a foreign land—distant, happily, from any capital, except that of a small principality, aside from the highways of tourists, yet embosomed in a region of the loveliest scenery, and breath-

ing an atmosphere of song and saga. Thuringia is the Heart of Germany, embracing the scattered Saxon Duchies of Gotha, Weimar, Meiningen, and Schwarzburg. Its soil has not only witnessed the most picturesque episodes of mediæval German history, but is the home of the fairest traditions, as, in later years, it has been the chosen home of poets.

In a valley on the northern slope of the mountain-range known as the Thuringian Forest, separated by a low ridge from the Ducal park and castle of Reinhardtsbrunn, lies the little city of Friedrichsroda. Although claiming a remote antiquity, like most of the towns hereabout, it was first brought into notice by Frederic Perthes, the pious and successful publisher, of whom you have doubtless heard. The beauty of the scenery, the purity of the mountain air, and its proximity to a number of attractive or historically famous localities, gradually drew strangers hither, until the city has now become a sort of summer suburb of Berlin. I say "the city" intentionally, for, although the place has but 2,300 inhabitants, I should give offence by calling it a village. There was formerly a sculptured head with wide-open mouth, over the gate, recording the fate of a stranger, who, on his arrival, asked "what is the name of this village?" He had no sooner said "*village*," than his jaws became set, and his mouth remained open; nor could he close it until he perceived his error. The place was best known in the Middle Ages by a malicious song which the jealous inhabitants of the neighboring towns were accustomed to sing. One verse thereof will be sufficient:

“Tell me, of what is the church-spire made,  
Oho, in Friedrichsroda?  
They took and killed a lean old cow,  
And made the spire of her tail, I trow,  
Oho, in Friedrichsroda!”

It is nearly nine years since, descending from the heights of the Inselsberg, I first saw the quiet, peaceful, pleasant little *city*, lying in its green valley-basin, with a protecting rim of dark forests. I then made some acquaintances which, in the course of time, and through the course of circumstances, became family connections, and thus it is that I now find myself here. Three years ago my friend Dr. K. built a summer cottage in his garden, above the town, on the ridge between Friedrichsroda and Reinhardtbrunn, commanding a charming view of both valleys. This cottage I kept in my mind, and was so fortunate as to secure it before leaving home, as a little eddy into which I might whirl and rest for a few weeks, out of reach of the roaring stream. My predecessor, Dr. Petermann, the distinguished geographer, left no inharmonious associations behind him. The invisible pictures of Timbuctu, and the White Nile, and the Tanganyika Lake, which no doubt cover the blue-papered walls of my study, might have floated out of my own brain. Palms and crocodiles and hippopotami! They are to me as welcome and as familiar as the stately firs which I can see by lifting my head, or the three ravens on the grass before my window.

One only thought disturbs the peace and seclusion of my mountain home. I do not need to close my eyes, to see that long, imperial street, transformed into an avenue of

banners—to see the sudden blossoming of national colors from every roof, every church-spire, every hilltop—to see the “sun-burst” of Freedom spreading southward in a mighty arc, slowly driving before it the black cloud of tyranny and treachery. I see my noble countrymen, God bless them! creating a race of heroes, refreshing our slow commercial blood from the fountains of sublime self-sacrifice and purest patriotism; I wait for the tardy messages which reach me across the Atlantic, and with every new instance that a great people is thoroughly in earnest, with every illustration of bravery, and endurance, and devotion to the good cause, I hear a voice saying, like Henry of Navarre: “*Pends-toi, brave Crillon: nous avons combattu, et tu n’y étois pas!*” My consolation is, that if “they also serve, who only stand and wait,” in the present crisis they who are afar from the field of action may yet make themselves echoes of the battle-trumpets—interpreters of the war-cries, to these millions of European spectators.

Yes! Here, at this distance, I see truly the significance of the struggle. Here, where, in years past, I have combated hostile opinions, grappled with tough monarchical prejudices, and exhausted myself in endeavors to make our political system clear to minds which, otherwise well instructed, had not the least comprehension of its character—my present difficulty is, not to show that the rebellion should be suppressed, but to show how it could possibly have arisen. The fatal imbecility of Buchanan’s administration has seriously damaged our prestige abroad: any hesitancy, any tampering with treason, any failure on the part of our rulers to press the war boldly and vigorously



to a conclusion, would complete the mischief. In Europe, it is our republican form of government that is on trial. A despotic assumption of power would injure us far less, in the present instance, than an exhibition of weakness. As an orthodox believer in self-government, my constant prayer is: "God preserve us from the shame, the ineradicable infamy of Peace on any other terms than the unconditional submission of the traitors!"

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The postman has returned with a manuscript-book, in which we are required to write our names. At the same time he is authorized to receive "contributions," which go into a common fund for the preservation of the forest-paths, of the numerous benches, or "rests" as they are called, and for newspapers for the reading-room. The latter institution, I have discovered, is no other than the aforesaid Felsenkeller, where one can read *The Cologne* and *The National Gazette*, it is true, but is expected to drink a mug of beer at the same time. As for the paths and benches, there is no part of the world where the convenience of strangers is so carefully consulted, as here. The entire mountain-region, fifty miles in extent, resembles a private park, traversed by macadamized highways, gravelled foot-paths, and with comfortable benches or even arbors at every possible point where the scenery offers any attraction for the eye. Fancy the White Mountain group *civilized* in a similar manner! This is Nature stripped of her paint and feathers, washed, and her nakedness decently covered. You may admire the strength and primitive rudeness of the savage, but you



better love the tamed domestic creature who sympathizes with your calm, cheerful, or reflective mood, walks by your side with ordered step, and can sit down with you, quietly, in the sweet, rosy silence of the long summer evening.

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## 2.—HOW WE SPENT THE FOURTH.

JULY 4TH—EVENING.

ON awaking this morning, I became aware of an unusual sound of hammering about the cottage. A mysterious whispering between the two servant-maids in the passage also attracted my attention. I went into the *salon*, which opens upon the veranda, and was surprised to find two long ladders reared in front of the glass-doors. Dr. K. standing on the grass-plot, under an apple-tree, appeared to be gazing steadfastly at the roof. As we found the house in admirable condition, I was curious to ascertain what repairs or improvements he had in view. There were two men on the ladders, employed in fixing the last clamp to a flag-staff which rose from the apex of the gable. Just then, a breeze came down from the mountains and blew out the folds of—an American flag! Yes—our national banner, although it contained but six stripes; for the good Dr., in his anxiety to give me at once a surprise and a welcome on this day of all days, had been more kind than correct. But the *stars* were all there. The whole thirty-four glittered in the blue field, in defiance of secession or compromise; and thus the first American flag which ever

waved above the Thüringian Forest was no symbol of a divided Union! How brightly the red stripes shone against the background of the firs! How the stars seemed to lighten and sparkle in the morning sun!

To-day, it occurs to me, is the pivot on which our political balance turns. As the men who this day meet in Washington shall decide, shall Honor or Disgrace, Weakness or Strength, prevail. I am so far away that the involuntary conflict of hope and fear is worse than useless, and before these words can reach America, the doubt will either be dissolved in hopeful confidence, or deepened into desperation. This much is certain: the path of Honor, of Duty, of Patriotism is plain—there is but one. Woe to the Republic, if that path be not followed!

—The weather, thus far, has not been propitious for our contemplated mountain walks. Unhappily, after a fortnight of splendid weather, it rained last week, on the day of the Seven Sleepers! This, in German weather-prophecy, denoted rain every day for seven weeks thereafter; and, this year, the rule seems likely to hold good. The sun rises in cloudless splendor, but by seven o'clock the sky is overcast: heavy bluish-gray clouds drag along the mountain-tops: distant thunder is heard, and presently a hard shower comes driving from the West. In half an hour the sky is blue, the meadows sparkle, and snowy masses of cumuli topple over the forests. We rejoice at the prospect of a lovely afternoon, and straightway plan an excursion to one of the legendary spots in the neighborhood. Perhaps we are already under way, enjoying the warmth and sunshine, heedless of an ominous blackness which is gathering behind

the Evil Mountain—evil, indeed, to us!—until, suddenly, the sun vanishes, and a far-off rustle among the woods announces the inevitable fate.

It is singular how slight a degree of heat suffices to provoke a thunder-shower in this region. Even to an American, accustomed to sudden changes of temperature, the continual vibrations of the thermometer are far from agreeable. Two or three hours of sunshine, at 80°, and you see the gray veils of showers on the horizon. Then the air is suddenly cooled for a time, but becomes close and sultry again as soon as the breeze falls. The latitude (nearly 51°) is partly accountable for these vagaries, yet I attribute them principally to the fact that the spine of the Thuringian forest, which is only about three miles above us, divides two weather systems, which occasionally overlap each other. It is difficult to realize that less rain falls here annually than in our Middle States, and I am inclined to suspect that the comparison was based on the estimate of a single year, which did not represent the normal average. In the chronicles of the country there are accounts of years in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when so much rain fell that the harvests were destroyed, and thousands of persons died of hunger and of a pestilence engendered by the rotten grain. On the other hand, it is true that the streams which issue from these mountains are remarkably small, and but slightly swollen after heavy rains. The deep bed of spongy moss which forms the floor of the forests, holds much of the moisture, and perhaps accounts for both facts.

An atmospheric phenomenon, scarcely known to us, is of

frequent occurrence here. It is called the *cloud-burst*, a term which describes its character. The clouds, heavily laden, and balled or rolled together by the wind, suddenly *break down* under their combined burden, and discharge a deluge of water, which often occasions immense damage to the fields and herds. Where the burst takes place at the head of a narrow valley, an instantaneous flood is formed, from ten to twenty feet in depth, uprooting trees and sweeping houses from their foundations. A few weeks ago the town of Sköhlen, not far from Jena, was visited by one of these cloud-bursts, whereby thirteen persons were drowned and more than twenty buildings destroyed. In countries which have not yet been denuded of their forests, such a phenomenon is less likely to occur. Richardson describes a cloud-burst which overwhelmed his camp at Tin-tellust, on the frontier of Asben, in the Sahara, and our trappers can tell of others on the plains.

Hail-storms are so frequent and so destructive in Northern Germany, that the prudent farmer always insures his grain in the Hail Insurance Company—a regular branch of the insurance business. The hail-cloud is recognized at a distance by the hard, cold, yellowish-white color of its dropping curtain. Its upper edges are often of a pale brownish hue. Even when it passes by at a distance, it chills the atmosphere far and wide, as an iceberg chills the sea-air.

This morning dawned so brightly, and the scattered clouds hung so lazily around the bottom of the sky, that we felt tolerably sure of a favorable day for our private festival. At ten o'clock the postillion's horn announced

the approach of our friends, and the post-chaise slowly climbed the hill, and discharged its cargo of four ladies, two gentlemen, one child, and a supply of meat and drink, at our door. There were cordial greetings, for we had been separated three days, and those whose hospitality we had so often enjoyed—or rather claimed as a right—were now for the first time our guests. To honor them, as well as the day, I had sent to the landlord at Reinhardtsbrunn and ordered six pounds of trout, fresh from the tank. I also secured a supply of the nobler German beverage, as was meet, and therewith *my* duties ended.

Our guests took eager possession of the veranda and garden; the children first embraced and then pulled each other's hair, and thus the festive machinery was put in motion. In Germany one does not need to go around with a conversational oil-pot and grease the individual cogs and cranks; the wheels turn as soon as they touch. It is as easy as rolling a snow-ball down a steep hill. The least impetus is sufficient. The ball increases in volume as well as in swiftness, and the only danger is in attempting to stop it. This, of course, where the material is not too composite; though, even in this respect, you can safely combine more various elements than in any other society I know of.

In England, a successful dinner-party is the result of consummate art. The social ingredients are as carefully measured and mixed as in a sauce or a salad. The oil of Mr. A. is secured to neutralize the vinegar of Mr. B. The Misses X. are the chickens, those promising young gentlemen the lettuce, rich Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so the



lobster, and somebody else the mustard. The host is usually the spoon. Here, I am glad to say, there is more nature and less calculation. Repellant substances are avoided, of course, but the attractive quality of the social atoms is much greater. Another advantage—it is a part of German politeness *to talk*. A “wall-flower” or a “dummy” is the rarest apparition. Johanna Kinkel, with a good deal of truth, calls the habitual silence of many really intelligent English-women a *laziness of the jaws*. Such persons have no scruple in shirking their share of social duty. They find it less trouble to look on and listen, caring not that their silence becomes a rock, against which the flow of social feeling is turned aside. Who does not know how one moody individual may obstruct the sunshine of a whole company of cheerfully-attuned persons? Society, while offering enjoyment of the highest character, imposes a corresponding obligation—a fact which many honest and worthy people seem not to recognize.

In the German language there is no epithet which exactly translates our word *bore*, or its intensification, *vampyre*. The nearest approach to it, “*lemsieder*,” means, literally, “a boiler of glue,” and applies especially to a man who takes you by the button-hole. This fact, alone, indicates a more correct social culture—at least, so far as the social duties are concerned. There is no society without its faults, which have their root in faults of national character. Of these I shall speak at another time. Let me now return to the Fourth of July.

There was no reading of the Declaration of Independence, for the very good reason that we have no copy thereof.



Neither was there an oration portraying the greatness and glory of Our Country, because it has yet to be demonstrated, by the last and severest test, that our country is truly great and glorious. On this day of this year, 1861, orations are out of place. But a divided family, united for the first time in three years, took their places at the round table, and when the trout and the roast-beef (quite as much an American as an English reminiscence) had disappeared, a young German spoke thus: "Seeing that we, whose hopes and labors are directed toward the establishment of German unity and nationality, cannot be indifferent to the preservation of the American Union, which is in many respects the realization of our own political ideas—seeing that so many of our countrymen have become American citizens, and that a thousand ties of blood and friendship unite us—seeing, moreover, that in the present struggle we recognize a conflict between Barbarism and Civilization, between Anarchy and Order, let us drink to the success of the Defenders of the Union, and the triumph of the Good Cause!"

We all rose and drank the toast standing, and the silvery clinking of the glasses was like a peal of distant bells, ringing in the (let us hope) not distant day of our national redemption.

After one of the inevitable showers, the day again became bright and balmy. Our arm-chairs were transferred to the shadow of an apple-tree on the little lawn, and while the younger ladies indulged in a somewhat irregular game of ball, we enjoyed anew the beauty of the landscape in the enjoyment of our friends. At our

feet lay Friedrichsroda, its tiled roofs crowded together in a long line through the middle of the valley. The slopes on either side, divided into narrow strips of grain, varying in growth and color, are evenly covered, as with a ribbed velvet carpet, above which, dark and grand, stand the fir forests. At the bottom of the valley, facing us, is the Badger Mountain, rising square against the sunny blue and gold of the distant hills. Southward, wooded to the summit, stands the Kernberg, divided by a shady glen from the Praise-God (*Gottlob*)—a conical hill, from the western slope of which rise shattered pillars of basalt, the topmost crowned with a rustic temple. Between the Praise-God and the Wolf's-steep opens a deep mountain valley, glooming purple with its forests. On the other side we see the profile of the Abbot's Mountain, green with beeches, overlooking Reinhardtsbrunn, and behind it the Evil Mountain, whence comes all our weather-woe. Groups of summer guests are constantly threading the lanes, or climbing to the benches disposed along the heights, and the three asses in the town are always in requisition to carry children or female invalids. Women pass us, laden with basket-loads of hay from the meadows, or fir-twigs from the hills; the men work among their turnip and potato fields; carriages rattle along the highways, and every morning and evening we hear the multitudinous chime of the cow-bells, as the herds are driven out to their pastures. The landscape, with all its beauty, is full of life, which is the greatest beauty of all.

The evening came, and with it the postillion, blowing :

“A rose in his hat, and a staff in his hand,  
 The pilgrim must wander from land unto land;  
 Through many a city, o'er many a plain,  
 But ah! he must leave them, must wander again!”

And so it was with our friends. The grandfather must back to his telescope and the new comet: there were household duties for the women—expected relatives from afar: each was bound by some one of the strands which go to make up the thread of life. And, after they had left, I took up this, my own particular strand, which having spun to this length, I now leave until I receive a fresh supply of material—silk, or flax, or spider-gossamer—anything but Cotton!

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### 3.—REINHARDSBRUNN, AND ITS LEGEND.

JULY 6, 1861.

WITHIN a mile of our cottage is the castle of Reinhardtbrunn, one of the summer residences of Ernest II., the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. As a specimen of landscape gardening, the surrounding park is unsurpassed by any similar spot on the Continent. The castle is built on the ruins of a former Benedictine monastery, which owed its foundation to one of the most romantic passages of Thuringian history. The first landgrave of Thuringia was Ludwig the Bearded, who, in the first half of the eleventh century, built the castle of Schauenburg, (just beyond the Wolf-steep, and almost visible from my window,) and made himself master of all the region round about.

His eldest son Ludwig succeeded to the title and possessions. The latter was a stalwart, handsome fellow, and it is perhaps comprehensible that Adelheid, wife of the Count Palatinate of Weissenburg, should have loved him, in preference to her husband. Unfortunately for both, the passion was mutual, and a quarrel, purposely brought on, resulted in the death of the Count Palatinate, at the hands of his wife's lover.

A year afterwards the guilty pair were wedded, but the matter having come to the ears of the Emperor, Henry IV., he ordered the landgrave to be arrested. The latter refused to obey the mandate, but was finally taken by stratagem and confined in the fortress of Giebichenstein, near Halle. Here he remained two years and eight months, waiting for trial. (Justice appears to have been as slow, if not as blind a divinity, then, as now!) Finally, weary of the long confinement, he pretended to be mortally sick, and was allowed to see a servant who was to bear his last message to his wife. The servant, however, received orders to bring the landgrave's white horse, The Swan, to the meadow below the castle, on a certain day. When the time arrived, the landgrave, who continually complained of cold and was wrapped in thick mantles, tottered to the window as if to take a last look at the sun. The six knights who guarded him were absorbed in a game of chess. The castle was built on a rock, overhanging the river Saale. The prisoner, with a cry of "Holy Virgin Mary, save thy servant!" leaped from the window. The mantles spread out, broke the force of the fall, and he descended safely a hundred feet into the water. A fishing-

boat, purposely in waiting, picked him up, and in a few minutes afterwards he was on the back of the Swan, speeding homewards.

For this daring feat he received the name of Ludwig the Leaper, by which he is still known in German history.

Notwithstanding the matter was finally compromised, and the landgrave allowed to retain his possessions, neither he nor his wife was happy. They had conscience enough to be troubled by the remembrance of their crime; and so it happened once, on a Good Friday, that Adelheid placed dishes of fowl and game before her husband. Whereupon, he marvelling that she should expect him to sin in this manner, she answered: "Should *this* sin be worth considering, in comparison with that other sin whereof we have not yet repented?" Both wept, and consulted as to what penance was proper. The result was a journey to Rome. The Pope promised them complete absolution, provided the landgrave should build and richly endow a monastery, and his wife, in like manner, establish a nunnery. The former returned to his home in the Schauenburg, and busied himself with the choice of a site, but for a long time found himself unable to decide upon one.

His attention was finally directed to the neighboring valley, where, deep in the forest, lived a potter named Reinhardt. There, beside a strong fountain which gushed from the earth, this potter saw, at night, two lights like candles, which disappeared whenever he approached them. The landgrave, having himself witnessed the phenomenon, accepted it as a sign from above, and founded the stately monastery of Reinhardtsbrunn on the site of the potter's



humble cottage. This was in the year 1089, according to the chronicles, but more probably in 1098. A few years afterwards, Ludwig the Leaper became a monk, and remained in the monastery until his death, in 1123.

The place was completely ransacked and destroyed during the *Bauernkrieg*, or Peasants' War, and remained a ruin until the accession of Ernest I. of Coburg (father of the present Duke) to the sovereignty of Saxe-Gotha. This prince removed the tottering walls of the old monastery and built a summer palace on the foundations. The material used was a warm gray sandstone, found in the neighboring mountain, and the style that domestic Gothic which harmonizes so exquisitely with the forms of a Northern landscape. The old Duke also restored the monkish fish-ponds, and completely remodelled the gardens, woods, and meadows, but with a sparing and beautifying, not a destroying hand. In this respect, his taste was admirable. He appreciated scenery with the intuition of an artist, and knew where to prune, and where to plant, so as to attain that ideal grace and loveliness which Nature, unassisted, can never reach.

There ought to be some better name for this faculty and its exercise. "Landscape gardening" is both incongruous and incomplete. The German expression, "Art-gardener," is better; but the idea of a garden is too limited, when the artist's plan embraces the landscape to its furthest horizon. In his eyes, all its features are, to a certain extent, plastic. That which he cannot change or remove, he can throw into perspective, or so conceal by the intervention of other forms, that its individual ugliness shall



become a component part of the general beauty. To contracted spaces he can impart a character of expansion; dead levels he breaks by picturesque interruptions; he works not alone for the eye, but excites the fancy by stolen glimpses which hint at some concealed charm. He collects the wandering rills, and opens a mirrored under-sky, to brighten the too uniform green; he arranges his trees with regard to their forms and tints, to the lights they catch and the shadows they cast, until they stand as far in beauty above the uncultured woods as the pediment-groups of Grecian temples are above a group of ordinary men. He sees, like the sculptor, the suggestions of Nature, and pilfers the graces of a hundred forms to blend them harmoniously in one ideal. Should not this *Earth-sculpture* have its place among the Fine Arts?

The park, or garden-park, of Reinhardtsbrunn (for it is neither alone, but a combination of the two) is an almost perfect illustration of the art. The lower ridges of the Querberg and Reinhardtsberg, thrust out at right angles to the axis of the Thuringian Forest, inclose it on either side, and the lofty Abbot's Mountain, a part of the main chain, fills up the intervening space. Northward, the brook, fed by its ponds, flows toward the plain through a narrow, falling glen. The castle, with its picturesque confusion of towers, Gothic gables, and quaint out-buildings, stands near the foot of Reinhardtsberg, on an irregular, natural terrace, sloping toward the water on two sides. The landscape visible therefrom has a length of two miles and a half, with an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile. Though not wholly included in the park, it is subjected to

the artist's will, to the very summits of the mountains, and the transitions from fir-forest and meadow to the shelvy terraces of roses and verbenas, from evergreen to deciduous trees, from ivied castle and gravelled avenues to the seclusion of bowery foot-paths and the sun-sprinkled shade of the woods, are so skilfully managed that you fail to distinguish the boundaries. You see but one rich, harmonious, many-featured, enchanting picture.

In the forms and colors of the trees, and their disposition with regard to each other and to the character of their background, we detect that art which never appears *as* art—never can offend, because it is developed through the ordinary processes of Nature. Plant a tree, and it will take, of itself, its own characteristic form. Nature, however, can simply produce; she cannot combine and arrange. She will not plant yonder weeping-ash on the slope, so that its outer boughs shall just touch the water: she will not rear those purple beeches to relieve the huge green masses of the ancient lindens, nor give the silver birch an airy lightness and distinctness by a background of pine. She plants weeds among the flowers and ripple-grass in the turf, muffles the brook with autumn leaves, and fills the pond with sickly water-mosses.

Here there is nothing of that. She is kept clean and healthy by a regimen which simply aims at developing her highest beauty. There seems to be, verily, a joyous consciousness thereof in the trees and flowers. Nowhere stunted, nowhere deformed, they give to the summer the deepest tints, the richest undulations of foliage. The sunbeams touch them with a softer splendor, and their shadows

have a clearer purple or violet than elsewhere. In the late afternoon, when golden breaks of light stream down the long meadows, between the cloudlike gloom of the forests, turning the turf to fiery velvet, smiting the lakes and the red-and-white flag on the floating skiff; when the banks of flowers burn with blinding color, and the venerable firs of the Reinhardtsberg take the hue of bronze, and the wooded glen beyond swims in hazy shadow, it is the landscape of a brighter planet, a transfigured earth.

At the bottom of the valley, where it contracts into the glen, there is a spacious inn, which has a wide renown for its good though somewhat expensive cheer. At all hours of the day, unless the rain is unusually hard, the out-door tables and benches, under the shelter of the firs, are frequented by visitors from all parts of the Thuringian Forest. We sometimes go thither for tea, and find it difficult to obtain places among the crowd. The fat waiter, and his two juvenile assistants, go back and forth with empty or foaming beer-glasses, sausages, black bread, raw ham, fermented cheese, cucumbers, salted sardines, or trout and potatoes. The German supper usually consists of some of these articles, each of which has a positive flavor. The cheese, even in the open air, must frequently be covered with a glass bell, on account of its powerful odor of decomposition. It seems to improve in digestible quality, however, in proportion as it becomes insufferable to the nostrils. Beer is the unvarying masculine beverage. The ladies drink tea, or a mixture of beer, water, sugar, and black bread, which is called "*music!*" It is a very weak harmony indeed.

It is singular that, with their fondness for the open air, the Germans should have such a dread of "draughts," in houses and railway-carriages. Doors and windows are closed as soon as there is a motion in the air. On entering a shop, on a warm day, you are generally told "Pray, put your hat on: you are warm." Nay, this goes so far that by many intelligent persons (hereabouts at least) colds are considered contagious. Possibly, one cause of such a physical sensitiveness is the difference of temperature between the sun and shade, which is more marked in a Northern latitude. Prof. Bergfalk, of Upsala, told me that during his first summer in America he lived in great dread of the draughts to which he was exposed, until he found that his health did not suffer. On returning to Sweden, however, he resumed his former sensitiveness.

—It is impossible to write more this evening, while the sunset beckons from the mountains,—especially when my household, bonneted and shawled, is beckoning also. I am not hard to move, for I prefer the outer to the inner air, the reality to the description. So, here is the last ink I shall shed to-day. Rest, you weary steel, that are not always mightier than the sword!

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#### 4.—THE FIRST GERMAN SHOOTING-MATCH.

JULY 12, 1861.

HERE is already a considerable gap in my journal, and the reader, referring to his own experience, may suspect that my undertaking is beginning to flag. Only the most

ultra-methodical minds, are capable of noting down their "thoughts, feelings, &c." (as the school-girls say) day after day, whether or no there is anything to note. For my part, having so many a *dies non* to record, I have never been able to hold out longer than two months, except upon my journeys abroad. I was recently very much amused at finding, among some old papers, a journal conscientiously commenced at the age of ten, to be continued thenceforth indefinitely; but on the eighth day the entry stood—"weather cloudy, and I find it impossible to keep a journal!"

After all, I presume the true explanation is, that a journal, to be really worth anything to the writer thereof, must be a *confessional* in the broadest sense of the word—a record of weakness and error, as well as of good deeds or good resolutions. Everybody agrees that the *true* history of one life would be worth all the romances ever written, yet nobody writes the whole truth, even for his own eyes, lest other eyes should accidentally get sight of it. In Stifter's story of the "Fortress of Fools," the heads of the family, in a direct line, write their own secret biography, which each one places in a rock-hewn chamber, whereto he only possesses the key—which, with the obligation to continue the history, he transmits to his son. The result is, in the course of a few centuries, a race of madmen. There are few eyes steady enough to look on the absolute Truth—few hands bold enough to lift the last veil from the image in the temple of Saïs.

I, however, whose journal is personal only so far as I am connected with scenes and subjects which may interest my friendly readers, am not troubled by these considerations.

The simple fact is, we have all been absent for the past four days, attending a Pan-Germanic festival in the neighboring city. The great popular movement which now prevails, from the Alps to the Baltic, has for its basis the idea of National Unity. It is singular to note how unsteadily the political balance is held in the hands of nations. As the scale rises in one hemisphere, it sinks in the other. Here, where in spite of the jealousies, the hostilities even, of a thousand years, in spite of differences of character, customs, dialects, ideas, institutions, and creeds, there is an earnest desire to kindle a spirit of patriotism which shall rise above all narrower distinctions, and lay the foundation of one great and homogeneous empire: while, across the Atlantic, the same principle is violently assailed, and the Nation's blood and treasure must be spent to prove that she is a nation, in fact. The miserable divisions from which Italy is being healed, which Germany is leaving behind her by sounder and safer paths than she chose in '48, which even the Slavic and Scandinavian races are seeking to avoid, are now racking our political frame. Is this a disease from which our land can only be freed, by communicating it to another?

Gotha had been excited, for weeks in advance, by the anticipation of the Convention of German Riflemen, which was appointed to meet on the 8th. As this was the first convention of the kind which embraced all Germany, and had therefore a political significance, there was much fear that the little city would not be able to hold all her guests. She resolved, at least, that they should be worthily entertained, and her citizens (with the exception of the nobility,



who, for the most part, stood sullenly aloof,) spared neither pains nor expense. Hundreds of houses were opened for the strangers; flags were made, wreaths woven, triumphal arches built, and prizes, by scores, contributed for the victors. Silver goblets came from the Duke and Duchess, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince Albert, and the Free Cities; rifles and revolvers; sets of silver spoons, cases of wine, gold watches, embroidered gun-belts and game-bags, shoes, meerschaum pipes, cigars, portfolios, cushions, books and statuettes; and even the children's schools in the neighborhood brought together their *pfennings* to buy some trifle which should represent their interest in the festival.

It was pleasant to witness this universal sympathy with a movement which, however indirect its political influence might be, was at least directly attacked by the Reactionary Party, and therefore, to that extent, a political expression. I rejoiced with my German friends, not only for the sake of Germany, but because the least progress anywhere helps Progress everywhere. During the whole of last week the weather was watched with great anxiety, and every additional shower was welcomed, since it lessened the probability of continued rain, in spite of the Seven Sleepers. Even when Sunday came, and dark thunder-clouds, rising in the West, took their way to the Thuringian Forest or the distant Hartz, they said "let it rain!" The companies of riflemen who were to arrive would have a wet reception, it was true, but better that than have the grand procession on the morrow spoiled by a storm.

As this procession was to be organized at seven in the

morning, we drove over to Gotha in the afternoon, during an interregnum of sunshine between two storms. The trees of Reinhardtsbrunn sparkled with unshed rain-drops; the Hörsel Mountain (the home of the minstrel Tannhäuser) stood out, bare and yellow as a mountain of Palestine against the dark sky; and in the village of Wahlwinkel the wife-stork, standing up in her nest, was drying her wet wings in the sun. Ah! here is at once the entrance to another digression: but no! I will avoid the by-path, pastoral and pleasant though it be, and follow the highway of my narrative. I will return to the storks to-morrow.

From afar, over the trees, the old banner of the German Empire—black, red, and gold, in horizontal bars—waved a welcome. It is not ten years since these colors were prohibited in almost every part of Germany. As we entered the suburbs, the colors of Saxony (green and white) and Thuringia (red and white) floated from every house, subordinate, however, to the all-embracing national flag. The streets leading to the railroad-station, whence came the sound of music, were crowded with riflemen, hurrying down to welcome expected corps from abroad. On reaching our family home, we found the gentlemen sporting badges of white satin, and Fräulein Hildegarde trying on her wreath of oak-leaves before the looking-glass. She was one of a hundred maidens who, thus crowned, in white dresses, with scarfs of red, black, and gold, were to take part in the procession.

Presently we hear the yelling of two locomotives, which come slowly up the grade from the direction of Weimar, drawing twelve cars. We make for an arbor, overlooking

the main avenue, up which the strangers must march. Trumpets blow, the people rush past, the thunders rattle, out goes the sunshine and down comes the rain! We huddle together in the leafy house, which affords but slight protection against the driving sheets of water. But in half an hour the sun follows, and a double rainbow, complete and magnificent, arches above the Seeberg. The trumpets blow again, the target-men in scarlet caps and shirts tramp by with the baggage, the hacks, garlanded with flowers, follow, and then the riflemen with their escort, cheerfully keeping step on the muddy road. The banners and the crowds of spectators are their only welcome. There is no shouting—no waving of hats. The Germans have not yet learned that. They have been kept silent so long that they have not the full use of their voices.

In the morning, we set out betimes for the market-square in the centre of the city, where the procession was to form. I had the honor of escorting Hildegarde, in her oak-wreath and scarf. From under the linden boughs of the park two other German maidens sprang out to meet us, and the three formed a vanguard, before which the crowd fell back and made us a passage. The market-square lies on the northern side of the steep hill, crowned by the castle of Friedenstein. Approaching it from the top, we looked down, as into an arena, filled with waving flags and moving masses of men, and sprinkled all over with glittering points of color. The gray old council-hall, in the centre, thrust a flag from every window, and shook its pendant wreaths of oak-leaves in the wind. The fountain was hidden in a pyramid of birch-boughs, and daring young peasants clung to every "coign

of vantage" offered by its layers of basins. In the middle of an open space, kept clear by *gensd'armes*, the chief marshal was riding to and fro, while his aids stationed the different deputations of riflemen at their posts, ready to fall in at the proper time. The crowd, thousands in number, looked on in silence.

We descended into the square, broke through the guarded space, and took leave of our maidens at the door of the council-hall, where ninety-seven others were waiting for them. On all sides waved the flags of the various German States—the black and white of Prussia; blue and silver of Bavaria; red and yellow of Baden; fortress in a red field, of Hamburg; the Saxon and Thüringian colors; the tri-color of Schleswig-Holstein; the cross of Switzerland—and, over all, the symbol of strength and unity, the red, black, and gold. What was my delight, at seeing from a corner of the square, the stars and stripes of America!—singularly enough, the only foreign power thus represented. Every house was hung with garlands—principally of the German oak, looped up with knots of roses, and disposed in an infinite variety of forms, but in every instance with excellent taste. The general effect was exceedingly beautiful.

The streets through which the procession was to pass, were similarly decorated. Occasionally the wreaths were of fir, with gilded cones as pendants, or with rosettes of forget-me-nots and harebells. Even in these details there was a national significance. You may be sure, whenever a German is sufficiently advanced to express himself by means of outward symbols, he always puts an idea behind them.

We followed the path of the procession to the outskirts of the city, where, in the house of the architect S., hospitable windows had been offered to us. I continued my walk to the shooting-hall and target-stands, around which a court of show-booths had already sprung up. There was a menagerie, in front of which, as an attractive sign, a live pelican was perched on a high post. I did not wonder that the bird yawned terribly. There was also an "Art-Cabinet," with "Anatomical Specimens"—the "Harbor of Fortune," where you either won a penny plaything by firing off a pop-gun, or lost your penny—"Live Bushmen from Africa," and two *carrouseles*, or flying-horses for children. In spite of my satin badge, I was refused admittance into the shooting-grounds before the arrival of the procession, and contented myself with admiring the triumphal entrance, the work of my friends S. and S. The square gateway was composed of the shields of German States, set in frames of fir-twigs, while on either side two lofty masts, spirally wreathed to the summit, lifted high in air their crowns of banners. From the centre of the arch floated the colors of the German empire. Really, I could find no fault with the structure. From end to end it was arranged with admirable taste, and the moral I drew therefrom was this: "why cannot our officials or committees, on such occasions, employ artists and architects as well? Why can't we put round men into round holes?"

Boom! went the cannon from the castle, announcing that the procession had started. All the church-bells began to chime, a circumstance whereat the few Reactionists in Gotha were deeply shocked. The road was already lined



with expectant crowds, who filled the banks on either side, while the central space was kept clear by mounted gend'armes. On my return to our friends at the window I met the Duke, already on his way to the shooting-ground. He was driving a span of dun-colored horses, with black manes and tails, and with such a skilful hand that I have no doubt many of the strangers supposed he was the coachman. I took off my hat to the gay, clear-eyed, *galliard* Prince, whom I had recently had occasion to know and to honor, as a man. For him, it was a well-deserved day of triumph.

Next to the house of our friend S. was another American flag of silk, floating from a wreathed staff. I also took off my hat as I passed it. Everybody knew it, and looked upon it with a friendly eye. Suppose it had been the Virginia coat-of-arms or even the New York "Excelsior?" It would probably have been torn down as an abortion—a counterfeit of nationality—even granting that any person had known what it meant. State pride! State fealty paramount! what wicked nonsense passes for wisdom in some parts of our favored Republic! However, there is not much likelihood that the starveling Palmetto itself would have been recognized, for in these inland European cities the people know but little about national symbols. In the garden opposite our window there was a banner of Schleswig-Holstein (red, blue and white, horizontal), which the Turners—who ought to have known better—were on the point of tearing down, supposing it to be that of France!

A blast of trumpets—a stretching of the necks of the crowd—an increasing murmur, and the procession comes!



It is a double display, for the Turners of Thuringia hold their convention in Gotha at the same time, and have joined their forces to those of the riflemen. The former first appear, preceded by music, and graced by the presence of a second hundred of maidens in white, with wreaths of white flowers and rose-colored scarfs. Our friend E., as Grand Marshal, rides in advance, and his baton bends us a solemn greeting. Then come the Turners. Ah! here is some sign of life, but not from the spectators. *They* are simply silent and curious. The various deputations greet our ladies with genuine cheers; mild, indeed, but well meant. Handkerchiefs flourish acknowledgment. Students in velvet caps wave their swords, banners dip, and the trumpets blow a *fanfaron*, as they pass. Hurrah! hurrah! I should like to shout, but there is no one to join me. Young, gallant fellows, in gray linen, they can do something else besides spring over bars and climb ladders, hand over hand.

M. counts the maidens, who seem to be portioned off as angelic escorts to the standard-bearers, to the hundredth. Now come the riflemen! The band plays "Schleswig-Holstein, sea-surrounded," as they pass the tri-colored flag. I wish they knew the Star-Spangled Banner, but they don't. Here is Hildegarde, in the van, shaking her bouquet at our window. The tall brother follows, in a white sash. Then, company after company of riflemen, in plain gray or blue fatigue uniform, but preceded by officers in astonishing costume. Who are these in green and gold, with such plumed chapeaux, such excessive epaulets, such length of sword? Generals? Field-Marshal? you ask.

By no means, my friend: they are not even soldiers. It is some relief to know that the vanity of seeing oneself in "full regimentals" is not confined to our militia officers at home. Some of the banners, however, tattered and riddled in former wars, were genuine. The number of persons in the procession is certainly over two thousand, and the spectators number at least twenty thousand. It is not a large affair, compared with some of our political gatherings, but in point of order, taste, harmony, and effect, I have never seen it surpassed.

The presence of the two hundred maidens was decidedly the most pleasing feature of the display—to the eye, at least. The flowing lines of the white robes, the soft gleam of the colored scarfs, and the bright flush of the girlish faces, wound like a thread of grace and beauty through the long files of the men. Here, again, one recognizes the artistic sense, if not the direct arrangement of an artist.

Another lesson of the festival was afforded by the perfect order preserved by the spectators, thousands of whom were peasants from the surrounding country. The very freedom which was allowed was in itself a guarantee of order—a fact which the Continental governments are slow to learn.

But—here is the end of the procession, and of to-day's chapter.

## 5.—THE SAME, CONTINUED.

JULY 13, 1861.

FIRST—To resume the interrupted narrative :—

After the procession had passed, we descended from our windows and followed in the rear, designing to enter the inclosure in season to hear the Duke's address of welcome, and the song, "The German Tri-color," to which he had himself composed the music. But, on reaching the gateway, we were informed, "Ladies cannot be admitted at present." This portion of the party, supposing it to be a precautionary measure, on account of the crowd, returned, and I entered in company with a Russian relative. To my surprise, there was ample space within, and the prohibition was a gratuitous rudeness. By this time the address had been delivered, and the strains of the song were swallowed up in the noise of the multitude.

The Duke's speech occupied about four minutes in delivery. I know some persons who, under similar circumstances, would not have let us off under three-quarters of an hour. After referring to that new direction of the popular ideas which had called forth the festival, he said, in a firm, decided tone:—"Strength and skill shall to-day unite in emulation for prizes, in order that the individual, elevated by the consciousness of his own value, may become more valuable to the entire people. The chief aim of these mutual endeavors should be the protection of the great German Fatherland, and the preservation of its honor. With such feelings let us reach to one another the fraternal

hand!" Many of the riflemen from abroad, who were accustomed to see their own rulers surrounded by the most rigid ceremonials, were astonished at the manly simplicity for which Ernest II. is distinguished. It was amusing to hear their remarks: "Why, he took off his hat to us!" "He wears a plain citizen's dress—not even a star on his breast!" "Ah, that's the right sort of a Prince!"

Two riflemen who were quartered in our residence were loud in their expressions of delight. "Why," said one of them, "it's really comical to see your Duke!" "Why so?" I asked—not knowing that "comical," in his dialect, expressed the highest admiration. "You see," he said, "I once had the honor of standing before our King. Ah, ha! bow down, and be silent: don't you recognize the divinity? But here—he's a man, like ourselves—yes, actually a human being! He walks, and talks, and lets the sun shine without his permission. Why, there was a gentleman in a hunting-coat with him, who joked and clapped him on the shoulder, and he took it all like a *bon camarade*." We were obliged to laugh at this description of our worthy B., whose connexion with us the speaker did not guess.

The shooting, which was to continue four days, immediately commenced. There were thirteen hundred riflemen in all, and but twenty targets, and the pressure for a chance was very great. The shooting-stand was a spacious pavilion, erected for the purpose, on the western side of which were twenty stalls, numbered to correspond with the targets. The latter were also named, in the order of rank; the first, to which the highest prizes were attached, being "Germany," the second "Duke Ernest," the third

“Thüringia,” and the fourth “Schleswig-Holstein.” Afterwards came the German rivers, and then the representative men, among whom Humboldt, Fichte, and Arndt had a place. The distance was four hundred feet for ten of the targets, and two hundred and fifty feet for the remaining ten. The manner of shooting was divided into three classes, arranged so that all should apply to both the distances: First, shooting “with free hand,” without rest or aid of any kind; second, with the use of the diopter, or sight-gauge; and lastly, with rests. These technical arrangements were a great worry to the committee, who were obliged to take into consideration such a variety of habits and preferences among the riflemen. It must be admitted, however, that they performed their work with great tact, and to the satisfaction of the guests.

The cracking of rifles became more and more frequent, and soon rattled, like scattering volleys, from one end of the pavilion to the other. I was interested in noticing the arrangement of the targets. Each was double, and turned on a pivot midway between the two, so that when one was up the other was down, and concealed from sight in a pit, in which the attendant sat. His duty was, whenever a shot was fired, to turn the axle, thus bringing the target down to note the shot, while he elevated the other for a fresh one. The shots were carefully registered, and the record sent back to the pavilion from time to time, in a bag attached to a travelling rope. It is a lucky circumstance that none of the attendants were shot during the festival. Once, indeed, there was a slight alarm. One of the targets having failed to revolve, the firing was sus-

pended, and the pit examined, when the man was found lying fast asleep at the bottom! It is no less an illustration of the care and method native to the German character, that although thirty-five thousand shots, in all, were fired, no accident of any kind occurred.

I was invited to take part in the trial, but as my rifle-practice is very limited, and I was the only representative of a country famous for sharp-shooters, I judged that I could best preserve our reputation by declining. I had an opportunity of doing some service, nevertheless, by explaining the character of the rebellion against the Federal authority, for there was no lack of eager questioners and sympathetic listeners.

Wandering about through the crowd, I fell in with Dr. Petermann, the geographer, who had left his maps to swell the crowd of those who wish to abrogate geographical distinctions. His first question, also, was in relation to our American difficulty. I was midway in a statement when we were joined by Gustav Freytag, the author of "Debit and Credit," and one of the clearest thinkers in Germany. "What do the people of the Free States think of the struggle?" he asked. "They see now that it is inevitable," I answered. "Furthermore, the general impression is, that it *must* have come, some time, and better now than later. When I left, the feeling was that of relief, almost of satisfaction." Freytag is one of those men with whom it is a pleasure to talk, as well as to hear. His brain is warm and vital, and seeks and assimilates, instead of repelling, warmth in others.

In another group I found the artists Jacobs and Gurlitt,



with both of whom I established a freemasonry of interest, in our reminiscences of Greece. The "Temple of Gifts" attached to the shooting-hall had, as one of its pediments, a striking picture from the pencil of the former. It represented Germany, crowned with oak, leaning on her sword and offering a wreath to the victor. The other pediment, by Professor Schneider, illustrated the (just now more than ever) popular legend of the slumbering Barbarossa. The old Emperor sits in the vaults of the Kyffhäuser, with his red beard grown to his feet, while the ravens fly around his head. So long as they fly, the enchantment binds him: the hour of his awaking has not yet come. But, on either side, in the lower caverns, the mountain-gnomes are busy, forging swords, casting bullets and hammering the locks of guns. Barbarossa symbolizes the German Unity. I should have represented him, however, if not in the act of awaking, as starting in his sleep, at least. To complete the allegory, one of the ravens should be double-headed, with yellow wings (Austria); the second wearing the papal tiara and with the keys of St. Peter in his claws; and the third, with a spiked helmet, representing, not Prussia, but that combination of pride and obstinacy which distinguishes the military profession in Germany.

By this time other pavilions than those of the riflemen, were crowded with visitors. Beside *one* of these I counted, at eleven o'clock in the morning, thirteen empty beer-barrels! The Turners, grouped together at tables under the trees, sang in chorus; the bands played; and outside of the inclosure you could hear the voices of showmen, crying: "This way, Gentlemen: here is the wonderful and astonish-

ing," etc. I strayed down thitherward, where thousands of peasants were looking and listening with open mouths and eyes. The family of Bushmen from Africa attracted me, and I entered the booth. A young fellow, with loud voice and eyes fixed on vacancy, performed the part of lecturer and interpreter. "Here, your Lordships!" he cried, "I will show you the wild people of Africa, the only specimens in Europe. I will first call them. You cannot understand their language, but I will translate for you. *Tath imang-koko!*" "*Nya—a—a—a!*" answered a voice behind the curtain. "*Kilibu-ba-bingo!*" he repeated; "that means, I told them to come out." Thereupon appeared a little old woman, with a yellow skin, and an immense bushy head of hair, followed by a girl of eighteen, ditto. Bushmen they were not, nor Africans: very likely ordinary gypsies, dyed and frizzled. "*Marino-ba-bibblee-boo!*" he commanded; "I told them to sing." And sing they did, or rather scream. "Your lordships," said the showman, who looked enough like the old woman to be her son, "they want money to buy raw flesh, which is their food." The girl took up a collection, in a cocoa-nut shell. "Your lordships," he continued, "if you have cigars, or pipes, or tobacco, they would like to have them." The peasants winked at each other, as much as to say "we've had enough of this," and left in a body, I following.

In the afternoon the Turners had a grand performance, followed by a ball at the Theatre, in the evening. As all wearers of badges had the right of entrance, we determined to go thither as spectators. But here the order, which had characterized the festival, failed. The building

was open on all sides, to every one. There were no door-keepers, no managers, and from the back of the stage to the top of the gallery, the space was crammed to suffocation with a mixed multitude, varying in costume from the most elegant ball-toilet to the shabby dress of the street-loafer. We made our escape as soon as possible, strongly impressed with the inconsistency of shutting out ladies from the ceremonies of the morning and admitting the unwashed to the festivities of the evening.

At a subsequent visit to the shooting-stand I encountered B. who said to me: "Have you seen Auerbach?" Berthold Auerbach here! W. and I immediately set out in search of him, although our chance of success seemed slight indeed. But before we had made our first round through the crowd, I espied a pair of familiar broad shoulders, in the middle of which, on a short neck, was planted a sturdy head. Without more ado I gave the shoulders a hearty slap, whereupon the head turned with an air of resentment which immediately resolved itself into friendly surprise. The genial author of "Village Stories" and "Little Bare-foot" joined us, but was so constantly hailed by friends and admirers that we soon lost him again. I learned, however, that he has another story in press, called *Edelweiss*—the name of an Alpine flower.

At the dinner of riflemen, on the same day, at which the Duke presided, one of the guests gave the following toast: "Let us not forget, on this occasion, our brethren across the Atlantic, who are also proving their fidelity to the sentiment of Unity, who are engaged in upholding the cause of Law and Order. Success to the Germans who are fighting the

battles of the Union, in America!" This was received with a storm of applause, the whole company rising to their feet.

At the close of the Convention, De Leuw of Düsseldorf was declared to be the first shot, and Dorner of Nuremberg the second. Besides the contributed prizes, four hundred in number, there were additional prizes in money, and the lucky first dozen of sharp-shooters received several hundred dollars apiece, together with their silver goblets and spoons.

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#### 6.—ERNEST OF COBURG.

Now that the smoke of the thirty-five thousand shots has cleared away, the guests have departed, the oak-wreath withered, the banners rolled up for the next time, and the first National Convention of German Riflemen declared to be a great success, we may already begin to calculate its direct results. In the popular estimation it stands for more than it really is, and, therefore, *is* more than it seems.

Mere expertness with the rifle is a simple art, and the various corps of shooters might develop their skill to an equal extent without leaving home. But the *éclat* given to that skill by a public trial at which all Germany looks on—the wide renown, the rich rewards which await the victors—tend directly to make these volunteer associations popular, and to greatly increase their number and efficiency. Again, behind this consideration lies the idea of making the German people strong for their own defence, of

bringing them together from the remotest states, and promoting a spirit of unity, a harmony of interests and of aims, in spite of political divisions. Not in vain has the lesson of Italy been studied here. The people at last understand that they must be a PEOPLE, divided by no provincial jealousies, animated by no narrow aims, before Germany can be the one powerful consolidated Empire, which is their political dream.

In the Convention at Gotha, as well as in the Singers' Festival, to be held in Nuremberg (and at which five thousand participants are already announced), this is the deep, underlying idea. The *National-Verein* (National-Association), which was established in 1859, and already numbers between twenty and thirty thousand members, has for its object the union of all the scattered elements of Progress in an organized body, which shall work for the same end. After long wanderings hither and thither; after many a chase of ignes-fatui through the swamps of Red Republicanism, Communism, and Socialism, the Liberal Party in Germany has at last found its rational and proper path. There is no longer a Republican, but a wise, enlightened National Party, against whose growing strength the reaction is beaten back on every side.

Not the least important of the circumstances which have contributed to the success of the Convention is the fact that the party possesses a leader who not only enjoys an unbounded popularity among the masses, but, being himself a reigning Prince, is at once a guarantee of its character for his fellow-rulers, and a shield for itself against their forcible opposition. This leader is Ernest II., Duke of



Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whom we best know in America as the elder brother of Prince Albert of England, while in Germany the latter is best known as the younger brother of the Duke. The Reactionists—especially the *Junkertum*, or Squirearchy, as the reactionary nobility are called—charge Ernest II. with being a demagogue; with heading the popular movement merely for the sake of gratifying a hollow ambition: but they cannot deny that his course has been thoroughly consistent from the beginning, and that he remained true to the cause, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of his royal relatives, at a time when it seemed to be utterly crushed. If he is simply cunning, and not sincere, as they affirm, it is that nobler cunning which foresees the inevitable course of events, and rides on the top wave of the flood which it cannot stay.

Certainly since the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which he commanded the battery at Eckernfiord, whereby the Danish frigate *Christian VIII.* was destroyed, no German Prince has been so popular with the people as Ernest II. During the last two years this popularity has taken a much wider and deeper significance. In 1859 he not only welcomed the establishment of the National-Verein, but when the *Free City* of Frankfort refused to allow its members to meet in convention there, invited them at once to Coburg. A month ago the Legislative Assembly of the Duchy, at his recommendation, concluded a military convention with Prussia, whereby the useless little army of the State is consolidated into that of the greater power—a practical step toward unity. And now, by his indefatigable labors as President of the Convention of Riflemen, by his



plain, cordial bearing, his conciliatory patience and kindness in adjusting disputes and jealousies among the guests, and, more than all, by his earnest, patriotic utterances, he has sprung to a height of popularity which might make giddy a head less clear and cool than his.

On the last day of the Convention, when the members assembled in the hall, the Duke made a short address, recommending the formation of a permanent union of volunteer rifle-corps throughout all Germany, not only for the purpose of uniting upon normal regulations in regard to the exercises, but also to arm and discipline the young men, so that they may finally constitute a reserve for the regular army. "The time to create a sensation by words alone," said he, "is past. The people demand action, for the sake of their strength and unity. I hear of dangers which threaten our Fatherland; but a people is beyond danger as soon as it is truly united, truly strong." The proposal was unanimously adopted. A plain-spoken doubter, however, during the day, ventured to approach the Duke and to say: "Your Highness, your words were noble and patriotic; but will you stand by them?" The Duke answered, good-humoredly clapping the speaker on the shoulder, "My friend, all that I have heretofore promised I have performed: I think you may safely confide in me this time."

I had recently the honor of a long personal interview with Ernest II., from which I came away with a most agreeable impression of his character and talents. I had previously been presented to him during the visit of Prince Albert to Gotha, three years ago, and was then struck by

his free, off-hand, animated demeanor, which offered a marked contrast to the somewhat reserved and haughty bearing of his younger brother. On my way through Coburg to the Franconian Switzerland a month ago, I expressed a wish, through a friend in the Ministry, to wait upon him at the castle of Callenberg, near that city—his residence in the early summer. The permission was at once given, and with a cordiality which relieved me from any fear of intrusion.

On alighting from the train at the Coburg station, I was accosted by a personage in a white cravat, who, after satisfying himself as to my identity, announced, "His Highness-expects you to dinner, at the Callenberg, at seven o'clock this evening." Then probably suspecting that an American might be unfamiliar with the requirements of costume, he added, in a whisper, "You only need a black cravat and a dress-coat." I satisfied his mind on that score, and we proceeded together to the hotel. He took the further precaution of ordering the carriage, in order that I might be punctual; but I was already aware that punctuality is a necessary virtue of princes.

The evening was delicious, and the drive of three miles was a cheerful ante-chamber, through which to enter pleasant society. (There are few European courts which can be thus designated.) The old fortress of Coburg, where Luther wrote, "*Our Lord, He is a Tower of Strength,*" stood golden in the sun, and long shadows lay across the meadows of Rosenau. A mild breeze, hay-scented, blew over the hills, and frosted the poplars with the silver of their upturned leaves.

The Duke's valet, a stout African, met me at the

entrance, and conducted me to an upper terrace—a lovely, shaded spot, planted with flowers in rococo patterns, with a fountain in the centre. The castle completely covers the sharp summit of the mountain, and is visible far and wide. I was about entering, when I was confronted by a tall, stately gentleman, who bowed with appropriate gravity. One of the lackeys, seeing that I did not recognize him, introduced him, with ready tact, as “The *Oberhofmarshall* (Chamberlain) von —.” This personage courteously conducted me around the terrace and pointed out the beauties of the landscape. I had been upon the Callenberg years before, but had never seen it in the splendor of summer.

There is scarcely a more exquisite situation in Germany. It differs from Reinhardtsbrunn as a mountain differs from a valley, depending more on the natural characteristics of the view than on the artistic development of Nature. It is high enough to command a wide and grand panorama, yet not so high as to lose the sentiment and expression of the different features. Each angle of the parapet gives you a new landscape. There is, first, the valley of Coburg, crowned by its hill and fortress; then a broad mountain of dark firs, all else shut out from view; then a vision of England—hedge-row trees, green lawns, clumps of oak, and water; and, finally, a rich plain, stretching away to the west, where the volcanic peaks of the *Gleichberge* rise against the sky. The trees on the hill itself are superb, and the castle on the summit so thoroughly harmonizes with the scenery that it seems the natural crowning expression of the whole.

Presently the Duke's Adjutant, Herr von Reuter,

arrived, in company with his wife and sister, to all of whom I was presented in due form. The Adjutant was a slight, gentlemanly person, with an air of refinement and intelligence; the ladies handsome and graceful, and simply, but very elegantly, dressed. Scarcely had we exchanged a few commonplaces, when the Duke and Duchess came out upon the terrace. The Chamberlain immediately presented me to the latter. She was the Princess Alexandrina, of Baden, a sister of the reigning Grand-Duke. Of medium height, a full rather than plump figure, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a quiet, almost retiring, simplicity of manner, I could readily understand the affectionate regard in which she is held by the people. Her kindness of heart is evident to any one who looks on her face.

The Duke then advanced and addressed me very cordially. He has but a slight family resemblance to Prince Albert, than whom he appears younger, although two years older. His features are not so regularly chiselled as those of his brother, who is certainly one of the handsomest men in Europe, but far more animated and expressive. He is about five feet ten inches in height, slender, but perfectly symmetrical, and quick and elastic in his movements. His face is a fine oval, the forehead expansive at the temples, and the eyes a clear, splendid hazel. His nose is rather long, but not prominent, the lips firm and sharply cut, while a mustache and short, pointed beard increase their character of decision. It is a mediæval rather than a modern head—such as might have belonged to that Ernest who was carried off by the robber-knight, Kunz von Kaufungen, and who was his own ancestor in a direct line. He

is passionately fond of hunting, riding, driving, and all other out-door diversions, of which taste his tanned face and hands gave evidence.

He took me off to the parapet and began to comment on the landscape ; but in a few minutes dinner was announced, and we rejoined the company. The etiquette observed was very simple. The Duke and Duchess took the lead, I, as a stranger, following—in advance of the ladies, to my surprise—and the Chamberlain brought up the rear. The princely pair were first served, of course, but this was the only formality observed. There was a free, unrestrained flow of conversation, in which all took part, and the subject was naturally varied, without waiting for the Ruler to give the cue. The Duke, it is true, was the leader, not from his position, but from natural right. I cannot judge of the depth, but I can testify to the great extent of his acquirements. He has, at least, the mental qualities of *attraction* and *assimilation*, which are not the least important concomitants of genius. With an admirable memory and a vital interest in every field of knowledge, there are few subjects upon which he cannot converse brilliantly. Quick, animated, sparkling, he provokes the electricity of those with whom he comes in contact. His greatest aversion, I should think, would be a dull person. Perhaps this is the reason why there is so little love lost between him and the nobility. He would rather talk with an intelligent burgher than a stupid baron.

The Duke has talents which, if he were not a duke, might have made him eminent in various ways. He is the author of a work on the Schleswig-Holstein war, and the



composer of five operas, two of which—"Santa Chiara" and "Diane de Solanges"—have attained a certain popularity. I have never had an opportunity of hearing either. As an amateur player he is said to be admirable. Yet, with all these brilliant qualities, he is steady, prudent, and clear-headed—ambitious, no doubt, but *intelligently* so. It is no damage to his future that his enemies are nobles and princes, and his friends the people.

After dinner, which lasted about an hour, we went upon the terrace for coffee and cigars. The Duke called my attention to a small but thrifty specimen of the *Sequoia*, or California tree, and inquired particularly about the soil in which it grew, the temperature it could endure, etc., as he was anxious to acclimate it completely. He then invited me to a corner of the parapet, looking down on the loveliest woods, where our conversation soon became entirely frank and unreserved. He expressed his political views without the least reticence, and thereby instituted—what he probably desired—a similar frankness on my part. In fact, I ceased to remember that I was addressing a reigning Prince, and he had the full advantage of such forgetfulness. I have not the right to repeat this conversation, but I will venture to give one remark in evidence. In speaking of a certain crowned head, the Duke said: "He has one rare quality. He hears, patiently, views which are directly opposed to his own, turns them over in his mind, and, if he finds them good, adopts them, frankly acknowledging that he was wrong." "An admirable quality!" said I: "it would be a blessing to Europe if all her rulers possessed it." To which he assented most heartily.



His last political step—the account which he has rendered to the German people of his position as ruler—is, in its boldness and candor, a new apparition, and marks the downfall of a fossilized conventionalism in politics. As this expression undoubtedly was suggested by the results of the national-shooting match, I quote its manly conclusion: “The popular mind resembles the swelling, swift-advancing current of a river. To dam it, to delay it in its course, is a fruitless undertaking. The waves rise foaming aloft, and sweep every barrier away with them. Patriots and princes should therefore be inspired by the same endeavor, to keep the flood pure in its forward movement, and restrain it within its proper banks. In order to accomplish this, the active sympathy of the people themselves is necessary. They should not stand aloof from the men whose duty it is to hold the reins of government. It is to be condemned, indeed, when one struggles for popularity, in the universally-accepted sense of the word, and makes himself artificially popular, regardless of the work in his hands. But it is equally wrong to suppose that without the warm sympathy of the people—therefore, without popularity in its truer sense—patriotic men can beneficently exercise the leadership of the masses. The people must, therefore, honor the names of their leaders, themselves protect them from aspersion, and should never lose sight of the fact that mutual confidence is inseparable from mutual charity and consideration.”

In regard to our American difficulties, the Duke expressed himself as earnestly as I could have desired. He doubted, however, whether the rebels would hold the field, after

ascertaining the immense force which the Federal Government could bring against them. I explained that resistance, even against such odds, was but a part of that enormous Southern vanity which did not seem to be appreciated by European spectators of the struggle; but he evidently disbelieved in a vanity so at variance with common sense.

At ten o'clock there was a movement of departure. The Duke shook hands with a friendly "*au revoir!*" and I followed the Chamberlain, Adjutant, and ladies to the carriages. Independently of the interest connected with the principal personage, I had passed, socially, a most delightful evening, and returned to Coburg with the agreeable conviction that some Princes can be men as well.

—This chapter is what Jean Paul calls an "Extra-Leaf," interpolated into the regular course of my journal. It is possible that in the future developments of German history Ernest II., of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, will occupy an important place, and my readers will then thank me for having made them, to this extent, acquainted with him.

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#### 7.—STORKS AND AUTHORS.

JULY 15, 1861.

After four days of such agreeable excitement as the Festival in Gotha had given, it was nevertheless with renewed satisfaction that we returned to our cottage in the mountains. We did not even wait for the closing fireworks, (the illumination of Constantinople in the night of

Baïràm having spoiled us for all inferior displays,) but started at sunset, leaving the banners and trumpets behind us, for the welcome gloom and stillness of the Forest.

The carriage rolled rapidly, in the soft glow of evening, over the familiar road. Past the old quarries of red sandstone, past the "Mad Dog," a noted "beer-locality," through the little village of Sundhausen, and then out on the rich, undulating plain. To the left lay the Boxberg, a low, wooded hill, where I had enjoyed family pic-nics years ago, and frightened the German children with an imitation of the cry of the American wild-cat; and far to the right, purple in the twilight, the haunted Hörsel. By and bye, as the dusk fell, we reached Wahlwinkel (Election-corner), but the little one who should have sent the wife-stork a greeting, as she sat on her nest, was sound asleep. The stork looked down, and nodded, as much as to say: "Ah ha! Is that the little one I brought from Egypt three years ago? How she's grown!"

And straightway, in the dusk, opened a gate into Fableland. I saw not only the Osiride pillars of rosy sandstone in the halls of Karnak, but the pass-word of that magic which unites the divided Palm and Pine, was whispered in my ear. "What are you doing here?" said the stork, as she clapped her bill from her nest on the chimney; "I saw you once, under the palms of Luxor. The brown mare is dead, and Hassan is blind of an eye, and Teffaha, who danced by torch-light—oh, I saw it, through a hole in the temple-roof!—went away long ago; but the sphinx says to me every winter, 'Have you seen him? will he come back soon?' and I answer: 'He'll come—be sure of that!'

I saw him sitting on the steps of the Parthenon, as I flew over with the lotus-bud in my bill. He was looking across the sea and the sand.' ” I gave the stork a message in the same language ; but what the message was, you must ask the sphinx at Luxor, and I don't believe she will tell you.

Incredulous readers may doubt my knowledge of the stork-language, and, to justify my assertion, I must give them proofs of the higher intelligence which this bird possesses. In Germany he is sacred ; and he knows it. I have seen him walking in the crowded street of a city, with as much gravity and composure as if he had black pantaloons on his red legs and an umbrella under his wing. He builds his nest only on house-tops, and comes back regularly to the same spot from his yearly journeys to Africa. He is a faithful provider for his family, irreproachable in his connubial relations, and of a Spartan strictness of discipline. He does not associate with other birds—unless, perhaps, with the Ibis, whose aristocracy is of about as old a date as his own. Staid, constant, thrifty, conscientious, he sets an example on the top of the house to the family under him, and is therefore fastidious in his selection of a residence.

Moreover, the stork is the only bird that regularly *pays rent*. During the first year of his residence, he plucks out a stout feather from his wing, and casts it down. The second year, his payment is an egg, and the third, a young bird. He would be highly offended, if the payment should be returned. While he is very devoted in his attachment to his mate, he requires an equal devotion from her, and forgives no departure from the strict line of duty

A person once perpetrated the cruel joke of taking a stork's egg out of the nest while the parents were absent, and putting a goose's egg in its place. When the brood was hatched out, the astonishment of the male and the dismay of the female bird were without bounds. The former presently flew off and summoned a council of his fellow-storks, who, after examining the unfortunate gosling, pronounced a verdict of "Guilty!" and thereupon pierced the innocent female to death with their sharp bills.

A curious case of a different character occurred last summer, in Holstein. A male-stork, well-known to the inhabitants, reached his summer home at the usual time, unaccompanied by his mate. He repaired and re-lined his nest, like a careful husband: still, the wife did not come. He became sad, then restless, and finally, taking a sudden resolution, brought home a blushing young stork-bride from a neighboring colony. The household was now happily formed, and everything went on as usual, until, a week afterwards, the old wife suddenly made her appearance. Her anger, the alarm of the younger female, and the embarrassment of the husband, were so expressive, that the spectators at once understood the situation. After the first confusion was over, calmer explanations followed. The difficulty was dispassionately considered, and the result was, that all three set to work the next day to enlarge the nest, and the reconciled wives hatched out a double brood of young. Here are two additional facts for the use of those who maintain that animals can not only express their feelings, but relate narratives and discuss questions. For my part I once heard a lengthened conver



sation (which the attending circumstances made perfectly intelligible to me) between two crows.

It was quite dark as we entered the glen, leading to Reinhardtsbrunn, and the postillion's horn breathed forth only slow, lamenting melodies, the notes of which wandered far away under the trees, as if seeking an outlet to the starlight. Our cottage glimmered on the height, as we approached, and the flag flapped in the night-wind, saying: "All's well!" The house-maid, Hanna, had heard the horn, and stood already at the door, with a candle in her hand. Verily, the place already possessed an atmosphere of home.

The next day, I rested from the past excitements, enjoying Gray's highest idea of earthly happiness. That is, it was rainy, and I read a novel, which gave me a new and interesting insight into a particular field of German literature. In England, the three-volume novel is the fashionable form: in Germany, of late years, it is the *nine-volume* novel! If a mystical luck is connected with the number three, why, three times three is of course a double assurance. The work in question is Gutzkow's "Knights of the Mind" (*Ritter vom Geiste*), which I should call a *panoramic* novel, since it seems to embrace the whole circle of the philosophies, the sciences and the passions. Still, in spite of the undoubted genius which it displays, I am inclined to think that there is a little too much of it. Here, I have gotten through with three volumes, or nearly fifteen hundred pages, and the action has advanced but eight days since the commencement! The fourth volume, upon which I am now engaged, is wholly taken up with



the transactions of a single evening. At this rate, if the author's plan had extended over a year, we should have had a hundred volumes, instead of nine. Gutzkow has recently published a second novel, "The Wizard of Rome," also in nine volumes. One is tempted to ask: "Why *nine*?" In literature as in painting, it is not the immense frescoes that are the greatest pictures. Gutzkow is a fine artist, but he takes too large a canvas.

It occurs to me that in this manner a popular novelist might, with a little cunning, secure to himself employment for life, and a permanent income. Let him first announce a work in five or six volumes, to be published at intervals of three months. At the end of the first year, having obtained from twenty to fifty thousand readers, he could state that the exigencies of his plot required him to add half a dozen more volumes. After having led his readers thus through four or five years, the simple fact of their *having already read so much*, would secure them for the rest of his life. The work would have the same attraction as a lottery, each consecutive volume promising to be the prize (that is, the conclusion,)—and, in spite of fifty blanks, the poor readers would still hope for better luck next time. Dumas' "Three Guardsmen" and its successors, are specimens of this strategy, on a smaller scale.

The "Knights of the Mind," however, has the advantage of a strong national interest, which has caused it to be read with avidity in Germany; while, for the same reason, a translation of it into English would not repay the publisher. Many of the characters are real individuals, slightly disguised, and the thread of the story, which is

sufficiently improbable, is subordinate to its political and philosophical development. As I said before, it exhibits great powers, but unnecessarily diluted.

Saturday dawned fair and warm, and the wooded mountains blissfully enjoyed the sunshine. Our old friends across the gardens, and the Councilloress B. with her boys, joined us at breakfast, under the locust-trees in front of the Felsenkeller. Scarcely had we taken our seats, when the plague of the Thüringian Forest—the lace-peddlers—assailed us. In valley and on height, by wood and field, they lay in wait for you. Sit under a tree, and one of them drops from the branches; look into a pond, and the shadow of another opens its pasteboard-box. Denial does no good, and it is not lawful to use force. On this particular morning, the lady B., in a flow of merry spirits, took up a new weapon, which, to our surprise, proved entirely effectual. “Lace!” said she, assuming an air half tragic, half sentimental, “talk not of lace (*spitzen*) in the majestic presence of Nature! we have mountain-peaks (*berg-spitzen*) already. For the border (*saum*) of a dress? see, yonder is the edge of the forest (*wald-saum*)! Remove your lace, ye profane! The bosom of Nature requires it not!” The rest of us took up the cue, and the peddlers, at first mystified, presently went off in great indignation.

At Reinhardtsbrunn we met B., in company with a giant rifleman, the Captain von K——, on their way to the summit of the Inselsberg. We straightway joined the party, the ladies promising to meet us at the Hunter’s Rest, high on the mountain, in the afternoon. It was intensely hot as we drove up the Monsters’ Ravine, between its tal!

bluffs of rock, now and then scaring a doe from her pasture. I secretly rejoiced that the easy grade of the macadamized road allowed me to keep my seat while climbing the steep at the end of the glen. Once on the ridge, we had a long level to the foot of the Inselsberg, with a view extending northward to the Brocken, and southward over the principality of Saxe-Meiningen into Bavaria. The Captain, an Austrian by birth, had much that was interesting to relate. He had made the campaign in Italy in 1849, had been in Dalmatia, in Turkey and Hungary, and was now an inhabitant of Holstein—a Liberal in his political views, but by no means a Democrat. Although himself a noble, he was excessively severe upon the *adelstolz*, or pride of caste, which is the chief characteristic of a large portion of the German nobility. "For a young fellow who has been brought up at home, by a silly mother, and knows no better," said he, "I have only commiseration; but a nobleman who has seen the world, and is acquainted with men, and still exhibits this pride of caste, is a stupid ass!" We all laughed at the Captain's honest emphasis, and I mentally contrasted his good sense with the conversation of certain F.F.V.'s whom I have met, and who so bored me with accounts of "good families," that I devoutly wished there had been a few bad families in Virginia.

We had a lovely day for the view from the Inselsberg. Now, I shall not attempt to describe this view, for I find that the panoramas visible from inland mountains which rise beyond a certain height, have very much the same general features. All the lower ranges are flattened to the eye, and the perspective of color passes through the same

delicate gradations. Nearest below you a group of dark fir mountains, then a middle distance of varying green, brown, and gold ; and, embracing all, a glassy, transparent horizon-ring of the tenderest blue and purple tints. Any one who has stood upon a mountain can from these hints construct the picture.

The landlord recognized in B. a beneficent patron, and gave us a sumptuous dinner, including trout and venison, in his lofty hotel. We drank our coffee in the open air, taking (I at least) full draughts of the loveliest colors for the palette of the eye, while the fragrant Mocha gratified the palate of the baser sense. The Hunter's Rest was visible far below, a green meadow-spot among the woods, and we descried, through a telescope, a familiar rose-colored dress, which announced that the ladies had already arrived. We joined them in season to pass an hour of the sweet evening in their company, and then walked together in the cool twilight, three miles down the mountain, to our cottage.

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### 8.—“THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.”

JULY 17, 1861.

DID you ever read De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death?"—that powerful, fascinating paper, which whirls you onward with impetuous speed as to an inevitable doom, and finally terminates in a puff of dust, leaving you a little bewildered, but none the worse ! It was recalled to my mind yesterday evening by a vision more terrible

than that which he describes, and as fortunate in its close, I have not read the article for years, but I shall read it again with that keen understanding, that sharp interior illumination which a moment's sensation is sufficient to give. I look out of my window on the fair valley, fairer than ever in the morning sunshine and the ripening grain, and as my eyes touch one point where a row of trees bends along the side of the mountain, an icy chill suddenly strikes to my heart. Yet—everything remains as it was twenty-four hours ago, in Nature, in my own household, in all our hopes and plans. The ship that just grazes an iceberg comes into port as surely as that which passed it, out of sight; but the passengers step on shore with very different feelings.

Four miles eastward of this, on the end of a mountain-spur, is the site of the first Christian church in Middle Germany. The whole neighborhood round about was consecrated by the labors of that "Apostle of Peace," St. Bonifacius, whom Saxon England sent to redeem her mother-land from heathendom, and this church was the first temple he raised over the ruined altars of Odin and the Druid oaks which he felled with his own hand. An excursion to the spot was part of our summer programme, which we carried out yesterday afternoon. During all my previous rambles in the Thuringian Forest I had somehow neglected this locality, and when the cool air, the shaded sky, and the subdued, mellow light which lay upon the landscape, giving its tints that ripe, *juicy* depth which is to the eye as a strong flavor to the palate, lured us forth from our cottage, I said "Let us go to Altenberga!"



That the reader may follow this pilgrimage with the proper interest, let me communicate to him the history of St. Bonifacius and his labors, as I have gathered it from the Thüringian Chronicles. The commencement of Christianity in Germany was also the commencement of Civilization, and Bonifacius deserves a place next after Charlemagne, among the founders of the Empire. His true name was Winfried. He was born in England in the year 680, and was educated in the monastery of Nut-shell (?), where, as a boy, he determined to devote his life to missionary labors. His first attempt was made in Friesland, as an assistant of the English bishop, Willibrod. Failing in this, he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and was consecrated for the work by Pope Gregory II. Crossing the Alps, he passed through Bavaria to Thüringia and Hessa, where he preached to the people at first with more zeal than success. Afterwards, having secured the protection of Charles Martel, the virtual ruler of the Franks, to whom nearly the whole of Germany was then subject, his labors began to exhibit cheering results. He made himself the object of special awe among the people by the boldness with which he overthrew and destroyed the rude statues of their gods. At the village of Geismar, in Hessa, he seized an axe and hewed down the immense Thunder-oak, sacred to Thor, while the people looked on in silent consternation.

It was in or about the year 726, (the precise date cannot be ascertained) when he built a chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist, on the hill overlooking the village of Altenberga. Tradition relates that the people so crowded



to hear him preach that the chapel was soon unable to contain them, and he was obliged to hold service in the open air. The Devil thereupon sent flocks of crows, ravens and blackbirds, who made such a chatter as to drown his voice ; but at his prayers, and the repeated sign of the cross, they flew off in affright and returned no more.

Gradually, with an activity that never wearied, a zeal that never grew cool, Bonifacius planted the Christian religion in the place of the paganism which he had so forcibly rooted out. He became the head of the Church in Germany, and was made Archbishop of Mayence by Gregory III. in 746. During the internecine wars which followed the death of Charles Martel, his influence was potent in the councils of the Franks, and when Childeric III., the last of the Merovingian dynasty, was set aside, his hands anointed Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, at Soissons, in 752. But he had no personal ambition to be flattered by these honors. His heart yearned for a renewal of his early triumphs, as a simple missionary. Laying down the archepiscopal dignity, he set out for Friesland, the scene of his earliest labors. The wild race fell upon his little party with sword and spear. Holding the Bible before him as his only shield—relying, perhaps, upon a miraculous interposition of heavenly aid—he met his death, at the age of seventy-four, after a life without a blot, the death he had coveted when a boy. He was canonized, but his holiest title is “The Apostle of Peace.”

In Germany a thousand years seem to embrace a narrower cycle than two hundred years in America. We still see the primitive race, in wampum, moccasin and war-paint,

in the streets of New York; but here, the footsteps of the ante-feudal era are so completely washed out, the grooves in which the life of the present race moves are so old and worn, apparently so irrevocably fixed, that we look back upon the long-haired, half-naked savages of the seventh century, as if they were cotemporaries of the Egyptian Remesides. In throwing out, here and there, a thread of comparative chronology, as I read these historical fragments, I find myself constantly forgetting that our history covers so small a portion of the time, and that Frederic with the Bitten Cheek was not a cotemporary of Petrus Stuyvesant. The Seven Years' War, here, seems no farther back in the Past than with us the Missouri Compromise. The explanation is, perhaps, that we live *more* in the same length of time.

Let me look out of the window, to correct the digressive influences of my contracted study. There! the sight of yonder mountain, where

“Like black priests, in order slow,  
Round and round, row after row,  
Up and up the pine-trees go,  
And so down on the other side—”

brings me back to the story. It was a family pilgrimage, in which the whole household, servants excluded, took part. A donkey was procured for our little one and her Russian cousin, respectively three and four years old, the two occupying a single saddle, upon which they were so tied that they could neither fight nor fall off, while a forward and stupid boy held the bridle. I have frequently

noticed that men degenerate by continual intercourse with horses (witness grooms, hackmen and jockeys), swapping their good traits with the animal, for his vices. This boy proved the same with regard to donkeys. He brayed as continually, and concealed a talent for malicious tricks under a like aspect of innocent stupidity. However, we were too much interested in the delight of the children to notice such traits at the start.

Passing through the town, we followed the highway along the side of the Kernberg, around its eastern base, and through a dark wood into the neighboring valley. How surprising was the aspect of this quiet and seclusion, in contrast with the lively Friedrichsroda! The irregular valley-basin, a mile in diameter, and bounded by forests on all sides, seemed to be entirely deserted. The picturesque little village of Engelsbach, in the centre, was finished at least a century ago, and has stood still ever since. Now and then a white-headed child popped a "good day!" at us from the window, but adult inhabitants were not to be seen. They were off somewhere in the "under-land," or far up in the woods. No girls gossiped around the fountain, and the tavern-sign creaked with a lonely sound, for the lusty beer-drinkers failed.

Some sculptured fragments built into the churchyard wall attracted my attention; but my hope of discovering mediæval relics was soon dissipated. Under a half-length bas-relief of a man with incomplete features and very angular muscles was the inscription: "Adam. 1747."—while a similar being, with the addition of two inverted tea-cups between her arms, was designated "Eva." They

were the work of a pious wood-cutter—an unconscious Pre-Raphaelite.

At the other end of the valley we found a toll-house, where the boy was obliged to pay for his donkey. Here, you pass a toll-tree about every four miles, but you have the finest roads in the world. From Friedrichsroda to Gotha and back (twenty miles in all) the toll is about twenty-five cents for a two-horse carriage, which is little enough for a macadamized highway, good in all weathers and at all seasons. Loose cattle are also tolled: in fact, pedestrians are the only exempts. "The ass pays nothing," said our gate-keeper. "How—nothing?" "Why, because he can't carry money: the boy pays for him"—and the old man grinned with delight at a jest which he had already repeated seven hundred times.

The way to Altenberga led through delicious pastoral landscapes. Through the smooth, emerald meadows wound brooks shaded with alder trees, while the heights were clothed with mingled woods of oak and fir. The villages of Altenberga and Catterfeld, on opposite slopes, are united by a narrow isthmus of hill, on the highest point of which stands a fine old church, in a grove of lindens. Below it, the drainage of the mountains forms a pool, reflecting the sky in a sheet of darker blue. The site of the chapel built by Bonifacius is on the summit of the mountain, south of the first-named village. Here, in an open space, surrounded on three sides by the forest, is a monument of sandstone, thirty feet high, in the form of a candlestick. Its existence is owing to the zeal of a pious miller, with whom originated the idea of thus commemo-

rating the spot. The eccentric Duke August of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg designed the monument, which is a very heavy candlestick indeed. The gilded flame at the top is divided into four parts, which, as there is no doctrine of a Quaternity, may have mystical meaning not apparent to us. The foundations of the original chapel have been laid bare, and a stone, said to have been part of the baptismal font, stands under the adjacent trees: but it is evidently of a much later date. There seems to be no doubt, however, as to the antiquity of the foundation-walls, which, in all probability, are those laid by the Apostle.

We returned more rapidly than we went, on account of the difference of the donkey's pace towards home. We passed Engelsbach and turned the corner of the Kernberg, whence the narrow grain-fields along the slope of Reinhardtsberg, which they covered as with a mantle of striped and watered silk, were visible, gleaming with a truly silken lustre in the evening sunshine. The children, crowded together in the saddle, had exhausted the novelty of the ride, and were growing tired. They were a little in advance of us, and we did not notice that the donkey-boy, who was tying on a hat which one of them had dropped, had carelessly let go of the bridle. All at once the beast sprang forward, and in a second was out of the boy's reach, careering at full gallop along the highway. "Run for your life!" I shouted to the bewildered fellow, following him as fast as my strength could carry me. The terrified children screamed as they were violently tossed to and fro, helpless and happily unaware of the fearful peril. I ran, as it were, between Death and Despair. Behind



me, the frantic cries of two mothers ; before me, the two young lives, flung from side to side, as by a wind, which at any moment might blow them out for ever.

The sight sickened me with a dread which I never felt before, and yet I could not turn away my eyes. One toss on the highway, hard as stone—one more bound, and the fate might come ! And with all the speed which my desperation could give me, I came no nearer. The cries ceased : was it from terror, or a cause I dared not suspect ? Something hung from the saddle—but no ! let me draw a veil over the torture of those few moments. I had run upwards of a quarter of a mile, and felt, with a pang of despair, that my strength would soon begin to fail, when the donkey slackened his pace. The boy soon caught and stopped him, and I saw, as I approached, that the saddle was half-turned, and the children were hanging nearly to the ground. To cut the fastenings which held them, to catch them in my arms, and set them on their feet to determine whether any limbs were broken—all this happened I scarcely know how. Thank God for a miracle ! our darlings were unharmed. Shaken, stunned, and terrified, they were yet able to stand, and I stepped aside that the mothers might see their safety before they came.

We walked back to the cottage, silent and shuddering. The transition from our careless security to an almost hopeless horror, and our release from the latter, had been equally sudden. The current of our lives flowed onward in its accustomed channel, but it had passed over a bed of ice, and retained the chill. We had beheld the “ Vision of Sudden Death.”



As we came upon the height where our cottage stands, the sun breaking through a bank of clouds, poured an unspeakable glory upon the landscape. Over the fir-woods of the Kernberg gushed a torrent of golden fire, and the summit-trees stood like flickering spires of flame against a background of storm. Out of blue shadow, so clear that it seemed a softer light, rose the burning basalt of the "Praise-God," with a magnificent fragment of rainbow based upon its pointed peak. Strong and dazzling, painted in intensest light, and crowned with an altar-flame of sevenfold color, the mountain concentrated in itself the splendor of the dying day. But in name and in lustre, it was a faint symbol of that feeling within us which measured the mercy of our deliverance by the depth of the abyss into which we had gazed. That flaming evangel of the sunset found itself already written on our hearts—not to fade as the rainbow faded, not to narrow itself away as the gleam from the darkening forests. And that night our unconscious darling fell asleep with a halo around her head, and the wings of a closer and humbler tenderness enfolding her.

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### 9.—THE FOREST AND ITS LEGENDS.

JULY 24, 1861.

A week of walks and excursions—of visits and domestic fêtes—of song and tradition, of historic legend so ideal, and pure romance so real, in their reciprocal tints, that the chief personages of both walk hand in hand through our dreams!

How is it possible to keep the record of these days? An author writes, generally, from the dearth of that which he desires: where life gives it to him in overflowing measure, he enjoys and is silent. I know of a youth, the son of a distinguished poet, who was laughed at for saying: "No, I shall not *write* poems, though I inherit the faculty; but I am going to do a much finer and rarer thing—I shall *live* a poem!" Now the youth was not so far wrong in his notions; but he overlooked the fact that a poem in life is as little the result of a cool resolution, as a poem in language. This much is true, however—that the poetic episodes in our own experience are worth more to us than all the poems we write or read. I would not give my day in the Acropolis for all Childe Harold, nor that one chapter of the Arabian Nights which I lived, in Aleppo, for the entire Thousand and One.

Halt, hippogriff, that champest the bit, scenting the Orient afar off! And you, ye Muses, even now buckling his girth, and putting on your sandals for the shining highway—unsaddle, and turn him loose, to graze for awhile in these green Thüringian meadows! Here there is still fresh pasture: not the voluptuous breath of the musky rose, or the tulip's goblets of blood and fire, but sprinkled harebells, as if the summer sky had rained its color upon the mountains, blood-pinks, which spring up wherever a knight was murdered, in the old feudal times, and scentless heather, the delight of fairies. Here, in some wild nook, still grows the enchanted Key-flower—the golden lily of Fable, which opens to him who plucks it the diamond halls of the gnomes. The day of departure will come but too soon

let us gather a few more blossoms for the wreath we shall hang over our cottage-door!

I have been struck, in reading the legends of the Forest, with the family likeness which they present, in its different districts. The repetition of the same story, in various localities, would seem to indicate a very remote antiquity of origin. It is not likely that one neighborhood would borrow of another, but the fragments of the original tribe, migrating hither, and scattering themselves among the valleys, would preserve the common legendary stock, and gradually attach it to their several homes. The legend of the Key-flower, one of the most beautiful, is thus found in a number of places. Sometimes the blossom is of a wonderful golden color: sometimes it is blue or purple: but the story is the same. A herdsman sees the flower on the mountain. Attracted by its beauty, he plucks it and puts it in his hat. Immediately he perceives an open door in the mountain-side. The passage conducts him to an immense subterranean hall, sparkling with its heaps of gold and jewels. A gray-bearded gnome, the guardian of these treasures, says to him: "Take what you want, but don't forget the best!" He fills his pockets, his bosom, and finally his hat, the old gnome still crying: "don't forget the best! The flower falls upon the earth, but he hastens away without noticing it. "Don't forget the best!" shouts the gnome for the last time. There is a clap of thunder, and the herdsman rushes to the open air, the gates banging behind him. The door has disappeared; the gold and jewels are nothing but dry leaves. He has forgotten the best—the enchanted Key-flower, by the possession of which his gold

would have remained gold, and the doors opened to him as often as he might choose to come. He never sees it again.

The legend of Tannhäuser, the home of which we can see from any of the heights near us, has gone around the world and I need not repeat it. There are some curious local superstitions connected with it, and the story seems to have been confounded by the peasants with another and earlier legend. The "Venus" of Tannhäuser becomes identified in their mouths, with "Frau Holle," who evidently belongs to the Pagan period—perhaps the Hela of Scandinavian mythology. When it snows, the people say: "Frau Holle is plucking her geese." Occasionally, in the winter, she leads a chase of airy hounds, like the Wild Huntsman of the Odenwald. Wo to him who should dare to look on this infernal rout! His head would be instantly twisted around, and his face would look behind him for the rest of his days. But the faithful Eckart, the squire of Tannhäuser, who sits at the mouth of the cave, awaiting his master's return, always goes forth—in the shape of an old man with staff and silver beard—in advance of the wild chase, and warns those whom he meets to throw themselves on their faces until it has passed by.

In the Venus-Mountain—but two hours' drive from our cottage—there is really a cavern, which has not yet been thoroughly explored, so far as I can learn. Peasants who have ventured into the entrance, of course report that they see the figure of Eckart sitting in the dusky shades beyond. Two or three centuries ago, the story runs, a number of boys who were pasturing horses on the mountain, agreed to go in and explore the secrets of the cave. Turning loose

their horses, they took the bridles, attached themselves to one another, in single file, and boldly entered. But, as the daylight disappeared behind them, the last boy in the line was seized with a dread so powerful that he cut the thong, and stood still, watching the light of the splints they had kindled disappear, one by one, in the bowels of the earth. Then he crept back towards the entrance, calling loudly and fearfully on his lost companions. They never returned. The boy was found at the mouth of the cave, at twilight, by the alarmed peasants; but he steadily pined away from that hour, and died in a few months. The noises which at times issue from the cavern add to the terror with which it is still regarded. The author Bechstein, whom no one would accuse of an excess of imagination, states that once, when standing on the mountain, he was surprised by a sudden subterranean roar, like that of a mighty cataract, the cause of which he was utterly unable to discover.

— Thus, in the mornings, we read history and legend: in the afternoons, we wander off to some point which they celebrate. We have climbed to the Schauenburg, the fastness of Ludwig the Bearded, first Landgrave of Thuringia, luring even the little one up to the height, by the discovery of a wild strawberry, here and there. Buried in harebells and heather, we watched the shadows of the clouds and mountains fold themselves over the broad, sunny landscape, now quenching the castle of Gotha, now disclosing the sparkling house on the Seeberg, and finally filling with evening-smoke the valley of Friedrichsroda. Nothing of the Schauenburg remains, except the foundation of one of the round towers. Invisible herdsmen, far across the deep



gulfs of the hills, answered our shouts, and the musical chime of a thousand bells, faintly flung upon our ears by the wandering puffs of air, seemed the very voice of the Earth, humming to herself some happy strain of the summer.

Then, there was the Baron's birth-day, when we met the jubilant family at the Hunters' Rest, and walked three miles along the wooded comb of the Forest, led by B., the mighty hunter. We were bound for the Glassback Rock, a lonely ledge on the Hessian side of the mountains, known but to few, and hard to find. B. confidently took the lead, but, meeting with a forester who reported a stag in the neighborhood, the two darted off together into the woods. The remainder of us, thus forsaken, became entangled in the wood-paths, uncertain whether to advance or fall back. Our combined shout was sufficient to frighten any stag within a mile's distance, and the result was soon manifest, in the return of the two indignant hunters.

We sat upon the Glassback Rock, hanging over fifty miles of mountain landscape, singing the peasant songs of Thuringia, and staining our clothes with crushed whortleberries. B., however, was determined to have a stag before sunset, and hurried us back, through one of the most exquisite sylvan dells in the world. At the Hunters' Rest, a long table was set in the open air, and the balmy odor of boiled potatoes greeted us. Butter as sweet as new chestnuts, with the creamy, honeycombed cheese of Swiss valleys and ruddy Westphalian ham, studded the board, and the Baron, as he caught sight of certain slender urns of purple and green, began to sing:—



“ So crown with leaves the dear, the brimming beaker,  
And drain its liquid bliss:  
Search Europe over, jovial nectar-seeker,  
There’s no such wine as this !”

Crack ! went a rifle in a neighboring copse, before even the birth-day health had been drunk. Presently we saw B., flourishing his gray hunter’s hat, followed by two of his sons, with rifle and powder-flask, and the forester, bearing a tawny load. To him the potatoes were sweeter, and the wine more inspiring, than to any of us. Then followed leap-frog among the men and boys, with various games wherein the ladies could take part, and thus the dew-fall came unawares, warning us down the mountain-side.

Our most recent exploit is the ascent of the Inselsberg in a hay-wagon, by moonlight. Our departure from the cottage was postponed so long that no other vehicle could be obtained. The clumsy, bone-shattering affair was drawn by an old gray horse, driven by a peasant in a green blouse. The last streak of sunset burned on Kyffhäuser, the castle of Barbarossa, and the Golden Mead, as we reached the crest of the mountain ; but the moon was already in the sky, and for three hours our course lay through an enchanted realm. The air was breathless, and, to our surprise, far warmer and balmier than in the valleys ; the brown shadows of beeches and firs, on our road, belted the silver of the moon ; and far down, on either side, glimmered a dim, blue, mysterious world. Snake-like wreaths of vapor crept along the courses of the streams ; the distant forests lay like flecks of cloud, and the horizon was girdled with a luminous belt. It was eleven o’clock when we reached the house

on the summit, which was so thronged with guests that the kind hostess was obliged to give us her own room.

We descended by way of the Portal Rock into the Monsters' Ravine. Of course we stopped at Henneberg's Mill for a draught of beer. "Give it to the little one!" said the green coachman, "it's good for children. Why, I have a child that had to be weaned at six months, and we gave it as much beer as cow's-milk. It's thirty years old now, and has so much *forsch* (force) and so much *schpritt* (esprit) that you wouldn't believe! It seems to feel the good o' the beer yet!" We laughed heartily at this, not so much at the idea of "bringing up by hand" on beer, as at the comical effect of the Germanized French words, which are handed down among the peasants from the Napoleonic times.

The term "Forest" here represents something very different from our wild woods in America. A western settler, fresh from his girdled clearings, would be amazed, at finding these wooded mountains more carefully looked after than his own garden-patch. There is not a nook in the whole length and breadth of the chain, that is not regularly visited and guarded—where the trees are not counted, measured, and subjected to sanitary inspection. When a trunk is ripe, anywhere, down it comes. But as for a stump to tell where it stood, such shameful waste is unknown here. The roots are carefully extracted, down to the very fangs, the earth smoothed, and a young tree set in the place. You sometimes overlook miles of forest, on the steepest slopes, every tree of which was planted. The straight rows, converging from the base towards

the summit, or slanting obliquely along the side in regular parallels; are not agreeable to the eye. These artificial signs disappear as the trees become older, but the forest never entirely recovers the unstudied grace of nature.

So carefully is this wood-culture fostered, that it is prohibited to break a branch, or pull up a young seedling. The Forest is the property of the State, and quite an army of woodmen is necessary in order to look after its interests. The amount of wood felled every year is carefully proportioned to the growth, so that the main stock is never diminished. In some districts the finer twigs and roots are the perquisites of the adjacent villages, and quite an interesting discussion is going on at this time, between some of the latter and the State, as to the precise point where the trunk terminates and the root begins. From eighty to a hundred and twenty years, according to the locality, is the time required for the maturity of the trees.

When we consider that game, also, comes under the same regulations, we must call the entire mountain-range of the Thuringian Forest a park on the grandest possible scale. We lose, it is true, the charm of wild, tangled, irregular woods—of tracts of wilderness over which still hovers the atmosphere of exploration—of that utter seclusion which comes from the absence of any trace of man; but, on the other hand, we have, everywhere,—on mountain-top and in remotest glen—the accessibility of a garden, the warm atmosphere of care and culture, and the contrary, but equal charm, of the *nearness* of man. Centuries must elapse before any system of this kind can be neces-

sary in America. It is the difference between a settlement of two hundred and two thousand years.

Meanwhile, let me rejoice in the fact that I have taller oaks of my own, at home, than any I have seen here ; that my tulip-trees, a hundred feet high, are masses of starry bloom, while the single starveling specimen at Reinhardtsbrunn never blossoms ; and that my chestnuts stand twenty-four feet in girth, while here they cannot grow ! In the Philosophy of Compensation one finds the surest source of contentment.

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#### 10.—DAY-DREAMS—DEPARTURE.

JULY 31, 1861.

“ Must I leave thee, Paradise ? ” says Milton’s Eve ; but on this last day of our cottage-life in the mountains, I, the Adam of our temporary Eden, ask the same regretful question. Our fate is fixed. No amount of rent, paid in advance, will enable us to tarry longer on the banks of the Four Rivers : the cherub has warned us, and the flaming sword which he carries, to drive us away, is a previous lease of the cottage to an English family, who take possession to-morrow. We have been whirled for a month into a quiet eddy, where our waves have been still enough to mirror the flowers on the banks. Now the roaring stream takes us again.

Why should it take us at all ? Why should we not regulate our lives in accordance with the common sense of our own natures, whether or not it chimes in with the com-

mon sense of the world? On every side we see blossoms that only seem to wait for our plucking; every wind brings us their betraying odors; yet we turn away, and go on with our old business of pulling thistles, no matter how our hands bleed. A great portion of our lives is spent in achieving something that we do not actually need. If Wealth—the chief result is, that we leave our children more than is wholesome for them: if Fame, the “bad picture and worse bust” grin at us their derisive answer: if Power, we give up the sanctity of life, and allow a thousand curious or malicious eyes to peer into our dressing-room. Now, wealth that is won without too exhausting a struggle, fame that comes unsought, and power unconsciously exercised, are things to be desired; but they are gifts which only some chosen favorite of Fortune receives, and we must gauge our expectations by the common experience of man.

On the ridge, between our cottage and the Felsenkeller, there is a granite block, whereon you read: “In the cheerful evening of life walked here, grateful to God, Frederic Perthes.” It is one of those memorials which you never find but in Germany. Elsewhere, the dead body is recorded, not the joys, or triumphs, or the tranquil happiness of the living man. The universal record simply tells you the individual has ceased to exist: here you learn where he lived, enjoyed, and was grateful. The mellow glow of his cheerful evening of life, not the damp chill of his tomb, lingers upon the spot. Thus, on a house in the Rosenau, near Leipzig, you read: “Here Schiller wrote his Hymn to Joy.” Give me some such inscription of a moment of

full, inspired life, and I will be satisfied with a nameless grave!

Around this monument of Perthes, the grass is bright with harebells and daisies. On one side, you look down upon Friedrichsroda, and past the basaltic cone of the Praise-God into the deep green glen behind; on the other, upon the park of Reinhardt'sbrunn, abutting against the lofty Abbot's Mountain, beyond which rises the Evil Mountain, dark and lowering. The sweetest winds of the Forest reach this spot, and thence you have the loveliest pictures of sunset. Here, say we, let us build a cottage of our own—a little ark of refuge whither we may fly, at intervals, from the stormy life of our American home, from the brightness of its newer heaven and earth, to enjoy the contrast of this intense quiet, this veiled atmosphere of the Past. Here is an air in which my unwritten poems may ripen: where something worthy of the divine art may be reached—something which men may take to their hearts and cherish for its loveliness. Then, if any one, long afterwards, should place a tablet over the cottage-door, or a head-stone upon its site, saying: "Here he wrote," my memory would become a portion of the cheerfulness and the delight of others, not of their grave and solemn thoughts.

But, alas! how many castles of this sort have I builded—and only one, as yet, stands realized in stone and mortar! I have a tropical home on the mountain terrace of Jalapa, embowered in coffee-trees, with a view of Orizaba from my study-window. I have a palace on the lower slope of Etna, with hanging gardens of aloe, orange, and palm—a Moor-



ish tower, overlooking the Vega of Granada, and an empty tomb (cleansed of bats), in the limestone crags of Goorneh, with the plain of Thebes at my feet. Then, there is my little ranche in the valley of San José, in the perfect atmosphere of California! How to pluck these aromatic blossoms from the rough, prickly stem of life? Ample means might do it, but where would be the sweet satisfaction of a home, or the full maturity of mind, the want of which is one's chief source of unrest? If an oyster could change his shell, at pleasure, I presume there would be no pearls. Yes, but the pearl is a disease, you say: art, literature, science, you may add, flow from restless and unsatisfied natures. Why not take the existence this planet offers, in all its richest and loveliest phases, and thus make Life itself your art and your passion?

Because I cannot. Give me means, time, freedom from restraining ties—still I cannot. Leave the Christian idea of Duty out of sight—separate the question from its moral aspects—still, we are so constituted that our truest enjoyment comes through the force of contrast. We receive delight from Nature, not by passive sensation, but from faculties whose activity is not limited by such delight—faculties which will not allow us to be still and enjoy. Why should I not sit, with folded hands, and be satisfied with feeling these thoughts lazily ripple along the shores of the mind, instead of grappling with language, and achieving, at best, an imperfect expression? Because the struggle is necessary, in order to give coherent shape to thought. You may imagine any amount of perfect statues in the marble quarry, but your true joy is in the slow result of

the chisel. Expression rewards one, not only by the sense of something accomplished, but by giving palpable form and visible color to the vague delight of the mind.

Nature, thus, provides against

“ pampering the coward heart  
With feelings all too delicate for use.”

The Sybarites, I suspect, were the most peevish and unhappy creatures of their time. For my part, I know perfectly well that if I could build my cottage, and remain here, even engaged in healthy study, I should finally miss the encounter with other minds, the breezy agitation of complex life, in some of the great Vanity Fairs of the world. So the day-dream fades: but it is not too much to substitute such an occasional holiday for the flashy aims wherein others find their happiness. We have made our home here, for instance, at a lower expenditure than a month in the whirlpool of Saratoga would require. I am willing that my fashionable friends should say: “Poor fellow! he cannot keep a carriage,” so long as I can reply, “Yes, but I keep a cottage.” What if I cannot give balls, while I can give sunsets, and twilights, and summer moons to my friends! We have served up the superb mountain landscape, in all lights, to our visitors from the neighboring city, and I am sure they regret our departure.

Here, then, is an end to a quiet which has been all the sweeter, because it was unsought. I hear, already, the grating of the upper and nether mill-stones of every-day life, and prepare to jump into the hopper. Trumpets peal from across the Atlantic, and this pure air of Peace chokes

me while my brethren are breathing the dust of battle. I drop the painted cards, wherewith I have been building up an imaginary existence, and return to the rough bricks and gritty mortar which await me. As I hear our beloved flag flapping from the cottage-gable, I feel how much more than by years of splendid indolence in the fairest regions of the Earth has my life been enriched by participation in one of the most important crises of History—how grand a thing it is to have seen, once in one's life, an aroused, inspired and unselfish People! It is, thus, not reluctantly, but with a solemn joy, that I return, to be present when Ormuzd and Ahriman—the Powers of Light and Darkness—fight for the mastery of a Continent!

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EVENING.

In half an hour the postillion will be here. Our personal effects are packed up, and the bedding, kitchen utensils and table furniture (the silver spoons carefully counted) are at the service of the new-comers. The little one has run around the garden for the last time, and has no doubt pulled the last fat gooseberry from the despoiled bushes. Our flag has been taken down, rolled up and sent to Dr. K., with an immense dispatch (sealed with a double Prussian thaler)—a copy of which I give:

“ WE,

B. T., by the grace of God Citizen of the United States of America, have found Ourselves favorably moved, and here, with graciously decree, that our worthy friend, Dr. T. K. be appointed our Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to the city of Friedrichsroda; empowering

him, in times of danger, to place himself under the protection of our national flag; to display the same on all public occasions, in token of his diplomatic character, and in assertion of his neutrality, in case of foreign invasion. Further, we herewith warn all authorities, whatever they may be, against interfering with the rights and powers hereby granted to him, since such interference would provoke our extreme displeasure, and might result in serious complications between Powers hitherto friendly.

“Given at Friedrichsroda, this 31st day of July, A. D. 1861.”

I have no doubt that the good Dr. will justify the extraordinary confidence wherewith he has been invested. And now, farewell! The postillion's bugle, sounding nearer as he climbs the hill, warns us with the unrestful melody:

“A rose in his hat and a staff in his hand,  
The pilgrim must wander, from land unto land—  
Through many a city, o'er many a plain:  
But ah, he must leave them, must wander again!”

## IV.

### A WALK THROUGH THE FRANCONIAN SWITZERLAND.

EVERY one has heard of Franconia—the old *Frankenland*, or Land of the Franks—but as no branch of knowledge which we acquire at school is so neglected in after-life as geography, it will do no harm if I explicitly describe its position. Franconia occupies the very heart of Germany, and, consequently, of Europe, so far as the rivers of the continent fix its central point. Springs, which rise within a circle two miles in diameter, send their waters to the Black Sea, the German Ocean, and the British Channel. Draw a line from Nuremberg to Dresden, and another from Hanover to Ratisbon, on the Danube, and their intersection will give you, very nearly, the centre of Franconia. The Frankish Mountains are an offshoot of that long irregular chain, which, leaving the Rhine as it issues from the Lake of Constance, forms a vast curve through the very heart of Europe, embracing the Black Forest, the Odenwald, Spessart, the Rhön, the Thuringia Forest, the Erzgebirge, the Giant's Mountains, and the Carpathians and

Transylvanian Alps. Franconia lies south of the axis of this chain, but its streams are nearly equally tributary to the Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine. Politically, it never had an independent existence. Divided during the feudal ages into a number of quarrelsome baronies, it was afterward parcelled between the Bishopric of Bamberg and the Principalities of Bayreuth and Anspach, but since 1809 has been incorporated into the Kingdom of Bavaria.

This region, less interesting in a historical point of view than on account of its remarkable scenery and its curious deposits of fossil remains, is very rarely visited by other than German tourists. The railroads from Leipzig and Frankfort-on-the-Main to Munich pass within sight of its mountains, but few indeed are the travellers who leave these highways, unless at Schweinfurt for the baths of Kissingen, or at Hof for those of Eger and Carlsbad.

Indeed, in my own case, the journey through the Franconian Switzerland requires a little explanation. The primary cause of it was the construction of seats in the passenger-cars on American railways! During nearly six months in the year, for three years, I had been obliged to use those *inconveniences*, and the result of this (for a tall man) continual cramping, and wedging, and jarring, was a serious injury to the knee-joints, which threatened to unfit me for duty as a pedestrian. Had I been enrolled among the ranks of our gallant volunteers, I am afraid I should have fallen by the wayside before the end of the first day's march. Some years ago I had occasion to regret that the directors of all railroad companies were not uniformly seven feet high, and I now repeat it with emphasis. The Cam-



den and Amboy Railroad is to me simply a torture, the Philadelphia and Baltimore the rack, and from Baltimore to Washington I am broken on the wheel. It is greatly to be regretted that the fares on these roads are so very low, and the business so insignificant, that the companies cannot afford greater space for passengers.

The prescription was: Moderate daily exercise, carefully timed so as to avoid unusual fatigue. But I am one of those persons who cannot walk simply for the sake of exercise; I must have an object for locomotion. If I were to carry stones, like De Quincy on the Edinburgh turnpike, I should be crippled in an hour, but place me in a winding valley, where every turn discloses an unknown landscape, and I shall hold out for half a day. So the first thing I did, after reaching Germany, was to select an interesting field wherein to commence my Walking-Cure. Saxony, Thuringia, the Black Forest, the Hartz, I knew already; but here, within a day's railroad travel of my summer home, lay Franconia, with its caverns, its dolomite rocks, and its fir-clad mountains. In one month from the day I left New York I found myself at Forchheim, on the railroad between Bamberg and Nuremberg, and on the western border of the Franconian Switzerland.

Here I commence my narrative.

The omnibus for Streitberg was in waiting, with two passengers besides myself. The first was a pleasant old gentleman, who I soon discovered was a Professor from the University of Erlangen—a graduate of Göttingen in 1816, where he was fellow-student with George Ticknor and Edward Everett. Then entered a miserable-looking man,

with a face wearing the strongest expression of distress and disgust. He had scarcely taken his seat before he burst into loud lamentations. "No, such a man!" he cried; "I have never met such a dreadful man. I could not get rid of him; he stuck to me like a blue-fly. Because I said to one of the passengers, 'I see from your face that you have studied,' he attacked me. 'What do you think from *my* face, that *I* am?' he said. I didn't care what he was. 'I'm not very well dressed,' said he, 'but if I had my best clothes on you might guess twenty-four hours before you could make me out!' Oh, the accursed man! What did I care about him? 'Don't go to Streitberg!' he said, 'stop at Forchheim. Go to the Three Swans. If you stay there a day, you'll stay three; if you stay three days, you'll stay three weeks. But what do you take me for?' 'A journeyman shoemaker!' I cried, in desperation. 'No, you're wrong; I'm a dancing-master!' Holy Saint Peter, what a man!" After this I was not surprised when the narrator informed us that he was very sick, and was going to Streitberg to try the "whey-cure."

We entered the valley of the Wiesent, one of the far-off tributaries of the Rhine. The afternoon was intensely hot, but the sky was clear and soft, and the landscape could not have exhibited more ravishing effects of light and shade. Broad and rich at first, bordered with low hills, the valley gradually became deeper and narrower, without losing its fair, cultivated beauty. We passed around the foot of the Walpurgisberg, on the summit of which is a chapel, whereto a pilgrimage in honor of St. Walpurgis is made on the first of May. Further up the valley, on the opposite side, is the

*Vexirkapelle* (the Chapel of Annoyance); so called, I presume, because you have it in view during a day's walk. Its situation is superb, on the very crest of a wooded mountain. Peasant-women, with gay red cloths on their heads, brightened the fields, but the abundance of beggars showed that we were in Bavaria.

At the little town of Ebermannstadt two young ladies joined us. They wore round hats, much jewelry, and expansive crinolines, which they carefully gathered up under their arms before taking their seats, thereby avoiding the usual embarrassment. They saluted me with great cordiality, apologizing for the amplitude of dress which obliged me to shift my seat. I was a little disappointed, however, to find that they spoke the broadest *patois*, which properly requires the peasant costume to make it attractive. The distance between their speech and their dress was too great. "*Gelt, Hans, 's geht a bissel barsch 'uf?*" said one of them to the postillion—which is as if an American girl should say to the stage-driver, "Look here, you Jack, it's a sort o' goin' up-hill, ain't it?"

The valley now became quite narrow, and presently I saw, by the huge masses of gray rock and the shattered tower of Neideck, that we were approaching Streitberg. This place is the portal of the Franconian Switzerland. Situated at the last turn of the Wiesent valley—or rather at the corner where it ceases to be a gorge and becomes a valley—the village nestles at the base of a group of huge, splintered, overhanging rocks, among which still hang the ruins of its feudal castle. Opposite, on the very summit of a similar group, is the ruin of Niedeck. The names of

the two places (the "Mount of Quarrel" and the "Corner of Envy") give us the clew to their history. Streitberg, no doubt, was at one time a very Ebal, or Mount of Cursing—nor, to judge from the invalid who accompanied us thither to try the whey-cure, can it yet have entirely lost its character. At the cure-house (as the Germans call it) there were some fifty similar individuals—sallow, peevish, irritable, unhappy persons, in whose faces one could see vinegar as well as whey. They sat croaking to each other in the balmy evening, or contemplated with rueful faces the lovely view down the valley.

I succeeded in procuring a bath by inscribing my name, residence, and the precise hour of bathing, in a book for the inspection of the physician. I trust he was edified by the perusal. Then, returning to the inn, I ordered a supper of trout, which are here cheap and good. They are kept in tanks, and, if you choose, you may pick out any fish you may prefer. A tap on the nose is supposed to kill them, after which the gall-bladder is removed, and they are thrown into boiling water. In Germany, trout are never eaten otherwise. The color fades in the process, but the flavor of the fish is fully retained. A slice of lemon, bread, butter, and a glass of Rhenish wine, are considered to be necessary harmonics.

I took a good night's sleep before commencing my walking-cure. Then, leaving my travelling-bag to follow with the diligence, I set out encumbered only with an umbrella-cane, a sketch-book, and a leather pouch, containing guide-book, map, note-book, and colors. Somewhat doubtful as to the result, but courageous, I began a slow, steady march up

the valley. Many years had passed since I had undertaken a journey on foot, and as I recalled old experiences and old feelings, I realized that, although no sense of enjoyment was blunted, the fascinating *wonderment* of youth, which clothed every object in a magical atmosphere, was gone for ever. My perception of Beauty seemed colder, because it was more intelligent, more discriminating. But Gain and Loss, in the scale of life, alternately kick the beam.

The dew lay thick on the meadows, and the peasants were everywhere at work shaking out the hay, so that the air was sweet with grass-odors. Above me, on either side, the immense gray horns and towers of rock rose out of the steep fir-woods, clearly, yet not too sharply defined against the warm blue of the sky. The Wiesent, swift and beryl-green, winding in many curves through the hay-fields, made a cheerful music in his bed. In an hour I reached the picturesque village of Muggendorf, near which is Rosenmüller's Cave, celebrated for its stalactitic formations. I have little fancy for subterranean travels, and after having seen the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and the grottoes of Crete, I felt no inclination to visit more than one of the Franconian caverns. After resting half an hour, and refreshing myself with a glass of water and the conversation of a company of ladies who alighted at the little tavern, I started again, still feeling tolerably brisk.

The valley now contracted to a wild gorge, with almost perpendicular walls of rock, and a narrow strip of meadow in its bed. In a distance of five miles I passed two fine old mills, which were the only evidences of life and habitation. Suddenly, on turning a rocky corner, the castle of Göss-



weinstein appeared before me, as if hung in the sky. The picture was so striking that, in spite of the intense heat, I stopped to sketch it. On reaching a mill at the foot of the mountain I found there was no bridge over the stream, which I should have crossed some distance back. I was sufficiently tired, however, to be glad of a good excuse for not scaling the height. Presently I reached a little village in a nook where the gorge splits into three prongs, through two of which wild trout-streams come down to join the Wiesent. The meadows were covered with pieces of coarse linen in the process of bleaching. Here there was a tavern and a huge linden-tree, and after my walk of ten miles I considered myself entitled to shade and beer. It occurred to me, also, that I might lighten the journey by taking the landlady's son to carry my coat, sketch-book, etc. This proved to be a good idea.

The main road here left the valley, which really became next to impracticable. We took a foot-path up the stream, through a wild glen half-filled with immense fragments that had tumbled from the rocky walls on either side. The close heat was like that of an oven, and, as the solitude was complete, I gradually loaded my guide with one article of dress after another, until my costume resembled that of a Highlander, except that the kilt was white. Finally, seeing some hay-makers at a point where the glen made a sharp turn, I resumed my original character; and it was well that I did so, for on turning the corner I found myself in the village of Tüchersfeld, and in view of a multitude of women who were bleaching linen.

I know of few *surprises* in scenery equal to this. I was



looking up the glen, supposing that my way lay straight on, when three steps more, and I found myself in a deep triangular basin, out of which rose three immense jagged masses of rock, like pyramids in ruin, with houses clinging, in giddy recklessness, to their sides! On a *saddle* between two of them stands the *Herrensitz*, or residence of the proprietary family. A majestic linden, centuries old, grows at the base, and high over its crown tower the weather-beaten spires of rock, with a blasted pine on the summit. The picture is grotesque in its character, which is an unusual feature in scenery. One who comes up the glen is so unprepared for it that it flashes upon him as if a curtain had been suddenly lifted.

Here I rested in the shade until the mid-day heat was over. A Jew and a young Bavarian lieutenant kept me company, and the latter entertained me with descriptions of various executions which he had seen. We left at the same time, they for Bayreuth and I for the little town of Pottenstein, at the head of the gorge, five miles further. By this time, I confess, the journey had become a toil. I dragged myself along rather than walked, and when a stout boy of twelve begged for a *kreutzer*, I bribed him for twelve to accompany and assist me. His dialect was of the broadest, and I could sooner have understood a lecture on the Absolute Reason than his simple peasant gossip. His tongue was a very scissors for clipping off the ends of words. The pronoun "*ich*" he changed into "*a*," and very often used the third person of the verb instead of the first. I managed, however, to learn that the landlord in Tüchersfeld was "fearfully rich : " all the hay in the glen (perhaps ten

tons) belonged to him. I had already suspected as much, for the landlord took pains to tell us about a wedding trip he had just made to the old monastery of Banz, a day's journey distant. "It cost me as much as forty florins," said he, "but then we travelled second-class. To my thinking it's not half so pleasant as third-class, but then I wanted to be *noble* for once."

For an hour and a half we walked through a deep, winding glen, where there was barely a little room here and there for a hay or barley field. On the right hand were tall forests of fir and pine; on the left, abrupt stony hills, capped with huge irregular bastions of Jura limestone. Gradually the rocks appear on the right and push away the woods; the stream is squeezed between a double row of Cyclopean walls, which assume the wildest and most fantastic shapes, and finally threaten to lock together and cut off the path. These wonderful walls are three or four hundred feet in height—not only perpendicular, but actually overhanging in many places.

As I was shuffling along, quite exhausted, I caught a glimpse of two naked youngsters in a shaded eddy of the stream. They plunged about with so much enjoyment that I was strongly tempted to join them: so I stepped down to the bank, and called out, "Is the water cold?" Whoop! away they went, out of the water and under a thick bush, leaving only four legs visible. Presently these also disappeared, and had it not been for two tow shirts, more brown than white, lying on the grass, I might have supposed that I had surprised a pair of Nixies.

The approach to Pottenstein resembles that to Tüchers-

feld, but it is less sudden and surprising. It is wonderfully picturesque—the houses are so jammed in, here and there, among the huge shapeless limestone monoliths, and the bits of meadow and garden have such a greenness and brightness contrasted with the chaos which incloses them. I found my way to the post-inn, and straightway dropped into one of the awkward carved wooden chairs (the pattern of five centuries ago) in the guests' room, with a feeling of infinite gratitude. The landlord brought me a mug of beer, with black bread and a handful of salt on the plate. I remembered the types of hospitality in the Orient, and partook of the hallowed symbols. Then came consecutive ablutions of cold water and brandy; after which I felt sufficiently refreshed to order trout for supper. But whatever of interest the little town may have contained, nothing could tempt me to walk another step that day.

In the morning I engaged a man as guide and sack-bearer, and set out by six o'clock for Rabenstein (the Raven-rock) and its famous cavern. We first climbed out of the chasm of Pottenstein, which was filled with a hot, silvery mist, and struck northward over high, rolling land, from which we could now and then look down into the gorges of the Püttlach and Eschbach. There was not a breath of air stirring, and even at that early hour the heat was intense. I would have stopped occasionally to rest, but the guide pushed ahead, saying: "We must get on before the day is hot." The country was bald and monotonous, but the prospect of reaching Rabenstein in two hours enabled me to hold out. Finally the little foot-path we had been following turned into a wood, whence, after a

hundred paces, it suddenly emerged upon the brink of a deep, rocky basin, resembling the crater of a volcano. It was about four hundred feet deep, with a narrow split at either end, through which the Eschbach stream entered and departed. The walls were composed of enormous overhanging masses of rock, which rested on natural arches or regular jambs, like those of Egyptian gateways, while the bed was of the greenest turf, with a slip of the blue sky mirrored in the centre, as if one were looking upon a lower heaven through a crack in the earth. Opposite, on the very outer edge of the rock, sat the castle of Rabenstein, and the houses of the village behind it seemed to be crowding on toward the brink, as if anxious which should be first to look down.

Into this basin led the path—a toilsome descent, but at the bottom we found a mill which was also a tavern, and bathed our tongues in some cool but very bitter and disagreeable beer. “Sophia’s Cave,” the finest grotto in the Franconian Switzerland, is a little further up the gorge; and the haymakers near the mill, on seeing me, shouted up to the cave-keeper in the village over their heads to get his torches ready. The rocks on either side exhibit the most wild and wonderful forms. In one place a fragment, shaped very much like a doll, but from eighty to a hundred feet in height, has slipped down from above, and fallen out, resting only its head against the perpendicular wall. On approaching the cave, the rocky wall on which the castle of Rabenstein stands projects far over its base, and a little white chapel sits on the summit. The entrance is a very broad, low arch, resting on natural pillars.

You first penetrate for a hundred feet or more by a spacious vaulted avenue: then the rock contracts, and a narrow passage, closed by double doors, leads to the subterranean halls. Here you find yourself near the top of an immense chamber, hung with stalactites and tinkling with the sound of water dropping from their points. A wooden staircase, protected by an iron railing, leads around the sides to the bottom, giving views of some curious formations—waterfalls, statues, a papal tiara, the intestines of cattle—and the blunt pillars of the stalagmites, growing up by hundreds from every corner or shelf of rock.

The most remarkable feature of the cave, however—as of all the Franconian grottoes—is the abundance of fossil remains in every part of it. The attention of geologists was first directed to these extraordinary deposits by the naturalist Rosenmüller, who explored and described them; but they were afterward better known through the writings of Cuvier and Humboldt. Here, imbedded in the incrustated stone, lie the skulls of bears and hyenas, the antlers of deer, elk, and antelopes, and the jaw-bones of mammoths. You find them in the farthest recesses of the cave, and the rock seems to be actually a conglomerate of them. Yet no entire skeleton of any animal, I was informed, has been found. Under the visible layers are other deeper layers of the same remains. How were all these beasts assembled here? What overwhelming fear or necessity drove together the lion and the stag, the antelope and the hyena? and what convulsion, hundreds of centuries ago, buried them so deep? There is some grand mystery of Creation hidden in this sparry sepulchre of pre-adamite beasts.



We passed on into the second and third chambers, where the stalactites assume other and more unusual forms, such as curtains, chandeliers, falling fringes of lily-leaves, and embroidered drapery, all of which are thin, transparent, snowy-white, and give forth a clear, bell-like tone when struck. The cave is curious and beautiful rather than grand. The guide informed me that I had penetrated two thousand feet from the entrance, but this I could not believe. Eight hundred feet would be nearer the mark. On returning, the first effect of daylight on the outer arches of the cavern transmuted them into golden glass, and the wild landscape of the gorge was covered with a layer of crystal fire so dazzling that I could scarcely look upon it.

By this time it was ten o'clock, and the heat increasing every moment: it was 90° in the shade. An hour's walk over a bare, roasting upland brought me to the Wiesent valley and the town of Waischenfeld, which I reached in a state of complete exhaustion. Here, however, there was an omnibus to Bayreuth. My guide and baggage-bearer was an old fellow of sixty, who had waited upon me the evening before in Pottenstein, and besides had fallen in the street and broken his pipe while going to the baker's for my breakfast: so I gave him a florin and a half (60 cents). But I was hardly prepared for the outburst which followed: "Thank you, and Heaven reward you, and God return it to you, and Our Dear Lady take care of you! Oh, but I will pray ever so many paternosters for you, until you reach home again. Oh, that you may get back safely! Oh, that you may have long life! Oh, that you may be rich. Oh, that you may keep your health! Oh, that I might go on



with you, and never stop! But you're a noble lordship! It isn't me that likes vulgar people: I won't have nothing to do with 'em: it's the fine, splendid gentleman like yourself that it does me good to be with!" With that he took my hand, and, bending over, kissed me just under the right eye before I knew what he was after. He then left; and when I came to pay my bill I found that he had ordered dinner and beer at my expense!

I waited at Waischenfeld until late in the afternoon, and then took the post for Bayreuth. The upper valley of the Wiesent exhibits some remarkable rock-forms; but they become less and less frequent, the valley widens, and finally, at the village of Blankenstein, the characteristics of the Franconian Switzerland, in this direction, disappear. The soil, however, is much richer, and the crops were wonderfully luxuriant. We passed a solitary chapel by the roadside, renowned as a place of pilgrimage. "The people call it *die Kábel*," said my fellow-passenger, a Bayreuther. "If you were to say *Kapelle* [chapel], they wouldn't know what you meant." The votive offerings placed there are immediately stolen; the altar-ornaments are stolen; even the bell is stolen from the tower.

At last the Fichtelgebirge (Fir-Mountains)—the central chain of Franconia—came in sight, and the road began to descend toward the valley of Bayreuth. My fellow-passenger proposed that we should alight at the commencement of a park called the *Phantasie*, belonging to Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, and he would conduct me through to the other end, where the omnibus would wait for us. We entered a charming park, every foot of which betrayed the

most exquisite taste and the most tender care. Nowhere could be found smoother gravel, greener turf, brighter flowers, or a more artistic disposition of trees, fountains, statues, and flower-beds. Presently we reached a stately Italian palace of yellow stone, with a level, blossomy terrace in front, overhanging a deep valley, which seemed to have been brought bodily from Switzerland. In the bottom was a lake, bordered by the greenest meadows; the opposite hill was wooded with dark firs, and every house which could be seen was Swiss in its form. Two men were on the terrace, looking over the heavy stone balustrade—one of them a very stout, strong figure, with a massive gray beard. “Ah,” said my companion, “there is the Duke himself!” His Highness, seeing us, returned our salutes very politely, and then slid behind a bush. “He always does that,” said the Bayreuther, “when strangers come: he goes away lest they should be embarrassed, and not see as much as they wish.” This is really the extreme of politeness. The Duke’s wife was the Princess Marie d’Orleans, that gifted daughter of Louis Philippe, whose statue of Joan of Arc is in the Versailles Gallery. She died, however, not in consequence of excessive devotion to her art, as is often stated, but from a cold contracted after her first confinement. Duke Alexander has never married again.

The Phantasie struck me as being one of the most exquisite specimens of landscape gardening in Germany. It is an illustration of what may be accomplished by simply *assisting* nature—by following her suggestions rather than forcing her to assume a new character.

As we approached Bayreuth my friend said: “Now I

will try and show you the grave of Jean Paul (Richter).” But the foliage in the cemetery was too thick, and I only *thought* I saw the top of a black marble tombstone. “I remember him very well,” he continued. “When I was a boy I often saw him on his way to Frau Rollwenzel’s. He wore a wide coat, and always had a bottle of wine in his pocket. One hand he held behind him, and carried a stick in the other. Sometimes he would stop and take a drink of wine. I remember his funeral, which took place by torch-light. He was a most beautiful corpse! His widow gave me one of his vests, a white one, with embroidery upon it, and I was fool enough to let it go out of my hands; I shall never forgive myself for that. But then, *nobody in Bayreuth thought he was a great man.*” And this was said of Jean Paul, the greatest German humorist! There is a melancholy moral in the remark.

Bayreuth is a stately town for its size (the population is some 18,000); the streets are broad, the houses large and massive; but over all there is an air of departed grandeur like Ferrara, Ravenna, and the other deserted Italian capitals. In the former century it had an ostentatious court—its Margraves, no doubt, considered themselves *Grands Monarques* in miniature, and surrounded themselves with pompous ceremonial—but all this is over. Now and then a curious stranger arrives, and he passes with scarce a glance the palace of the old rulers on his way to the statue of the grand plebeian, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. At least the latter was the only object in the city which *I* cared to see. It is of bronze, colossal, and from Schwanthaler’s model. The poet is represented as leaning against a tree,

with a pencil in one hand and a note-book in the other, while his head is slightly lifted, as if with the inspiration of a new idea. But it is by no means a great work.

In spite of the heat (92° in the shade) I walked out to the Hermitage, a summer resort of the Margraves, about four miles from the city. The road thither is an unbroken avenue of magnificent lindens, from which, as the ground gradually rises, you have wide views of the surrounding country. On the summit of the ridge stands the famous coffee-house, formerly kept by Frau Rollwenzel. On a tablet beside the door are the words: "*Hier dichtete Jean Paul.*" (Here Jean Paul wrote his works.) He had a garret room in the little low house, and it was his habit for many years to walk out from Bayreuth in the morning, and write there all day, returning in the evening. I climbed the steep, dark stair-case, and entered his room, a narrow den, with two windows looking toward the Fichtelgebirge. Every thing is kept in precisely the same condition as during his life. There is the same old calico sofa, the same deal table and rude book-shelf which he used. In the table-drawer is one of his manuscript works: "Remarks About Us Fools." The custodian informed me that he had been offered 300 florins (\$120) for it by an Englishman. Over the sofa hangs a portrait of Jean Paul, under which is a smaller one of Frau Rollwenzel.

In a quarter of an hour more I reached the Hermitage, which I found entirely deserted. Laborers and loafers alike had fled from the unusual heat. In the deep avenues of the park, where the sunshine, passing through triple layers of beech-leaves, took the hue of dark-green glass, I found a

grateful coolness; but the fountains, the sand-stone dragons, and rococo flower-beds in front of a semicircular temple of rough mosaic, dedicated to the Sun, basked in an intense Persian heat. The god really had visited his altar. Here there are very remarkable *jeux d'eau*; but I confess, with humiliation, that I had not sufficient energy remaining to find the person who had them in charge, and thus did not see their performance. The water, I was told, comes forth from all sorts of unexpected places; forms suns, moons, and stars in the air; spouts from the trees; spirits out of the bushes; and so envelops the beholder in a fountain-chaos that he is lucky if he escapes without a drenching. There is one seat in particular which the stranger is directed to take, in order to obtain the best view. Woe to him if he obey! All the trees and rocks around fling their streams upon him.

The Hermitage is a good specimen of what is called in Germany the *Zopf* (Queue) style—the quintessence of formality. Its position, on the opposite side of, and equidistant from, Bayreuth, challenges a comparison with the Phantasie, and the difference is just this: in the Phantasie one sees that Nature is *beloved*—in the Hermitage, that she is patronized with lofty consideration.

Returning to Bayreuth, I took the railroad to a little town called Markt-Schorgast, in order to enter the Fichtelgebirge from the most approved point. Here I tried to procure a man to carry my sack to Berneck, some three miles distant, but only succeeded in obtaining a very small boy. “Really,” said I, when the mite made his appearance, “he can never carry it.” “Let me see,” said the



station-master, lifting the sack; "*ja wohl*, that's nothing for him. He could run with it!" True enough, the boy put it into a basket, shouldered it, and trotted off as brisk as a grasshopper. The load was larger than himself, and I walked after him with a sense of shame. There was I, a broad-shouldered giant in comparison, puffing, and sweating, and groaning, finding even my umbrella troublesome, and the poor little pigmy at my side keeping up a lively quick-step with his bare feet on the hot road.

We crossed a burning hill into a broad, shallow valley, with a village called Wasserknoten (the water-knots). Beyond this valley contracted into a glen, shaded with dark fir-woods, which overhung slopes of velvet rather than grass, they wore so even and lustrous a green. After a while the ruins of Hohen-berneck (High Bear's Corner), consisting of one square tower, eighty feet high, appeared on the crest of the hill. The town is squeezed into the bottom of the glen, which is only wide enough for a single street, more than a mile long. I was so thoroughly fatigued when I reached the post-inn at the farther end of the place that I gave up all thoughts of going further.

The landlord made much of me on learning that I was an American. He not only regaled me with beer, but took me to see another Bernecker, who had been in England, India, and China. Several "*cure*-guests" joined the company, and I was obliged to give them a history of the Southern Rebellion, which was no easy matter, as so much incidental explanation was necessary. In Berneck there is a frequented whey-cure. In fact, there are few towns in Germany without a "*cure*" of some kind. Whey-cures, water-cures,



grape-cures, hunger-cures, cider-cures, pine-needle-cures, salt-cures, and herb-cures flourish in active rivalry. In addition to all these the beer-cure is universally employed.

I had engaged a man to be ready in the morning to accompany me to Bischofsgrün, ten miles further; but the man turned out to be an old woman. However, it made little difference, as she walked quite as fast with her load as I was willing to walk without one. The same temperature continued; there was not a cloud in the sky, and a thin, silvery shimmer of heat in the air and over the landscape. We followed the course of the young Main, at first through a wide, charming valley, whose meadows of grass and flowers fairly blazed in the sunshine, while on either hand towered the dark blue-green forests of fir. Shepherds with their flocks were on the slopes, and the little goose-girls drove their feathered herds along the road. One of them drew a wagon in which a goose and a young child were sitting cozily together. The cuckoo sang in all the woods, and no feature of life failed which the landscape suggested, unless it were the Tyrolean *yodel*. After an hour's hard walking the valley became a steep gorge, up which the road wound through continuous forests.

The scenery was now thoroughly Swiss in its character, and charmed me almost to forgetfulness of my weak and bruised knees. Still, I was heartily rejoiced when we reached Bischofsgrün (Bishop's-green), a village at the base of the Ochsenkopf, one of the highest summits of the Fichtelgebirge. Here a rampant golden-lion hung out, the welcome sign of food and rest. Before it stood a carriage which had brought a gentleman and three ladies—very

genial and friendly persons, although they spoke a most decided *patois*. They had just ordered dinner, and the huge stove at one end of the guests' room sent out a terrible heat. The landlord was a slow, peaceful old fellow, with that meek air which comes from conjugal subjugation. But his wife was a mixture of thunder, lightning, and hail. The first thing she did was to snatch a pair of red worsted slippers from a shelf; then she rubbed her bare feet against the edge of a chair to scrape off the sand, and, sitting down, pulled up her dress so as to show the greater part of a pair of very solid legs, and put on the slippers. "There!" said she, stamping until the tables rattled, "now comes my work. It's me that has it to do. Oh yes! so many at once, and nothing in the house. Man! and thou standest there, stock-still. Ach! here, thou Bärbel! See there! [*Bang* goes the kitchen door.] It's a cursed life! [*Bang* the other door.] Ach! Haï! Ho, there!" she shouted from the street.

Just then came a hay-wagon from Berneck, with thirteen additional guests. The thunders again broke heavily, and for half an hour rolled back and forth, from kitchen to stable, and from stable to kitchen, without intermission. The old peasants, with their beer-*seidls* before them, winked at each other and laughed. I was getting hungry, but scarcely dared to ask for dinner. Finally, however, I appealed to the meek landlord. "Be so good as to wait a little," he whispered; "it will come after a while." Presently his son came in with a newspaper, saying, "Mammy, there's t' *Ziting* (*Zeitung*)." "Get out o' my way!" she yelled. "Ja, jo, I should read t' paper, shouldn't I? Ha! Ho,

there! Man! Bärbel!” and the storm broke out afresh. I wish it were possible to translate the coarse, grotesque dialect of this region—which is to pure German what Irish is to English, and with as characteristic a flavor—but I know not how it could be done.

Not quite so difficult would be the translation of an aristocratic poem, written in the *Fremdenbuch*, two days before, by a sentimental baron. It might very well compare with Pope's "Lines by a Person of Quality." But no; we have an ample supply of such stuff in our own language, and I will spare my readers. Bischofsgrün is noted for its manufacture of bottles and beads for rosaries. There is a glass furnace here which has been in steady operation for eight hundred years. I doubt whether anything about it has changed very much in that time. I peeped into it, and saw the men making bottles of a coarse texture and pale greenish color, but the mouths of the furnaces, disclosing pits of white heat, speedily drove me away. Although the village is at least eighteen hundred feet above the sea, there was no perceptible diminution of the heat.

The men were all in the hay-fields, and I was obliged to take a *madel* (maiden), as the landlord called her—a woman of fifty, with grown-up children. As the last thunders of the landlady of the Lion died behind us, the "maiden" said, "Ach! my daughter can't stand it much longer. She's been there, in service, these five years; and it's worse and worse. The landlady's a good woman when she don't drink, but drink she does, and pretty much all the time. She's from Schönbrunn: she was a *mill-daughter*, and her husband a *tavern-son*, from the same place. It isn't good when a

woman drinks schnapps, except at weddings and funerals; and as for wine, we poor people can't think o' that!"

It was near three o'clock, and we had twelve miles through the mountains to Wunsiedel. Our road led through a valley between the Schneeberg and the Ochsenkopf, both of which mountains were in full view, crowned with dark firs to their very summits. I confess I was disappointed in the scenery. The valley is so elevated that the mountains rise scarcely twelve hundred feet above it; the slopes are gradual, and not remarkable for grace; and the bold rock-formations are wanting. Coming up the Main-glen from Berneck, the lack of these features was atoned for by the wonderful beauty of the turf. Every landscape seemed to be new-carpeted, and with such care that the turf was turned under and tacked down along the edges of the brooks, leaving no bare corner anywhere. If the sunshine had been actually woven into its texture it could not have been brighter. The fir-woods had a bluish-green hue, purple in the shadows. But on the upper meadows over which I now passed the grass was in blossom, whence they took a brownish tinge, and there were many cleared spots which still looked ragged and naked.

We soon entered the forest at the foot of the Ochsenkopf, and walked for nearly an hour under the immense trees. The ground was carpeted with short whortleberry-bushes, growing so thickly that no other plant was to be seen. Beyond this wood lay a rough, mossy valley, which is one of the water-sheds between the Black Sea and the German Ocean. The fountains of the Main and the Nab are within Minié rifle-shot of each other. Here the path turned to the

left, leading directly up the side of the mountain. In the intense heat, and with my shaky joints, the ascent was a terrible toil. Up, and up we went, and still up, until an open patch of emerald pasture, with a chalêt in the centre, showed that the summit was reached. A spring of icy crystal bubbled up in the grass, and I was kneeling to drink, when a smiling *hausfrau* came out with a glass goblet. I returned it, with a piece of money, after drinking. "What is that?" said she. "No, no; water must not be paid for!" and handed it back. "Well," said I, giving it to her flaxen-headed boy, "it is not meant as pay, but as a present for this youngster." "God protect you on your journey!" was her hearty farewell.

The ridge, I should guess, was about twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea-level. The descent, I found, was a very serious matter. I was obliged to limp down slowly, with a crippled step, which in itself was no slight fatigue. When the feet have not free play it seems to tire some unused internal muscle—or, to judge by my own sensations, the very marrow of the bones. We had a tough foot-path through a dense forest for half an hour, and then emerged upon a slanting meadow, whence there was a lovely view of the country to the east of the Fichtelgebirge, with Wunsiedel away in the distance, a bright island-spot in the sea of dark-green firs. Down on the right was a broad, rich valley, in which ponds of water shone clear and blue; villages dotted the cultivated slopes, and the wooded heights of the Luisenburg and the Kösseine rose beyond. Here I began to find again the scenery of Richter's works, which had struck me so forcibly in the vicinity of Bâyreuth.



By the time we had reached the bottom of the mountain and left the forest behind us, I had almost touched the limits of my endurance. But there was still a good three miles before us. The "maiden," with twenty pounds on her back, marched along bravely; I followed, a disabled veteran, halting every now and then to rest and recruit. All things must have an end, and it is not every day's journey that winds up with a comfortable inn. I am not sure but that the luxury of the consecutive bath, beef-steak, and bed, which I enjoyed, compensated for all the pain endured.

A shower the next morning freshened the air, diminished the heat, and put some little elasticity into my bruised muscles. It was a gala day for Wunsiedel. The Turners of the place, who had formed themselves into a fire-company, performed in the market-square, with engines, ladders, hose, etc., complete. Early in the morning the Turners of Hof and their female friends arrived in six great hay-wagons, covered with arches of birch boughs and decorated with the Bavarian colors. There was a sham fire: roofs were scaled, ladders run up to the windows, the engines played, the band performed, and the people shouted. The little city was unusually lively; the inns were overflowing, and squads of visitors, with green boughs in their hats, filled the streets.

After dinner I undertook an excursion to the Luisenburg, notwithstanding I felt so decrepit at starting that I would have given a considerable sum to anybody who would have insured my coming back upon my own legs. A handsome linden avenue led up the long hill to the southward of Wun-



siedel, from the crest of which we saw Alexandersbad, at the foot of the mountain, and seeming to lean upon the lower edge of its fir-forests. By a foot-path through fields which were beds of blossoms—hare-bell, butter-cup, phlox, clover, daisy, and corn-flower intermixed—we reached the stately water-cure establishment in three-quarters of an hour. I first visited the mineral spring, which, the guide informed me, was strongly tinctured with saltpetre. I was therefore surprised to hear two youths, who were drinking when we came up, exclaim, “Exquisite!” “delicious!” But when I drank, I said the same thing. The taste was veritably fascinating, and I took glass after glass, with a continual craving for more.

This watering-place, once so frequented, is now comparatively deserted. But fifty guests were present, and they did not appear to be very splendid persons. The grounds, however, were enlivened by the presence of the youths and maidens from Hof. I visited the *Kurhaus*, looked into the icy plunge-baths of the Hydropathic establishment, tasted some very hard water, and then took the broad birchen avenue which climbs to the Luisenburg. On entering the forest I beheld a monument erected to commemorate the presence of Fred. Wilhelm III. and Louisa of Prussia, in 1805. “On this very spot,” said my guide, “the King and Queen, with King Max. I. of Bavaria and the Emperor of Austria (!), were talking together, when the news came to them that Napoleon was in Vienna. They hired a man to go to Nuremberg and see whether it was true. The man—he is still living, and we shall probably see him this afternoon [in fact, I *did* see him]—walked all the way [ninety English

miles] in twenty-four hours, then rested twenty-four more, and walked back in the same time. Then the King of Prussia immediately went home and decided to fight against Napoleon, which was the cause of the battle of Leipzig!"

The road slowly but steadily ascended, and in half an hour we reached the commencement of the Luisenburg. Huge, mossy rocks, piled atop of one another in the wildest confusion, overhung the way, and the firs, which grew wherever their trunks could be wedged in, formed a sun-proof canopy above them. This labyrinth of colossal granite boulders, called the Luisenburg (or, more properly, the *Lugsburg*, its original name), extends to the summit of the mountain, a distance of eleven hundred feet. It is a wilderness of Titanic grottoes, arches, and even abutments of regular masonry, of astonishing magnitude. I have seen similar formations in Saxony, but none so curiously contorted and hurled together.

Although this place has been, for the past eighty years, a favorite summer resort of the Bavarians, it has scarcely been heard of outside of Germany. Jean Paul, during his residence at Wunsiedel, frequently came hither, and his name has been given to one of the most striking rocky chambers. There is an abundance of inscriptions, dating mostly from the last decade of the past century, and exhibiting, in their overstrained sentimentalism, the character of the generation which produced "Werther," "Paul and Virginia," and "The Children of the Abbey." In Klinger's Grotto, the roof of which is formed by an immense block fifty-four feet long and forty-four feet broad, there is a tablet, erected in 1794 by a certain Herr von Carlowitz, on which he says:

“My wish is to enjoy my life unnoticed, and happily married, and to be worthy of the tears of the good when I fearlessly depart!” This is all very well; but it can scarcely be expected that for centuries to come the world will care much whether Herr von Carlowitz was happily married or not.

Climbing upward through the labyrinthine clefts of the rocks, we find everywhere similar records. The names “Otto, Therese, Amalie,” deeply engraved, proclaim the fact that the present King of Greece met his two sisters here, in 1836. Just above them six enormous blocks are piled one upon the other, reaching almost to the tops of the firs. This was a favorite resort of Louisa of Prussia, and the largest rock, accordingly, bears the following description: “When we behold the mild rays of the lovely spring sun shining on this rocky colossus, we think on the gentle glance of blissful grace wherewith Louisa to-day made us happy: and the rock itself suggests our love and fidelity to her!” As a specimen of aristocratic sentiment, this is unparalleled. Beyond this point the immense masses lean against each other, blocking up the path and sloping forward, high overhead, as if in the act of falling. In 1798 somebody placed the inscription here, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther;” but under it is carved, “I made the attempt, and behold! I went farther. 1804.” A ladder enables you to reach an opening, whence the path, traversing sunless clefts, crawling through holes and scaling gigantic piles of the formless masonry of the Deluge, reaches the summit. Here, on a lonely rock, still stands a single tower of the old robber-fortress which was destroyed in the thir-

teenth century by Philip of Streitberg, in revenge for the abduction of his bride by the knight of the Lugsburg.

From the tower we had fine views to the north, east, and west. The day could not have been more fortunately chosen. The air was unusually clear, and the distant villages showed with remarkable distinctness, yet a light golden shimmer was spread over the landscape, and, by contrast with the dark firs around us, it seemed like an illuminated picture painted on a transparent canvas.

On the side of one of the largest boulders is an inscription recommending those who are at enmity to mount the rock and behold the landscape, as a certain means of reconciliation. It records the meeting of two estranged friends, who first looked around them and then fell into each other's arms, without a word. This was truly German. Enemies of Anglo-Saxon blood, I am afraid, would have tried to push each other off the rock instead of allowing the scenery to reconcile them. One more inscription, the climax of sentiment, and I will cease to copy: "Nature is great, Love is divine, Longing is infinite, Dreams are rich; only the human heart is poor. And yet—fortunate is he who feels this, miserable he who does not even suspect it. Thou lovest a dream and winn'st—Rest!" To be candid, silly as many of these inscriptions were, they gave a human interest to the spot. Even the record of human vanity is preferable to the absence of any sign of man.

Feeling myself in tolerable condition, I went on, along the crest of the mountain, to the Burgstein, a mass of rock one hundred feet high, and crowning a summit nearly three thousand feet above the sea. The top is about seven

by nine feet in compass, and inclosed by a strong railing to prevent the visitor from being blown off. Hence I looked far down into the Upper Palatinate of Bavaria, away to the blue Bohemian mountains, and, to the west, on all the dark summits of the Fichtelgebirge. The villages shone white and red in the sun; the meadow-ponds were sapphires set in emerald, and the dark-purple tint of the forests mottled the general golden-green lustre of the landscape. A quarter of an hour further is the Haberstein, a wonderful up-building of rock, forming a double tower, from eighty to a hundred feet high.

On returning to Wunsiedel I did not neglect to visit Jean Paul's birth-place—a plain, substantial house, adjoining the church. Here the street forms a small court, in the centre of which, on a pedestal of granite, stands a bronze bust of the great man. The inscription is: "*Wunsiedel to her Jean Paul Fr. Richter.*" Nothing could be simpler or more appropriate. In front, the broad street, lined with large, cheerful yellow or pink houses, stretches down the hill and closes with a vista of distant mountains. The place is very gay, clean, and attractive, notwithstanding its humble position. Jean Paul describes it completely, when he says: "I am glad to have been born in thee, thou *bright* little town!"

I was aroused the next morning by the singing of a hymn, followed by the beating of a drum. Both sounds proceeded from a company of twenty or more small boys, pupils of a school at Ebersdorf (in the Franconian Forest), who, accompanied by their teachers, were making a tour on foot through the Fichtelgebirge. The sight admonished

me to resume my march, as I intended going southward to Kemnath, in the Upper Palatinate. The wind blew fresh from the southwest, and heavy black clouds filled the sky. My road led up a valley between the twin mountain-groups, crossing a ridge which divides the waters of Europe. The forests were as black as ink under the shadows of the clouds, and the distant hills had a dark indigo color, which gave a remarkable tone to the landscape. Take a picture of *Salvator Rosa* and substitute blue for brown, and you may form some idea of it.

Presently the rain came, at first in scattering drops, but soon in a driving shower. My guide, to keep up my spirits, talked on and on in the broad Frankish dialect, which I could only comprehend by keeping all my faculties on a painful stretch. "Down in the Palatinate," said he, "the people speak a very difficult language. They cut off all the words, and bring out the pieces very fast." This was precisely what he himself did! For instance, what German scholar could understand "*wid'r a weng renga!*" (wieder ein wenig Regen)—which was one of the clearest of his expressions. To beguile the rainy road he related to me the history of a band of robbers, who in the years 1845 and '46 infested the Franconian mountains, and plundered the highways on all sides.

By this time I had the Fichtelgebirge behind me, and the view opened southward, down the valley of the Nab. The *Rauhe Kulm*, an isolated basaltic peak, lifted its head in the middle of the landscape, and on the left rose the long, windy ridge of the Weissenstein. Here and there a rocky summit was crowned with the ruins of an ancient



robber-castle. But the scene would have been frightful on canvas, it lay so bleak and rigid under the rainy sky. In two hours more I passed the boundary between Franconia and the Upper Palatinate.

Here my Franconian excursion closes. The next day I reached Amberg, on the Eastern Bavarian Railway, having accomplished about a hundred miles on foot, to the manifest improvement of one knee at the expense of the other. But I had, in addition, a store of cheerful and refreshing experiences, and my confidence in the Walking-Cure is so little shaken that I propose, at some future time, trying a second experiment in the Bohemian Forest—a region still less known to the tourist, if possible, than the Franconian Switzerland.

## V.

### TRAVELS AT HOME.

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#### 1.—THE HUDSON AND THE CATSKILLS.

JULY, 1860.

I HAVE been so often asked, "Where are you going next?" and have so often answered, "I am going to travel at home," that what was at first intended for a joke has naturally resolved itself into a reality. The genuine traveller has a chronic dislike of railways, and if he be in addition a lecturer, who is obliged to sit in a cramped position and breathe bad air for five months of the year, he is the less likely to prolong his Winter tortures through the Summer. Hence, it is scarcely a wonder that, although I have seen so much of our country, I have *travelled* so little in it. I knew the Himalayas before I had seen the Green Mountains, the Cataracts of the Nile before Niagara, and the Libyan Desert before the Illinois prairies. I have never yet (let me make the disgraceful confession at the outset)

beheld the White Mountains, or Quebec, or the Saguenay, or Lake George, or Trenton Falls!

In all probability, I should now be at home, enjoying Summer indolence under the shade of my oaks, were it not for the visit of some European friends, who have come over to see the land which all their kindness could not make *their* friend forget. The latter, in fact, possesses a fair share of the national sensitiveness, and defended his country with so much zeal and magnificent assertions, that his present visitors were not a little curious to see whether their own impressions would correspond with his pictures. He, on the other hand, being anxious to maintain his own as well as his country's credit, offered his services as guide and showman to Our Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, and Cataracts; and this is how he (I, you understand) came to start upon the present journey.

On the whole, I think it a good plan, not to see all your own country until after you have seen other lands. It is easy to say, with the school-girls, "I adore Nature!"—but he who adores, never criticises. "What a beautiful view!" every one may cry: "why is it beautiful?" would puzzle many to answer. Long study, careful observation, and various standards of comparison are necessary—as much so as in Art—to enable one to pronounce upon the relative excellence of scenery. I shall have, on this tour, the assistance of a pair of experienced, appreciative foreign eyes, in addition to my own, and you may therefore rely upon my giving you a tolerably impartial report upon American life and landscapes.

When one has a point to carry, the beginning is every

thing. I therefore embarked with my friends on a North River day-boat, at the Harrison-street pier. The calliope, or steam-organ attached to the machine, was playing "Jordan's a hard road to travel," with astonishing shrillness and power. "There's an American invention!" I exclaimed, in triumph; "the waste steam, instead of being blown off, is turned into an immense hand-organ, and made to grind out this delightful music." By-and-by, however, came one of my companions, who announced: "I have discovered the origin of the music," and thereupon showed me a box of green wire-gauze, in which sat a slender youth, manipulating a key-board with wonderful contortions. This discovery explained to us why certain passages were slurred over and others shrieked out with awful vehemence—a fact which we had previously attributed to the energy of the steam.

Other disappointments awaited me. The two foregoing days had been insufferably warm—92° in the shade—and we were all, at my recommendation, clad in linen. "This is just the weather for the Hudson," said I; "the motion of the boat will fan away the heat, while this intense sunshine will beautify the shores." But, by the time we reached Weehawken, the north wind blew furiously, streaking the water with long ribands of foam; we unpacked heavy shawls and coats, and were still half frozen. The air was so very clear and keen that the scenery was *too distinct*—a common fault of our American sky—destroying the charm of perspective and color. My friends would not believe in the actual breadth of the Hudson or the height of the Palisades, so near were the shores brought by the

lens of the air. The eastern bank, from Spuyten-Duyvel to Tarrytown, reminded them of the Elbe between Hamburg and Blankenese, a comparison which I found correct. Tappan and Haverstraw Bays made the impression I desired, and thenceforth I felt that our river would amply justify his fame.

Several years had passed since I had seen the Hudson from the deck of a steamer. I found great changes, and for the better. The elegant summer residences of the New Yorkers, peeping out from groves, nestled in warm dells, or, most usually, crowning the highest points of the hills, now extend more than half-way to Albany. The trees have been judiciously spared, straggling woods carved into shape, stony slopes converted into turf, and, in fact, the long landscape of the eastern bank gardened into more perfect beauty. Those Gothic, Tuscan, and Norman villas, with their air of comfort and home, give an attractive, human sentiment to the scenery, and I would not exchange them for the castles of the Rhine.

Our boat was crowded, mostly with Southerners, who might be recognised by their lank, sallow faces, and the broad, semi-negro accent with which they spoke the American tongue. How long, I wondered, before these *Chivs* (the California term for Southerners—an abbreviation of Chivalry) start the exciting topic, the discussion of which they so deprecate in us? Not an hour had elapsed, when, noticing a small crowd on the forward deck, I discovered half a dozen Chivs expatiating to some Northern youth on the beauties of Slavery. The former were very mild and guarded in their expressions, as if fearful that the outrages

inflicted on Northern men in the South might be returned upon them. "Why," said one of them, "it's our interest to treat our slaves well; if we lose one, we lose a thousand dollars—you may be shore of that. No man will be so much of a d—d fool as to waste his own property in that way."

"Just as we take care of our horses," remarked a Northern youth; "it's about the same thing, isn't it?"

"Well—yes—it *is* pretty much the same, only we treat 'em more humanitarian, of course. Then agin," he continued, "when you've got two races together, a higher and a lower, what are you gwine to do?"—but you have read the rest of his remarks in a speech of Caleb Cushing, and I need not repeat them.

The Highlands, of course, impressed my friends as much as I could have wished. It is customary among our tourists to deplore the absence of ruins on those heights—a very unnecessary regret, in my opinion. To show that we had associations fully as inspiring as those connected with feudal warfare, I related the story of Stony Point, and André's capture, and pointed out, successively, Kosciusko's Monument, old Fort Putnam, and Washington's Headquarters. Sunnyside was also a classic spot to my friends, nor was Idlewild forgotten. "Oh," said a young lady, as we were passing Cold Spring, "where does the poet Morris live?" Although I was not the person appealed to, I took the liberty of showing her the dwelling of the warrior-bard. "You will observe," I added, "that the poet has a full view of Cro'nest, which he has immortalized in song. Yonder willow, trailing its branches in the water, is said to have suggested to him that gem,



“ ‘Near the lake where drooped the willow.’ ”

“ Oh, Clara! ” said the young lady to her companion, “ isn’t it—*isn’t* it sweet? ”

In due time, we reached Catskill, and made all haste to get off for the Mountain House. There are few summits so easy of access—certainly no other mountain resort in our country where the facilities of getting up and down are so complete and satisfactory. The journey would be tame, however, were it not for the superb view of the mountains, rising higher, and putting on a deeper blue, with every mile of approach. The intermediate country has a rough, ragged, incomplete look. The fields are stony, the houses mostly untidy, the crops thin, and the hay (this year, at least) scanty. Even the woods appear stunted: fine tree-forms are rare. My friends were so charmed by the purple asclepiads, which they had never before seen except in green-houses, the crimson-spiked sumachs, and the splendid fire-lilies in the meadows, that they overlooked the want of beauty in the landscape.

On reaching the foot of the mountain, the character of the scenery entirely changes. The trees in Rip Van Winkle’s dell are large and luxuriantly leaved, while the backward views, enframed with foliage and softly painted by the blue pencil of the air, grow more charming as you ascend. Ere long, the shadow of the towering North Mountain was flung over us, as we walked up in advance of the laboring horses. The road was bathed in sylvan coolness; the noise of an invisible stream beguiled the steepness of the way; emerald ferns sprang from the rocks, and the red blossoms of the showy *rubus* and the pale blush of the laurel bright-

ened the gloom of the undergrowth. It is fortunate that the wood has not been cut away, and but rare glimpses of the scenes below are allowed to the traveller. Landing in the rear of the Mountain House, the huge white mass of which completely shuts out the view, thirty paces bring you to the brink of the rock, and you hang suspended, as if by magic, over the world.

It was a quarter of an hour before sunset—perhaps the best moment of the day for the Catskill panorama. The shadows of the mountain-tops reached nearly to the Hudson, while the sun, shining directly down the Clove, interposed a thin wedge of golden lustre between. The farm-houses on a thousand hills beyond the river sparkled in the glow, and the Berkshire Mountains swam in a luminous, rosy mist. The shadows strode eastward at the rate of a league a minute as we gazed; the forests darkened, the wheat-fields became brown, and the houses glimmered like extinguished stars. Then the cold north wind blew, roaring in the pines, the last lurid purple faded away from the distant hills, and in half an hour the world below was as dark and strange and spectral, as if it were an unknown planet we were passing on our journey through space.

The scene from Catskill is unlike any other mountain view that I know. It is imposing through the very simplicity of its features. A line drawn from north to south through the sphere of vision divides it into two equal parts. The western half is mountain, falling off in a line of rock parapet; the eastern is a vast semi-circle of blue landscape, half a mile lower. Owing to the abrupt rise of the mountain, the nearest farms at the base seem to be almost

under one's feet, and the country as far as the Hudson presents the same appearance as if seen from a balloon. Its undulations have vanished; it is as flat as a pancake; and even the bold line of hills stretching toward Saugerties can only be distinguished by the color of the forests upon them. Beyond the river, although the markings of the hills are lost, the rapid rise of the country from the water level is very distinctly seen: the whole region appears to be lifted on a sloping plane, so as to expose the greatest possible surface to the eye. On the horizon, the Hudson Highlands, the Berkshire and Green Mountains, unite their chains, forming a continuous line of misty blue.

At noonday, under a cloudless sky, the picture is rather monotonous. After the eye is accustomed to its grand, aerial depth, one seeks relief in spying out the characteristics of the separate farms, or in watching specks (of the size of fleas) crawling along the highways. Yonder man and horse, going up and down between the rows of corn, resemble a little black bug on a bit of striped calico. When the sky is full of moving clouds, however, nothing can be more beautiful than the shifting masses of light and shade, traversing such an immense field. There are, also, brief moments when the sun or moon are reflected in the Hudson—when rainbows bend slantingly beneath you, striking bars of seven-hued flame across the landscape—when, even, the thunders march below, and the fountains of the rain are under your feet.

What most impressed my friends was the originality of the view. Familiar with the best mountain scenery of Europe, they could find nothing with which to compare it.

As my movements during this journey are guided entirely by their wishes, I was glad when they said: "Let us stay here another day!"

At the foot of the Catskill, the laurel showed its dark-red seed vessels; halfway up, the last faded blossoms were dropping off; but, as we approached the top, the dense thickets were covered with a glory of blossoms. Far and near, in the caverns of shade under the pines and oaks and maples, flashed whole mounds of flowers, white and blush-color, dotted with the vivid pink of the crimped buds. The finest Cape azaleas and ericas are scarcely more beautiful than our laurel. Between those mounds bloomed the flame-colored lily, scarcely to be distinguished, at a little distance, from the breast of an oriole. The forest scenery was a curious amalgamation of Norway and the tropics. "What a land, what a climate," exclaimed one of my friends, "that can support such inconsistencies!" "After this," I replied, "it will perhaps be easier for you to comprehend the apparent inconsistencies, the opposing elements, which you will find in the American character."

The next morning we walked to the Katterskill Falls. Since my last visit (in 1851) a handsome hotel—the Laurel House—has been erected here by Mr. Schutt. The road into the Clove has also been improved, and the guests at the Mountain House make frequent excursions into the wild heart of the Catskill region, especially to Stony Clove, fourteen miles distant, at the foot of the blue mountain which faces you as you look down the Katterskill glen. The Falls are very lovely (I think that is the proper word)—they will bear seeing many times—but don't believe those

who tell you that they surpass Niagara. Some people have a habit of pronouncing every last view they see: "the finest thing in the world!"

The damming up of the water, so much deprecated by the romantic, strikes me as an admirable arrangement. When the dam is full, the stream overruns it and you have as much water as if there were no dam. Then, as you stand at the head of the lower fall, watching the slender scarf of silver fluttering down the black gulf, comes a sudden dazzling rush from the summit; the fall leaps away from the half-way ledge where it lingered; bursting in rockets and shooting stars of spray on the rocks, and you have the full effect of the stream when swollen by spring thaws. Really, this temporary increase of volume is the finest feature of the fall.

No visitor to Catskill should neglect a visit to the North and South Mountains. The views from these points, although almost identical with that from the house, have yet different foregrounds, and embrace additional segments of the horizon. The North Peak, I fancy, must have been in Bryant's mind, when he wrote his poem of "The Hunter." Those beautiful features, which hovered before the hunter's eyes, in the blue gulf of air, as he dreamed on the rock—are they not those of the same maiden who, rising from the still stream, enticed Goethe's "Fisher" into its waves?—the poetic embodiment of that fascination which lurks in height and depth? Opposite the North Rock, there is a weather-beaten pine, which springing from the mountain-side below, lifts its head just to the level of the rock, and not more than twelve feet in front of it. I

never see it without feeling a keen desire to spring from the rock and lodge in its top. The Hanlon Brothers, or Blondin, I presume, would not have the least objection to perform such a feat.

In certain conditions of the atmosphere, the air between you and the lower world seems to become a visible fluid—an ocean of pale, crystalline blue, at the bottom of which the landscape lies. Peering down into its depths, you at last experience a numbness of the senses, a delicious wandering of the imagination, such as follows the fifth pipe of opium. Or, in the words of Walt. Whitman, you “loaf, and invite your soul.”

The guests we found at the Mountain House were rather a quiet company. Several families were quartered there for the season; but it was perhaps too early for the evening hops and sunrise flirtations which I noticed ten years ago. Parties formed and strolled off quietly into the woods; elderly gentlemen sank into arm-chairs on the rocks, and watched the steamers on the Hudson; nurses pulled venturous children away from the precipice, and young gentlemen from afar sat on the veranda, and wrote in their note-books. You would not have guessed the number of guests, if you had not seen them at table. I found this quiet, this nonchalance, this “take care of yourself and let other people alone” characteristic very agreeable, and the difference, in this respect, since my last visit, leads me to hope that there has been a general improvement (which was highly necessary) in the public manners of the Americans.



## 2.—BERKSHIRE AND BOSTON.

WE descended the mountain on the third day, in a lumbering Troy coach, in company with a pleasant Quaker family, took the steamer to Hudson, dined there (indifferently), and then embarked for Pittsfield, which we made a stopping-place on the way to Boston. My masculine companion, who is a thorough European agriculturist, was much struck with the neglected capacities of the country through which we passed. His admiration of our agricultural implements is quite overbalanced by his depreciation of our false system of rotation in crops, our shocking waste of manures, and general neglect of the economies of farming. I think he is about three-fourths right.

The heat was intense when we left Hudson, but, during the thousand feet of ascent between that place and Pittsfield, we came into a fresher air. A thunder shower, an hour previous, had obligingly laid the dust, and hung the thickets with sparkling drops. The Taghkanic Mountains rose dark and clear above the rapid landscapes of the railroad: finally old Greylock hove in sight, and a good hour before sunset we reached Pittsfield. As I never joined the noble order of the Sponge—the badge whereof so many correspondents openly sport—but pay my way regularly, like the non-corresponding crowd, my word may be implicitly taken when I say that the Berkshire House is one of the quietest and pleasantest hotels in the country.

Here let me say a word about hotels in general. The purpose of a tavern, hostel, inn, hotel, house, or whatever

it may be called, is, I take it, to afford a temporary home for those who are away from home. Hence, that hôtel only deserves the name, which allows each of its guests to do as he pleases, no one conflicting with the rights of the others. If I would not allow close, unventilated bed-rooms, lack of water, towels the size of a handkerchief, dirty sheets and general discomfort, in the home I build for myself, should I not be permitted to eschew such things in the home I hire for a night? Should I not call for what I want, and have it, if it is to be had? Should I, late arrived, and suffering from loss of sleep, be roused at daylight by a tremendous gong at my door, and be obliged to rush down to breakfast, under penalty of losing it altogether? But in too many of our hotels the rule is the reverse. The landlord says, in practice: "This is *my* house: I have certain rules by which it is governed: if you pay me two dollars and a half a day, I will grant you the privilege of submitting to my orders." One is often received with a magnificent condescension, which says, as plainly as words: "See what a favor I am doing you, in receiving you into my house!" In reality the house, the furniture, the servants, do not belong to the landlord, but to the traveller. I intend some day to write an Essay on Hotels, in which I shall discuss the subject at length, and therefore will not anticipate it here.

My friends were delighted with Pittsfield, which, in its summer dress, was new to me. We spent so much of our time at the windows, watching the evening lights on the mountains, that it was unanimously resolved to undertake an excursion the next morning before the arrival of the ex-

press train for Boston. We took an open carriage to the Hancock Settlement of Shakers, four miles west of the village. The roads were in splendid order, last night's rain having laid the dust, washed the trees, and given the wooded mountains a deeper green. The elm, the characteristic tree of New England, charmed us by the variety and beauty of its forms. The elm, rather than the pine, should figure on the state banner of Massachusetts. In all other trees—the oak, the beech, the ash, the maple, the gum, and tulip trees, the pine, even—Massachusetts is surpassed by Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky, but the elm is a plume which will never be plucked from her bonnet.

“Here!” said one of my companions, pointing to one of the many wooded knolls by the roadside, “is one of the immeasurable advantages which America possesses over Europe. Every one of these groves is a finished home, lacking only the house. What we must wait a century to get, what we must be rich in order to possess, is here cheap and universal. Build a house here or there, cut down a tree or two to let in the distant landscape, clear away some of the underwood, and you have a princely residence.” Bear in mind, my fashionable readers, that my friend has only been six weeks in America; that he has not yet learned the difference between a brown-stone front on Fifth Avenue and a clap-boarded house in the country; that (I blush to say it) he prefers handsome trees out-of-doors to rosewood furniture in-doors, and would rather break his shins climbing the roughest hills than ride behind matched bays in a carriage ornamented with purchased heraldry. I admit his want of civilization, but I record this expression of his

taste that you may smile at the absurdity of European ideas.

Our approach to the Shaker settlement was marked by the superior evidences of neatness and care in cultivation. The road became an avenue of stately sugar maples; on the right rose, in pairs, the huge, plain residences of the brethren and sisters—ugly structures, dingy in color, but scrupulously clean and orderly. I believe the same aspect of order would increase the value of any farm five dollars an acre, so much more attractive would the buyer find the property; but farmers generally don't understand this. We halted, finally, at the principal settlement, distinguished by a huge circular stone barn. The buildings stood upon a lot grown with fresh turf, and were connected by flag-stone walks. Mats and scrapers at the door testified to the universal cleanliness. While waiting in the reception-room, which was plain to barrenness, but so clean that its very atmosphere was sweet, I amused myself by reading some printed regulations, the conciseness and directness of which were refreshing. "Visitors," so ran the first rule, "must remember, that this is not a public-house. We have our regulations just as well as other people, and we expect that ours will be observed as others expect theirs to be." Another was: "Those who obtain lodging, or who are furnished with meals at their own request, are expected to pay for the same." One of the most important, apparently, was this: "Married persons visiting the Family must occupy separate apartments during the time of their stay."

Presently, an ancient sister made her appearance. She wore a very plain book-muslin cap, and a coarse blue gown,

which hung so straight to her feet that more than one under-garment was scarcely possible. She informed us, courteously, that curious strangers like ourselves were not usually admitted, but made an exception in favor of my companions, seeing they had come such a distance, and called one of the brethren to show us the barn. This is really a curious structure. The inside is an immense mow, divided into four sections for different kinds of hay. Next to the wall is a massive platform, around which a dozen carts can drive and unload at the same time. Under this platform are the stables, ranged in a circle, and able to accommodate a hundred cattle. The brother, with an air of secrecy which I was slow to understand, beckoned the gentlemen of our party to a portion of the stable where he had a fine two year old bull, which, he seemed to think, was not a proper animal for ladies to look upon.

The sister afterward conducted us to the dairy, where two still more ancient sisters were engaged in cutting up curd for a cheese. They showed us with considerable pride the press-room, cheese-room, and milk-room, which were cool and fragrant with the rich nutritive smell of cheese and whey. The dwellings of the separated sexes, which I was most desirous to see, were not exhibited. The sisters referred us to Lebanon, where strangers are habitually admitted. The only peculiarity of their speech seemed to be the use of the "Yea" (which they pronounce *Yee*) and "Nay," instead of "Yes" and "No!"

Notwithstanding their apparent cheerfulness and contentment, not one that I saw seemed to be completely healthy. They had a singularly dry, starved, hungry, lone-

ly look, which—if it be the result of their celibate creed—is a sufficient comment upon it. That grace and mellow ripeness of age which is so beautiful and so attractive in the patriarch of an abundant family, was wholly wanting. No sweet breath of house-warms their barren chambers. The fancied purity of their lives is like the vacuum of an exhausted receiver, whence all noxious vapor may be extracted, but the vital air with it. The purest life is that of the wedded man and woman—the best of Christians are the fathers and mothers.

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It is a fact that most of our railroad lines avoid the best scenery of the United States. With the exception of a portion of the New York and Erie, the Hudson River, Pennsylvania Central, and Baltimore and Ohio, I cannot now recall any road which affords fair pictures of the region it traverses. This is especially the case with the main artery of Massachusetts. No one, flying through Berkshire on a Western Railroad train, can perceive more than one-third of its actual beauty. Going eastward, on our way to Boston, we had some pleasant glimpses among the narrow dells of the Berkshire Hills, but the valley of the Connecticut, in reality so lovely, presents but a tame appearance. The charm of Springfield—its semi-circular sweep of suburban villas—is invisible, and Mount Holyoke shows but a low, blue, triangular mass in the north.

To one fresh from the exquisite pastoral scenery of Pennsylvania, so like mid-England in its smooth fields, its hedgerows, and magnificent trees, the country between Spring-



field and Boston seems exceedingly bleak and sterile. The rocky, gravelly soil, the gloomy woods of fir and pine, or dwarfish deciduous trees, the clap-board villages, hinting of a new Western State rather than of one of the mothers of the Republic, must disappoint, I fancy, those who visit New England for the first time. At least, this was the case with my friends. "Can this be Massachusetts—this barren region, where it seems impossible for a farmer, with all his industry, to do more than barely live?" "Think a moment," I answered, "and you will perhaps remember that you have never heard the *soil* of Massachusetts praised, but her laws, her school system, her morals, and her men!" These it is that have made her what she is, while Virginia, favored of Heaven in regard to soil and climate, has become the degenerate Spain of our Republic.

Naturally, the eastern portion of Massachusetts, with the exception of the region about Wachuset, and some points on the sea-coast, is neither beautiful nor picturesque. It is not only rough, with an indifferent vegetable development, but monotonous in its forms. The numerous lakes—or ponds, as they are prosaically called—constitute a redeeming feature. It is astonishing how the gleam of water brightens the commonest landscape. Here, however, where Nature has done comparatively little, Man has done a great deal. As you approach Boston the roughest region is yet a region of homes. The granite boulders, so unsightly in a field of grain, become ornaments when breaking the smooth turf of a lawn; the scrubby pines, trimmed and cared for, shoot into beautiful trees, and one elm, growing and expanding in the symmetry which freedom gives, is the

glory of an entire landscape. Man may sometimes deform, but he oftenest improves Nature: it is mere cant to assert the contrary. And I know no better illustration of the fact than the environs of Boston.

As we flashed past the quaint wooden cottages of Newton and Brighton, my friend asked: "Are those houses really meant for dwellings? They seem to me too sportive and toy-like, as if somebody had been playing at village-making, putting down a house here and a house there, to see how it would look best." This playful character of the villages never struck me before, but it is one which would naturally present itself to an eye accustomed to the solid, matter-of-fact, unlovely aspect of the country-towns of Europe. The *rus in urbe* is a thing never seen in the Old World, unless, rarely, in England. We are too used to villages, where every house has its garden and its threshold-trees, to appreciate their novelty and freshness in a stranger's eyes.

The approach to Boston is almost the only picturesque city-view we have on the Atlantic Coast. The broad reaches of water, the cheerful suburbs on either hand, the long, gently-rising, brick hill in front, crowned with the yellow dome of the State-House, when seen in the tempered evening light, under a cloudless sky, form an imposing and truly attractive picture. New York, from the bay, suggests commercial activity only; Philadelphia, from the Delaware, is the tamest of cities; but Boston, from any side, owing to her elevation, has a stately charm which her prouder sisters do not possess.

A Boston Sunday, in Winter, is a day of sack-cloth and

ashes. A foreigner would suppose there was weekly fasting and prayer for some great national calamity. Instead of an expression of thankfulness for rest, of joy in the relaxation from toil, of happy because spontaneous devotion, the city wears a grim, sullen, funereal aspect, as if undergoing the Sabbath perforce, but with a strong silent protest. In the bright summer weather of July, however, the painful precision of the day was considerably relaxed, and the faces of the multitude exhibited a profane expression of cheerfulness. In the afternoon, piloted by two poets, we drove up and down, through and around, the enchanting southern suburbs. The filling up of Back Bay—a municipal work, second in magnitude only to the raising of the city of Chicago above its original level—first claimed our attention. The Boston of the next half-century will cover the spacious plain thus created. Incipient streets already branch out from the bottom of the Common, and stately stone dwellings, in Louis Quatorze style, are springing up with magical rapidity. The extension of Beacon street is the beginning of a Boston Fifth Avenue, of which the city is not a little proud.

In her southern suburbs, however—in Roxbury, and the hills beyond, and princely Brookline, and Brighton, Boston may challenge comparison with almost any city in the world. This undulating region, dotted with crystal ponds, superbly wooded, and covered for miles with country-seats in every conceivable style of architecture, from the once-prevalent Grecian temple to the now-fashionable *mansard*-roof, is a portfolio crammed with delicious pictures. The velvet turf, golden-green in sunshine, the trim buckthorn

hedges, the trellised roses, the commingling of pine, elm, maple, larch, chestnut, and fir in the groves, the unexpected dells and water-glimpses, the gleam of towers and mellow-tinted house-fronts far and near, the old avenues, ribbed with Gothic boughs, are among their features, and you can scarcely say that any thing is wanting. Many of the houses, it is true, are too much buried from the sun and air, to be healthy residences; but they are none the less beautiful on that account. The New Yorkers spread their country residences over Staten Island, along the shores of the Sound, and half-way up the Hudson, beautifying a great extent of territory, while the Bostonians, by crowding theirs together, have produced a smaller, but nearly perfect region of landscape gardening; for, where so much is beautiful, the occasional anomalies and grotesqueries of taste fail to offend you.

The general impression which Boston and its environs made upon my friends was that of substantial prosperity and comfort. They also noticed its prim, proper English air, so strongly contrasted with the semi-Parisian vivacity of New York. Boston, in fact, prides itself on its Deportment: it is nothing if not proper. All the ridicule which other cities are in the habit of heaping upon it does not seem to disturb its equanimity in the least. I do not remember to have seen the Boston papers greatly enraged by any hostile assertion, except that the harbor sometimes freezes over: *then*, they cry out in indignant wrath.

I must say, I rather admire this stolid self-reliance and Novanglican assumption—if for nothing else, at least because it shows a thicker cuticle than we excitable New-Yorkers possess, whose nerves are exposed to the atmosphere, or

that of the morbidly sensitive Philadelphians, who ransack the Union for derogatory remarks, and exalt one horn while depressing the other to gore all who doubt their greatness. The genuine Bostonian is the most complacent of mortals. With his clean shirt on, and his umbrella under his arm, he sits upon his pedestal of Quincy granite, and reads his mild, unexceptionable newspaper. He believes in Judge Story and Daniel Webster, reads the poems of Hannah Gould and George Lunt, votes for Bell and Everett, and hopes that he will go to Paris when he dies.

With me, however, who have been knocked about the world too much to have any special veneration for any particular class of men, excessive propriety is always a suspicious circumstance. I would sooner trust the ragged Christian who sits in the hindmost pew, than the smoothly-shaven deacon who leads the hymn. I have sometimes wondered whether all the Bostonians postpone their Parisian delights until after death. Is there nothing volcanic under this cold lava? No indulgence in improprieties, all the more attractive, because secret? My friend related to me this morning an experience which he had innocently made. "What a curious city this is!" he exclaimed; "last night, while I was walking out alone, it occurred to me that a glass of beer would be a good thing for my thirst. So I looked here, and looked there, going through many streets, but every house was closed: only the churches were open. At last I stopped a man in the street, and said to him, in my imperfect English: 'Is it possible that in this great city I cannot get one small glass of beer?' 'Hush!' said the man, 'come with me and I'll show you.' So we went through

many streets, until he stopped at a little dark door, and said 'go up.' Then he went away. I went up one flight of stairs: it was dark. Then I went up another flight, and saw a lighted glass door with the word 'SERENITY' upon it. Inside were many men, drinking beer. I also drank a glass, but I was obliged to pay double price for it, and the beer was very bad."

I laughed heartily at my friend's adventure, the explanation of which led me into a statement of the various phases of the Temperance reform. In Germany, where a Liquor Law would be not only an impossibility, but an *incredibility*, such clandestine dodges are unknown, and I am afraid my friend's respect for the administration of the laws in this country was somewhat lessened.

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### 3.—THE SACO VALLEY.

THERE are two routes of travel from Boston to the White Mountains—the eastern, by way of Lake Winnipiseogee and the Saco Valley, and the western, up the Connecticut River to Littleton, and thence up the valley of the Ammonoosuc. The former, which we chose, is again subdivided into two branches—one, via Manchester and Concord to Wier's, on Lake Winnipiseogee, and thence by Centre Harbor to Conway, and the other, via Lawrence, Dover, and the Cochecho Railroad to Alton Bay, at the lower extremity of the lake. We preferred the latter of these branches, as affording us the greater quantity of



lake travel: those who prefer haste to scenery take the former.

I noticed one change for the better on the Boston and Maine road—that of the introduction of a comfortable smoking-car. I think I should appreciate this if I were not a consumer of the delectable weed: but as I know from experience how the dreary time we spend in railroad-cars is beguiled by that

“Kind nymph to Bacchus born  
By Morpheus’ daughter, she that seems  
Gifted upon her natal morn  
By him with fire, by her with dreams,”

I think the Company has done a commendable thing. Anything that contributes to the comfort of the public (and the public *will* smoke, oh ye Reformers!) deserves to be praised, and I therefore praise it. There is one thing more needed—a Spitting, or rather, Chewing Car. I fancy that most ladies, delicate as their nerves may be, would rather sit in a smoky atmosphere than have their dresses dabbled in the liquid filth which the Chewer is at liberty to disgorge everywhere. In Boston you are fined two dollars for smoking in the streets (or would be if the law were enforced), but you may spit to your heart’s content. The genuine smoker does not spit: he offers only the rarest and most fragrant incense to his god; and why his coarser brother should be tolerated and he proscribed, is what I cannot understand.

A smart shower on Monday night had laid the dust: the air was like fluid diamond, and the forests sparkled and gleamed as if newly varnished. We flew past Lawrence,

noticed the melancholy site of the Pemberton Mills, admired the cerulean blue of the Merrimack at Haverhill, found the further scenery tame, and in the course of time reached Dover.

The Coheco Road passes through a wild, sterile, and altogether uninviting region, but it is only twenty-eight miles long, and in a little over an hour we embarked on the steamer Dover at the lower extremity of Lake Winnipiseogee. Alton Bay is a long, narrow inlet between wooded hills. The dark-blue waves danced under a strong northern breeze, but our staunch little steamer swiftly parted them and brought us into the open water, whence we saw far to the north, the blue outposts of the White Hills. The shores of the Lake are rough and wild, but rendered very picturesque by the multitude of coves, inlets, and islands. Winnipiseogee is an almost exact reproduction of some of the Scandinavian Lakes—the Tindsö, in Tellemark, or the Mälar, in Sweden, for instance. Its atmosphere is quite as northern, notwithstanding it lies fifteen degrees further south. On other days it may present warmer tints and softer outlines, but with such a keen, bracing wind, under a July sun, my experiences three summers ago came vividly to my mind, and I almost fancied myself again in Norway.

We did not see the whole of the Lake, owing to a slight misunderstanding of mine, which, after all, turned out for the best. This route again, I had discovered, is subdivided; there being rival stage-lines from Wolfborough and Centre Harbor to Conway. Supposing Wolfborough to be at the north-eastern corner of the lake, instead of the south-eastern, as it really is, and learning that the stages

thence reached Conway in advance of these from Centre Harbor, I left the boat at the former place, and therefore missed seeing as I had intended, the upper portion of the lake. But, on the other hand, I gained the pleasantest stage route and the best approach to the mountains, so that, on the whole, the balance was rather in our favor.

After climbing the hill before reaching Ossipee, we had our last and loveliest view of Winnipiseogee, lying in many a strip of dim silver among the blue hills. A mile further, on the ridge of the Tuftonborough Hills, a noble panorama awaited us. In front—great tracts of forest, broken in upon here and there by roughly-cleared farms—lay the valley of the Saco, while in the north-west rose the White Mountains, showing each separate peak distinctly in the clear air. Chocorua, with his pyramid of rock, on the right, and peaked Kearsarge on the left, stood in advance, like sentinels at the entrance of the deep, dim valley, whose walls of increasing elevation seemed buttresses, resting against the shoulders of Mount Washington, the central dome-shaped monarch of the group. Light clouds were hovering in the sky, but above the mountains, and belts of cold shadow across the middle distance heightened the sunny warmth of the foreground.

Thenceforward, we overlooked the stony soil and the shabby farms. We had entered artist-land, and even when the forests narrowed our prospect, we only saw the picturesque in mossy rocks and twisted trees. As we approached the Saco, after passing Six-Mile Pond, much of the scenery consisted of remembrances of New York studios. Every foreground was made up of sketches by Shattuck, Cole-

man, and the younger painters: every background was a complete picture by Kensett. I watched the shifting quadruple peaks of Chocorua with a peculiar personal interest. Gradually they assumed the familiar position: the crest of sheer rock gleamed with a faint red in the sun that lay so warm upon the hills—yes, there is *my* Chocorua! And really, at this distance, he towers not more grandly in the afternoon light than on those four feet of canvass, in my room at home, “where it is always afternoon.”

I do not think any approach to the White Mountains can be more beautiful than that of the Saco Valley. You are carried so gently and with such sweetly prolonged surprises, into their heart,—touched first, as it were, with their outstretched fingers, held awhile in their arms, and finally taken to their bosom. Their beauty wins before their sublimity awes you. On such an evening, with the depth of color increasing as the light fades, bars of alternate gold and violet flung from summits and through lateral gorges across the valley, and blue glimpses of stream or lake interrupting the rich, uniform green, every turn of the road gives you a new delight, every minute of the fleeting time is more precious than the last.

Now, wherein is this scenery inferior to that of the Scotch Highlands, or the Lower Alps, or the Jura? In no respect, to my eyes, but rather finer in its forms and combinations. To be sure, it lacks the magic of old associations; but this—if it be a defect—is one which is soon forgotten. The principal difference is one which applies to almost all American scenery. Virgin nature has a complete charm of its own: so has nature under subjec-

tion, cultivated, enriched, *finished* as a dwelling-place for man: but that transition state, which is neither one thing nor the other, gives an unsatisfactory impression in the midst of our highest enjoyment. Imagine the intervalles of the Saco under thorough culture, the grassfields thick and smooth, the grain heavy, not a stump to be seen, the trees developed in their proper forms, fair pastures on the hillsides, shepherds' cottages high up on the mountains, thrifty villages, farm-houses and summer villas scattered over the landscape, and what is left for the eye to crave? But take it now, with its frequent unsightly clearings, its fields dotted with ugly stumps, and the many single trees which, growing up spindly in the midst of others, are now left standing alone, robbed of their characteristic forms, and you will readily see that here are discordant elements in the landscape. It is not always the absolute superiority of Nature which we recognize; we are influenced by these indirect impressions, and they are not to be reasoned away.

Yet, during the last stage of our ride some perfect pictures were presented to us. Mote Mountain, beyond the Saco, lifted a huge mass of blue shadow into the sky; Kearsarge was tipped with yellow light, and, in front, high over the valley, Mount Washington shone in splendid purple. Occasional gaps through the trees gave us limited views, where every feature was fair and harmonious. One farm in particular, with its white house, high on a ledge of Mote Mountain, where the sunset still lingered, came again and again to sight, thrown so far off by the brown shadows around us that it seemed a fairy picture in the air.

At dusk we reached North Conway, and found lodgings



at the Kearsarge House—a tall shaky building, crammed with visitors. We were lucky, in fact, in finding quarters at all. Hundreds are turned away during the season. But as the landlord says, when people complain of his neglecting to enlarge his bounds: “I have a right to complain that you don’t patronize me for eight months of the year.” Splendor, so temporary in its uses, will not pay. We found everything clean and convenient, and were well satisfied.

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When I awoke this morning the rain was beating an accompaniment to my dreams upon the balcony roof, the wind was roaring in the woods, and low masses of cloud were driving over the gateway of The Notch. It was a genuine mountain storm which had come upon us, and threatened to confine us within doors during the day—a prospect whereat I heartily rejoiced. If there is anything which fills me with a comfortable feeling of happiness—which makes me at peace with all mankind, and bids me see only the bright side of life, it is a rain-storm among the mountains. It has become a conventionalism to speak of the dreariness of a rainy day in the country: for my part, I know nothing more beautiful, except sunshine, and that is generally less cheerful. While a rain is gathering—while the atmosphere is heavy, portentous, congested (to borrow a medical word, which expresses the feeling better than any other), I am plunged into the lowest depth of despair, but I begin to mount, with the first drop; and when the trees bend, and turn the under side of their



leaves to the gale, and the hills are blotted out with rain, and the roof becomes a resonant sounding-board, whereon "*Les Gouttes d'Eau*" is played with a delicate grace beyond the reach of Liszt or Chopin—then, I revel in an Olympian buoyancy of spirits, and the lost sun of the outer rises on my inner world.

So I sat down to write, feeling sure that a whole day of quiet comfort was before me; but scarcely had I written six pages before the clouds broke, the rain ceased, and the sun began to give glimpses of his face. The mountains came out bright and green, the bears rose, shook off their wet, and stood on their hind legs; the band played adieux to departing stages, and all the distractions of good weather thrust themselves between brain and paper. It was no use to try: I must be up and away. The air called, the sun called; the trees, waterfalls, and distant blue peaks sent their voices up to my window. Conscience (literary, only) was silenced; duty was a bore: "I did not come to write," I said to myself, and out we went into the woods.

" As sunbeams stream through liberal space,  
And nothing jostle or displace,  
So waved the pine-tree through my thought,  
And fanned the dreams it never brought."

But now, while the stars are sparkling over the hills, and the dancers are dancing in tune in the great saloon, to the sound of the horn and bassoon, and the crowd of guests are "going on" precisely as if there were no mountains about them, and no Mount Washington to be ascended on

the morrow, let me pick up the thread dropped this morning, and resume our travels.

The morning, at North Conway, was so wonderfully clear, that I immediately predicted a storm. Mount Washington seemed near at hand ; even the bridle path on the southern side was visible. The eclipse came off, according to contract, but so brilliant was the day that I should not have noticed it but for the peculiar shadows cast by the trees. We resisted the temptation to climb Kearsarge, having too much before us, to exhaust each locality. So much the better : we can come back again, and still have something in store. The stage for Crawford's went off, packed with tourists, and, to our cost, we engaged a special team to take us thither in the afternoon. The price demanded, and of course paid (for there was no resource), was eighteen dollars for an open two-horse wagon, to convey us twenty-five miles. This is rather ahead of Illinois, and about equal to California. But there was some sense in the landlord's remark : " I have to keep fifty horses all winter at a heavy expense, in order to supply travellers for three or four months in the summer, and they must pay for it." Certainly, a lumbering Concord coach, with nine inside, is no place whence to behold White Mountain scenery, and we were speedily reconciled to the double fare.

The road follows the valley of the Saco, rising from North Conway, which is six hundred feet to the source of the river, at Crawford's, two thousand feet above the sea-level. At first, the valley is broad, and the farms frequent. After passing Bartlett's Corner, where Ellis River comes

down from the right, and a stage road branches off to Pinkham Notch and the Glen House, we drove for eight or ten miles in a western direction, between still loftier mountains. Here the soil appeared kinder, and the rough shanties, whence issued, at our approach, little girls with birchen boxes of raspberries, ceased. "If the road were macadamized," said my friend, "and a few cataracts poured down the ledge, it would be very much like Guldbrandsdal, in Norway." New-Hampshire, in fact, is Norway, with a somewhat richer vegetation.

At the Upper Bartlett House we were gratified with the sight of some trout, in a spring. We had tried, in vain, to procure trout at the hotels. At breakfast there were some on the table, but fried in such a manner that their peculiar flavor was unrecognizable. What more easy than artificial trout-breeding in these clear mountain streams? And what more remunerative than trout (charged *extra* in the bill) to the keepers of these mountain hotels?

Turning North again, we took a last view of Kearsarge, down the glorious valley, and pushed forward into wilder regions. The highest peaks on either hand reached a height of five thousand feet, the bed of the valley became contracted, and the Old Crawford House, now closed, seemed to be the last outpost of civilization in this direction. We were never weary of noting the bold, beautiful sweep of the mountain sides, clothed to their very summits with as thick and green a foliage as the tropical hills of Mexico. I had anticipated landscapes of a wilder and rougher cast. Here, however, for several miles, we drove through forests which arched above the road, and shut out

all view—not only woods of fir, oak, and beech, but the beautiful birch, with its slender milk-white stem, while the ground is covered with giant ferns, as large and as beautiful as the *pandanus* and the sago-palm of the Pacific isles. The size and beauty of the birches caused us for a time to forget the mountains altogether. Straight, and white as ivory, they shone through the gloom of the ever-greens, and formed a fairy colonnade far before us.

After twice crossing the infant Saco, the road turned a little to the left, and we found ourselves between Mount Webster and the Willey Mountain, elevations of equal height, whose bases touch in the bed of the stream, and whose sides rise at an average angle of  $45^{\circ}$ . The trees which cling to them are scant and dwarfish, and torn away in long strips by slides which start from their very brows. They appear to be almost inaccessible, but may be climbed by a man of strong nerve and solid muscle. The crest of Mount Webster, a long wall of perpendicular rock, brightened by the sinking sun, towered over us, midway to the zenith. The driver, of course, pointed out the traces of the fatal slide of 1826, on Willey Mountain, and presently the house came in sight. It is now but an appendage to a larger building which has been inhabited (a sort of hotel, I believe) for the past year or two. The occupants, probably, reckon that two slides will hardly be likely to occur in the same place.

Here commences The Notch, which is properly no notch, but a very deep, wild valley, or trough, formed by the bases of the two mountains before mentioned. At its head, overhanging it in an immense precipice of gray rock,

and seeming to block all egress, is Mount Willard, a peak more remarkable from its abruptness and its isolation, than its actual height. For two miles we drove forward through the woods, climbing the ascending gorge. The topmost crags of Mount Webster were no longer burnished with sunset; the air around us grew dark and cool, and the Saco became a rill which I could almost collect in a bucket. A spruce rider, prancing through the woods on a handsome black horse, assured us that Crawford's was close at hand, and obligingly galloped ahead to engage rooms for us. A few very steep pulls brought us to a cleft between immense masses of dark rock, leaving a space of little more than twenty feet for the road and stream. Here, turning back, we saw The Notch, looming huge and awful through the blue vapors of twilight—a grand, a truly Alpine landscape.

A hundred yards further, and we emerged from the Gate of the Notch, as it is called, upon a little plateau, two thousand feet above the sea. A black pond beside us, was the fountain of the Saco. Lights glimmered ahead, the sound of music saluted us, and the long front of the Crawford House rose like a palace in the wilderness. From the balcony pealed the band—with a good-will, if not with great artistic talent; a hundred well-dressed gentlemen and ladies promenaded along the veranda; gas-lights flared through the broad entrance—in short, all the evidences of a first-class hotel, “with the latest improvements,” saluted our delighted eyes. Our bedrooms were actually lighted with gas—and there were bell-pulls—and somebody came when you pulled—and what you ordered was



brought to you! Nature is good, I thought, but Nature in combination with the latest improvements is best of all. In the words of a New England poet, whose name I am sorry not to know :

“ Give to Natur’ Natur’s doo,  
But give to Art, more too.”

In the evening the guests gathered in the grand saloon, about half the size of the Great Eastern’s deck, and there were performances on the piano, heard in becoming silence, and the inevitable hop. In this I did not join, preferring not to do a thing at all rather than to do it badly, but the rhythm of the dancers’ feet reached me in bed, through all the timbers of the house. With the exception of the hop, which occasioned a temporary unbending ceremony, the company appeared to me rather grave and formal. Those conventionalities from which we so gladly escape, penetrate even here. Immense trunks are unshipped from the stages, costly dresses appear in the evening, the ladies criticise each other—in short, the utmost resistance is offered to the levelling influence of the mountain air. It is but a shifting of location—not of nature. I was impressed with a pleasant sense of freedom in the evening when the stage from Conway drove up, with a company of ladies packed on the very top, and singing in chorus, with a hearty scorn of all artificial proprieties. To me, the hesitation to break through rule occasionally, implies a doubt of one’s own breeding. Those whose behavior is refined, from the natural suggestions of a refined nature, are never troubled by such misgivings, and show their true gentleness most when most free and unrestrained.



One may ride to the top of Mount Willard in an omnibus, but it is not a severe walk, even for ladies. In spite of the dead, sultry heat of the air, we found refreshment in that steep, unvarying line of shade, with its mossy banks, starred with a delicate *oxalis*, the pigmy *cornus*, ground-pine, club moss, and harebells. Nothing was to be seen, so thick was the forest, until we reached the top of the mountain, about 3,500 feet above the sea. Here, after two or three hundred yards of comparative level, the wood suddenly opened, and we found ourselves standing on the very pinnacle of the great cliff which we saw last night, blocking up The Notch.

The effect was magical. The sky had in the meantime partially cleared, and patches of sunny gold lay upon the dark mountains. Under our feet yawned the tremendous gulf of The Notch, roofed with belts of cloud, which floated across from summit to summit nearly at our level; so that we stood, as in the organ loft of some grand cathedral, looking down into its dim nave. At the further end, over the fading lines of some nameless mountains, stood Chocorua, purple with distance, terminating the majestic vista. It was a picture which the eye could take in at one glance: no landscape could be more simple or more sublime. The noise of a cataract to our right, high up on Mount Willey, filled the air with a far, sweet, fluctuating murmur, but all round us the woods were still, the harebells bloomed, and the sunshine lay warm upon the granite.

I had never heard this view particularly celebrated, and was therefore the more impressed by its wonderful beauty

As a simple picture of a mountain-pass, seen from above, it cannot be surpassed in Switzerland. Something like it I have seen in the Taurus, otherwise I can recall no view with which to compare it. A portion of the effect, of course, depends on the illumination, but no traveller who sees it on a day of mingled cloud and sunshine will be disappointed.

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#### 4.—THE ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

“You breakfast at seven, start at eight, and ride up in four hours,” said Mr. Gibb. Everything depended on the weather. There had been two glorious days for the ascent, the beginning of the week, and a third was almost too much to expect. At seven, the mountains in front were covered with heavy layers of cloud, and countenances fell. I went to the back of the house, and, seeing a low, arched gap of blue sky in the west, denoting a wind from that quarter, confidently predicted a fine day. Ladies prepared for the ascent by taking off hoops, putting on woollen jackets and old straw hats (hired of the porter), and gentlemen by adopting a rough, serviceable rig, leasing, if they did not already possess one.

Eight o'clock came, but the stages had to leave first, each accompanied by a pathetic farewell from the band in the balcony. For half an hour I had been striding about in a woollen *wamms*, uncomfortably warm, while the other gentlemen luxuriated in horsemen's boots: the ladies kept their collapsed skirts out of sight until the last moment. Finally,

Mr. Gibb, with a list in his hand, took his place, like a master of the ring, in the midst of a whirlpool of rough-looking horses, and the travellers mounted, as their names were called, the beasts which he assigned to them. A little confusion ensued, slight shrieks were heard, saddles were adjusted, girths looked after, stirrup-leathers regulated, and then, falling into a promiscuous line, we defiled into the bridle-path, while the band played "Away to the mountain brow."

We might have been a picturesque, but we were not a beautiful company. The ladies resembled gipsies on the march, wearing the clothes they had picked up on the way: the gentlemen might have been political refugees, just arrived from Europe, and not yet received by the Common Council of New York. The horses were intended by nature for use rather than ornament, and our two guides, in fact, were the only figures that were handsome, as well as vastly useful. Accustomed to walk up and down Mount Washington (nine miles from Crawford's to the summit) three or four times a week, they had the true Zouave development of muscle. Tall, strong, tireless, cheerful, kind-hearted fellows, I looked on them with pride, and wished that more Americans were like them in the possession of such manly qualities. One of the ladies of my party had never before mounted a horse, and could never have gotten through her first lesson in so rough a school without their careful tutorage.

Striking into the woods, we began immediately to ascend, gently at first, until we had scaled the lower shelf of Mount Clinton, when the ascent became more steep and toilsome.

The road has been judiciously laid out, and made practicable with considerable labor. The marshy places are corduroyed with small logs, and the gullies bridged in the same manner, so that you pass easily and securely. Indeed, nearly half the distance to the summit of Mount Clinton—three miles—has been paved in this manner. The rains have gradually worn the path deeper, and you frequently ride between high, mossy banks, bright with flowers. The oak, birch, maple, and other deciduous trees become less frequent as you ascend, until the forest consists entirely of fir. The lower boughs have rotted and dropped off, and the upper ones form a dark roof above your head, while all the ground is covered with a thick growth of immense ferns. A young tropical wood seems to be springing up under the shadow of an Arctic forest. Perhaps this singular contrast of forms (for the fern is Nature's first attempt at making a palm-tree) explains the charm of this forest, wherein there is no beauty in the forms of the trees.

We rode on steadily—delayed sometimes by the guide's being obliged to mend his corduroys—for three miles, when the wood, which had been gradually becoming more ragged and stunted, came rather suddenly to an end, and we found ourselves on the summit of Mount Clinton, 4,200 feet above the sea. Looking to the northward, we saw before us the bald, rounded top of Mount Pleasant, about five hundred feet higher, while beyond, a gray cloud-rack, scudding rapidly from west to east, completely hid from view the dome of Mount Washington.

To make our position clear, I must give a little geography. Mount Washington is the culmination of a connected

series of peaks, which have a general direction of N. W. and S. E. Mount Webster, which forms one side of The Notch, is the commencement of this series, as you ascend the Saco Valley. Then follow Mounts Jackson, Clinton (which we have just surmounted), Pleasant, Franklin, Monroe, and finally Washington, summit rising above summit in Titanic steps, from 4,000 until the chieftain attains the crowning height of 6,285 feet. Beyond Mount Washington are the peaks of Clay, Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, all of which exceed 5,000 feet in height. The road from the Crawford House, therefore, scales five mountains in succession: it is the longest, but by far the most compensating road to the top of Mount Washington. That from the Glen House, at the eastern base of the mountain, touches no other peak, which is also the case with the road from Fabyan's, up the valley of the Ammonoosuc. Both the latter, however, are practicable for carriages about half the way.

The still heat we had felt in the woodland path suddenly ceased, and a strong wind, chilled by the elevation of between four and five thousand feet, blew upon us. The ladies were glad to use the porters' rough pea-jackets, and those who were unaccustomed to saddles looked at the blue mountain-gulfs which yawned to the right and left, with an awful feeling of apprehension. In the rocky dip which separated us from Mount Pleasant, trees no longer grew: the path, in many places, was a steep rocky ladder, toilsome both to man and beast. Our sturdy guides leaped back and forth, supporting and encouraging the timorous ladies; nervous gentlemen dismounted and led their horses,



but the latter were as nimble and sure-footed as cats, and I rode my "Sleepy David" (so the beast was properly called) down and up without fear or peril. On either side opened a mountain landscape—great troughs of blue forest at first, then dimmer ranges, lighter patches of cleared land beyond, sparkles of houses and villages, and far waves of purple mist, merging in the sky.

Our path did not scale Mount Pleasant, but crept around its eastern side, where a few old trees—bushes in appearance—grew, being sheltered somewhat from the nor'western winds. Here my lady-friend, appalled by the road, and the perils of the side-saddle, was about to give up the journey, but having convinced her of the greater security of the masculine seat, we changed saddles, and thenceforth all went well enough. I would advise all ladies who are at all nervous, to take a man's saddle, and ride as Catharine of Russia did. It may not be so graceful, but then, I hope you don't go up Mount Washington to display your own points of attraction.

Mount Franklin came next, and we found him rougher, steeper, and more laborious than his Pleasant predecessor. The path goes directly up his side to the very summit: path, did I say?—rather a ruined staircase, with steps varying from one to three feet in height, agreeably diversified by smooth planes of slanting rock. It seemed impossible that the horses should climb these latter without slipping, yet they all did so, to an animal. At the top, we had reached a height of 4,900 feet, without encountering a cloud, while, to our joy, the hood of Mount Washington was visibly thinner, and shoved higher up on his brows.



From Franklin to Monroe the ridge is but a sharp comb, barely wide enough for the bridle-path, and falling sheer down to the wildernesses of forest which collect the waters of the Saco and the Ammonoosuc. This comb, in my opinion, commands a finer view than that from Mount Washington. Looking either to the right or left, the picture is partly framed by the vast concave sweep of the mountain sides; below you, the solitude of the primeval forest; beyond, other mountains, broader valleys, the gray gleam of lakes, and the distant country, flattened into faint blue waves by the elevation from which you behold it. All the noted summits of the White Mountain region are here visible, and Kearsarge, Chocorua, and the Franconia Group display themselves with fine effect. Your satisfaction is not diminished by the presence of the rocky, cloudy mass, which still towers high over you: you only fear that its summit will not give you grander panoramas than those unrolling below you—which is the case.

“What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),  
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?”

A great deal, certainly. But I imagine such pleasure springs not merely from the sense of beauty, because all details, wherein, mostly, Beauty lies, are swallowed up in the immensity of the airy picture: there is also a lurking, flattering sense of power, which we feel, although it may not consciously float on the surface of our emotions. We are elevated above the earth: other men and their concerns are below us: their stateliest possessions are insignificant patches, which we look down upon without respect or envy.

Our own petty struggles and ambitions fade away also in the far perspective. We stand on the pinnacle of the earth, whereof we are lords, and above us there is nothing but God.

For this reason, a height is not a proper place for a home. Great elevations and far prospects excite the intellect rather than move the heart. No man of loving nature would build his house upon a mountain-peak. "Love is of the valley," and his chosen home is shut in and sheltered by hills and woods, nestled in a warm hollow of the earth, accessible, familiar, and yet secluded. One would rather see his neighbor's trees and fields near him, than look from his window upon a hundred miles of blue earth. "I have climbed to this summit with much toil," says Herwegh, in one of his poems, "and now the dust of those streets where I lived is dearer to me than this pure, cold air. I can almost grasp Heaven with my hands, and my heart desires to be down on the earth again." A mountain-top may be a fine place for lovers, in the spring-time of their betrothal, but when their day of exaltation is over, and the common loves and common cares of the world approach, they will come down and settle contentedly at the base.

Mount Monroe is a sharp, rocky mass, rising abruptly from the spinal ridge. Its summit has an elevation of five thousand three hundred feet. This, however, we do not scale, but climb around it by a dangerous-looking path, and find ourselves on the ridge again, which here broadens out and slopes upward to Mount Washington. On the left, in a hollow, about a hundred feet below us, is the Lake of the Clouds, a little pool of blue-black water, out of which

trickles the Ammonoosuc, highest-born of New-England rivers, but (like the scions of certain families) not much of a stream, after all. The Saco, of three or four thousand feet lower origin, achieves a much more conspicuous destiny.

By this time, every vestige of cloud had disappeared, and the chieftain summit rose before us bare, bleak, and cold, a steep, slightly conical mass of greenish-gray rocks, destitute of a single shrub. Here and there grew a tuft of brown, hardy grass, or a bunch of dwarf, delicate white flowers, with a sweet odor of May about them. The strong wind blew cold and keen from Canada, and there was no longer any shelter—no higher peak in that direction, nearer than the Rocky Mountains. The path, or rather stairway, was so rough and laborious, that I dismounted for awhile, to the great joy of my horse, and climbed until the thin air failed to supply my lungs. It was a steady upward pull of half an hour, before we found the sharp crest flatten under us, and reached the fold of piled stones where the horses are left. The rest of the company (twenty-eight in all) had already arrived, and some of the gentlemen were engaged in mixing the waters of an icy spring among the rocks with the contents of pocket-flasks. In such a place, and under such circumstances, all—even the ladies—partook of the mixture without hesitation. “The Maine Law, I suppose, is inoperative up here,” I said to the guide. “Oh,” he replied, “no law comes this high: we are out of the State of New-Hampshire.” If a man should commit a crime in a balloon, where should he be tried?

A few steps further brought us to the summit, which is a

platform of loose rocks, containing, perhaps, half an acre. Against the loftiest pile, in the centre, is built a long, low hut, styled the "Tip-Top House." Having a register, a bar, kitchen, and dining-room, it may be considered a hotel. A few steps further is the "Summit House" (a little below the summit), where travellers can pass the night in comfortable bunks, and (perhaps) see the sun rise. There is one room for ladies and one for gentlemen, and an ancient chambermaid, who sleeps in the doorway between. A magnificent hotel is projected, with a carriage-road to the very summit. The latter, I was informed, will be completed next year, but I have my doubts about it. The enterprise, to be sure, is not half so great as that of the Simplon Road, but it could scarcely be remunerative, while there are such excellent hotels as Crawford's and the Glen House, in more agreeable locations.

One thing, however, is greatly needed—a tower about fifty feet in height, which will enable the traveller to overlook the edges of the rocky platform and take in the whole grand panorama from one point. Any of us would have gladly paid a handsome fee for such a lift. At present, you must climb over heaps of stone, from point to point, to catch the various views, each of which is superb of its kind, but the effect would be infinitely sublimed if they could all be united in one picture. To the south-east you have the valley of the Saco, with its sentinels of Chocorua and Kearsarge; to the south, Lake Winnipiseogee, lying in its cradle of purple hills; south-westward, the tossing sea of wild, wooded, nameless peaks, stretching away to Franconia, whose summits shut out further horizon; westward, the

valley of the Connecticut, the Green Mountains, with Mansfield and Camel's Hump, far and dim; Canadian wildernesses on the north, and the scattered lakes of Maine—glimmering among pine-forests which seem the shadows of clouds—to the east. Earth and sky melt into each other, a hundred miles away, and the ocean, which is undoubtedly within the sphere of vision, is not to be distinguished from the air.

The atmosphere, according to the guides, was as clear as it ever is, yet so great were the distances, so vast the spaces overlooked, that all the circle of the landscape, except the nearer gorges of the mountains, appeared dim and hazy. The sense of elevation is thereby increased: you stand, verily, "ringed with the azure world." I have stood on higher summits without feeling myself lifted so far above the earth. This—although there are many grand features in the different landscapes—is the predominant characteristic.

On the southern side of the peak, under a pile of stones, which shelters you from the wind, a mountain panorama is unfolded, which most of our party barely honored with a glance—some, in fact, did not see it at all—but which, to me, was grandly and gloriously beautiful. Here you see the main body of the White Mountains, ridge behind ridge, summit over summit, in lines commingling like the waves of the sea, harmonious yet infinitely varied—an exquisite study of mountain-forms, tinted with such delicate gradations of color as would have plunged an artist into despair. I counted no less than twelve planes of distance, the furthest no less distinct than the nearest, and gem-like in their fine clearness of outline.

The sound of a bell called us to dinner, and it was no less welcome than miraculous a fact, that beefsteaks and potatoes, pies and puddings grew on the barren granite. Our dining-room had walls of stone, four feet thick, plastered and ceiled with muslin, and the wind whistled in a hundred crannies; yet the meal was epicurean, and the shelter inspired a feeling of comfort beyond that gorgeous saloon at Crawford's. There was a party of thirty up from the Glen House, making fifty-eight visitors in all. The ladies, in their collapsed gowns and pea-jackets, huddled on the warm side of the house in melancholy groups, while the gentlemen unstrapped their telescopes and opera-glasses and climbed upon the roof. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for our return, which allowed us but an hour and a half upon the summit.

The descent was more toilsome than the ascent. We walked, in fact, to the Lake of the Clouds, where, by spreading ourselves among the rocks, we caught the cunning, unwilling horses. The wind still blew furiously, although the sun blistered our faces: we began to be sore and shaken, from the rough ride, and the cheerful chatter of our company subsided into a grim, silent endurance. So, nearly four hours passed by, until, in the ferny forests of Mount Clinton, we heard the strains of the distant band—not now discordant, oh no! a seraphic harmony, rather—and, by-and-by, a bruised, jaded company straggled out of the woods, tumbled out of the saddle, and betook themselves to sofas and rocking-chairs. The ladies, without exception, behaved well—in courage and endurance they quite equalled the gentlemen.



And now, if any gentleman ask me: "Shall I ascend Mount Washington?" I answer "Yes"—and if a lady, "yes" again: and if they reproach me afterwards for the advice, I know how to classify them.

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### 5.—MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

At Crawford's we were advised to take a road which leads northward over Cherry Mountain, and so around to Gorham, on the Grand Trunk. We should have followed this advice, but for two circumstances—first, there was no direct conveyance thither, and secondly, had there been one, as the day was Saturday, we should have been obliged to wait thirty-six hours at Island Pond. On the other hand, by leaving Crawford's at 4 A. M., one can reach Montreal at 11 P. M.—a round-about journey of 270 miles, but very delightful as regards scenery.

My friends were greatly impressed by the difference between Vermont and New Hampshire scenery. Our afternoon ride up White River Valley, and onward to the shores of Lake Champlain, bore no resemblance to those of the previous days. We missed the almost Alpine grandeur of the White Mountains, the vast pine woods, and the broad lonely lakes; but the mountains on either hand assumed every variety of form. Their chains were broken by deep, lateral glens, the meadows were smooth and green, the foliage richer, the crops better, and even the farm-houses more inviting in their aspect of thrift and prosperity. We had

a constant succession of such landscapes as you see in the Northern Swiss cantons. Glorious showers of Summer rain dropped veil after veil of dim gray between us and the pictures of the car-window; then the sun burst from behind a cloud, filling the air with palpable gold; then a deep indigo shadow fell on the valley and the gray film of the shower dropped again. To have properly enjoyed and appreciated this scenery, we should have spent three days between the Junction and Essex, not in a railway car, but in an open wagon, propelled by horse power.

We had sunset at St. Alban's, and by the time we reached Rouse's Point, it was confirmed night. Here you must change your tickets, and have your baggage examined—which consists in your telling the official that you are travellers and carry only your necessary clothing, whereupon he makes a chalk mark on your trunks, and don't ask for your key. There is nothing, in fact, to indicate that you are entering a foreign country (I have been asked the same question about my baggage on the Camden and Amboy, and Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroads). But I forget: there *is* one circumstance, which shows, at least, a change in the character of your fellow travellers. The sombre silence of the American car no longer lulls you into slumber; you see animated gesticulations; from end to end the car rings with the shrill, snapping voices of the Canadian French. I have never crossed the frontier from Rouse's Point without being startled by this change. We were heartily weary, but sleep was impossible. Our progress was slow, and it was a welcome sight when, towards midnight, we saw the lights of Montreal reflected in the dark waters of the St. Lawrence.

The Sunday repose was doubly pleasant in the fresh Canadian air. Next morning we took the Grand Trunk road to Quebec, passing through the deafening Victoria Bridge. Of the road, there is little to say. After leaving St. Hyacinthe, the country is mainly a level stretch of wild woodland, until you reach the Chaudière. We arrived at Quebec in season to view the sunset from Durham Terrace, which was for us the splendid drop-curtain of the day. After that, we were satisfied to return to the Russell House, and sleep upon the impressions of the scene.

The sky threatened rain, but we set out boldly for the Falls of Montmorency. Descending through an ancient and fish-like quarter of the city, we crossed the St. Charles River, and entered the long suburban street which extends to the Falls. This highway, crowning the undulating rise of the northern shore, commands a broad and superb view of the queenly city, the St. Lawrence, the Isle d'Orleans, and the opposite bank. It is therefore a favorite location for country residences, though the greater part of the soil seems to have been pre-occupied by the French *habitans*. Quaint old houses, old gardens (which are always beautiful), small fields of grain and potatoes, and village-clusters of neat cottages succeeded one another rapidly on both sides—all with the same mellow aspect of age and use. I saw scarcely half a dozen new houses in all the eight miles. The old dwellings, with their heavy stone walls, tin roofs, tall chimneys, and the snug way in which they crouched for shelter among groves of firs, were strongly suggestive of comfort and domesticity. But I was even more charmed with the French cottages and their cheerful occupants. For

the most part simple, one-story structures, a hundred years old or more, they were scrupulously neat and orderly, and the women and girls whom we saw through the open doors and windows, at their knitting and sewing, or engaged in lively gossip, were the fitting pictures for such frames. Many of the cottages had their little gardens, with beds of cabbages and onions, and some bunches of gaudy marigolds, snapdragons, bergamot and lavender. All the northern bank, sloping below us, carefully cultivated and thickly inhabited, basked in an atmosphere of pastoral peace and simplicity, while in the background towered the city and citadel, a mountain of glittering roofs.

We passed the Insane Asylum, a handsome building of gray granite, in front of which a harmless patient, in fantastic attire, was walking with a banner in his hand. A mile or two beyond, on the other side of the road, stood an ancient stone building, with steep roofs and tall chimneys, which, according to the coachman, was once the residence of the Marquis de Montcalm. Little boys, with bunches of wild flowers, lay in wait for us as we advanced, and all the French children, standing in the cottage-doors, saluted us by a quaint, old-fashioned wave of the right hand. I wish our own race partook a little more of the ingrained cheerfulness and courtesy of the French. These *habitans* are not only kind, faithful, and as virtuous as the average of men—and a little cheerful cordiality wins their hearts at once—but they also offer an example of religious tolerance worthy of imitation. They are very devoted to their own faith, but regard their Protestant neighbors without the least bitterness of prejudice.

The gray clouds which had been gathering during our drive finally broke out into rain, just as we reached the Falls. We drew up at a house—a compound of tavern and Indian curiosity-shop, in a grove of evergreens, and were met with the hospitable announcement “Twenty-five cents apiece!” A party of Southern gentlemen who preceded us grumbled loudly at this tax and openly expressed their disgust with Canada; but where platforms must be built, and staircases erected for the traveller’s accommodation, it is nothing more than fair that he should pay for it. The native American mind, however, which can complacently contemplate the spending of fifty dollars on a spree, rebels against the payment of fifty cents in the shape of a just tax. We might have fine macadamized highways in all the older portions of the United States, if our people would calculate the present wear and tear of teams, and be willing to pay the same amount in the shape of tolls. But no—none of your tolls! Give us our bad roads and our glorious independence!

There was no sign of a cessation of the rain, and we therefore descended through the grove under umbrellas, to the river, which, above the fall, flows in a rough bed, some forty or fifty feet deep. The stone piers of the former suspension bridge stand on either side, as melancholy monuments of its fall. The chains gave way a few years ago, as a farmer with his horse and cart was passing over the bridge, and all plunged down the abyss together. A safe platform leads along the rocks to a pavilion on a point at the side of the fall, and on a level with it. Here the gulf, nearly three hundred feet deep, with its walls of



chocolate-colored earth, and its patches of emerald herbage, wet with eternal spray, opens to the St. Lawrence.

Montmorenci is one of the loveliest waterfalls. In its general character it bears some resemblance to the Pisse-vache, in Switzerland, which, however, is much smaller. The water is snow-white, tinted, in the heaviest portions of the fall, with a soft yellow, like that of raw silk. In fact, broken as it is by the irregular edge of the rock, it reminds one of masses of silken, flossy skeins, continually overlapping one another as they fall. At the bottom, dashed upon a pile of rocks, it shoots far out in star-like radii of spray, which share the regular throb or pulsation of the falling masses. The edges of the fall flutter out into lace-like points and fringes, which dissolve into gauze as they descend. The peculiar charm of a cataract depends on the character of these exquisite, transient forms.

The view of the fall from below must be still finer, in some respects; but it can only be obtained by taking a circuitous path, too long to be travelled in a driving rain. We omitted visiting the Natural Steps for the same reason, and set off, dripping, for Quebec. All afternoon the windows of heaven were opened, and muddy cataracts poured down the steep streets. At Russell's, the roof of the dining saloon leaked in such a manner that little streams poured upon the heads of the guests, and a portion of the floor was swamped. After the long drouth, this rain was indeed a blessing.

Ever since, as a boy, I read Prof. Silliman's "Tour to Quebec," it had been one of my wishes to visit the city. Pictures and descriptions, I found, had given me a very



accurate idea of its appearance. The high, massive, steep-roofed stone houses, crowded together at the foot of the rock, and climbing around its eastern side, the narrow, crooked streets, old churches, contracted, badly-paved squares, and the citadel, with its huge walls of defence, crowning all, exactly answered my anticipations; but I was conscious of disappointment in one particular. The rock is not a perpendicular cliff, but sloping, covered with a growth of hardy shrubs, and capable of being scaled in some places. I read, some years ago, of a soldier on guard having incautiously stepped over the edge, and fallen two hundred and fifty-seven feet through the air, alighting upon a pile of earth in the back-yard of a house below, without any other inconvenience than a general sense of soreness, from which he recovered in a few days! This struck me as one of the most beautiful accidents of which I had ever heard. I placed it on my list of "remarkable escapes," beside the case of the Vermont quarryman who had a crow-bar shot through his brain. But I fear I must give it up. When I came to look at the citadel, I found no place where such an accident could possibly happen. A man, indeed, might roll from top to bottom, and find himself sore at the end of the journey.

We again walked on Durham Terrace, the view from which surpasses that from Calton Hill, in Edinburgh. The Citadel cannot be entered without a special permission. The flat summit of the hill, westward, is the celebrated Plain of Abraham, which we saw from the other side of the St. Lawrence, but were not able to visit. In fact, when we left Quebec, it was with the consciousness that we had

not done justice either to its natural beauties or its historic associations. Several weeks might be spent with great pleasure and profit here, and in the neighboring portions of Lower Canada.

It is pleasant to notice the friendly feeling which is growing up between the inhabitants of Canada and the United States. The number of American tourists and sportsmen who come this way is annually increasing, and with it there is a certain assimilation of habits, by which both parties are the gainers. For travellers the frontier is but a nominal line, and in the newer parts of Canada there is nothing but the preponderance of English faces among the inhabitants to indicate a difference of nationality. On steamboats, and in hotels, the two peoples fraternize readily and naturally, and discuss their points of difference without acrimony. Twenty years ago this was not the case. An American was looked upon with prejudice, if not with suspicion, and if he settled in the country was treated as an unwelcome intruder. Now, there are communities of American residents in Montreal, Toronto, and the towns of Canada West, many of whom are deservedly honored by their Canadian brethren. The increased facilities of intercourse, the intimacy of commercial relations, and, above all, the difference of tone adopted towards the United States by the English Government—*for Canada not only reflects, but exaggerates English opinion\**—have

\* The reader will naturally compare this expression, written in July, 1860, with the present condition of affairs (December, 1861). Nothing seems to be so reckless and fickle as the tone of popular sentiment. Three months after my visit to Quebec the heir to England's throne was received

wrought an entire revolution in public sentiment. Let me confess, also, that this change is reciprocal. No decent American can visit Canada without finding many people whom he can esteem, and, when he is tempted to pick at the flaws of the Colonial Government, let him first think of the flimsy patches in the woof of his own.

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### 6.—UP THE SAGUENAY.

LET us now step on board the steamer Magnet, Capt. Howard, bound for the Saguenay River. Most of the Summer tourists whom we had met at Russell's, on our arrival, were booked for the same trip, and of the hundred passengers on board, more than half were Americans. The remainder were English Canadians, bound for the various watering-places down the St. Lawrence. As so much—nay, all—of our enjoyment depended on the weather, it was comforting to find the morning mist rolled away, the sky clear, and a warm, genial sun in the midst of it.

The St. Lawrence, which, at Quebec, is not more than in the United States with a welcome, truly sublime in its sincerity and generosity. Now, the English press and people, and their subservient imitators in Canada, are convulsed with a madness—so blind and unreasonable that it taxes our powers of belief—to rush to war in consequence of a slight technical difference, and in defence of an “institution,” which they have heretofore held in utter abhorrence! Who shall venture to write history when the professed “moral sense” of half a century turns out to have been a sham—when England, whose conscience on *this* point, at least, was conceded, becomes the Pecksniff of nations?

a mile wide, broadens immediately below the city into a majestic expanse of water, which the great Isle d'Orleans divides into two nearly equal arms. The hurricane-deck of the steamer, from the moment of departure, offered us a panorama so grand, and fair, and attractive on all sides, that the fear of losing any portion of it kept us vibrating from fore to aft, and from aft forward again. Behind us lay the city, with its tinned roofs glittering in the morning sunshine, and its citadel-rock towering over the river; on the southern shore, Point Levi, picturesquely climbing the steep bank, embowered in dark trees; then the wooded bluffs with their long levels of farm-land behind them, and the scattered cottages of the *habitans*, while, northward the shore rose with a gradual, undulating sweep, glittering, far inland, with houses, and gardens, and crowding villages, until it reached the dark, stormy line of the Laurentian Mountains in the north-east. In front, the Isle of Orleans reproduced the features of the shores. Pictures so bright, so broad, so crowded with life and beauty, I had not expected to find.

“This is no longer America,” said my friends. There was not a feature in all the wide view (except our double-decked steamer), to remind us of the New World; yet, on the other hand, we could not have referred it to any one portion of Europe. The sky, the air, the colors of the landscape, were from Norway; Quebec and the surrounding villages suggested Normandy—except the tin roofs and spires, which were Russian, rather; while here and there, though rarely, were the marks of English occupancy. The age, the order, the apparent stability and immobility of society, as

illustrated by external things, belonged decidedly to Europe. This part of Canada is but seventy or eighty years older than New-England, yet there seems to be a difference of five hundred years. A century of foreign domination has made no material change in the character and habits of the French population. In fact, the change in the peasantry of France has been much greater during the same period. That magic atmosphere of the Past, which makes Europe so attractive to an American, already spreads a thin veil over these Canadian shores.

As we approached the end of the Isle d'Orleans, a sparkle of silver light shone through the trees fringing the chasm on the northern shore—then a long, wavy line, and, at length, the whole cascade of Montmorenci opened to the view, glittering in the sun. We were two or three miles distant, and no sound reached our ears, but the movement of the falling water, the silent play of airiest light and shadow over its face—like ripples on a skein of snowy silk—was exquisitely beautiful. Many varieties of scenery as I have looked upon, it was at last something new to see a great waterfall set in the midst of a vast, sunny landscape, where it is seen as one of many features, and not itself the point to which all others are subordinate.

Taking the channel between Isle d'Orleans and the south shore, we lost sight of Quebec, and settled ourselves quietly on the forward deck, to contemplate the delicious pastoral pictures which were unfolded on either side. The island, which is twenty miles long, is densely populated and most thoroughly cultivated. The high, undulating hills are dotted with cottages, mostly white as snow, roof and all.

and every cove of the irregular shore has its village. Most of the St. Lawrence pilots have their homes upon this island, the population of which is exclusively French. The permanence of habits to which I have referred, is exhibited on the southern shore of the river, where the broad, original fields of the father have been portioned among his children, and their diminished inheritances among *theirs*, until you see narrow ribbons of soil rather than fields. There is thus an apparent density of population, an aspect of age and long culture, which is scarcely to be seen anywhere else on the American Continent.

The grand features of the scenery, no less than the power of transmitted associations, must bind these people to their homes. They are happy, contented, and patriotic—if such a term can be properly applied to them, who, governed by a foreign race, have forgotten the ties which once bound them to their own. The soil, I believe, is good, but the climate—that of lat. 60° on the European Coast—makes their lives necessarily laborious, and diminishes the profits of agriculture to such an extent that most of them barely live. Cattle must be stabled during seven months of the year, and when the hay-crop fails, as this Summer, half their resources fail with it. A gentleman who owns a farm on the northern shore informed me that he can just support his family, and no more. Another, who has several cows during the Summer, which are valued at \$20 apiece, sells them in the Fall, on ascertaining that it costs just \$28 to keep them through the Winter. By buying fresh ones in the Spring, he saves \$8 a head. It is now the height of Summer, and a wind is blowing which makes us shiver: what



must it be in the dead of Winter? I never visit these northern regions without a vivid recollection of those tropic islands where life is one long, splendid Summer—where twenty days' work in every year will support a man. Here, however, is a *home*, as well as there; and, so long as a man is happy, it makes no difference whether he lives at the Equator or the North Pole.

Below the Isle d'Orleans, the St. Lawrence exhibits a majestic breadth. In fact, this is already an inlet of the sea rather than a river. The water is brackish at flood-tide, and the wind soon gets up a disagreeable sea. At Quebec, the rise and fall of the tides is sixteen feet, but in the Lower St. Lawrence it frequently amounts almost to a *bore*. Several low, wooded islands succeed; the Laurentian Mountains come down boldly to the river on the north, and as we stand across toward Murray Bay, the south shore fades into a dim blue line, above which rise, in the distance, groups of lofty hills. These are the connecting link between the White Mountains and the Laurentian chain, which stretches away across the country to the coast of Labrador. We ran along the bases of headlands, one thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height, wild and dark with lowering clouds, gray with rain, or touched with a golden transparency by the sunshine—alternating belts of atmospheric effect, which greatly increased their beauty. Indeed, all of us who saw the Lower St. Lawrence for the first time were surprised by the imposing character of its scenery.

The Isle aux Coudres, which we next passed, is a beautiful pastoral mosaic, in the pale emerald setting of the river. Here, I am told, the *habitans* retain their ancient customs

to a greater extent than in any other part of Lower Canada. One need not refer to History to ascertain their Norman descent: it is sufficiently exhibited in their fields, cottages, and gardens.

Murray Bay, a short distance beyond, is the fashionable watering-place on the north shore, as Kakouna is for the southern. It is a small cove, opening up into a picturesque dell among the mountains. Access to it is had by means of an immense wooden pier—a Government work, built by contract, and, of course, put in the wrong place. “It seems, then,” I said to the Canadian gentleman who imparted to me this piece of information, “that your Government jobs are no better performed than ours.” “Oh, much worse,” was his answer. “Is it possible they *can* be worse?” I asked incredulously. “I assure you,” said he, “our official corruption surpasses yours; but we have the English reluctance to say much about such things. We quietly cover up, or ignore, what we cannot help; whereas, you, in the States, make an outcry from one end of the land to the other. The difference is not in the fact, but in the proclamation of it.” If this view be true, it is consoling to us, but discouraging to humanity.

The wind blew violently from the west, and our steamer pitched dangerously at the end of the pier. The passengers were thrust up the plank, or tumbled down it, to the great diversion of a crowd of spectators, whose appetites were whetted by the prospect of an accident. I was much amused by the timidity of three priests, who, when the vessel gave a mild lurch, sprang to some awning-stanchions with every appearance of extreme terror. One of them, seeing no other

support near at hand, seized upon a lady, and clung to her arm rather longer than was necessary. They then rushed collectively into the cabin, whence they did not emerge afterward, although the water became smooth. This reminds me of the singular fact that the most timorous class of persons at sea are clergymen. Why those who can courageously face death in other forms should exhibit this weakness, I am at a loss to understand, but the fact is so patent as to have become a sailor's proverb.

A jolly, red-gilled, full-blooded Englishman, lying at full length on a narrow lintel above the gangway, was recounting his exploits in trout-fishing. I forget how many hundred he had caught in the mountain-streams the day before. "How about the bathing?" asked some one. "Capital!" he exclaimed, "I had a bath to-day." We were wrapped in the thickest shawls, and the bare idea made us shudder, but one look at the speaker, whose frame contained latent carbon enough to melt an iceberg, explained to me the mystery of bathing in such waters. We, who are thin-blooded Southerners, in comparison, would not have found it so enjoyable.

Leaving Murray Bay, we stood diagonally across the St. Lawrence to Rivière du Loup, which is on the southern shore, nearly a hundred miles below Quebec. The river is here about twenty-five miles wide, and presents a clear sea-horizon to the eastward. It was almost sunset when we succeeded in making fast to the long pier, and the crowd of *habitans*, with their ricketty, one-horse *caleches*, who had been patiently watching our battle with the wind for an hour or more, were enabled to offer their services. Some

of our passengers were bound for Kakouna, six miles further down the shore, and landed here; while those who had shipped for the entire trip were anxious to visit the village, whose white houses, and tall gray church crowning the hill, gleamed softly in the last gold of the sun. It was pleasant to find hackmen who could accost you once, and once only, in an ordinary tone of voice, and whose first demands were moderate enough to be accepted.

I chose an honest fellow, whose face was English, though his language and nature were decidedly French, and presently we were bouncing in his car over a rough road, around the deep cove which separates the landing-place from the village of Rivière du Loup. "*Voilà du bon blé!*" said he, pointing to some fields of very scanty oats, and his admiration appeared so genuine that I was compelled to admire them also. "*Votre cheval est boiteux,*" I replied, pointing to his limping horse. "*Oh, pardon, monsieur!*" said he, "*c'est une jument, vaillante, vigoureuse!* Get up, *ma paresseuse!*" and with an extra shake of the lines, away we dashed, showering the mud on all sides. By this time, the sun had set, and the village appeared before us, neat, trim, and home-like, with a quaint, Old-World air. Houses one story high, scrupulously white-washed doors, raised above the average level of the winter snows, well-kept gardens, and clean gravel roads, were the principal features of the place. The river comes down a wild glen in two bold waterfalls, and finishes its course by driving a large flour mill. A mile inland is the terminus of the St. Lawrence branch of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

We drove around and through the village in the gather-

ing twilight, visited the new Catholic Church, of immense dimensions, and finally turned about, on the top of the hill, whence a broad, macadamized road struck southward into the country. This was the Government highway to St. Johns, New Brunswick, three hundred miles distant. It is now finished, with the exception of eighteen miles along Lake Temiscouata, which will be completed this year. The American frontier is not more than thirty or forty miles distant from Rivière du Loup. The overland journey from the Bay of Fundy to the St. Lawrence offers many inducements to the home tourist. Were I travelling alone, I should undertake it myself. In winter, the trip from Rivière du Loup to Madawaska is sometimes made in a day.

The Magnet lay at the pier until three o'clock this morning, when she started for the Saguenay, across the St. Lawrence, but twenty-seven miles distant. When I went on deck, we were passing Tadoussac, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, just inside the Saguenay. Here, an old Jesuit church is pointed out to the visitor as the first church built on the American continent. This must be a mistake, however, as one which was built by Cortez is still standing in Vera Cruz, and Jacques Cartier's first visit to Canada was made, I believe, in 1542. Nevertheless, the little chapel of Tadoussac is not only an interesting antiquity, but a picturesque object in itself. Two miles further is *L'Anse à l'Eau*, a lumber station, where we touched, and where, to my regret, Mr. Witcher, an official surveyor, whose conversation I had found very instructive, left us.



Passing around the headland of La Boule, we found ourselves at last surrounded with the gray rocks of the Saguenay. The morning was clear, but cold; an icy wind blew down the river, and the more delicate lady-passengers congregated about the cabin-stove. No magical illusions of atmosphere enwrap the scenery of this northern river. Everything is hard, naked, stern, silent. Dark-gray cliffs of granitic gneiss rise from the pitch-black water; firs of gloomy green are rooted in their crevices and fringe their summits; loftier ranges, of a dull, indigo hue, show themselves in the background, and, over all, bends a pale, cold, northern sky. This keen air, which brings out every object with a crystalline distinctness, even contracts the dimensions of the scenery, diminishes the height of the cliffs, and apparently belittles the majesty of the river, so that the first impression is one of disappointment. Still, it exercises a fascination which you cannot resist. You look, and look, fettered by the fresh, novel, savage stamp which Nature exhibits, and at last, as in St. Peter's or at Niagara, learn from the character of the separate features to appreciate the grandeur of the whole.

The Saguenay is not, properly, a river. It is a tremendous chasm, like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness. The depth of the water varies from twenty-five to one hundred and forty-seven fathoms, and the height of the rocks on either side from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet. On approaching Chicoutimi, sixty miles from the St. Lawrence, the river suddenly becomes shallow, and thence to Lake St. John it is an insignificant



stream, navigable only for canoes. The upper valley, which is rapidly becoming settled, is said to be very fertile, and to possess a milder climate than Quebec, although nearly two degrees further north. But from L'Anse à l'Eau to Ha-ha Bay, the extent of our voyage, there are not more than half a dozen places where a settler could find room enough for a house and garden.

Steadily upwards we went, the windings of the river and its varying breadth—from half a mile to nearly two miles—giving us a shifting succession of the grandest pictures. Shores that seemed roughly piled together out of the fragments of chaos overhung us—great masses of rock, gleaming duskily through their scanty drapery of evergreens, here lifting long, irregular walls against the sky, there split into huge, fantastic forms by deep lateral gorges, up which we saw the dark-blue crests of loftier mountains in the rear. The water beneath us was black as night, with a pitchy glaze on its surface, and the only life in all the savage solitude, was, now and then, the back of a white porpoise, in some of the deeper coves.

By nine o'clock, we saw the headland of Eternity before us, with Trinity beyond. These two celebrated capes are on the western bank of the Saguenay, divided by a cove about half a mile wide. They are gray, streaked masses of perpendicular rock, said to be fifteen hundred feet in height. By the eye alone, I should not have estimated them at over one thousand feet, but I was assured the height had been ascertained by actual measurement. Certain it is, they appear much higher on the second than on the first view. These awful cliffs, planted in water nearly a

thousand feet deep, and soaring into the very sky, form the gateway to a rugged valley, stretching inland, and covered with the dark, primeval forest of the North. I doubt whether a sublimer picture of the wilderness is to be found on this continent.

Toward noon, we reached Ha-ha Bay, which is a branch or inlet of the river, some miles in length. At its extremity, there is a flourishing settlement. The hills around were denuded of their forests; fields of wheat, oats, and barley, grew on the steep slopes, and the cold ridges were dotted with hay-cocks. Capt. Howard gave us but an hour, but we determined to spend the most of it ashore. As we approached the beach in the steamer's boat, we noticed a multitude of *caleches*, drawn by ponies, standing in the water. Presently we grounded, and there was a rush of vehicles to our rescue. With infinite yelling and splashing, and much good-humored emulation on the part of the drivers, half a dozen *caleches* were backed out against the boat (the water rising over the shafts), and we stepped into them. Away went the delighted coachmen, and our wheeled gondolas soon reached the shore. The village contains about a hundred houses, most of which were quite new. I noticed some cherry and plum trees in the gardens, and the usual vegetables, which appeared to thrive very well.

Our coachman, an *habitant*, was loud in his praises of the place, although he had so little to show us. "Where is the hotel?" I asked, after we had seen all the cottages and saw-mills. "There is none," he answered. "But where do strangers go, when they come here?" "Why,"

said he, with a grin, "they *don't* come!" Thereupon, we drove hurriedly back into the water, stepped from our carriages into the boat, and returned to the steamer.

Our return down the Saguenay convinced me that the scenery of the river cannot be properly appreciated at a single visit. Viewing the same objects a second time, we found them markedly grander and more imposing. The river is a reproduction—truly on a contracted scale—of the fjords of the Norwegian coast. One of my companions was also a fellow-traveller in Norway with me three years ago, and was no less struck with the resemblance than myself. The dark mountains, the tremendous precipices, the fir forests, even the settlements at Ha-ha Bay and L'Anse à l'Eau (except that the houses are white instead of red), are as completely Norwegian as they can be. The Scandinavian skippers who come to Canada all notice this resemblance, and many of them, I learn, settle here.

As we passed again under the headlands of Trinity and Eternity, I tried my best to make them fifteen hundred feet in height—but without success. The rock of Gibraltar and Horseman Island, both of which attain that height, loomed up, in my memory, to a much loftier elevation. The eye, however, is likely to be deceived, when all the proportions of a landscape are on the same vast scale; as in St. Peter's, the colossal cherubs which hold the font, appear, at the first glance, to be no larger than children of six years old. From long practice, I can measure heights and distances with tolerable accuracy by the eye, under ordinary circumstances; but even our most certain and carefully-trained faculties are more or less influenced by

habit. The compositor, who has been using *minion* type for some days, knows how unusually large *long primer* appears, and how small, after *pica*. I have no doubt but that the dimensions of the Saguenay scenery were somewhat dwarfed to me, by coming directly from the White Mountains.

Capt. Howard kindly ran his boat a little out of her course, to give us the best view of Trinity and the sublime landscape of Eternity Cove. The wall of dun-colored syenitic granite, ribbed with vertical streaks of black, hung for a moment directly over our heads, as high as three Trinity spires, atop of one another. Westward, the wall ran inland, projecting bastion after bastion of inaccessible rock over the dark forests in the bed of the valley. A photographer on board took two or three views, but no artist, either human or solar, can give more than the faintest hint of such scenery, because a near view is impossible, and the effect diminishes in geometrical ratio as you recede.

Leaving the black water and the giant cliffs behind us, we steamed across the St. Lawrence to Rivière du Loup, which we reached at dusk. The same crowd of Canadian teams waited patiently on the long pier, but waited in vain. Our captain took advantage of the moonlight to continue his journey, and we slept until morning dawned on the Isle Aux Coudres. A slight accident detained us an hour or more, and we did not see the silvery roofs of Quebec until after noon. Nevertheless, we were so well satisfied with the trip, that most of us would have willingly repeated it.

## 7.—NIAGARA, AND ITS VISITORS.

WE were to have left Montreal at nine o'clock in the evening—the regular hour for the starting of the night express on the Grand Trunk Road; but, as the train from the East had not arrived, ours was kept waiting. After a delay of an hour and a half, we had our beds made and went to sleep. Somewhere near midnight, I heard the noise of departure, mingled with the swearing of various western passengers, who were anxious to reach Milwaukee by Sunday morning. There was no additional delay on the road, however, and on reaching Toronto the next day at noon, the train for Sarnia was found waiting in the same obliging manner. The scenery through which the road passes is rather tame, with the exception of the last division, along the shores of Lake Ontario, where many a charming little bay opens out between low, wooded headlands and discloses the blue water horizon.

I have been interested, during the whole progress of this trip, in observing the manners and peculiarities of travellers from different portions of the United States. It is not difficult to distinguish, after a little practice, those who come from New-England, New-York, Philadelphia, the South, and the West. The highest cultivation, of course, is that which casts off all local characteristics, and impresses you with the stamp of an individuality independent of place, profession, or even nationality. Such persons may be found in all portions of our country, but they are rare apparitions. Nine men out of every ten whom you meet have an odor of their native soil about them.

The New-England tourist has a grave, respectable air. He is slightly petulant with regard to accommodations, charges, food, and the like. His face is generally thin (the lips particularly so), rarely bearded, his voice even and of little depth or compass, and his language marked with a certain precision, betraying a consciousness of, or at least a belief in, its accuracy. Sometimes he wears gold-rimmed spectacles. He does not insist upon an introduction before speaking to a fellow-traveller, but he speaks with a calm decorum, which says: "I am a very proper person for you to know." This is his outward shell. Under it you will find a good deal of solid information, a fair capacity for enjoyment, positive opinions (rather too much so, perhaps,) on all subjects, and a genuine appreciation of Nature. He is by no means the worst companion you could have on a journey.

The New-Yorker is mellow and more demonstrative. He is also more flexible in his nature, fraternizes more readily with others, and is less precise, both in person and speech. His language is not so carefully chosen, but his voice has more variety of modulation. He dresses well, and affects a careless elegance of appearance. He generally possesses his own private enthusiasm for something or other, which he is not afraid to display. His philological peculiarity lies in voice rather than in accent, though he says *doo* instead of *due*, etc. (understand, I am speaking of the *average* man), rather oftener than the New-Englander. He also pronounces the *a* in *palm*, *pass*, etc., a little closer. He makes acquaintances with ease, and forgets them, ditto. He has his opinions, but as he is not certain that he may



not change them some time, can listen cheerfully to contrary views.

The Philadelphian, in the primness of his deportment, resembles the New-Englander. The Quaker and the Puritanic elements have this point of contact. There is this difference, however: you will not hear the Philadelphian talk fifteen minutes without his mentioning Philadelphia. His face, though generally thin, has also a warmer color, and his mouth more of the Southern fulness. Yet, notwithstanding this, there is something pinched and contracted in his personality, which I find difficult to describe. Perhaps it lies mainly in his voice, which is thin and sharp. He pronounces the *a* in *palm*, *calm*, and kindred words, like the *a* in *hat*. He also snubs all the short vowels, saying *promus*, *spirut*, *morul*, *mod'l*, &c.—which, by-the-by, is an inelegance very general in the United States. I have even heard some persons affect an elegance by changing the short vowels into short *i*, as *moril*, *gospil*, *iffectuil*! The Philadelphian has much quiet warmth of character. He is a good friend and a hospitable host. Though not so free and easy in his intercourse as a New-Yorker, it does not require a hard knock to open his shell.

There are two classes of Southern tourists. The first, which you occasionally meet, exhibit a rare refinement of character. The gentleman of this class is quiet, cultivated, earnest—a little exacting, perhaps—and a specimen of that genuine good breeding, which is natural and unconscious, and hence never makes a mistake. The other variety, which is very common, is marked by a bold, swaggering air, neglects no opportunity of assertion, and is morbidly

alert to discover some ground of offence. It is a curious fact that, during this trip, whenever I have heard loud and coarse conversation in railroad-cars, swearing at hotel tables, or impertinent or offensive criticism of the place or country, the parties proved, in every instance, to be Southerners! If the features of the Southern tourist did not proclaim his nativity, his voice would at once betray him. His accent almost invariably betrays the fact that he has played with young darkies, as a child. He not only says—*whar* and *thar*—very often *whah* and *thah*—but *pore* and *shore* (for *poor*, *sure*), and generally drops the *r* altogether, after the manner of an English exquisite. He cannot say “*master*” without an effort. When I was in the Navy, a Virginia captain always called me “*maus’ mate*” (master’s mate). The other day I was profoundly surprised at hearing a young lady, of a distinguished Southern family, say: “*H’yah’s the dó!*” Some persons pretend to admire this, affirming that it gives a softness to the language—which is true; but it is too soft altogether.

The Southerner—refined or vulgar—always has this to recommend him, that he is free, frank, and companionable, perfectly unreserved in the expression of his opinions, though his manner be a little arrogant, and wholly impulsive and uncalculating. He will fight and be reconciled with you ten times, while the New-Englander is slowly making his way to a single, life-long enmity.

The Western man may be pretty correctly described, if you know the latitude in which he lives. New-England is reproduced in Northern Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin; New York in Chicago and Iowa; Pennsylvania in Southern

Ohio and the States west, in the same line; and Virginia and Kentucky in Southern Illinois and Missouri. He has no especial characteristics except a certain restlessness in his manner and an expansive use of adjectives in his talk. He has a great habit of saying, "That's so!" and his location is denoted by the use of peculiar words and phrases rather than any distinctive peculiarity of accent. He has a rampant pride in his own particular city, and county, and state, and our Atlantic communities seem "slow" to him. He is the most demonstrative of Americans, and you never need to ask a second time for his opinion. He, as well as the Southerner, is apt to chew tobacco, and he prefers Bourbon to Verzenay. He does not object to a community of towel and hair-brush in hotels—in fact, he is easily satisfied, and generally of a very cheerful and jovial temperament.

I have only given a few general indications, and wish it to be distinctly understood that they are meant for classes, and not individuals. The manners of the travelling public have greatly improved since I made my first summer trip, thirteen years ago, and in this particular there is not much difference between the different sections of the country: the provincialisms of speech and habits, however, are not so easily obliterated.

We stopped at Toronto in order to take the afternoon boat across the lake to Lewiston. Our baggage having been sent to the landing-place half an hour before the departure of the steamer, we were called upon to pay a wharfage fee of twenty cents. "If you had come in a carriage," said the agent (or whoever he was), "there would

have been no charge!" This is a refinement of extortion worthy of a better field of action.

A mirage lifted the southern shore of the Ontario to view, so clearly that we could distinguish single trees. A gentleman informed me that the spray-cloud of Niagara is sometimes visible at Toronto. We had a lovely but windy afternoon for the transit, and the beryl-colored waters of the lake were so rough that a pale and wretched looking crowd appeared on the deck, as we ran into the mouth of Niagara River. I was glad for the sake of my friends, that we had chosen this avenue of approach to the Falls. The picturesque shores of the river, the splendid green of the water, and the lofty line of the upper plateau in front, crowned with Brock's Monument, and divided by the dark, yawning gorge of Niagara, form a fitting vestibule to the grand adytum beyond. The railroad, climbing rapidly from the station behind Lewiston, piercing the rocky bluff and boldly skirting the tremendous abyss, commands a complete view of the river—with the exception of the bend at the Whirlpool—from the lake to the Falls. The chasm grows wilder, deeper, and more precipitous with every mile, until having seen the Suspension Bridge apparently floating in air, on your right, you look ahead, and two miles off, catch a glimpse of the emerald crest of Niagara standing fast and fixed above its shifting chaos of snowy spray!

I have seen the Falls in all weathers, and in all seasons, but to my mind the winter view is most beautiful. I saw them first during the hard winter of 1854, when a hundred cataracts of ice hung from the cliffs on either side, when

the masses of ice brought down from Lake Erie were wedged together at the foot, uniting the shores with a rugged bridge, and when every twig of every tree and bush on Goat Island was overlaid, an inch deep, with a coating of solid crystal. The air was still, and the sun shone in a cloudless sky. The green of the fall, set in a landscape of sparkling silver, was infinitely more brilliant than in summer, when it is balanced by the trees, and the rainbows were almost too glorious for the eye to bear. I was not impressed by the sublimity of the scene, nor even by its terror, but solely by the fascination of its wonderful beauty—a fascination which continually tempted me to plunge into that sea of fused emerald and lose myself in the dance of the rainbows. With each succeeding visit, Niagara has grown in height, in power, in majesty, in solemnity; but I have seen its climax of beauty.

To my friends, it is all they had been promised, and more; and I have enjoyed anew, in their enjoyment, the views from the rocks, the delicious walks on Goat Island, the bewildering pictures of the rapids, and the stunning roar and ceaseless rain at the bottom. I watched by the hour, the piling up and sliding away of the huge masses of water, the downward blossoming into vast, umbelliferous flowers of spray, the cloudy whirl and confusion below, and the endless, endless motion through the same unchanging forms, with a delight, which, it seems to me, could not be wearied out in a lifetime. Of course, we have taken a trip in the "Maid of the Mist," gone behind the sheet, and done everything else that is usually done (and let me say, all of them are worth doing). Niagara is a diamond with a



hundred facets, every one of which reflects a different lustre.

One is rather bored here by the Indian curiosities and the solicitous hack-drivers. The articles in fluor spar, however, are beautiful, and the photographic illustrations are commendable. The gratitude of every visitor is due to Mr. Porter, and the other proprietors of Goat Island, for the pious care with which its glorious sylvan beauty is preserved. Fancy Goat Island given up to speculators, and crammed with hotels and factories! I have now and then seen an ill-natured remark, on account of the moderate toll charged for crossing the bridge; but the entire amount received in this manner cannot much more than suffice to pay for the necessary repairs of the roads, bridges, staircases, and tower. I have never paid a fee more cheerfully, and every sensible visitor would rather double it than see one of the loveliest bits of God's creation spoiled.

It is a little singular that all the poetry written about Niagara, from Brainard's pious effusion to Saxe's profane lyric, should be so common-place. The best of all is that of Lord Carlisle. Brainard commences awkwardly:—

“ The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
As I gaze upward to thee.”

What good does it to us, simply to know that his thoughts are “strange?” Grenville Mellen concludes a similar rhapsody by exclaiming: “Oh, go in!” Very well: but suppose you set us the example! Mr. Bulkeley has written an epic, which is too much on the subject. If it were boiled down to two hundred lines, we should get a



good concentrated flavor. The distinguishing characteristic of Niagara—its color—has been mentioned, I believe, by but one poet, Lowell, who says—

“ And *green* Niagara’s never-ending roar.”

As for people saying “ It cannot be described,” that is folly. It can be described just as much as anything else. But those who endeavor to be sublime are often simply highfalutin: when a man says, “ I am overpowered,” he is not in a fit state to write; but he who looks calmly upon it, measures its features, analyses the impression which it creates, and writes with the conscientious endeavor to *represent* what he has seen, can give as good a description of Niagara as he could of a crab-tree in blossom, and a much better one than it would be possible for him to make of the woman whom he loves.

I read last Winter, in one of the papers, a most admirable description of the falling of the water, entitled, “ Niagara, but Not Described!” The writer knew all the time he was describing it.

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### 8.—TRENTON FALLS AND SARATOGA.

AT Niagara our party dissolved. On Tuesday night my German friend took the midnight train westward, intending to visit Minnesota, Missouri, and Kentucky, and on the following morning accompanying the ladies as far as Utica, whence they continued the homeward journey, I turned aside for a solitary excursion to Trenton Falls.

The New York Central, after leaving the Mohawk Valley, seems to avoid all the best scenery. I have frequently noticed how completely the landscapes change, when you have gone but a few miles either to the north or the south of the road. The immediate neighborhood of Utica is rather tame, but, on taking the Black River train it presently assumes a charming pastoral character, which verges into the picturesque as you approach Trenton. In an hour I was put down at the station, where omnibuses were in waiting to carry us to Moore's Hotel, a mile distant. "Is the hotel full?" I asked of the driver. "Oh, no," said he; "there is plenty of room;" but, on arriving, I found it overflowing with guests, and no place to be had. I was fortunate enough, however, to find quarters at Joy's, near at hand, and after admiring the beauty and seclusion of the valley for half an hour, set out in search of my friend Hicks.

It was the night of the full moon, and the guests at Moore's had sent to the Wide-Awake Club of Utica to borrow torches for a nocturnal visit to the glen. Mr. Moore, whose acquaintance I had made in Hicks's studio, the artist and his wife, and a merry company of at least a hundred ladies and gentlemen, were preparing to go, and I congratulated myself on arriving in season to join them. We started a little after nine o'clock, taking the path which leads through the forest to the top of the High Fall. The straggling procession, at least two hundred yards long, with its line of brilliant lights, winding through the dense shadows of the wood, produced a magical effect. Gray trunks and hanging boughs flashed out for a moment

in golden lustre against the darkness, and then as suddenly vanished ; red shawls glimmered splendidly through the dusky green ; white dresses danced in and out of the gaps of moonlight with an elfish motion, and a confusion of shouts and laughter rang through the echoing hollows.

The moon stood over the gorge, which, as we approached, seemed filled with a silvery mist, beyond which rose the shadowy outline of the opposite bank. The crest of the cataract shone with sparkles of white fire, and dim, shooting gleams hovered over the gulf into which it fell. The leaves of the overhanging boughs were cut as clearly as bronze against this wonderful picture. It was lovely enough to have been a grot in the gardens of Calypso or Armida. Many of the company went down the rocks to the foot of the fall, and saw it through the rainbows of the moon ; but I preferred preserving my first view until sunrise.

The next morning I accompanied the artist in a ramble over his farm, which lies on the eastern side of Canada Creek about half a mile below the village. We compared agricultural notes, and set off the advantages of our respective farms, one against the other. I was willing to concede the superiority of his elms and hemlocks, but balanced them with my oaks and tulip trees. His potatoes and pumpkins looked promising, but I had very fine squashes and tomatoes at home. I had, moreover, the climate of the passion-flower and magnolia, of the Himalayan deodar, the Cedar of Lebanon, and the cypress. So, although I admired the fine curves of the surrounding hills, the excellence of the tree-forms, and, most of all,

the amber beauty of the river, I was well satisfied with my own piece of earth. So was he with his, and with good reason.

We then made the round of the Falls, entering the glen from below, and ascending it for a distance of nearly two miles, to a point marked "Dangerous," beyond which there is no path. It was the loveliest possible day—one of those bright, laughing days which give an additional color and sparkle to the earth. The sun was high enough to illuminate the deep glen from end to end, leaving shadows only where the rocks overhung their bases, or the trees reached their arms from opposite sides, as if vainly striving to clasp hands. The water, also, was at its most favorable stage—low enough to leave the path bare, yet high enough to cover the whole breadth of rocky ledges where it falls. With a guide who had studied the glen for ten years with an artist's eye, and knew it in all its aspects, I was justified in considering that I saw Trenton under the most favorable circumstances.

What particularly struck me was the originality—the *uniquity* of the place. The glen, or rather *crack*, through which the stream runs, is three miles long, and not more than two hundred feet deep at any point. It has been cut, by the action of water during thousands of years, through a bed of mica slate, disposed in nearly horizontal strata. The sides, therefore, while they are perpendicular for nearly the whole distance, present a great number of shelves or ledges, which furnish root-hold to ferns, wild flowers, shrubs, or even trees, according to their size, while an unbroken wood—a charming mixture of evergreen and deciduous

trees—crowns the summits. Add that the glen is full of corners, turning this way and that, leading you now into black cauldrons, wet with eternal spray, now into long, sunny avenues, where the water dances as if possessed with the spirit of joy, and you may judge what a gallery of wild and lovely pictures is here concealed.

The color of the water, again, is an unusual element of beauty. "Amber" perhaps describes it better than any other word, but it runs through all tints from topaz to the richest and deepest Vandyke-brown. Maria Lowell, in one of her poems, calls it "fretted Sherry." In the falls, the color has a warm, glassy lustre at the top, shading off through the successive frills of spray, until it vanishes into white at the bottom. Owing to this color, the water appears to assume an astonishing variety of forms, but I presume it is only because the forms are distinctly marked, more apparent to the eye. I have noticed the same effect in the bright, green water of the Trollhätta Fall, in Sweden. To be sure, the angles of the glen and the various positions in which the rocky shelves are disposed, are sufficient to produce every form of water, except that airy lace-work which is only seen in falls of great height. Here it falls forty feet in one unbroken sheet; there slides down an inclined plane in a smooth mass splendidly feathered at the edges, shoots under or over another watery slide, or whirls in gleaming curves around a semi-basin worn in the rocks.

Some of the visitors spoke of the *rage* of the water. To me it was not rage, but joy—a mad Bacchanalian revel; and the resemblance to wine strengthened the impression.



The path, which has the fascinating appearance of danger, without being dangerous, leads you along narrow ledges, on the very verge of the whirlpools and cauldrons; so near the falls, that the rainbow surrounds you like a dazzling gossamer, and its red and gold smite you in the eyes. The tourists and guide-books make comparisons between Trenton and Niagara, but no comparison is possible. They are as unlike as Homer and Anacreon.

I went further, the next day, simply to have one look at the Summer life of Saratoga: "To see the stir, and not feel the crowd." I find it delightfully gay and pleasant to look upon, and can easily understand why the fashionable world continues to drink of Congress Water, in spite of the superior natural attractions of other places. The park is agreeable, the springs unequalled of their kind, the drives in the neighborhood charming, the lake accessible, and, not least, the hotels can accommodate their thousands without crowding. The village itself is hot and dusty, but there is shade everywhere; and the long colonnades of the hotel furnish the ladies with an enviable opportunity for display. I think I could spend an entire week here without getting tired.

I have done nothing but walk up and down and contemplate the multitude. In this survey two things have particularly struck me—the absence of marked intelligence or cultivation in the faces of the gentlemen, and the absence of beauty in the faces of the ladies. Among the former, the trading and stock-jobbing type predominates. There is speculation in the eyes, railroad bonds are written upon the brow, and mortgages are buttoned tightly under the



waistcoat, on the left side. In the fragments of conversation which reached my ears, one of the words "stocks," "Board," "par," "Douglas," "Breckenridge," or "Lincoln," invariably occurred. Black is the prevailing color. The cool, light tints, so well adapted for the negligée of a watering-place, are very rare. The hats are mostly of the stove-pipe pattern. In short, the aspect of the male crowd shows that a struggle is going on between the desire for recreation and the endeavor to retain the old, respectable, hard-money air.

The ladies, to my surprise, are not gorgeously over dressed. Here and there you see a dame at the Congress Springs in *moiré* and jewels, but the majority affect an elegant simplicity which is highly becoming. At a hop last evening I found much more taste in costume than I had anticipated. Yet as I said before, there is a striking absence of beauty. I see many pleasant and some handsome faces, but very, very few which can be called beautiful. In such a Vanity Fair as this, I had supposed that the reverse would have been true. Saratoga is our Ranelagh, but the stock on hand this year may be inferior to that of ordinary seasons. There is possibly less demand, as one notices little flirtation going on.

As for the manners of such a place, there is not much to be said. You find all the classes—the refined, the snobbish, and the vulgar—which enter into the composition of all society. The rich families have the best rooms and are best served at the table (they fee the waiters heaviest); the more moderate take the odds and ends of accommodation; there are clans and cliques and jealousies as elsewhere; con-

quests and triumphs, hatred, fidelity, infidelity, love, marriage, divorce and death. The tragedy of life dances in the same set with its comedy. The gentlemen have their side of the veranda, where they sit in arm-chairs, read the New York papers, smoke, and cock up their feet on the railing; and the ladies theirs, where they spread their tender-tinted skirts, flutter their fans, bend their swan-like necks, and exchange sweet inuendoes. Outwardly, all is gay, innocent, cheerful, fashionably Arcadian (which consists in turning all out-of-doors into a drawing-room)—but I could wish, for my own private benefit, that, as in the shapes of the Hall of Eblis, there was a pane of glass inserted in every bosom, showing the currents of the true and hidden life. I have no doubt that I should find—making all allowance for education and associations—Human Nature.

I have said that this crowd is delightful to look upon. So it is; but we all enjoy the vanities of the world.

## VI.

### PERSONAL SKETCHES.

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#### 1.—THE LESLIES.

ONE of the first stories I remember to have read, as a child, was "Mrs. Washington Potts," by Miss Eliza Leslie. It was in the days when "Atkinson's Casket" flourished, and *The Saturday Evening Post* was considered a standard literary paper—at least among the people whom I knew. Miss Leslie had then been known for many years as a writer of stories, which, from their covert humor and their plain, homely presentation of everyday characters, were very generally popular. Her model—if she had one—must have been Maria Edgeworth, but she had a fund of humor, and an appreciation of the comic and the grotesque, which was all her own. Something of Flemish fidelity belonged to her descriptive style, but it was always subordinate to her taste. Though she often introduced vulgar characters, she never described them vulgarly. I have never since been more

amused and entertained by any stories than by those from her pen, which I read in my boyhood, as they appeared in the weekly paper.

In 1844, when I became ambitious to make myself known as an author, and published a thin volume of untimely poems, Miss Leslie was one of the first persons to whom I sent a copy, and her cordial letter in acknowledgment was one of the first voices of encouragement which reached me. She treated my first crude efforts more kindly and considerately than, I fear, I should be able to do, in a similar case. With this admission, I venture to quote a passage from her letter :

“Whenever I meet with any new evidence of the genius of my countrymen, it renders me superlatively happy for that day, and, fortunately, these days of happiness are becoming more and more numerous. So, in reading your book, I rejoiced that there was

One poet more, America, for thee!

“When you again visit Philadelphia, I shall be very glad to see you at the Markoe House (my present residence), and to show you an admirable portrait of Franklin, copied from the last and best likeness of the statesman, the patriot, the philosopher, and the printer: the man who has always seemed to me as the most American of Americans—or rather, who was completely what an American *ought* to be.”

When I next visited Philadelphia, I called upon her, and was received with genuine kindness. She was then nearly sixty years of age, but hale and robust, with a face attrac-

tive in spite of its plainness, and a cheerful, merry light in her gray eyes. Something I said suggested to her a humorous story, which she told with a hearty relish. The portrait of Franklin was painted by her sister Anne, and she remarked, on stating this: "We are a family of painters. Perhaps you have heard of my brother Charles, who lives in London." It chanced that I had seen engravings of Leslie's pictures from Don Quixote and the Merry Wives of Windsor, but I was not before aware of the relationship.

Miss Leslie gave me some friendly advice in relation to poetry, which was another illustration of her sound sense. "I see," said she, "that you have been reading Mrs. Hemans. Pray don't be led by her irregular anapæstic metres to forget that the simplest forms of versification are the best. Those jingling, slipshod measures seem to me to have been invented to conceal the lack of poetical conceptions. Look at Milton, Pope, Gray, and Goldsmith, how simple and straightforward are their styles! The plainest *words* are also the best. 'England' is much finer than 'Albion,' and 'Scotland' than 'Caledonia.'" Of course, I did not quite agree with her, then; but the evident kindness with which her views were presented led me to ponder upon them afterwards, and to find that she was right.

After my return from Europe in 1846, I visited her frequently. Among our passengers in the packet from London through the Channel to Portsmouth, had been Mr. Robert Leslie, son of the painter, and himself a painter also. He was a tall young man of twenty-two, and spent most of his time on deck, making sea-sketches in water

colors. Our captain, Morgan, had taken the Leslie family to and from America, when the painter received his appointment to the Professorship at West Point, and was still his intimate friend. Miss Leslie had therefore many questions to ask concerning her nephew, but in the same summer, I believe, he visited America. In February, 1847, she wrote to me: "I hear you are publishing a weekly paper. You will please to send it to my address: I inclose the amount of a year's subscription." It was a country paper, devoted to local news, and could have no possible interest for her—but she doubtless conjectured, as was true, that I was endeavoring to establish myself in business, and that every *paid* subscription was a real assistance. I have heard that she made enemies by her frankness and her scorn of all dissimulation: she reserved her tact for the exercise of her kindness.

Between five and six years later, I was in London for the fourth time, having just returned from the Orient, previous to making an overland journey to India. I was so fortunate as to be present at an entertainment given one evening by Mr. George Peabody, at which some hundreds of English and Americans attended. While conversing with Mr. Abbott Lawrence, a short and rather slender man, with gray hair and a singularly mild, pleasant, and benevolent face, came up and addressed him with much cordiality. "Let me introduce you to Mr. Leslie, whom you must know already as an artist," said Mr. Lawrence, turning to me. We found a little eddy in the apartment, outside of the crush of the crowd, and I enjoyed some quiet conversation with him. The portrait accompanying the recently published biogra-



phy gives the character and expression of his face very correctly, although he was considerably older at the time I met him. All conventionalities were dropped on his learning of the friendship existing between his sister and myself, and he questioned me with an eager interest concerning her and his Philadelphia friends.

On learning that I was a native of Chester county, he said: "Ah, I know the Brandywine. I spent several summers on its banks, as a boy." "Is it still beautiful to you, in memory?" I asked. "As beautiful as the reality can possibly be," was his answer; "I remember the scenery distinctly, and I often recall the happy days I passed, rambling over the hills." "Do you not think," said I, "that the landscapes of that part of Pennsylvania bear a wonderful resemblance to those of England?" "Yes, but with a wilder, richer character. However, it is many years since I saw them. I have been so long in England that my early life in America seems scarcely to belong to me." From the fondness with which the artist returned to the subject, it was evident that those early associations still retained all their charm.

He invited me to visit his house and make the acquaintance of his family, which the shortness of my stay in London prevented me from doing; but I met him, together with two of his daughters, at the house of another American banker, in the neighborhood of the city. His personality gave the impression of a very frank and simple nature, great sweetness of disposition, and a warm, faithful heart. His voice was low and agreeable, and I associate it somehow, in memory, with that of Leigh Hunt. Between him-

self and his daughters there was an affectionate tenderness and a reciprocal pride which was delightful to see. His life, indeed, was a smooth stream, having, truly, a few obstacles at the start, but flowing afterwards through pleasant fields.

Leslie was especially fortunate in this respect, that he knew the exact measure of his powers. His "Clifford and Rutland" is the only picture of his in the grand historic manner which I have seen—a manner which he speedily dropped, devoting himself, thenceforth, to those exquisite cabinet pictures in which he had no living superior. He painted, I should judge, with great rapidity, first arranging and afterwards finishing, with scrupulous care. His "Sancho Panza and the Duchess" happened to be in the same room with Church's "Niagara" in London, and even the dazzle of the fragment of rainbow, in the latter, could not touch its soft, subtle harmony of coloring.

He was a member of the Sketch Club, the products of two meetings whereof are in the possession of Captain Morgan, who, as an honorary member, was present, and gave the subject. This Club met by turns at the houses of the members, one of whom named a subject, which the artists were obliged to represent in two hours. The result attained by this was a marvellous rapidity both of conception and execution. Capt. Morgan gave "Night," and Leslie's contribution is a very spirited sketch of Titania and Bottom: Stanfield, Roberts, and others furnished moonlit landscapes. The Queen, I was told, doubting the ability of the artists to improvise with such rapidity, asked permission to give a subject one evening. The artists assented, and at the ap-

pointed hour received a slip of paper on which the word "Desire" was written. A page was in waiting, and two hours afterwards Her Majesty was furnished with a dozen handsome illustrations of the theme. Leslie's, I believe, was a boy reaching from the edge of a pond, after water lilies.

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## 2.—THE BROWNING.

FEW of the thousands who now place the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the niche devoted to their favorite authors, are aware that she first became known to American readers as a contributor to *Graham's Magazine*. In the volumes of that periodical for 1841, '42, and '43, they will find her "Child and Watcher," "Sleep," "Catarina to Camoens," and many other of her minor poems. I think it was Poe who was first to recognize a genius hitherto unknown, but destined to a speedy and permanent popularity. Her power (so rare an element in female poets), fulness, tenderness, and the haunting music of her verses, which an occasional roughness only made more prominent, were at once acknowledged. In fact her American reputation was coeval with, if it did not precede, that which she has won at home.

Nearly thirteen years ago, I heard a young lady, whose pure Greek profile and exquisite voice can never be forgotten by those who saw and heard her, recite "Count Gismond." The wonderful dramatic truth of this poem—a truth which disdains all explanations and accessories—

struck me like a new revelation, and I eagerly inquired the name of the author. "It is a new English poet, named Browning," was the answer. I then remembered having seen reviews of his "Bells and Pomegranates," and "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and lost no time in making myself acquainted with everything he had published at the time. In the words of Keats,

"Then felt I, as some watcher of the skies,  
When a new planet swims into his ken."

Here was no half-poet, piping melodious repetitions on his limited reed, but a royal harper, striking double-handed, the fullest chords and the extremest notes of the scale of human passion. His very faults were the wilful faults of conscious power; his mannerism was no subterfuge to conceal poverty of thought, but lay in the texture of his mind; while in his boldness, his blunt Saxon plainness, and his faculty of hitting the target of expression full in the white, by a single arrowy word, I looked in vain through the array of English authors since the Elizabethan age to find his equal. Many of his poems reminded me of the Day and Night of Michael Angelo—figures of immortal beauty struggling into shape through the half-chiselled marble, yet grander in their incompleteness than the completed works of other sculptors. He tries the sinews of language, it is true; he writes, occasionally, for the evident purpose of exhibiting his verbal gymnastics ("Old Pictures in Florence," for instance), but he will stand the test which proves a true poet—he is best when simplest in his forms.

It is a curious fact that while the first volume of Alex-

ander Smith (a man not to be named on the same day with Browning), was greeted with a sale of 20,000 copies the first year, the first American edition of Browning's Poems, in two volumes, was not exhausted until seven years after its publication. One thousand copies in seven years. The sale of the English edition, in the same time, was probably not much greater. Of Browning's last volume, "Men and Women," nearly three thousand copies, I believe, have been sold. The same comparison might be made between the experiences of Tupper and Tennyson; but we all know whose works will be printed and read in the year 1960, and whose won't.

When I was about starting for Europe, on my way to the East, in the summer of 1851, a mutual friend offered me a letter to Browning, who was, then, with his wife, temporarily in London. (After their marriage, which took place three or four years previous, they made their home in Italy.) Calling, one afternoon in September, at their residence in Devonshire street, I was fortunate enough to find both at home, though on the very eve of their return to Florence. In a small drawing-room on the first floor I met Browning, who received me with great cordiality. In his lively, cheerful manner, quick voice, and perfect self-possession, he made upon me the impression of an American rather than an Englishman. He was then, I should judge, about thirty-seven years of age, but his dark hair was already streaked with gray about the temples. His complexion was fair, with perhaps the faintest olive tinge, eyes large, clear, and gray, nose strong and well cut, mouth full and rather broad, and chin pointed, though not pro-



minent. His forehead broadened rapidly upwards from the outer angle of the eyes, slightly retreating. The strong individuality which marks his poetry was expressed, not only in his face and head, but in his whole demeanor. He was about the medium height, strong in the shoulders, but slender at the waist, and his movements expressed a combination of vigor and elasticity.

In the room sat a very large gentleman of between fifty and sixty years of age. He must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, at least; his large, rosy face, bald head, and rotund body would have suggested a prosperous brewer, if a livelier intelligence had not twinkled in the bright, genial eyes. This unwieldy exterior covered one of the warmest and most generous of hearts, and that heavy right hand had written one of the finest English anacreontics. The man was John Kenyon, who giving up his early ambition to be known as an author, devoted his life to making other authors happy. Possessed of ample means, his house near London was opened to all who handled pen, brush, or chisel, and the noble hospitality which he gave to Art was repaid to him by the society and esteem of the artists. He was a relative of Mrs. Browning, and at his death, four years ago, bequeathed to her a legacy of £10,000.

Mr. Kenyon had called to say good-by to his friends, and presently took his leave. "There," said Browning, when the door had closed after him, "there goes one of the most splendid men living—a man so noble in his friendships, so lavish in his hospitality, so large-hearted and benevolent, that he deserves to be known all over the world as 'Kenyon the Magnificent!'" His eulogy was



interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Browning, whom he ran to meet with a boyish liveliness. She was slight and fragile in appearance, with a pale, wasted face, shaded by masses of soft chestnut curls which fell on her cheeks, and serious eyes of bluish-gray. Her frame seemed to be altogether disproportionate to her soul. This, at least, was the first impression: her personality, frail as it appeared, soon exercised its power, and it seemed a natural thing that she should have written the "Cry of the Children" or the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." I also understood how these two poets, so different both intellectually and physically, should have found their complements in each other. The fortunate balance of their reciprocal qualities makes them an exception to the rule that the intermarriage of authors is unadvisable, and they appear to be—and are—perfectly happy in their wedded life.

They both expressed great satisfaction with their American reputation, adding that they had many American acquaintances in Florence and Rome. "In fact," said Browning, "I verily believe that if we were to make out a list of our best and dearest friends, we should find more American than English names." Mrs. Browning was anxious to learn something with regard to Art in this country, and the patronage extended to it; and, in the course of the conversation, freely expressed her belief that a Republican form of Government is unfavorable to the development of the Fine Arts. To this opinion I dissented as moderately as possible, but I soon had a powerful ally in Browning, who declared that no artist had ever before been honored with a more splendid commission than the State of Vir-

ginia had given to Crawford. A general historical discussion ensued, which was carried on for some time with the greatest spirit, the two poets taking directly opposite views. It was good-humoredly closed at last, and I thought both of them seemed to enjoy it. There is no fear that two such fine intellects will rust: they will keep each other bright through the delight of the encounter.

Their child, a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy of two years old, was brought into the room. He stammered Italian sentences only: he knew nothing, as yet, of his native tongue. He has since exhibited a remarkable genius for music and drawing—a fortunate circumstance, for inherited genius is always fresher and more vigorous when it seeks a new form of expression.

I feel that I have no right to touch further the personality of these poets. The public always demands to know, and there is no impropriety in its knowing, how its favorite author looks and talks, but, while he lives, it has no right to pry into the sanctities of his private life. Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, however, have thousands of unknown friends in this country who will be glad to know that their lives are fortunate—that their share of the necessary troubles and trials is not more than the average lot of man—or, if greater, is borne with a cheerfulness and courage which hide it from other eyes. Owing to Mrs. Browning's feeble health, they have made Italy their permanent home, but they visit England from time to time.

I met them again in London, in 1856, where I had the pleasure of breakfasting at Barry Cornwall's in company with Browning. He was very gay and witty, and as

young and buoyant in appearance as when I first saw him. Mrs. Browning was then reading the proofs of "Aurora Leigh," which appeared shortly afterwards.

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### 3.—THE WRITERS FOR "PUNCH."

MR. THACKERAY, whose connection with *The London Punch* dates back almost, if not quite, to its initial number, is in the habit of giving an annual dinner to the editors, contributors, and publishers of that periodical. In July, 1857, I happened to be in London when the dinner for that year came off, and was one of four Americans who were guests on that occasion. The other three were a noted sculptor, the architect-in-chief of the Central Park, and an ex-editor of *The New York Times*.

In summer, the usual dinner-hour in London is seven, although, even then, the shutters must be closed to make gas-light effective. Dinner, as is well-known, is a much graver affair in England than elsewhere, and daylight is destructive to its success. The summer twilight of the North, however, exacts a compromise, which I found very agreeable. You drive to your destination in the hazy orange splendor of sunset, and are then ushered into the soft lamp-light which streams upon the hospitable board. The transition of feeling is something like that you experience on entering a theatre. The threshold of the building is the dividing line between two worlds, and you surrender yourself willingly to the illusions before you.

In this case of the "*Punch* Dinner," however, there were no special illusions to be accepted: everything was simple, unconventional, and genial. The guests assembled in Mr. Thackeray's drawing-room, most of them wearing easy black cravats instead of the stiff white "chokers" which English society requires, and marched thence to the dining-room' without any particular order of precedence. Bradbury and Evans, whose names are as well known as those of the authors, who have grown famous behind their imprint, were there: Mark Lemon, the patriarch of "*Punch*;" Horace Mayhew, "the Greatest Plague of Life;" Tom Taylor, and Shirley Brooks; and two or three other gentlemen whose names are not mentioned in connection with their contributions, and whom, therefore, I shall not individually designate. The absence of Douglas Jerrold was lamented by all. He was then, I think, at Boulogne, for his health. The following June, on the very day I returned to London, the gay company, whose acquaintance I was now to make, attended his body to its resting-place in Norwood Cemetery.

"The gay company," I have said: but by no means so uproariously gay as the reader may suppose. An author's books rarely reflect his external life, and he who most provokes your mirth by his writings may chance to have the saddest face when you meet him. If I had not known this fact previously, I might have been disappointed: for not a single joke did I hear during the whole blessed evening. There was much cheerful chat, and some amusing stories, but no sparkle of wit, no flash of airy banter and repartee, such as might have been expected in the atmo-

sphere of the Humorous Olympus. The Punch wherewith we were regaled was not that swift, warm, inspiring beverage of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*—but cool claret and borage—in fact, that veritable fragrant cup, without a knowledge of which (according to the Hon. Grantley Berkley), no man can justly be called a gentleman.

Our giant host, upon whose head lie the snows of wisdom, not of age, illustrated the grandeur of cheerfulness, as he took his place at the head of the table. The eyes which can pierce through the triple mail of shams and hypocrisies, sheathed their trenchant glances, and beamed only a cordial hospitality. At the other end of the table sat Mark Lemon, his very opposite in appearance. Mark is evidently a Lemon which has not yet been subjected to the process of squeezing. In arithmetical formula his height being 16, his diameter would be 9. His face is broad, mild, and massive, but receives character from a heavy moustache. In a crowd I should have taken him for a prosperous Dutch banker. He was formerly a republican, but not a sinner, I should judge, for he evidently enjoys a good conscience, as well as good health. His manners are quiet and gentlemanly, but I suspected the presence of a huge cetaceous mirthfulness behind this repose. It would take a harpoon, however, to draw it out.

My *vis-à-vis* happened to be Tom Taylor, who was decidedly the liveliest of the company. Tom is a man of thirty-eight, or thereabouts, rather tall than short, well-built, with a strong, squareish face, black eyes, hair, and moustache, and a gay, cheerful, wide-awake air, denoting a happy mixture of the imaginative and the practical facul-



ties. He was always ready to join in the laugh, and to crown it by provoking another. In fact, he showed so little of English reserve, so much of unembarrassed American *bonhommie*, that we ought, properly, to call him, "Our English Cousin."

Shirley Brooks, who, in addition to his contributions to *Punch*, is the author of "Aspen Court," a successful novel, and "The Silver Cord," (now being published in "*Once a Week*,") appears to be a year or two younger than Tom Taylor—a fair, blond, blue-eyed, plump Englishman, with the conventional whiskers and smoothly-shaven lips and chin. His face is good-humor itself. He seems to have no sharp angles in his nature—does not flash or dazzle—but beams with a steady, cheerful light, receiving as well as giving the spirit of the hour. Upon myself, at least, he made a most agreeable impression.

Horace Mayhew, on the other hand, is tall, dark, and grave in manner, with aquiline nose, keen eyes, and heavy moustache. My place at table did not happen to be near him, and he said nothing during the dinner to draw the attention of the company upon him. His articles upon "London Labor and the London Poor" suggest the character of his personality much better than that admirable domestic satire, "The Greatest Plague of Life." He was at that time, I understood, a regular contributor to *Punch*.

The publishers, Bradbury & Evans, must not be overlooked. Their presence at the dinner was an evidence that Campbell's assertion of the natural enmity between publishers and authors, was founded on some personal spite rather than upon actual fact. The reciprocal cordiality



which was manifested between them and the other guests, was not simulated. They were really, as well as apparently, *friends*. Quiet, unobtrusive, genial, and unmistakably benevolent in character, they increased the harmony of the circle. No one felt the presence of a chilling material element. A year later, I learned that when Douglas Jerrold died, he was £800 in their debt, not a penny of which they ever claimed. It is a pity that the honorable treatment which they extend to authors should not have always been returned to them.

The company, as I have already said, was wholly and heartily cheerful, but could scarcely be called brilliant. The best things, as usual, were said by our host. One occasion of this kind, however, is by no means a specimen of all. Perhaps the barometer was falling; perhaps two of the guests had private worries of some sort; perhaps no proper conductor was present, to draw the electricity from those charged clouds. It is very unfair to judge any man by a single interview. Therefore, I would not be understood as saying, that the writers for *Punch* are not witty in society: I simply describe them as I saw them. Wordsworth, after his wife's death, sat by his lonely fireside, absorbed in grief, and paid no attention to a curious visitor who accosted him. The latter immediately went home and spread the report that Wordsworth was losing his mind. There is much bright, keen humor among the London authors, but I have no doubt the New York Press Club can get together as brilliant a party.

Albert Smith should have been present, but he was not able to attend. His wonderful powers as an improvisatore

were so highly extolled, that I regretted having lost the opportunity of hearing him. I afterwards visited his Ascent of Mount Blanc—a combination of cheap panorama and diverting narrative, the success of which depended so much on the peculiar humor of the man himself, that he can have no successor. It was simply a collection of grotesque incidents of travel, but related with such droll imitations, and in such a hearty, off-hand, comic tone, that the audience was convulsed with laughter, from beginning to end. The very same things, in the mouth of another man, might have failed to produce any effect. The mirthful eyes, broad face, cheery voice, and stout figure of Albert Smith, were indispensable parts of the performance. These alone enabled him to gain a fortune of £30,000 in a few years. And the moral I would deduce therefrom is this: Cheerfulness is a Power.

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#### 4.—LEIGH HUNT.

I HAD but one interview with Leigh Hunt, yet so satisfactory was that interview, in its exhibition of his peculiar characteristics, both as poet and man, that I doubt whether a month's acquaintance would have done more. It was in June, 1857, when I was spending a fortnight in London, preparatory to my summer tour in Norway. Mr. Buchanan Read, the poet and artist, and Mr. Moran of the American Legation, both of whom were friends of Mr. Hunt, kindly invited me, with his permission, to spend an evening with him.

In the long summer twilight we drove out past Kensington and Brompton, mile after mile, through the endless London, until we reached the quiet shades of Hammersmith. Here the pulses of the great city are no longer felt: lanes of modest cottages and gardens branch off from the main thoroughfare, and one can live in as complete a seclusion as among the mountains of Cumberland. In one of those neat, silent lanes, where grass and paving-stones seem to be striving alike for the upper hand, we found the poet's residence—a plain two-story brick cottage, of the humblest size, but as trim and snug in its outward aspect as it could well be.

Hunt's wife had been dead for nearly a year, and he was living alone, with but a single servant. His pension, and the moderate income which he received from his books, were sufficient for his necessities, and he was at last enjoying a little pecuniary peace, after a long struggle with those material difficulties which he, least of all poets, was fitted to encounter. The servant ushered us through a diminutive hall, into a little library, on the threshold of which Mr. Hunt met us. The first impression which I received from his presence was that of his thorough gentleness and refinement. He was tall—nearly six feet—but slender, and still perfectly erect, in spite of his seventy years. This was all that I could notice in the twilight, but I felt the cordial pressure of a small, warm, delicate hand, as he welcomed me with a manner in which there was something of a fine antique courtesy.

We entered the little room, the servant lighted the lamp, and we took seats at the four sides of a table just large enough to accommodate us. The walls were covered with

books from floor to ceiling: a single window opened upon a few square yards of garden, and there was just sufficient room for the servant to pass around, outside of us. Nothing could be more cozy and comfortable. The narrow quarters disposed each one of us to genial, social converse, and we should have felt much less at home in the large and lofty hall of an aristocratic mansion. It was a *partie carrée*, such as would have rejoiced the heart of Barry Cornwall.

While our host was filling the tea-cups, I studied his face in the lamp-light. It was a head which Vandyke should have painted—a fine oval, with a low, placid brow, kind, sweet, serious eyes of bluish-gray, a nose rather long, but not prominent, full, delicately-cut, sensitive mouth, and a chin short and retreating, but dimpled in the centre. His hair, abundant, and pure silver in its hue, was parted in the middle, and fell in long waves to his shoulders. He was dressed in black, with a collar turned down, so as to show more of the throat than is usual in Englishmen. There was something saintly in the mildness, serenity, and perfect refinement of his features, but they wore an expression of habitual cheerfulness and happiness which we rarely find on the face of declared saints. His voice was low and clear, with an exquisitely distinct articulation.

Leigh Hunt, in fact, might justly be called, among poets, the Apostle of Cheerfulness. No author ever possessed a sunnier philosophy. All the hardships and disappointments of his life could not sour or embitter him. He stuck bravely to the theory that everything was good and beautiful—that there was no inherent evil in the nature of Man, and no

reason why every human being on the face of the earth should not be jolly. Not a dark, or morbid, or complaining line is to be found in all his works. His poems are full of breezes, and odors, and sunshine, and laughter. His personality conveyed just the same impression, and one of his first remarks, on that evening, was an amusing confirmation of it. "I have recently lost most of my teeth," said he; "and I am surprised to find that I suffer some inconvenience from it. I always supposed that Nature would compensate us for every loss of the kind—either that the gums would harden so as to take the place of teeth, or that I should lose all desire for food which requires mastication: but it does not seem to be so. I am a little disappointed, I must confess; but I shall try the experiment a while longer."

By degrees, he fell into his favorite theme—that of the absolute goodness and beauty of everything. I expressed a different opinion, mainly for the sake of hearing how he would defend himself. He skipped over contradictory facts and arguments, however, with a cheerful agility which showed that he was used to it. "Why," he exclaimed, "*nobody* does evil for the love of it. Evil is simply a bad habit, a diseased condition of the mind. Even the man who assaults or robs you tries first to excite your anger against him, so that his act may seem to himself to be a retaliation, rather than an unprovoked wrong. If men were properly educated, they would all be good. The bad are simply to be pitied, not blamed, because their lives have been distorted, and generally by no fault of their own." It was pleasant to hear such kindly sentiments from an old



man whose life had not been very fortunate, except in its associations; but I candidly confessed that I was unable to accept quite so good-natured a philosophy.

In the course of our conversation, some remark about birds led Hunt to take down a volume and read to us the song of a nightingale, as put into words by some Italian author. He read it in a silvery, chirping tone, running over the trills and lingering on the sustained notes in a way which reproduced all of the nightingale's song except its passion. His reading of poetry was likewise fine, but characteristic: he never could have chanted Milton with the grand and solemn monotony of Tennyson's voice.

Hunt's father was a Philadelphian, and he was related to Benjamin West by the mother's side. He was much interested in learning that the children of Americans, though born abroad, are still American citizens, and that, therefore, he enjoyed the citizenship of both hemispheres. His first volume of poems ("Foliage") was reprinted in Philadelphia in 1817. He spoke with great satisfaction of his American reputation, his previous idea of the "shop-board" having perhaps been modified by the offer of Ticknor & Fields to pay him a copyright on his works.

Dickens's character of "Harold Skimpole," in "Bleak House," which, by the novelist's confession, was drawn from Leigh Hunt, is a glaring caricature. Placing, himself, very little value upon money, Hunt could not recognize its actual value in the eyes of others. He borrowed as freely as he would have given, had the case been reversed, and he was perhaps as careless about paying as he would have been about demanding payment. This, of course, was a



weakness which we cannot justify; but neither can we justify the wanton and distorted exhibition of it by a brother author. Hunt was also called selfish. All persons of exquisite and delicate taste are necessarily—perhaps unconsciously—selfish in certain ways. Hunt's conduct, however, during his imprisonment, shows that he knew how to endure serious loss for the sake of a principle, and that the baser forms of selfishness had no place in his nature. His kindly philosophy was sincere, and, whatever faults he may have had, the example of patience and cheerfulness which he gives us far overbalances them.

The world is full of weeping and wailing authors, and we should be thankful for one who does not swell the utterance of misery—who conceals his tears, and shows us a happy face wherever we meet him.

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#### 5.—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN is one of the few fortunate authors whose works are racy with the peculiar flavor of their native soil, yet harmonize with the natural taste of all other lands. The naïve simplicity of his style, the richness and quaintness of his fancy, and a minute delicacy of touch in his descriptive passages which reminds one of the pencil of Teniers, may be enjoyed by those most remote from the moors of Jutland and the cliff-bound Baltic isles whence his themes are mostly drawn—yet doubly enjoyed by the few to whom the originals of his landscapes are familiar. Den-

mark is rich in the natural elements of poetry. Its history is a wonderful panorama of romance, wherein the heroic figures stand out sharp and splendid against a background of storm. There the pagan chant of the sacred forests of Odin mingles with the masses of Christian monks; the robber-knight of the mainland meets the pirate of the sea; barbaric splendor and Titanic wassail alternate with a life of savage endurance. The convulsions of the Present may create soldiers, priests, statesmen: the Past is the mother of poets.

Denmark is not renowned for its scenery, yet its landscapes have a picturesque homeliness—at times a sublime monotony—which have more power to attract the Muse than the grandest natural features. And here let me remark that scenery does not create poets, either. Where is the native poet of the Alps? or the Pyrenees? or the Bosphorus? or of Cashmere, the Caucasus, and the Himalaya? The Genius of Song does not alight on the icy peaks, or drop into the awful gorges of mountain chains. He hovers over the smoke of cities, or seeks the lowly pastoral vales, the plains, the heathery moorlands, to pick out his chosen children. This is no accidental result: for the life of the mountaineer transmits to his children the quick foot, the strong nerve, the keen eye, rather than the brooding and singing brain. The ploughman's son, the herd-boy of the meadows, the nursling of the town, inherit no such overplus of animal culture: the struggling intellect and vague dreams of the father or mother blossom naturally, in them, into the vision and the faculty divine. People are apt to exclaim (because many people either never think, or think in the

shallowest possible way), on beholding a grand mountain landscape: "This is the true home of poets!" The remark simply indicates that the ideality of the spectator is slightly excited. The reverse is true. Even Holland has produced more poets than Switzerland.

Denmark, in spite of its northern latitude, seemed to me to be admirably adapted for the cradle of authors. It has many "waste and solitary places," such as Shelley loved; melancholy sweeps of sandy "dunes," fretted with the embroidery of the North Sea's waves, and rolling moorlands, purple with heather or golden with gorse and broom. The highest hill in Jutland is only six hundred feet above the sea, yet there are lovely, green, winding valleys, threaded by the clearest of streams; woods of oak, beech, birch, and fur; quaint villages with tiled roofs, and Tartar church-spires, and stately country mansions, with the trim gardens and formal parks of the past century. On one side deep sea-bays run far up among the wooded hills; on the other long friths penetrate the land, and bring the quaint coasting-craft into the central landscapes. On the islands, high cliffs of chalk, tunnelled and caverned by the waves, front the Baltic, and every break in this white wall shows a valley sloping up inland, and bright with the greenest pastures and the fairest groves. "Ah," said a Dane to me, "you have walked under the palms of Egypt and the banyan trees of India, but you have never yet seen the beech woods of Langeland! Nothing in the world is so beautiful. There, in June, you may lie on the moss, under a canopy of transparent emerald—no leaves are so green as beech-leaves in June—and see the blue waters of our Northern

Ægean shimmering below, between the huge boles, white as silver! Then you would understand our Danish poets!"

My friend was right. He who would truly enjoy Oehlenschläger and Heiberg and Baggesen and Andersen, must know Denmark. The latter, especially, although he has travelled much and has occasionally laid the scenes of his stories in foreign lands, is Danish, not only in the character of his mind, but in his most successful subjects. He was born on the island of Fünen, in 1805, and until 1833, I believe, resided either there or in Copenhagen, without ever having trodden the mainland of Europe. The son of a poor shoemaker, a shy and persecuted factory-boy, a supernumerary on the stage, a charity scholar, he has worked his way steadily upward, through that tireless energy which is nothing less than a concentrated enthusiasm, until now he stands acknowledged as the first of living Danish authors—in fact, without a rival anywhere in his own special province of literature.

I cannot remember when I first became acquainted with Andersen's writings; but I think it was during my first residence in Germany in 1845. Shortly afterwards, Mary Howitt's translations of the "*Improvvisatore*," "O. T.," and other works appeared. They were reprinted in this country, and became immediately popular. His "Story of My Life" was published in Boston in 1847. It is a charming autobiography, a little petulant, perhaps a little too free in the narration of his private hostilities, but as frank and picturesque as that of Benvenuto Cellini. I am rather surprised that it should have passed out of print so soon. Like Oehlenschläger Andersen wrote many of his books in

German as well as in Danish, but his "Two Baronesses," which he wrote in English, was not so successful. All educated Danes speak German, and the affinity between the two languages renders a double authorship comparatively easy.

An intimate friend of mine, who was living in Copenhagen, in the year 1852, made the acquaintance of Andersen. One day, while looking over the poet's library, he found a copy of my first book of travel, and called Andersen's attention to it. The latter remarked that he was sorry the author should have died before he had an opportunity of writing some additional volumes! My friend undeceived him, of course, and the result was a cordial invitation, on his part, for me to visit him at Copenhagen. I was then travelling in the East, and received his message at Constantinople. It was then in my plan to become acquainted with Northern Europe, but many seas and continents still lay between the invitation and its fulfilment.

Time, nor space, however, can cheat a man out of that which he is sure he shall have. Six years afterwards, I came down from the Arctic Thule to find the first tokens of spring on the shores of Zeeland. I had but a day or two to spend in Copenhagen, and the sights of that capital—Thorwaldsen's Museum, the Rosenberg Palace, and the Collection of Northern Antiquities—gave me enough to do; but I set aside a portion of my time for Hans Christian Andersen. He was then living in his comfortable bachelor rooms, not far from the Kongens Nytorv, where I was lodged. On sending a messenger to announce my readiness to make his acquaintance, according to promise, I



received word that he was just going out to fulfil an engagement for the evening, but would call upon me the next day.

I was sitting at my window, the following afternoon, busily engaged in sketching the Nytorv, with its bronze statue of Christian IV. in the centre, when some one knocked at the door. Without waiting for a summons the door opened, and a tall, awkward, shambling figure entered. The first idea which occurred to me was: "Here is a man who is perfectly at home wherever he goes." Without a moment's hesitation I sprang up, quite forgetting that we had never met before, and cried out, "Andersen! how are you?" as to an old friend. He greeted me with both hands outstretched: "Ah, here you are at last!" Then, still holding my hands, he said: "To think that you might have passed through Copenhagen, without my knowing it! How I should have been vexed!" Presently we were seated face to face, and in a few minutes I knew his features as well as if I had seen them for years.

He is nearly six feet high, but very loosely put together, large-jointed, angular, and ungainly in his movements. His head is thrown back in a way common to near-sighted persons, and he also has the peculiarity of partly closing the eyelids when looking at you. His features are as ill-assorted as his limbs: the eyes are gray and projecting; the nose large and not quite straight, the mouth broad, and the teeth irregular. His forehead is high and narrow, but well developed at the temples, and his hair thin and sandy-gray. Yet the plainness of his face is attractive, through its air of frankness, honesty, and kindness. His

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manner is as simple and natural as that of a child. He has been called egotistical, but his egotism is only a naïve and unthinking sincerity. He has that winning and confiding way which not only encourages, but almost compels confidence in others. Such a man is not only unembarrassed himself, but his presence is an antidote to the embarrassment of others. This fact accounts for his personal popularity with all classes of men, from peasants to kings. He is a Knight of Dannebrog, with the honorary titles of Professor and Doctor, yet it will never be possible to call him anything else than Hans Christian Andersen.

## VII.

### THE CONFESSIONS OF A MEDIUM.

It is not yet a year since I ceased to act as a Spiritual Medium. (I am forced to make use of this title as the most intelligible, but I do it with a strong mental protest.) At first, I desired only to withdraw myself quietly from the peculiar associations into which I had been thrown by the exercise of my faculty, and be content with the simple fact of my escape. A man who joins the Dashaways does not care to have the circumstance announced in the newspapers. "So, he was an habitual drunkard," the public would say. I was overcome by a similar reluctance,—nay, I might honestly call it shame,—since, although I had at intervals officiated as a Medium for a period of seven years, my name had been mentioned, incidentally, only once or twice in the papers devoted especially to Spiritualism. I had no such reputation as that of Hume or Andrew Jackson Davis, which would call for a public statement of my recantation. The result would be, therefore, to give prominence to a weakness, which, however manfully overcome, might be remembered to my future prejudice.

I find, however, that the resolution to be silent leaves me restless and unsatisfied. And in reflecting calmly—objectively, for the first time—upon the experience of those seven years, I recognize so many points wherein my case is undoubtedly analogous to that of hundreds of others who may be still entangled in the same labyrinth whence I have but recently escaped, so clear a solution of much that is enigmatical, even to those who reject Spiritualism, that the impulse to write weighs upon me with the pressure of a neglected duty. I *cannot* longer be silent, and, in the conviction that the truth of my statement will be evident enough to those most concerned in hearing it, without the authority of any name (least of all, of one so little known as mine) I now give my confession to the world. The names of the individuals whom I shall have occasion to introduce are, of course, disguised; but, with this exception, the narrative is the plainest possible record of my own experience. Many of the incidents which I shall be obliged to describe are known only to the actors therein, who, I feel assured, will never foolishly betray themselves. I have therefore no fear that any harm can result from my disclosures.

In order to make my views intelligible to those readers who have paid no attention to psychological subjects, I must commence a little in advance of my story. My own individual nature is one of those apparently inconsistent combinations which are frequently found in the children of parents whose temperaments and mental personalities widely differ. This class of natures is much larger than would be supposed. Inheriting opposite, even conflicting,

traits from father and mother, they assume, as either element predominates, diverse characters; and that which is the result of temperament (in fact, congenital inconsistency) is set down by the unthinking world as moral weakness or duplicity. Those who have sufficient skill to perceive and reconcile—or, at least, govern—the opposing elements are few, indeed. Had the power come to me sooner, I should have been spared the necessity of making these confessions.

From one parent I inherited an extraordinarily active and sensitive imagination,—from the other, a sturdy practical sense, a disposition to weigh and balance with calm fairness the puzzling questions which life offers to every man. These conflicting qualities—as is usual in all similar natures—were not developed in equal order of growth. The former governed my childhood, my youth, and enveloped me with spells, which all the force of the latter and more slowly ripened faculty was barely sufficient to break. Luxuriant weeds and brambles covered the soil which should have been ploughed and made to produce honest grain. Unfortunately, I had no teacher who was competent to understand and direct me. The task was left for myself, and I can only wonder, after all that has occurred, how it has been possible for me to succeed. Certainly, this success has not been due to any vigorous exercise of virtue on my part, but solely to the existence of that cool, reflective reason which lay *perdue* beneath all the extravagances of my mind.

I possessed, even as a child, an unusual share of what phrenologists call concentrativeness. The power of absorption, of self-forgetfulness, was at the same time a source

of delight and a torment. Lost in some wild dream or absurd childish speculation, my insensibility to outward things was chastised as carelessness or a hardened indifference to counsel. With a memory almost marvellous to retain those things which appealed to my imagination, I blundered painfully over the commonest tasks. While I frequently repeated the Sunday hymn, at dinner, I was too often unable to give the least report of the sermon. Withdrawn into my corner of the pew, I gave myself up, after the enunciation of the text, to a complete abstraction, which took no note of time or place. Fixing my eyes upon a knot in one of the panels under the pulpit, I sat moveless during the hour and a half which our worthy old clergyman required for the expounding of the seven parts of his discourse. They could never accuse me of sleeping, however; for I rarely even winked. The closing hymn recalled me to myself, always with a shock, or sense of pain, and sometimes even with a temporary nausea.

This habit of abstraction—properly a complete *passivity* of the mind—after a while developed another habit, in which I now see the root of that peculiar condition which made me a Medium. I shall therefore endeavor to describe it. I was sitting, one Sunday, just as the minister was commencing his sermon, with my eyes carelessly following the fingers of my right hands, as I drummed them slowly across my knee. Suddenly, the wonder came into my mind,—How is it my fingers move?—What set them going? What is it that stops them? The mystery of that communication between will and muscle, which no physiologist has ever fathomed, burst upon my young intel

lect. I had been conscious of no intention of thus drumming my fingers; they were in motion when I first noticed them: they were certainly a part of myself, yet they acted without my knowledge or design! My left hand was quiet; why did its fingers not move also? Following these reflections came a dreadful fear, as I remembered Jane, the blacksmith's daughter, whose elbows and shoulders sometimes jerked in such a way as to make all the other scholars laugh, although we were sorry for the poor girl, who cried bitterly over her unfortunate, ungovernable limbs. I was comforted, however, on finding that I could control the motion of my fingers at pleasure; but my imagination was too active to stop there. What if I should forget how to direct my hands? What if they should refuse to obey me? What if my knees, which were just as still as the hymn-books in the rack before me, should cease to bend, and I should sit there for ever? These very questions seemed to produce a temporary paralysis of the will. As my right hand lay quietly on my knee, and I asked myself, with a stupid wonder, "Now, can I move it?" it lay as still as before. I had only questioned, not willed. "No, I cannot move it," I said, in real doubt. I was conscious of a blind sense of exertion, wherein there was yet no proper exertion, but which seemed to exhaust me. Fascinated by this new mystery, I contemplated my hand as something apart from myself,—something subordinate to, but not identical with, me. The rising of the congregation for the hymn broke the spell, like the snapping of a thread.

The reader will readily understand that I carried these



experiences much farther. I gradually learned to suspend (perhaps in imagination only, but therefore none the less really) the action of my will upon the muscles of the arms and legs; and I did it with the greater impunity, from knowing that the stir consequent upon the conclusion of the services would bring me to myself. In proportion as the will became passive, the activity of my imagination was increased, and I experienced a new and strange delight in watching the play of fantasies which appeared to come and go independently of myself. There was still a dim consciousness of outward things mingled with my condition; I was not beyond the recall of my senses. But one day, I remember, as I sat motionless as a statue, having ceased any longer to attempt to control my dead limbs, more than usually passive, a white, shining mist gradually stole around me; my eyes finally ceased to take cognizance of objects; a low, musical humming sounded in my ears, and those creatures of the imagination which had hitherto crossed my brain as *thoughts* now spoke to me as audible voices. If there is any happy delirium in the first stages of intoxication, (of which, thank Heaven, I have no experience,) it must be a sensation very much like that which I felt. The death of external and the birth of internal consciousness overwhelmed my childish soul with a dumb, ignorant ecstasy, like that which savages feel on first hearing the magic of music.

How long I remained thus I know not. I was aroused by feeling myself violently shaken. "John!" exclaimed my mother, who had grasped my arm with a determined hand,—“bless the boy! what ails him? Why, his face is

as white as a sheet!" Slowly I recovered my consciousness, saw the church and the departing congregation, and mechanically followed my parents. I could give no explanation of what had happened, except to say that I had fallen asleep. As I ate my dinner with a good appetite, my mother's fears were quieted. I was left at home the following Sunday, and afterwards only ventured to indulge sparingly in the exercise of my newly discovered faculty. My mother, I was conscious, took more note of my presence than formerly, and I feared a repetition of the same catastrophe. As I grew older and my mind became interested in a wider range of themes, I finally lost the habit, which I classed among the many follies of childhood.

I retained, nevertheless, and still retain, something of that subtle instinct which mocks and yet surpasses reason. My feelings with regard to the persons whom I met were quite independent of their behavior towards me, or the estimation in which they were held by the world. Things which puzzled my brain in waking hours were made clear to me in sleep, and I frequently felt myself blindly impelled to do or to avoid doing certain things. The members of my family, who found it impossible to understand my motives of action,—because, in fact, there were no *motives*,—complacently solved the difficulty by calling me "queer." I presume there are few persons who are not occasionally visited by the instinct, or impulse, or faculty, or whatever it may be called, to which I refer. I possessed it in a more than ordinary degree, and was generally able to distinguish between its suggestions and the mere humors of my imagination. It is scarcely necessary to say that I assume the

existence of such a power, at the outset. I recognize it as a normal faculty of the human mind,—not therefore universal, any more than the genius which makes a poet, a painter, or a composer.

My education was neither general nor thorough; hence I groped darkly with the psychological questions which were presented to me. Tormented by those doubts which at some period of life assail the soul of every thinking man, I was ready to grasp at any solution which offered, without very carefully testing its character. I eagerly accepted the theory of Animal Magnetism, which, so far as it went, was satisfactory; but it only illustrated the powers and relations of the soul in its present state of existence; it threw no light upon that future which I was not willing to take upon faith alone. Though sensible to mesmeric influences, I was not willing that my spiritual nature should be the instrument of another's will,—that a human being, like myself, should become possessed of all my secrets and sanctities, touching the keys of every passion with his unhallowed fingers. In the phenomena of clairvoyance I saw only other and more subtile manifestations of the power which I knew to exist in my own mind. Hence, I soon grew weary of prosecuting inquiries which, at best, would fall short of solving my own great and painful doubt,—Does the human soul continue to exist after death? That it could take cognizance of things beyond the reach of the five senses, I was already assured. This, however, might be a sixth sense, no less material and perishable in its character than the others. My brain, as yet, was too young and immature to follow the thread of that lofty spiritual logic in

the light of which such doubts melt away like mists of the night. Thus, uneasy because undeveloped, erring because I had never known the necessary guidance, seeking, but almost despairing of enlightenment, I was a fit subject for any spiritual epidemic which seemed to offer me a cure for worse maladies.

At this juncture occurred the phenomena known as the "Rochester Knockings." (My home, let me say, is in a small town not far from New York.) I shared in the general interest aroused by the marvellous stories, which, being followed by the no less extraordinary display of some unknown agency at Norwalk, Connecticut, excited me to such a degree that I was half-converted to the new faith before I had witnessed any spiritual manifestation. Soon after the arrival of the Misses Fox in New York I visited them in their rooms at the Howard House. Impressed by their quiet, natural demeanor, the absence of anything savoring of jugglery, and the peculiar character of the raps and movements of the table, I asked my questions and applied my tests, in a passive, if not a believing frame of mind. In fact, I had not long been seated, before the noises became loud and frequent.

"The spirits like to communicate with you," said Mrs. Fish: "you seem to be nearer to them than most people."

I summoned, in succession, the spirits of my mother, a younger brother, and a cousin to whom I had been much attached in boyhood, and obtained correct answers to all my questions. I did not then remark, what has since occurred to me, that these questions concerned things which I knew, and that the answers to them were distinctly im-

pressed on my mind at the time. The result of one of my tests made a very deep impression upon me. Having mentally selected a friend whom I had met in the train that morning, I asked,—“Will the spirit whose name is now in my mind communicate with me?” To this came the answer, slowly rapped out, on calling over the alphabet,—“*He is living!*”

I returned home, very much puzzled. Precisely those features of the exhibition (let me call it such) which repulse others attracted me. The searching day-light, the plain, matter-of-fact character of the manifestations, the absence of all solemnity and mystery, impressed me favorably towards the spiritual theory. If disembodied souls, I said, really exist and can communicate with those in the flesh, why should they choose moonlight or darkness, graveyards or lonely bed-chambers, for their visitations? What is to hinder them from speaking at times and in places where the senses of men are fully awake and alert, rather than when they are liable to be the dupes of the imagination? In such reflections as these I was the unconscious dupe of my own imagination, while supposing myself thoroughly impartial and critical.

Soon after this, circles began to be formed in my native town, for the purpose of table-moving. A number of persons met, secretly at first,—for as yet there were no avowed converts,—and quite as much for sport as for serious investigation. The first evening there was no satisfactory manifestation. The table moved a little, it is true, but each one laughingly accused his neighbors of employing some muscular force: all isolated attempts were vain. I was con-



scious, nevertheless, of a curious sensation of numbness in the arms, which recalled to mind my forgotten experiments in church. No rappings were heard, and some of the participants did not scruple to pronounce the whole thing a delusion.

A few evenings after this we met again. Those who were most incredulous happened to be absent, while, accidentally, their places were filled by persons whose temperaments disposed them to a passive seriousness. Among these was a girl of sixteen, Miss Abby Fetters, a pale, delicate creature, with blond hair and light-blue eyes. Chance placed her next to me, in forming the ring, and her right hand lay lightly upon my left. We stood around a heavy circular dining-table. A complete silence was preserved, and all minds gradually sank into a quiet, passive expectancy. In about ten minutes I began to feel, or to imagine that I felt, a stream of light—if light were a palpable substance—a something far finer and more subtile than an electric current, passing from the hand of Miss Fetters through my own into the table. Presently the great wooden mass began to move—stopped—moved again—turned in a circle, we following, without changing the position of our hands—and finally began to rock from side to side, with increasing violence. Some of the circle were thrown off by the movements; others withdrew their hands in affright; and but four, among whom were Miss Fetters and myself, retained their hold. My outward consciousness appeared to be somewhat benumbed, as if by some present fascination or approaching trance, but I retained curiosity enough to look at my companion. Her eyes, sparkling with a strange, steady light, were fixed upon



the table; her breath came quick and short, and her cheek had lost every trace of color. Suddenly, as if by a spasmodic effort, she removed her hands; I did the same, and the table stopped. She threw herself into a seat, as if exhausted, yet, during the whole time, not a muscle of the hand which lay upon mine had stirred. I solemnly declare that my own hands had been equally passive, yet I experienced the same feeling of fatigue—not muscular fatigue, but a sense of *deadness*, as if every drop of nervous energy had been suddenly taken from me.

Further experiments, the same evening, showed that we two, either together or alone, were able to produce the same phenomena without the assistance of the others present. We did not succeed, however, in obtaining any answers to our questions, nor were any of us impressed by the idea that the spirits of the dead were among us. In fact, these table-movings would not, of themselves, suggest the idea of a spiritual manifestation. "The table is bewitched," said Thompson, a hard-headed young fellow, without a particle of imagination; and this was really the first impression of all: some unknown force, latent in the dead matter, had been called into action. Still, this conclusion was so strange, so incredible, that the agency of supernatural intelligences finally presented itself to my mind as the readiest solution.

It was not long before we obtained rappings, and were enabled to repeat all the experiments which I had tried during my visit to the Fox family. The spirits of our deceased relatives and friends announced themselves, and generally gave a correct account of their earthly lives. I

must confess, however, that, whenever we attempted to pry into the future, we usually received answers as ambiguous as those of the Grecian oracles, or predictions which failed to be realized. Violent knocks or other unruly demonstrations would sometimes interrupt an intelligent communication which promised us some light on the other life: these, we were told, were occasioned by evil or mischievous spirits, whose delight it was to create disturbances. They never occurred, I now remember, except when Miss Fetters was present. At the time, we were too much absorbed in our researches to notice the fact.

The reader will perceive, from what he knows of my previous mental state, that it was not difficult for me to accept the theories of the Spiritualists. Here was an evidence of the immortality of the soul—nay, more, of its continued individuality through endless future existences. The idea of my individuality being lost had been to me the same thing as complete annihilation. The spirits themselves informed us that they had come to teach these truths. The simple, ignorant faith of the Past, they said, was worn out; with the development of science, the mind of man had become skeptical; the ancient fountains no longer sufficed for his thirst; each new era required a new revelation; in all former ages there had been single minds pure enough and advanced enough to communicate with the dead and be the mediums of their messages to men, but now the time had come when the knowledge of this intercourse must be declared unto all; in its light the mysteries of the Past became clear; in the wisdom thus imparted, that happy Future which seems possible to every ardent and generous

heart would be secured. I was not troubled by the fact that the messages which proclaimed these things were often incorrectly spelt, that the grammar was bad and the language far from elegant. I did not reflect that these new and sublime truths had formerly passed through my own brain as the dreams of a wandering imagination. Like that American philosopher who looks upon one of his own neophytes as a man of great and profound mind because the latter carefully remembers and repeats to him his own carelessly uttered wisdom, I saw in these misty and disjointed reflections of my own thoughts the precious revelation of departed and purified spirits.

How a passion for the unknown and unattainable takes hold of men is illustrated by the search for the universal solvent, by the mysteries of the Rosicrucians, by the patronage of fortune-tellers, even. Wholly absorbed in spiritual researches—having, in fact, no vital interest in anything else—I soon developed into what is called a Medium. I discovered, at the outset, that the peculiar condition to be attained before the tables would begin to move could be produced at will.\* I also found that the passive state into

\* In attempting to describe my own sensations, I labor under the disadvantage of speaking mostly to those who have never experienced anything of the kind. Hence, what would be perfectly clear to myself, and to those who have passed through a similar experience, may be unintelligible to the former class. The Spiritualists excuse the crudities which their Plato, St. Paul, and Shakspeare utter, by ascribing them to the imperfection of human language; and I may claim the same allowance in setting forth mental conditions of which the mind itself can grasp no complete idea, seeing that its most important faculties are paralysed during the existence of those conditions.

which I naturally felt had a tendency to produce that trance or suspension of the will which I had discovered when a boy. External consciousness, however, did not wholly depart. I saw the circle of inquirers around me, but dimly, and as phantoms—while the impressions which passed over my brain seemed to wear visible forms and to speak with audible voices.

I did not doubt, at the time, that spirits visited me, and that they made use of my body to communicate with those who could hear them in no other way. Beside the pleasant intoxication of the semi-trance, I felt a rare joy in the knowledge that I was elected above other men to be their interpreter. Let me endeavor to describe the nature of this possession. Sometimes, even before a spirit would be called for, the figure of the person, as it existed in the mind of the inquirer, would suddenly present itself to me—not to my outward senses, but to my interior, instinctive knowledge. If the recollection of the other embraced also the voice, I heard the voice in the same manner, and unconsciously imitated it. The answers to the questions I knew by the same instinct, as soon as the questions were spoken. If the question was vague, asked for information rather than *confirmation*, either no answer came, or there was an impression of a *wish* of what the answer might be, or, at times, some strange involuntary sentence sprang to my lips. When I wrote, my hand appeared to move of itself; yet the words it wrote invariably passed through my mind. Even when blindfolded, there was no difference in its performance. The same powers developed themselves in a still greater degree in Miss Feters. The spirits which

spoke most readily through her were those of men, even coarse and rude characters, which came unsummoned. Two or three of the other members of our circle were able to produce motions in the table ; they could even feel, as they asserted, the touch of spiritual hands ; but, however much they desired it, they were never personally possessed as we, and therefore could not properly be called Mediums.

These investigations were not regularly carried on. Occasionally the interest of the circle flagged, until it was renewed by the visit of some apostle of the new faith, usually accompanied by a "Preaching Medium." Among those whose presence especially conduced to keep alive the flame of spiritual inquiry was a gentleman named Stilton, the editor of a small monthly periodical entitled "Revelations from the Interior." Without being himself a Medium, he was nevertheless thoroughly conversant with the various phenomena of Spiritualism, and both spoke and wrote in the dialect which its followers adopted. He was a man of varied, but not profound learning, an active intellect, giving and receiving impressions with equal facility, and with an unusual combination of concentrativeness and versatility in his nature. A certain inspiration was connected with his presence. His personality overflowed upon and influenced others. "My mind is not sufficiently submissive," he would say, "to receive impressions from the spirits, but my atmosphere attracts them, and encourages them to speak." He was a stout, strongly built man, with coarse black hair, gray eyes, large animal mouth, square jaws, and short, thick neck. Had his hair been cropped close, he would have looked very much like a prize-fighter :



but he wore it long, parted in the middle, and as meek in expression as its stiff waves would allow.

Stilton soon became the controlling spirit of our circle. His presence really seemed, as he said, to encourage the spirits. Never before had the manifestations been so abundant or so surprising. Miss Fetters, especially, astonished us by the vigor of her possessions. Not only Samson and Peter the Great, but Gibbs the Pirate, Black Hawk, and Joe Manton, who had died the previous year in a fit of delirium-tremens, prophesied, strode, swore, and smashed things in turn, by means of her frail little body. As Cribb, a noted pugilist of the last century, she floored an incautious spectator, giving him a black eye which he wore for a fortnight afterwards. Singularly enough, my visitors were of the opposite cast. Hypatia, Petrarch, Mary Magdalen, Abelard, and, oftenest of all, Shelley, proclaimed mystic truths from my lips. They usually spoke in inspired monologues, without announcing themselves beforehand, and often without giving any clue to their personality. A practised stenographer, engaged by Mr. Stilton, took down many of these communications as they were spoken, and they were afterwards published in the "Revelations." It was also remarked, that, while Miss Fetters employed violent gestures, and seemed to possess a superhuman strength, I, on the contrary, sat motionless, pale, and with little sign of life except in my voice, which, though low, was clear and dramatic in its modulations. Stilton explained this difference without hesitation. "Miss Abby," he said, "possesses soul-matter of a texture to which the souls of these strong men naturally adhere. In the spirit-land the



superfluities repel each other ; the individual souls seek to remedy their imperfections : in the union of opposites only is to be found the great harmonia of life. You, John, move upon another plane ; through what in you is undeveloped, these developed spirits are attracted.”

For two or three years, I must admit, my life was a very happy one. Not only were those occasional trances an intoxication, nay, a coveted indulgence, but they cast a consecration over my life. My restored faith rested on the sure evidence of my own experience ; my new creed contained no harsh or repulsive feature ; I heard the same noble sentiments which I uttered in such moments repeated by my associates in the faith, and I devoutly believed that a complete regeneration of the human race was at hand. Nevertheless, it struck me sometimes as singular that many of the Mediums whom I met—men and women chosen by spiritual hands to the same high office—excited in my mind that instinct of repulsion on which I had learned to rely as a sufficient reason for avoiding certain persons. Far as it would have been from my mind, at that time, to question the manifestations which accompanied them, I could not smother my mistrust of their characters. Miss Fetters, whom I so frequently met, was one of the most disagreeable. Her cold, thin lips, pale eyes, and lean figure gave me a singular impression of voracious hunger. Her presence was often announced to me by a chill shudder, before I saw her. Centuries ago one of her ancestors must have been a ghou! or vampire. The trance of possession seemed, with her, to be a form of dissipation, in which she indulged as she might have catered for a baser appetite. The new

religion was nothing to her; I believe she valued it only on account of the importance she obtained among its followers. Her father, a vain, weak-minded man, who kept a grocery in the town, was himself a convert.

Stilton had an answer for every doubt. No matter how tangled a labyrinth might be exhibited to him, he walked straight through it.

“How is it,” I asked him, “that so many of my fellow-mediums inspire me with an instinctive dislike and mistrust?”

“By mistrust you mean dislike,” he answered; “since you know of no reason to doubt their characters. The elements of soul-matter are differently combined in different individuals, and there are affinities and repulsions, just as there are in the chemical elements. Your feeling is chemical, not moral. A want of affinity does not necessarily imply an existing evil in the other party. In the present ignorance of the world, our true affinities can only be imperfectly felt and indulged; and the entire freedom which we shall obtain in this respect is the greatest happiness of the spirit-life.”

Another time I asked—

“How is it that the spirits of great authors speak so tamely to us? Shakspeare, last night, wrote a passage which he would have been heartily ashamed of, as a living man. We know that a spirit spoke, calling himself Shakspeare; but, judging from his communication, it could not have been he.”

“It probably was not,” said Mr. Stilton. “I am convinced that all malicious spirits are at work to interrupt

the communications from the higher spheres. We were thus deceived by one professing to be Benjamin Franklin, who drew for us the plan of a machine for splitting shingles, which we had fabricated and patented at considerable expense. On trial, however, it proved to be a miserable failure, a complete mockery. When the spirit was again summoned he refused to speak, but shook the table to express his malicious laughter, went off, and has never since returned. My friend, we know but the alphabet of Spiritualism, the mere A B C; we can no more expect to master the immortal language in a day than a child to read Plato after learning his letters."

Many of those who had been interested in the usual phenomena gradually dropped off, tired, and perhaps a little ashamed, in the reaction following their excitement; but there were continual accessions to our ranks, and we formed, at last, a distinct clan or community. Indeed, the number of *secret* believers in Spiritualism would never be suspected by the uninitiated. In the sect, however, as in Masonry, and the Catholic Church, there are circles within circles—concentric rings, whence you can look outwards, but not inwards, and where he alone who stands at the centre is able to perceive everything. Such an inner circle was at last formed in our town. Its object, according to Stilton, with whom the plan originated, was to obtain a purer spiritual atmosphere, by the exclusion of all but Mediums, and those non-mediumistic believers in whose presence the spirits felt at ease, and thus invite communications from the farther and purer spheres.

In fact, the result seemed to justify the plan. The cha-

racter of the trance, as I had frequently observed, is vitiated by the consciousness that disbelievers are present. The more perfect the atmosphere of credulity, the more satisfactory the manifestations. The expectant company, the dim light, the conviction that a wonderful revelation was about to dawn upon us, excited my imagination, and my trance was really a sort of delirium, in which I spoke with a passion and an eloquence I had never before exhibited. The fear, which had previously haunted me, at times, of giving my brain and tongue into the control of an unknown power, was forgotten ; yet, more than ever, I was conscious of some strong controlling influence, and experienced a reckless pleasure in permitting myself to be governed by it. "Prepare," I concluded, (I quote from the report in the "Revelations,") "prepare, sons of men, for the dawning day! Prepare for the second and perfect regeneration of man! For the prison-chambers have been broken into, and the light from the interior shall illuminate the external! Ye shall enjoy spiritual and passional freedom; your guides shall no longer be the despotism of ignorant laws, nor the whip of an imaginary conscience,—but the natural impulses of your nature, which are the melody of Life, and the natural affinities, which are its harmony! The reflections from the upper spheres shall irradiate the lower, and Death is the triumphal arch through which we pass from glory to glory!"

— I have here paused, deliberating whether I should proceed farther in my narrative. But no; if any good is to be accomplished by these confessions, the reader must walk with me through the dark labyrinth which follows

He must walk over what may be considered delicate ground, but he shall not be harmed. One feature of the trance condition is too remarkable, too important in its consequences to be overlooked. It is a feature of which many Mediums are undoubtedly ignorant, the existence of which is not even suspected by thousands of honest Spiritualists.

Let me again anticipate the regular course of my narrative, and explain. A suspension of the Will, when indulged in for any length of time, produces a suspension of that inward consciousness of good and evil which we call Conscience, and which can be actively exercised only through the medium of the Will. The mental faculties and the moral perceptions lie down together in the same passive sleep. The subject is, therefore, equally liable to receive impressions from the minds of others, and from their passions and lusts. Besides this, the germs of all good and of all evil are implanted in the nature of every human being; and even when some appetite is buried in a crypt so deep that its existence is forgotten, let the warder be removed, and it will gradually work its way to the light. Persons in the receptive condition which belongs to the trance may be surrounded by honest and pure-minded individuals, and receive no harmful impressions; they may even, if of a healthy spiritual temperament, resist for a time the aggressions of evil influences; but the final danger is always the same. The state of the Medium, therefore, may be described as one in which the Will is passive, the Conscience passive, the outward senses partially (sometimes wholly) suspended, the mind helplessly subject to the operations of other minds.



and the passions and desires released from all restraining influences.\* I make the statement boldly, after long and careful reflection, and severe self-examination.

As I said before, I did not entirely lose my external consciousness, although it was very dim and dream-like. On returning to the natural state, my recollection of what had occurred during the trance became equally dim; but I retained a general impression of the character of the possession. I knew that some foreign influence—the spirit of a dead poet, or hero, or saint, I then believed—governed me for the time; that I gave utterance to thoughts unfamiliar to my mind in its conscious state; and that my own individuality was lost, or so disguised that I could no longer recognize it. This very circumstance made the trance an indulgence, a spiritual intoxication, no less fascinating than that of the body, although accompanied by a similar reaction. Yet, behind all, dimly evident to me, there was an element of terror. There were times when, back of the influences which spoke with my voice, rose another—a vast, overwhelming, threatening power, the nature of which I could not grasp, but which I knew was evil. Even when in my natural state, listening to the harsh utterances of Miss Feters or the lofty spiritual philosophy of Mr. Stilton, I have felt for a single second, the touch of an icy wind, accompanied by a sensation of unutterable dread.

Our secret circle had not held many sessions before a

\* The recent experiments in *Hypnotism*, in France, show that a very similar psychological condition accompanies the trance produced by gazing fixedly upon a bright object held near the eyes. I have no doubt, in fact, that it belongs to every abnormal state of the mind.



remarkable change took place in the character of the revelations. Mr. Stilton ceased to report them for his paper.

“We are on the threshold at last,” said he; “the secrets of the ages lie beyond. The hands of spirits are now lifting the veil, fold by fold. Let us not be startled by what we hear: let us show that our eyes can bear the light—that we are competent to receive the wisdom of the higher spheres, and live according to it.”

Miss Fetters was more than ever possessed by the spirit of Joe Manton, whose allowance of grog having been cut off too suddenly by his death, he was continually clamoring for a dram. “I tell you,” yelled he, or rather she, “I won’t stand sich meanness. I ha’n’t come all the way here for nothin’. I’ll knock Erasmus all to thunder, if you go for to turn me out dry, and let him come in.”

Mr. Stilton thereupon handed him, or her, a tumbler half-full of brandy, which she gulped down at a single swallow. Joe Manton presently retired to make room for Erasmus, who spoke for some time in Latin, or what appeared to be Latin. None of us could make much of it; but Mr. Stilton declared that the Latin pronunciation of Erasmus was probably different from ours, or that he might have learned the true Roman accent from Cicero and Seneca, with whom, doubtless, he was now on intimate terms. As Erasmus generally concluded by throwing his arms, or rather the arms of Miss Fetters, around the neck of Mr. Stilton—his spirit fraternizing, apparently, with the spirit of the latter—we greatly regretted that his communications were unintelligible, on account of the superior wisdom which they might be supposed to contain.

I confess, I cannot recall the part I played in what would have been a pitiable farce, if it had not been so terribly tragical, without a feeling of utter shame. Nothing but my profound sympathy for the thousands and tens of thousands who are still subject to the same delusion could compel me to such a sacrifice of pride. Curiously enough (as I thought *then*, but not now), the enunciation of sentiments opposed to my moral sense—the abolition, in fact, of all moral restraint—came from my lips, while the actions of Miss Fetters hinted at their practical application. Upon the ground that the interests of the soul were paramount to all human laws and customs, I declared—or rather, *my voice* declared—that self-denial was a fatal error, to which half the misery of mankind could be traced; that the passions, held as slaves, exhibited only the brutish nature of slaves, and would be exalted and glorified by entire freedom; and that our sole guidance ought to come from the voices of the spirits who communicated with us, instead of the imperfect laws constructed by our benighted fellow-men. How clear and logical, how lofty, these doctrines seemed! If, at times, something in their nature repelled me, I simply attributed it to the fact that I was still but a neophyte in the Spiritual Philosophy, and incapable of perceiving the truth with entire clearness.

Mr. Stilton had a wife,—one of those meek, amiable, simple-hearted women whose individuality seems to be completely absorbed into that of their husbands. When such women are wedded to frank, tender, protecting men, their lives are truly blessed; but they are willing slaves to the domestic tyrant. They bear uncomplainingly,—many

of them even without a thought of complaint,—and die at last with their hearts full of love for the brutes who have trampled upon them. Mrs. Stilton was perhaps forty years of age, of middle height, moderately plump in person, with light-brown hair, soft, inexpressive gray eyes, and a meek, helpless, imploring mouth. Her voice was mild and plaintive, and its accents of anger (if she ever gave utterance to such) could not have been distinguished from those of grief. She did not often attend our sessions, and it was evident, that, while she endeavored to comprehend the revelations, in order to please her husband, their import was very far beyond her comprehension. She was now and then a little frightened at utterances which no doubt sounded lewd or profane to her ears; but after a glance at Mr. Stilton's face, and finding that it betrayed neither horror nor surprise, would persuade herself that everything must be right.

“Are you sure,” she once timidly whispered to me, “are you very sure, Mr. —, that there is no danger of being led astray? It seems strange to me; but perhaps I don't understand it.”

Her question was so indefinite, that I found it difficult to answer. Stilton, however, seeing me engaged in endeavoring to make clear to her the glories of the new truth, exclaimed,—

“That's right, John! Your spiritual plane slants through many spheres, and has points of contact with a great variety of souls. I hope my wife will be able to see the light through you, since I appear to be too opaque for her to receive it from me.”

“Oh, Abijah!” said the poor woman, “you know it is

my fault. I try to follow, and I hope I have faith, though I don't see everything as clearly as you do."

I began also to have my own doubts, as I perceived that an "affinity" was gradually being developed between Stilton and Miss Fetters. She was more and more frequently possessed by the spirit of Erasmus, whose salutations, on meeting and parting with his brother-philosopher, were too enthusiastic for merely masculine love. But, whenever I hinted at the possibility of mistaking the impulses of the soul, or at evil resulting from a too sudden and universal liberation of the passions, Stilton always silenced me with his inevitable logic. Having once accepted the premises, I could not avoid the conclusions.

"When our natures are in harmony with spirit-matter throughout the spheres," he would say, "our impulses will always be in accordance. Or, if there should be any temporary disturbance, arising from our necessary intercourse with the gross, blinded multitude, we can always fly to our spiritual monitors for counsel. Will not they, the immortal souls of the ages past, who have guided us to a knowledge of the truth, assist us also in preserving it pure?"

In spite of this, in spite of my admiration of Stilton's intellect, and my yet unshaken faith in Spiritualism, I was conscious that the harmony of the circle was becoming impaired in me. Was I falling behind in spiritual progress? Was I too weak to be the medium for the promised revelations? I threw myself again and again into the trance, with a recklessness of soul which fitted me to receive any, even the darkest impressions, to catch and proclaim every

guilty whisper of the senses, and, while under the influence of the excitement, to exult in the age of license which I believed to be at hand. But darker, stronger grew the terror which lurked behind this spiritual carnival. A more tremendous power than that which I now recognized as coming from Stilton's brain was present, and I saw myself whirling nearer and nearer to its grasp. I felt, by a sort of blind instinct, too vague to be expressed, that some demoniac agency had thrust itself into the manifestations,—perhaps had been mingled with them from the outset.

For two or three months, my life was the strangest mixture of happiness and misery. I walked about with the sense of some crisis hanging over me. My "possessions" became fiercer and wilder, and the reaction so much more exhausting that I fell into the habit of restoring myself by means of the bottle of brandy which Mr. Stilton took care should be on hand, in case of a visit from Joe Manton. Miss Feters, strange to say, was not in the least affected by the powerful draughts she imbibed. But, at the same time, my waking life was growing brighter and brighter under the power of a new and delicious experience. My nature is eminently social, and I had not been able—indeed, I did not desire—wholly to withdraw myself from intercourse with non-believers. There was too much in society that was congenial to me to be given up. My instinctive dislike to Miss Abby Feters, and my compassionate regard for Mrs. Stilton's weakness, only served to render the company of intelligent, cultivated women more attractive to me. Among those whom I met most frequently was Miss Agnes Honeywood, a calm, quiet, unobtrusive girl, the



characteristic of whose face was sweetness rather than beauty, while the first feeling she inspired was respect rather than admiration. She had just that amount of self-possession which conceals without conquering the sweet timidity of woman. Her voice was low, yet clear; and her mild eyes, I found, were capable, on occasion, of both flashing and melting. Why describe her? I loved her before I knew it; but, with the consciousness of my love, that clairvoyant sense on which I learned to depend failed for the first time. Did she love me? When I sought to answer the question in her presence, all was confusion within.

This was not the only new influence which entered into and increased the tumult of my mind. The other half of my two-sided nature—the cool, reflective, investigating faculty—had been gradually ripening, and the questions which it now began to present seriously disturbed the complacency of my theories. I saw that I had accepted many things on very unsatisfactory evidence; but, on the other hand, there was much for which I could find no other explanation. Let me be frank, and say, that I do not *now* pretend to explain all the phenomena of Spiritualism. This, however, I determined to do,—to ascertain, if possible, whether the influences which governed me in the trance state came from the persons around, from the exercise of some independent faculty of my own mind, or really and truly from the spirits of the dead. Mr. Stilton appeared to notice that some internal conflict was going on; but he said nothing in regard to it, and, as events proved, he entirely miscalculated its character.

I said to myself.—“If this chaos continues, it will drive



me mad. Let me have one bit of solid earth beneath my feet, and I can stand until it subsides. Let me throw over the best bower of the heart, since all the anchors of the mind are dragging!" I summoned resolution. I made that desperate venture which no true man makes without a pang of forced courage; but, thank God! I did not make it in vain. Agnes loved me, and in the deep, quiet bliss which this knowledge gave I felt the promise of deliverance. She knew and lamented my connexion with the Spiritualists; but, perceiving my mental condition from the few intimations which I dared to give her, discreetly held her peace. But I could read the anxious expression of that gentle face none the less.

My first endeavor to solve the new questions was to check the *abandon* of the trance condition, and interfuse it with more of sober consciousness. It was a difficult task; and nothing but the circumstance that my consciousness had never been entirely lost enabled me to make any progress. I finally succeeded, as I imagined (certainty is impossible), in separating the different influences which impressed me—perceiving where one terminated and the other commenced, or where two met and my mind vibrated from one to the other until the stronger prevailed, or where a thought which seemed to originate in my own brain took the lead and swept away with me like the mad rush of a prairie colt. When out of the trance, I noticed attentively the expressions made use of by Mr. Stilton and the other members of the circle, and was surprised to find how many of them I had reproduced. But might they not, in the first place, have been derived from me? And what was the vague,

dark Presence which still overshadowed me at such times? What was that power which I had tempted—which we were all tempting, every time we met—and which continually drew nearer and became more threatening? I knew not; *and I know not*. I would rather not speak or think of it any more.

My suspicions with regard to Stilton and Miss Feters, were confirmed by a number of circumstances which I need not describe. That he should treat his wife in a harsh, ironical manner, which the poor woman felt, but could not understand, did not surprise me; but at other times there was a treacherous tenderness about him. He would dilate eloquently upon the bliss of living in accordance with the spiritual harmonies. Among *us*, he said, there could be no more hatred or mistrust or jealousy—nothing but love, pure, unselfish, perfect love. “You, my dear,” (turning to Mrs. Stilton,) “belong to a sphere which is included within my own, and share in my harmonies and affinities; yet the soul-matter which adheres to you is of a different texture from mine. Yours has also its independent affinities; I see and respect them; and even though they might lead our bodies—our outward, material lives—away from one another, we should still be true to that glorious light of love which permeates all soul-matter.”

“Oh, Abijah!” cried Mrs. Stilton, really distressed, “how can you say such a thing of me? You know I can never adhere to anybody else but you!”

Stilton would then call in my aid to explain his meaning, asserting that I had a faculty of reaching his wife’s intellect, which he did not himself possess. Feeling a certain

sympathy for her painful confusion of mind, I did my best to give his words an interpretation which soothed her fears. Then she begged his pardon, taking all the blame to her own stupidity, and received his grudging, unwilling kiss with a restored happiness which pained me to the heart.

I had a growing presentiment of some approaching catastrophe. I felt, distinctly, the presence of unhallowed passions in our circle; and my steadfast love for Agnes, borne thither in my bosom, seemed like a pure white dove in a cage of unclean birds. Stilton held me from him by the superior strength of his intellect. I began to mistrust, even to hate him, while I was still subject to his power, and unable to acquaint him with the change in my feelings. Miss Fetters was so repulsive that I never spoke to her when it could be avoided. I had tolerated her, heretofore, for the sake of her spiritual gift; but now, when I began to doubt the authenticity of that gift, her hungry eyes, her thin lips, her flat breast, and cold, dry hands excited in me a sensation of absolute abhorrence.

The doctrine of affinities had some time before been adopted by the circle, as a part of the Spiritual Truth. Other circles, with which we were in communication, had also received the same revelation; and the ground upon which it was based, in fact, rendered its acceptance easy. Even I, shielded as I was by the protecting arms of a pure love, sought in vain for arguments to refute a doctrine, the practical operation of which, I saw, might be so dangerous. The soul had a right to seek its kindred soul: that I could not deny. Having found, they belonged to each other. Love is the only law which those who love are bound to

obey. I shall not repeat all the sophistry whereby these positions were strengthened. The doctrine soon blossomed and bore fruit, the nature of which left no doubt as to the character of the tree.

The catastrophe came sooner than I had anticipated, and partly through my own instrumentality ; though, in any case, it must finally have come. We were met together at the house of one of the most zealous and fanatical believers. There were but eight persons present—the host and his wife, (an equally zealous proselyte,) a middle-aged bachelor neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Stilton, Miss Feters and her father, and myself. It was a still, cloudy, sultry evening, after one of those dull, oppressive days when all the bad blood in a man seems to be uppermost in his veins. The manifestations upon the table, with which we commenced, were unusually rapid and lively. “I am convinced,” said Mr. Stilton, “that we shall receive important revelations to-night. My own mind possesses a clearness and quickness, which, I have noticed, always precede the visit of a superior spirit. Let us be passive and receptive, my friends. We are but instruments in the hands of loftier intelligences, and only through our obedience can this second advent of Truth be fulfilled.”

He looked at me with that expression which I so well knew, as the signal for a surrender of my will. I had come rather unwillingly, for I was getting heartily tired of the business, and longed to shake off my habit of (spiritual) intoxication, which no longer possessed any attraction, since I had been allowed to visit Agnes as an accepted lover. In fact, I continued to hold my place in the circle princi-

pally for the sake of satisfying myself with regard to the real nature and causes of the phenomena. On this night, something in Mr. Stilton's face arrested my attention, and a rapid inspiration flashed through my mind. "Suppose," I thought, "I allow the usual effect to be produced, yet reverse the character of its operation? I am convinced that he has been directing the current of my thought according to his will; let me now render myself so thoroughly passive, that my mind, like a mirror, shall reflect what passes through his, retaining nothing of my own except the simple consciousness of what I am doing." Perhaps this was exactly what he desired. He sat, bending forward a little over the table, his square jaws firmly set, his eyes hidden beneath their heavy brows, and every long, wiry hair on his head in its proper place. I fixed my eyes upon him, threw my mind into a state of perfect receptivity, and waited.

It was not long before I felt his approach. Shadow after shadow flitted across the still mirror of my inward sense. Whether the thoughts took words in his brain or in mine,—whether I first caught his disjointed musings, and, by their utterance reacting upon him, gave system and development to *his* thoughts—I cannot tell. But this I know: what I said came wholly from him—not from the slandered spirits of the dead, not from the vagaries of my own imagination, but from *him*. "Listen to me!" I said. "In the flesh I was a martyr to the Truth, and I am permitted to communicate only with those whom the Truth has made free. You are the heralds of the great day; you have climbed from sphere to sphere, until now you stand near



the fountains of light. But it is not enough that you see: your lives must reflect the light. The inward vision is for you, but the outward manifestation thereof is for the souls of others. Fulfil the harmonies in the flesh. Be the living music, not the silent instruments.”

There was more, much more of this—a plenitude of eloquent sound, which seems to embody sublime ideas, but which, carefully examined, contains no more palpable substance than sea-froth. If the reader will take the trouble to read an “Epic of the Starry Heavens,” the production of a Spiritual Medium, he will find several hundred pages of the same character. But, by degrees, the revelation descended to details, and assumed a personal application. “In you, in all of you, the spiritual harmonies are still violated,” was the conclusion. “You, Abijah Stilton, who are chosen to hold up the light of truth to the world, require that a transparent soul, capable of transmitting that light to you, should be allied to yours. She who is called your wife is a clouded lens; she can receive the light only through John ——, who is her true spiritual husband, as Abby Fetters is *your* true spiritual wife!”

I was here conscious of a sudden cessation of the influence which forced me to speak, and stopped. The members of the circle opposite to me—the host, his wife, neighbor, and old Mr. Fetters—were silent, but their faces exhibited more satisfaction than astonishment. My eye fell upon Mrs. Stilton. Her face was pale, her eyes widely opened, and her lips dropped apart, with a stunned, bewildered expression. It was the blank face of a woman walking in her sleep. These observations were accomplished in



an instant ; for Miss Fetters, suddenly possessed with the spirit of Black Hawk, sprang upon her feet. “ Ugh ! ugh ! ” she exclaimed, in a deep, harsh voice, “ where’s the pale-face ? Black Hawk, he like him—he love him much ! ”—and therewith threw her arms around Stilton, fairly lifting him off his feet. “ Ugh ! fire-water for Black Hawk !—big Injun drink ! ”—and she tossed off a tumbler of brandy. By this time I had wholly recovered my consciousness, but remained silent, stupefied by the extraordinary scene.

Presently Miss Fetters became more quiet, and the possession left her. “ My friends,” said Stilton, in his cold, unmoved voice, “ I feel that the spirit has spoken truly. We must obey our spiritual affinities, or our great and glorious mission will be unfulfilled. Let us rather rejoice that we have been selected as the instruments to do this work. Come to me, Abby ; and you, Rachel, remember that our harmony is not disturbed, but only made more complete.”

“ Abijah ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Stilton, with a pitiful cry, while the tears burst hot and fast from her eyes ; “ dear husband, what does this mean ? Oh, don’t tell me that I am to be cast off ! You promised to love me and care for me, Abijah ! I’m not bright, I know, but I’ll try to understand you ; indeed, I will ! Oh, don’t be so cruel !—don’t”—and the poor creature’s voice completely gave way.

She dropped on the floor at his feet, and lay there, sobbing piteously.

“ Rachel, Rachel,” said he—and his face was not quite so calm as his voice—“ don’t be rebellious. We are gov-

erned by a higher Power. This is all for our own good, and for the good of the world. Besides, ours was not a perfect affinity. You will be much happier with John, as he harmonizes"—

I could endure it no longer. Indignation, pity, the full energy of my will possessed me. He lost his power over me then, and forever.

"What!" I exclaimed, "you blasphemer, beast that you are, you dare to dispose of your honest wife in this infamous way, that you may be free to indulge your own vile appetites?—you, who have outraged the dead and the living alike, by making me utter your forgeries? Take her back, and let this disgraceful scene end!—take her back, or I will give you a brand that shall last to the end of your days!"

He turned deadly pale, and trembled. I knew that he made a desperate effort to bring me under the control of his will, and laughed mockingly as I saw his knit brow and the swollen veins in his temples. As for the others, they seemed paralyzed by the suddenness and fierceness of my attack. He wavered but for an instant, however, and his self-possession returned.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "it is the Spirit of Evil that speaks in him! The Devil himself has risen to destroy our glorious fabric! Help me, friends! help me to bind him, and to silence his infernal voice, before he drives the pure spirits from our midst!"

With that, he advanced a step towards me, and raised a hand to seize my arm, while the others followed behind. But I was too quick for him. Weak as I was, in compari

son, rage gave me strength, and a blow, delivered with the rapidity of lightning just under the chin, laid him senseless on the floor. Mrs. Stilton screamed, and threw herself over him. The rest of the company remained as if stupefied. The storm which had been gathering all the evening at the same instant broke over the house in simultaneous thunder and rain.

I stepped suddenly to the door, opened it, and drew a long, deep breath of relief, as I found myself alone in the darkness. "Now," said I, "I have done tampering with God's best gift; I will be satisfied with the natural sunshine which beams from His Word and from His Works; I have learned wisdom at the expense of shame!" I exulted in my new freedom, in my restored purity of soul; and the wind, that swept down the dark, lonely street, seemed to exult with me. The rains beat upon me, but I heeded them not; nay, I turned aside from the homeward path, in order to pass by the house where Agnes lived. Her window was dark, and I knew she was sleeping, lulled by the storm; but I stood a moment below, in the rain, and said aloud, softly—

"Now, Agnes, I belong wholly to you! Pray to God for me, darling, that I may never lose the true light I have found at last!"

My healing, though complete in the end, was not instantaneous. The habit of the trance, I found, had really impaired the action of my will. I experienced a periodic tendency to return to it, which I have been able to overcome only by the most vigorous efforts. I found it prudent, indeed, to banish from my mind, as far as was possi-

ble, all subjects, all memories, connected with Spiritualism. In this work I was aided by Agnes, who now possessed my entire confidence, and who willingly took upon herself the guidance of my mind at those seasons when my own governing faculties flagged. Gradually my mental health returned, and I am now beyond all danger of ever again being led into such fatal dissipations. The writing of this narrative, in fact, has been a test of my ability to overlook and describe my experience without being touched by its past delusions. If some portions of it should not be wholly intelligible to the reader, the defect lies in the very nature of the subject.

It will be noticed that I have given but a partial explanation of the spiritual phenomena. Of the genuineness of the physical manifestations I am fully convinced, and I can account for them only by the supposition of some subtle agency whereby the human will operates upon inert matter. Clairvoyance is a sufficient explanation of the utterances of the Mediums—at least of those which I have heard; but there is, as I have said before, *something* in the background, which I feel too indistinctly to describe, yet which I know to be Evil. I do not wonder at, though I lament, the prevalence of the belief in Spiritualism. In a few individual cases it may have been productive of good, but its general tendency is evil. There are probably but few Stiltons among its apostles, few Miss Fetterises among its Mediums; but the condition which accompanies the trance, as I have shown, inevitably removes the wholesome check which holds our baser passions in subjection. The Medium is at the mercy of any evil will, and the impres-

sions received from a corrupt mind are always liable to be accepted by innocent believers as revelations from the spirits of the holy dead. I shall shock many honest souls by this confession, but I hope and believe that it may awaken and enlighten others. Its publication is necessary, as an expiation for some of the evil which has been done through my own instrumentality.

I learned, two days afterwards, that Stilton (who was not seriously damaged by my blow) had gone to New York, taking Miss Fetters with him. Her ignorant, weak-minded father was entirely satisfied with the proceeding. Mrs. Stilton, helpless and heart-broken, remained at the house where our circle had met, with her only child, a boy of three years of age, who, fortunately, inherited her weakness rather than his father's power. Agnes, on learning this, insisted on having her removed from associations which were at once unhappy and dangerous. We went together to see her, and, after much persuasion, and many painful scenes which I shall not recapitulate, succeeded in sending her to her father, a farmer in Connecticut. She still remains there, hoping for the day when her guilty husband shall return and be instantly forgiven.

My task is ended; may it not have been performed in vain!

## VIII.

### THE HAUNTED SHANTY.

As the principal personage of this story is dead, and there is no likelihood that any of the others will ever see the "Atlantic Monthly," I feel free to tell it without reservation.

The mercantile house of which I was until recently an active member had many business connexions throughout the Western States, and I was therefore in the habit of making an annual journey throughout them, in the interest of the firm. In fact, I was always glad to escape from the dirt and hubbub of Cortland Street, and to exchange the smell of goods and boxes, cellars and gutters, for that of prairie grass and even of prairie mud. Although wearing the immaculate linen and golden studs of the city Valentine, there still remained a good deal of the country Orson in my blood, and I endured many hard, repulsive, yea, downright vulgar experiences for the sake of a run at large, and the healthy animal exaltation which accompanied it.

Eight or nine years ago, (it is, perhaps, as well not to be very precise, as yet, with regard to dates,) I found myself



at Peoria, in Illinois, rather late in the season. The business I had on hand was mostly transacted; but it was still necessary that I should visit Bloomington and Terre Haute before returning to the East. I had come from Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, and, as the great railroad spider of Chicago had then spun but a few threads of his present tremendous mesh, I had made the greater part of my journey on horseback. By the time I reached Peoria the month of November was well advanced, and the weather had become very disagreeable. I was strongly tempted to sell my horse and take the stage to Bloomington, but the roads were even worse to a traveller on wheels than to one in the saddle, and the sunny day which followed my arrival flattered me with the hope that others as fair might succeed it.

The distance to Bloomington was forty miles, and the road none of the best; yet, as my horse "Peck" (an abbreviation of "Pecatonica"), had had two days' rest, I did not leave Peoria until after the usual dinner at twelve o'clock, trusting that I should reach my destination by eight or nine in the evening, at the latest. Broad bands of dull, gray, felt-like clouds crossed the sky, and the wind had a rough edge to it which predicted that there was rain within a day's march. The oaks along the rounded river-bluffs still held on to their leaves, although the latter were entirely brown and dead, and rattled around me with an ominous sound, as I climbed to the level of the prairie, leaving the bed of the muddy Illinois below. Peck's hoofs sank deeply into the unctuous black soil, which resembled a jetty tallow rather than earth, and his progress was slow

and toilsome. The sky became more and more obscured: the sun faded to a ghastly moon, then to a white blotch in the gray vault, and finally retired in disgust. Indeed, there was nothing in the landscape worth his contemplation. Dead flats of black, bristling with short corn-stalks, flats of brown grass, a brown belt of low woods in the distance,—that was all the horizon inclosed: no embossed bowl, with its rim of sculptured hills, its round of colored pictures, but a flat earthen pie-dish, over which the sky fell like a pewter cover.

After riding for an hour or two over the desolate level, I descended through rattling oaks to the bed of a stream, and then ascended through rattling oaks to the prairie beyond. Here, however, I took the wrong road, and found myself, some three miles farther, at a farm-house, where it terminated. “You kin go out over the perairah yander,” said the farmer, dropping his maul beside a rail he had just split off,—“there’s a plain trail from Sykes’s that’ll bring you onto the road not fur from Sugar Crick.” With which knowledge I plucked up heart and rode on.

What with the windings and turnings of the various cart-tracks, the family resemblance in the groves of oak and hickory, and the heavy, uniform gray of the sky, I presently lost my compass-needle,—that natural instinct of direction, on which I had learned to rely. East, west, north, south,—all were alike, and the very doubt paralyzed the faculty. The growing darkness of the sky, the *watery* moaning of the wind, betokened night and storm; but I pressed on, hap-hazard, determined, at least, to reach one of the incipient villages on the Bloomington road.

In an hour more, I found myself on the brink of another winding hollow, threaded by a broad, shallow stream. On the opposite side, a quarter of a mile above, stood a rough shanty, at the foot of the rise which led to the prairie. After fording the stream, however, I found that the trail I had followed continued forward in the same direction, leaving this rude settlement on the left. On the opposite side of the hollow, the prairie again stretched before me, dark and flat, and destitute of any sign of habitation. I could scarcely distinguish the trail any longer; in half an hour, I knew, I should be swallowed up in a gulf of impenetrable darkness; and there was evidently no choice left me but to return to the lonely shanty, and there seek shelter for the night.

To be thwarted in one's plans, even by wind or weather, is always vexatious; but in this case, the prospect of spending a night in such a dismal corner of the world was especially disagreeable. I am—or at least I consider myself—a thoroughly matter-of-fact man, and my first thought, I am not ashamed to confess, was of oysters. Visions of a favorite saloon, and many a pleasant supper with Dunham and Beeson, (my partners,) all at once popped into my mind, as I turned back over the brow of the hollow and urged Peck down its rough slope. "Well," thought I, at last, "this will be one more story for our next meeting. Who knows what originals I may not find, even in a solitary settler's shanty?"

I could discover no trail, and the darkness thickened rapidly while I picked my way across dry gullies, formed by the drainage of the prairie above, rotten tree-trunks,

stumps, and spots of thicket. As I approached the shanty, a faint gleam through one of its two small windows showed that it was inhabited. In the rear, a space of a quarter of an acre, inclosed by a huge worm-fence, was evidently the vegetable-patch, at one corner of which a small stable, roofed and buttressed with corn-fodder, leaned against the hill. I drew rein in front of the building, and was about to hail its inmates, when I observed the figure of a man issue from the stable. Even in the gloom, there was something forlorn and dispiriting in his walk. He approached with a slow, dragging step, apparently unaware of my presence.

“ Good evening, friend !” I said.

He stopped, stood still for half a minute, and finally responded,—

“ Who air you ?”

The tone of his voice, querulous and lamenting, rather implied, “ Why don’t you let me alone ?”

“ I am a traveller,” I answered, “ bound from Peoria to Bloomington, and have lost my way. It is dark, as you know, and likely to rain, and I don’t see how I can get any farther to-night.”

Another pause. Then he said, slowly, as if speaking to himself—

“ There a’n’t no other place nearer ’n four or five mile.”

“ Then I hope you will let me stay here.”

The answer, to my surprise, was a deep sigh.

“ I am used to roughing it,” I urged ; “ and besides, I will pay for any trouble I may give you.”

“ It a’n’t *that*,” said he ; then added, hesitatingly—“ fact

is, we 're lonesome people here—don't often see strangers ; yit I s'pose you can't go no fuder ;—well, I'll talk to my wife."

Therewith he entered the shanty, leaving me a little disconcerted with so uncertain, not to say suspicious, a reception. I heard the sound of voices—one of them unmistakable in its nasal shrillness—in what seemed to be a harsh debate, and distinguished the words, "I didn't bring it on," followed with, "Tell him, then, if you like, and let him stay"—which seemed to settle the matter. The door presently opened, and the man said—

"I guess we'll have t'accommodate you. Give me your things, an' then I'll put your horse up."

I unstrapped my valise, took off the saddle, and, having seen Peck to his fodder-tent, where I left him with some ears of corn in an old basket, returned to the shanty. It was a rude specimen of the article—a single room of some thirty by fifteen feet, with a large fireplace of sticks and clay at one end, while a half-partition of unplanned planks set on end formed a sort of recess for the bed at the other. A good fire on the hearth, however, made it seem tolerably cheerful, contrasted with the dismal gloom outside. The furniture consisted of a table, two or three chairs, a broad bench, and a kitchen-dresser of boards. Some golden ears of seed-corn, a few sides of bacon, and ropes of onions hung from the rafters.

A woman in a blue calico gown, with a tin coffee-pot in one hand and a stick in the other, was raking out the red coals from under the burning logs. At my salutation, she partly turned, looked hard at me, nodded, and muttered



some inaudible words. Then, having levelled the coals properly, she put down the coffee-pot, and, facing about, exclaimed—"Jimmy, git off that cheer!"

Though this phrase, short and snappish enough, was not worded as an invitation for me to sit down, I accepted it as such, and took the chair which a lean boy of some nine or ten years old had hurriedly vacated. In such cases, I had learned by experience, it is not best to be too forward: wait quietly, and allow the unwilling hosts time to get accustomed to your presence. I inspected the family for a while, in silence. The spare, bony form of the woman, her deep-set gray eyes, and the long, thin nose, which seemed to be merely a scabbard for her sharp-edged voice, gave me her character at the first glance. As for the man, he was worn by some constant fret or worry, rather than naturally spare. His complexion was sallow, his face honest, every line of it, though the expression was dejected, and there was a helpless patience in his voice and movements, which I have often seen in women, but never before in a man. "Henpecked in the first degree," was the verdict I gave, without leaving my seat. The silence, shyness, and puny appearance of the boy might be accounted for by the loneliness of his life, and the usual "shakes"; but there was a wild, frightened look in his eye, a nervous restlessness about his limbs, which excited my curiosity. I am no believer in those freaks of fancy called "presentiments," but I certainly felt that there was something unpleasant, perhaps painful, in the private relations of the family.

Meanwhile, the supper gradually took shape. The coffee was boiled, (far too much, for my taste,) bacon fried, pota



toes roasted, and certain lumps of dough transformed into farinaceous grape-shot, called "biscuits." Dishes of blue queensware, knives and forks, cups and saucers of various patterns, and a bowl of molasses were placed upon the table; and finally the woman said, speaking to, though not looking at, me—

"I s'pose you ha'n't had your supper."

I accepted the invitation with a simple "No," and ate enough of the rude fare (for I was really hungry) to satisfy my hosts that I was not proud. I attempted no conversation, knowing that such people never talk when they eat, until the meal was over, and the man, who gladly took one of my cigars, was seated comfortably before the fire. I then related my story, told my name and business, and by degrees established a mild flow of conversation. The woman, as she washed the dishes and cleared up things for the night, listened to us, and now and then made a remark to the coffee-pot or frying-pan, evidently intended for our ears. Some things which she said must have had a meaning hidden from me, for I could see that the man winced, and at last he ventured to say—

"Mary Ann, what's the use in talkin' about it?"

"Do as you like," she snapped back; "only I a'n't a-goin' to be blamed for *your* doin's. The stranger 'll find out, soon enough."

"You find this life rather lonely, I should think," I remarked, with a view of giving the conversation a different turn.

"Lonely!" she repeated, jerking out a fragment of malicious laughter. "It's lonely enough in the daytime, Good-

ness knows; but you'll have your fill o' company afore mornin'."

With that, she threw a defiant glance at her husband.

"Fact is," said he, shrinking from her eye, "we're sort o' troubled with noises at night. P'raps you'll be skeered, but it's no more 'n noise—onpleasant, but never hurts nothin'."

"You don't mean to say this shanty is haunted?" I asked.

"Well—yes: some folks 'd call it so. There *is* noises an' things goin' on, but you can't see nobody."

"Oh, if that is all," said I, "you need not be concerned on my account. Nothing is so strange, but the cause of it can be discovered."

Again the man heaved a deep sigh. The woman said, in rather a milder tone—

"What's the good o' knowin' what makes it, when you can't stop it?"

As I was neither sleepy nor fatigued, this information was rather welcome than otherwise. I had full confidence in my own courage; and if anything *should* happen, it would make a capital story for my first New York supper. I saw there was but one bed, and a small straw mattress on the floor beside it for the boy, and therefore declared that I should sleep on the bench, wrapped in my cloak. Neither objected to this, and they presently retired. I determined, however, to keep awake as long as possible. I threw a fresh log on the fire, lit another cigar, made a few entries in my note-book, and finally took the "Iron Mask" of Dumas from my valise, and tried to read by the wavering flashes of the fire.

In this manner another hour passed away. The deep breathing—not to say snoring—from the recess indicated that my hosts were sound asleep, and the monotonous whistle of the wind around the shanty began to exercise a lulling influence on my own senses. Wrapping myself in my cloak, with my valise for a pillow, I stretched myself out on the bench, and strove to keep my mind occupied with conjectures concerning the sleeping family. Furthermore, I recalled all the stories of ghosts and haunted houses which I had ever heard, constructed explanations for such as were still unsolved, and, so far from feeling any alarm, desired nothing so much as that the supernatural performances might commence.

My thoughts, however, became gradually less and less coherent, and I was just sliding over the verge of slumber, when a faint sound in the distance caught my ear. I listened intently: certainly there *was* a far-off, indistinct sound, different from the dull, continuous sweep of the wind. I rose on the bench, fully awake, yet not excited, for my first thought was that other travellers might be lost or belated. By this time the sound was quite distinct, and, to my great surprise, appeared to proceed from a drum, rapidly beaten. I looked at my watch: it was half-past ten. Who could be out on the lonely prairie with a drum, at that time of night? There must have been some military festival, some political caucus, some celebration of the Sons of Malta, or jubilation of the Society of the Thousand and One, and a few of the scattered members were enlivening their dark ride homewards. While I was busy with these conjectures, the sound advanced nearer and nearer—and,

what was very singular, without the least pause or variation—one steady, regular roll, ringing deep and clear through the night.

The shanty stood at a point where the stream, leaving its general southwestern course, bent at a sharp angle to the southeast, and faced very nearly in the latter direction. As the sound of the drum came from the east, it seemed the more probable that it was caused by some person on the road which crossed the creek a quarter of a mile below. Yet, on approaching nearer, it made directly for the shanty, moving, evidently, much more rapidly than a person could walk. It then flashed upon my mind that *this* was the noise I was to hear, *this* the company I was to expect! Louder and louder, deep, strong, and reverberating, rolling as if for a battle-charge, it came on: it was now but a hundred yards distant—now but fifty—ten—just outside the rough clapboard-wall—but, while I had half risen to open the door, it passed directly through the wall and sounded at my very ears, inside the shanty.

The logs burned brightly on the hearth: every object in the room could be seen more or less distinctly: nothing was out of its place, nothing disturbed, yet the rafters almost shook under the roll of an invisible drum, beaten by invisible hands! The sleepers tossed restlessly, and a deep groan, as if in semi-dream, came from the man. Utterly confounded as I was, my sensations were not those of terror. Each moment I doubted my senses, and each moment the terrific sound convinced me anew. I do not know how long I sat thus in sheer, stupid amazement. It may have been one minute, or fifteen, before the drum, passing over

my head, through the boards again, commenced a slow march around the shanty. When it had finished the first, and was about commencing the second round, I shook off my stupor, and determined to probe the mystery. Opening the door, I advanced in an opposite direction to meet it. Again the sound passed close beside my head, but I could see nothing, touch nothing. Again it entered the shanty, and I followed. I stirred up the fire, casting a strong illumination into the darkest corners: I thrust my hand into the very heart of the sound, I struck through it in all directions with a stick—still I saw nothing, touched nothing.

Of course, I do not expect to be believed by half my readers—nor can I blame them for their incredulity. So astounding is the circumstance, even yet, to myself, that I should doubt its reality, were it not therefore necessary, for the same reason, to doubt every event of my life.

At length the sound moved away in the direction whence it came, becoming gradually fainter and fainter until it died in the distance. But immediately afterwards, from the same quarter, came a thin, sharp blast of wind—or what seemed to be such. If one could imagine a swift, intense stream of air, no thicker than a telegraph-wire, producing a keen, whistling rush in its passage, he would understand the impression made upon my mind. This wind, or sound, or whatever it was, seemed to strike an invisible target in the centre of the room, and thereupon ensued a new and worse confusion. Sounds as of huge planks lifted at one end and then allowed to fall, slamming upon the floor, hard, wooden claps, crashes, and noises of splitting and snapping,



filled the shanty. The rough boards of the floor jarred and trembled, and the table and chairs were jolted off their feet. Instinctively, I jerked away my legs, whenever the invisible planks fell too near them.

It never came into my mind to charge the family with being the authors of these phenomena: their care and distress were too evident. There was certainly no other human being but myself in or near the shanty. My senses of sight and touch availed me nothing, and I confined my attention, at last, to simply noting the manifestations, without attempting to explain them. I began to experience a feeling, not of terror, but of disturbing uncertainty. The solid ground was taken from beneath my feet.

Still the man and his wife groaned and muttered, as if in a nightmare sleep, and the boy tossed restlessly on his low bed. I would not disturb them, since, by their own confession, they were accustomed to the visitation. Besides, it would not assist me, and, so long as there was no danger of personal injury, I preferred to watch alone. I recalled, however, the woman's remarks, remembering the mysterious blame she had thrown upon her husband, and felt certain that she had adopted some explanation of the noises, at his expense.

As the confusion continued, with more or less violence, sometimes pausing for a few minutes, to begin again with renewed force, I felt an increasing impression of somebody else being present. Outside the shanty this feeling ceased, but every time I opened the door I fully expected to see some one standing in the centre of the room. Yet, looking through the little windows, when the noises were at their



loudest, I could discover nothing. Two hours had passed away since I first heard the drum-beat, and I found myself at last completely wearied with my fruitless exertions and the unusual excitement. By this time the disturbances had become faint, with more frequent pauses. All at once, I heard a long, weary sigh, so near me that it could not have proceeded from the sleepers. A weak moan, expressive of utter wretchedness, followed, and then came the words, in a woman's voice—came I know not whence, for they seemed to be uttered close beside me, and yet far, far away—"How great is my trouble! How long shall I suffer? I was married, in the sight of God, to Eber Nicholson. Have mercy, O Lord, and give him to me, or release me from him!"

These were the words, not spoken, but rather moaned forth in a slow, monotonous wail of utter helplessness and broken-heartedness. I have heard human grief expressed in many forms, but I never heard or imagined anything so desolate, so surcharged with the despair of an eternal woe. It was, indeed, too hopeless for sympathy. It was the utterance of a sorrow which removed its possessor into some dark, lonely world girdled with iron walls, against which every throb of a helping or consoling heart would beat in vain for admittance. So far from being moved or softened, the words left upon me an impression of stolid apathy. When they had ceased, I heard another sigh—and some time afterwards, far-off, retreating forlornly through the eastern darkness, the wailing repetition—"I was married, in the sight of God, to Eber Nicholson. Have mercy, O Lord!"

This was the last of those midnight marvels. Nothing further disturbed the night except the steady sound of the wind. The more I thought of what I had heard, the more I was convinced that the phenomena were connected, in some way, with the history of my host. I had heard his wife call him "Ebe," and did not doubt that he was the Eber Nicholson who, for some mysterious crime, was haunted by the reproachful ghost. Could murder, or worse than murder, lurk behind these visitations? It was useless to conjecture; yet, before giving myself up to sleep, I determined to know everything that could be known, before leaving the shanty.

My rest was disturbed: my hip-bones pressed unpleasantly on the hard bench; and every now and then I awoke with a start, hearing the same despairing voice in my dreams. The place was always quiet, nevertheless,—the disturbances having ceased, as nearly as I could judge, about one o'clock in the morning. Finally, from sheer weariness, I fell into a deep slumber, which lasted until daylight. The sound of pans and kettles aroused me. The woman, in her lank blue gown, was bending over the fire; the man and boy had already gone out. As I rose, rubbing my eyes and shaking myself, to find out exactly where and who I was, the woman straightened herself and looked at me with a keen, questioning gaze, but said nothing.

"I must have been very sound asleep," said I.

"There's no sound sleepin' here. Don't tell me that."

"Well," I answered, "your shanty is rather noisy; but, as I am neither scared nor hurt, there's no harm done. But have you never found out what occasions the noise?"

Her reply was a toss of the head and a peculiar snorting interjection, "Hngh!" (impossible to be represented by letters,) "it's all *her* doin'."

"But who is *she*?"

"You'd better ask *him*."

Seeing there was nothing to be got out of her, I went down to the stream, washed my face, dried it with my pocket-handkerchief, and then looked after Peck. He gave a shrill whinny of recognition, and, I thought, seemed to be a little restless. A fresh feed of corn was in the old basket, and presently the man came into the stable with a bunch of hay, and commenced rubbing off the marks of Peck's oozy couch which were left on his flanks. As we went back to the shanty I noticed that he eyed me furtively, without daring to look me full in the face. As I was apparently none the worse for the night's experiences, he rallied at last, and ventured to talk *at*, as well as to me.

By this time, breakfast, which was a repetition of supper, was ready, and we sat down to the table. During the meal, it occurred to me to make an experimental remark. Turning suddenly to the man, I asked,—

"Is your name Eber Nicholson?"

"There!" exclaimed the woman, "I knowed he'd heerd it!"

He, however, flushing a moment, and then becoming more sallow than ever, nodded first, and then—as if that were not sufficient—added, "Yes, that's my name."

"Where did you move from?" I continued, falling back on the first plan I had formed in my mind.

"The Western Reserve, not fur from Hudson."

I turned the conversation on the comparative advantages of Ohio and Illinois, on farming, the price of land, etc., carefully avoiding the dangerous subject, and by the time breakfast was over had arranged, that, for a consideration, he should accompany me as far as the Bloomington road, some five miles distant.

While he went out to catch an old horse, ranging loose in the creek-bottom, I saddled Peck, strapped on my valise, and made myself ready for the journey. The feeling of two silver half-dollars in her hard palm melted down the woman's aggressive mood, and she said, with a voice the edge whereof was mightily blunted,—

“Thankee! it's too much for sich as you had.”

“It's the best you can give,” I replied.

“That's so!” said she, jerking my hand up and down with a pumping movement, as I took leave.

I felt a sense of relief when we had climbed the rise and had the open prairie again before us. The sky was overcast and the wind strong, but some rain had fallen during the night, and the clouds had lifted themselves again. The air was fresh and damp, but not chill. We rode slowly, of necessity, for the mud was deeper than ever.

I deliberated what course I should take, in order to draw from my guide the explanation of the nightly noises. His evident shrinking, whenever his wife referred to the subject, convinced me that a gradual approach would render him shy and uneasy; and, on the whole, it seemed best to surprise him by a sudden assault. Let me strike to the heart of the secret at once,—I thought,—and the details will come of themselves.

While I was thus reflecting, he rode quietly by my side. Half turning in the saddle, I looked steadily at his face, and said, in an earnest voice,—

“Eber Nicholson, who was it to whom you were married in the sight of God?”

He started as if struck, looked at me imploringly, turned away his eyes, then looked back, became very pale, and finally said, in a broken, hesitating voice, as if the words were forced from him against his will,—

“Her name is Rachel Emmons.”

“Why did you murder her?” I asked, in a still sterner tone.

In an instant his face burned scarlet. He reined up his horse with a violent pull, straightened his shoulders so that he appeared six inches taller, looked steadily at me with a strange, mixed expression of anger and astonishment, and cried out,—

“Murder her? *Why, she's livin' now!*”

My surprise at the answer was scarcely less great than his at the question.

“You don't mean to say she's not dead?” I asked.

“Why, no!” said he, recovering from his sudden excitement, “she's not dead, or she wouldn't keep on troublin' me. She's been livin' in Toledo, these ten year.”

“I beg your pardon, my friend,” said I; “but I don't know what to think of what I heard last night, and I suppose I have the old notion in my head that all ghosts are of persons who have been murdered.”

“Oh, if I had killed her,” he groaned, “I'd 'a' been hung long ago, an' there 'd 'a' been an end of it.”



“Tell me the whole story,” said I. “It’s hardly likely that I can help you, but I can understand how you must be troubled, and I’m sure I pity you from my heart.”

I think he felt relieved at my proposal,—glad, perhaps, after long silence, to confide to another man the secret of his lonely, wretched life.

“After what you’ve heerd,” said he, “there’s nothin’ that I don’t care to tell. I’ve been sinful, no doubt,—but, God knows, there never was a man worse punished.

“I told you,” he continued, after a pause, “that I come from the Western Reserve. My father was a middlin’ well-to-do farmer,—not rich, nor yit exactly poor. He’s dead now. He was always a savin’ man,—looked after money a *leetle* too sharp, I’ve often thought sence: howsever, ’tisn’t my place to judge him. Well, I was brought up on the farm, to hard work, like the other boys. Rachel Emmons,—she’s the same woman that haunts me, you understand,—she was the girl o’ one of our neighbors, an’ poor enough *he* was. His wife was always sickly-like,—an’ you know it takes a woman as well as a man to git rich farmin’. So they were always scrimped, but that didn’t hinder Rachel from bein’ one o’ the likeliest gals round. We went to the same school in the winter, her an’ me, (’tisn’t much schoolin’ I ever got, though,) an’ I had a sort o’ nateral hankerin’ after her, as fur back as I can remember. She was different lookin’ then from what she is now,—an’ me, too, for that matter.

“Well, you know how boys an’ gals somehow git to likin’ each other afore they know it. Me an’ Rachel was more an’ more together, the more we growed up, only more



secret-like ; so by the time I was twenty an' she was nineteen, we was promised to one another as true as could be. I didn't keep company with her, though—leastways, not reg'lar : I was afeard my father 'd find it out, an' I knowed what *he* 'd say to it. He kep' givin' me hints about Mary Ann Jones—that was my wife's maiden name. Her father had two hundred acres an' money out at interest, an' only three children. He'd had ten, but seven of 'em died. I had nothin' agin Mary Ann, but I never thought of her that way, like I did towards Rachel.

“ Well, things kep' runnin' on ; I was a good deal worried about it, but a young feller, you know, don't look fur ahead, an' so I got along. One night, howsever—'t was jist about as dark as last night was—I'd been to the store at the Corners, for a jug o' molasses. Rachel was there, gittin' a quarter of a pound o' tea, I think it was, an' some sewin'-thread. I went out a little while after her, an' folloed as fast as I could, for we had the same road nigh to home.

“ It weren't long afore I overtook her. 'Twas mighty dark, as I was sayin', an' so I hooked her arm into mine, an' we went on comfortable together, talkin' about how we jist suited each other, like we was cut out o' purpose, an' how long we'd have to wait, an' what folks 'd say. O Lord ! don't I remember every word o' *that* night ? Well, we got quite tender-like when we come t' Old Emmons's gate, an' I up an' giv' her a hug and a lot o' kisses, to make up for lost time. Then she went into the house, an' I turned for home ; but I hadn't gone ten steps afore I come agin somebody stan'in' in the middle o' the road. ‘Hullo !’

says I. The next thing he had a holt o' my coat-collar an' shuck me like a tARRIER-dog shakes a rat. I knowed who it was afore he spoke; an' I couldn't 'a' been more skeered, if the life had all gone out o' me. He'd been down to the tavern to see a drover, an' comin home he'd follered behind us all the way, hearin' every word we said.

“ I don't like to think o' the words he used that night. He was a professin' member, an' yit he swore the awfulest I ever heerd.”—Here the man involuntarily raised his hands to his ears, as if to stop them against even the memory of his father's curses.—“ I expected every minute he'd 'a' struck me down. I've wished, sence, he *had*: I don't think I could 'a' stood *that*. Howsever, he dragged me home, never lettin' go my collar, till we got into the room where mother was settin' up for us. Then he told *her*, only makin' it ten times harder 'n it really was. Mother always kind o' liked Rachel, 'cause she was mighty handy at sewin' an' quiltin', but she'd no more dared stan' up agin father than a sheep agin a bull-dog. She looked at me pityin'-like, I must say, an' jist begun to cry—an' I couldn't help cryin' nuther, when I saw how it hurt her.

“ Well, after that, 't wa'n't no use thinkin' o' Rachel any more. I *had* to go t' Old Jones's, whether I wanted to or no. I felt mighty mean when I thought o' Rachel, an' was afeard no good 'd come of it; but father jist managed things *his* way, an' I couldn't help myself. Old Jones had nothin' agin me, for I was a stiddy, hard-workin' feller as there was round—an' Mary Ann was always as pleasant as could be, *then*;—well, I oughtn't to say nothin' agin her now; she's had a hard life of it, 'long side o' me. Afore long we were

bespoke, an' the day set. Father hurried things, when it got that fur. I don't think Rachel knowed anything about it till the day afore the weddin', or mebbby the very day. Old Mr. Larrabee was the minister, an' there was only the two families at the house, an' Miss Plankerton—her that sewed for Mary Ann. I never felt so oneasy in my life, though I tried hard not to show it.

“ Well, 'twas all jist over, an' the kissin' about to begin, when I heerd the house-door bu'st open, suddent. I felt my heart give one jump right up to the root o' my tongue, an' then fell back ag'in, sick an' dead-like.

“ The parlor-door flew open right away, an' in come Rachel without a bunnet, an' her hair all frowzed by the wind. She was as white as a sheet, an' her eyes like two burnin' coals. She walked straight through 'em all an' stood right afore me. They was all so taken aback that they never thought o' stoppin' her. Then she kind o' screeched out—‘ Eber Nicholson, what are you doin' ?’ Her voice was strange an' onnatural-like, an' I'd never 'a' knowed it to be hern, if I hadn't 'a' seen her. I couldn't take my eyes off of her, an' I couldn't speak: I jist stood there. Then she said ag'in—‘ Eber Nicholson, what are you doin' ? You are married to me, in the sight of God. You belong to me an' I to you, forever an' forever !’ Then they begun cryin' out—‘ Go 'way !’ ‘ Take her away !’ ‘ What d's she mean ?’ an' old Mr. Larrabee ketched hold of her arm. She begun to jerk an' trimble all over ; she drawed in her breath in a sort o' groanin' way, awful to hear, an' then dropped down on the floor in a fit. I bu'st out in a terri-

ble spell o' cryin';—I couldn't 'a' helped it, to save my life."

The man paused, drew his sleeve across his eyes, and then timidly looked at me. Seeing nothing in my face, doubtless, but an expression of the profoundest commiseration, he remarked, with a more assured voice, as if in self-justification—

"It was a pretty hard thing for a man to go through with, now, wasn't it?"

"You may well say that," said I. "Your story is not yet finished, however. This Rachel Emmons—you say she is still living—in what way does she cause the disturbances?"

"I'll tell you all I know about it," said he—"an' if you understand it *then*, you're wiser 'n I am. After they carried her home, she had a long spell o' sickness—come near dyin', they said; but they brought her through, at last, an' she got about ag'in, lookin' ten year older. I kep' out of her sight, though. I lived awhile at Old Jones's, till I could find a good farm to rent, or a cheap un to buy. I wanted to git out o' the neighborhood: I was oneasy all the time, bein' so near Rachel. Her mother was wuss, an' her father failin'-like, too. Mother seen 'em often: she was as good a neighbor to 'em as she dared be. Well, I got sort o' tired, an' went out to *Michigan* an' bought a likely farm. Old Jones giv' me a start. I took Mary Ann out, an' we got along well enough, a matter o' two year. We heerd from home now an' then. Rachel's father and mother both died, about the time we had our first boy—him that you seen—an' she went off to Toledo, we

heerd, an' hired out to do sewin'. She was always a mighty good hand at it, an' could cut out as nice as a born manty-maker. She'd had another fit after the funerals, an' was older-lookin' an' more serious than ever, they said.

"Well, Jimmy was six months old, or so, when we begun to be woke up every night by his cryin'. Nothin' seemed to be the matter with him: he was only frightened-like, an' couldn't be quieted. I heerd noises sometimes—nothin' like what come afterwards—but sort o' crackin' an' snappin', sich as you hear in new furnitur', an' it seemed like somebody was in the room; but I couldn't find nothin'. It got wuss and wuss: Mary Ann was sure the house was haunted, an' I had to let her go home for a whole winter. When she was away, it went on the same as ever—not every night—sometimes not more 'n onst a week—but so loud as to wake me up, reg'lar. I sent word to Mary Ann to come on, an' I'd sell out an' go to Illinois. Good perairah land was cheap then, an' I'd ruther go funder off, for the sake o' quiet.

"So we pulled up stakes an' come out here: but it weren't long afore the noise follered us, wuss 'n ever, an' we found out at last what it was. One night I woke up, with my hair stan'in' on end, an' heerd Rachel Emmons's voice, jist as you heerd it last night. Mary Ann heerd it too, an' it's little peace she's giv' me sence that time. An' so it's been goin' on an' on, these eight or nine year."

"But," I asked, "are you sure she is alive? Have you



seen her since? Have you asked her to be merciful and not disturb you?"

"Yes," said he, with a bitterness of tone which seemed quite to obliterate the softer memories of his love, "I've seen her, an' I've begged her on my knees to let me alone; but it's no use. When it got to be so bad I couldn't stan' it, I sent her a letter, but I never got no answer. Next year, when our second boy died, frightened and worried to death, I believe, though he *was* scrawny enough when he was born, I took some money I'd saved to buy a yoke of oxen, an' went to Toledo o' purpose to see Rachel. It cut me awful to do it, but I was desprit. I found her livin' in a little house, with a bit o' garden, she'd bought. I s'pose she must 'a' had five or six hundred dollars when the farm was sold, an' she made a good deal by sewin', besides. She was settin' at her work when I went in, an' knowed me at onst, though I don't believe I'd ever 'a' knowed *her*. She was old, an' thin, an' hard-lookin'; her mouth was pale an' sot, like she was bitin' somethin' all the time; an' her eyes, though they was sunk into her head, seemed to look through an' through an' away out th' other side o' you.

"It jist shut me up when she looked at me. She was so corpse-like I was afraid she'd drop dead, then and there: but I made out at last to say, 'Rachel, I've come all the way from Illinois to see you.' She kep' lookin' straight at me, never sayin' a word. 'Rachel,' says I, 'I know I've acted bad towards you. God knows I didn't mean to do it. I don't blame you for payin' it back to me the way you're doin', but Mary Ann an' the boy never done you no harm. I've come all the way o' purpose to ask your forgiveness,



hopin' you'll be satisfied with what's *been* done, an' leave off bearin' malice agin us.' She looked kind o' sorrowful-like, but drawed a deep breath, an' shuck her head. 'Oh, Rachel,' says I—an' afore I knowed it I was right down on my knees at her feet—'Rachel, don't be so hard on me. I'm the onhappiest man that lives. I can't stan' it no longer. Rachel, you didn't use to be so cruel, when we was boys an' girls together. Do forgive me, an' leave off hauntin' me so.'

"Then she spoke up, at last, an' says she—

"'Eber Nicholson, I was married to you, in the sight o' God!'

"'I know it,' says I; 'you say it to me every night; an' it wasn't my doin's that you're not my wife now: but, Rachel, if I'd 'a' betrayed you, an' ruined you, an' killed you, God couldn't 'a' punished me worse than you're a-punishin' me.'

"She giv' a kind o' groan, an' two tears run down her white face. 'Eber Nicholson,' says she, 'ask God to help you, for I can't. There might 'a' been a time,' says she, 'when I could 'a' done it, but it's too late now.'

"'Don't say that, Rachel,' says I; 'it's never too late to be merciful an' forgivin'.'

"'It doesn't depend on myself,' says she; 'I'm *sent* to you. It's th' only comfort I have in life to be near you; but I'd give up that, if I could. Pray to God to let me die, for then we shall both have rest.'

"An' that was all I could git out of her.

"I come home ag'in, knowin' I'd spent my money for nothin'. Sence then, it's been jist the same as before—not

reg'lar every night, but sort o' comes on by spells, an' then stops three or four days, an' then comes on ag'in. Fact is, what's the use o' livin' in this way? We can't be neighborly; we're afeard to have anybody come to see us; we've get no peace, no comfort o' bein' together, an' no heart to work an' git ahead, like other folks. It's jist killin' me, body an' soul."

Here the poor wretch fairly broke down, bursting suddenly into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. I waited quietly until the violence of his passion had subsided. A misery so strange, so completely out of the range of human experience, so hopeless apparently, was not to be reached by the ordinary utterances of consolation. I had seen enough to enable me fully to understand the fearful nature of the retribution which had been visited upon him for what was, at worst, a weakness to be pitied, rather than a sin to be chastised. "Never was a man worse punished," he had truly said. But I was as far as ever from comprehending the secret of those nightly visitations. The statement of Rachel Emmons, that they were now produced without her will, overturned—supposing it to be true—the conjecture which I might otherwise have adopted. However, it was now plain that the unhappy victim sobbing at my side could throw no further light on the mystery. He had told me all he knew.

"My friend," said I, when he had become calmer, "I do not wonder at your desperation. Such continual torment as you must have endured is enough to drive a man to madness. It seems to me to spring from the malice of some infernal power, rather than the righteous justice of

God. Have you never tried to resist it? Have you never called aloud, in your heart, for Divine help, and gathered up your strength to meet and defy it, as you would to meet a man who threatened your life?"

"Not in the right way, I'm afeard," said he. "Fact is, I always tuck it as a judgment hangin' over me, an' never thought o' nothin' else than jist to grin and bear it."

"Enough of that," I urged—for a hope of relief had 'suggested itself to me; "you have suffered enough, and more than enough. Now stand up to meet it like a man. When the noises come again, think of what you have endured, and let it make you indignant and determined. Decide in your heart that you *will* be free from it, and perhaps you may be so. If not, build another shanty and sleep away from your wife and boy, so that they may escape, at least. Give yourself this claim to your wife's gratitude, and she will be kind and forbearing."

"I don't know but you're more 'n half right, stranger," he replied, in a more cheerful tone. "Fact is, I never thought on it that way. It's lightened my heart a heap, tellin' you; an' if I'm not too broke an' used-up-like, I'll try to foller your advice. I couldn't marry Rachel now, if Mary Ann *was* dead, we've been druv so fur apart. I don't know how it'll be when we're *all* dead: I s'pose them 'll go together that belongs together; leastways, 't ought to be so."

Here we struck the Bloomington road, and I no longer needed a guide. When we pulled our horses around, facing each other, I noticed that the flush of excitement still burned on the man's sallow cheek, and his eyes, washed by pro-

bably the first freshet of feeling which had moistened them for years, shone with a faint lustre of courage.

“No, no—none o’ that!” said he, as I was taking out my porte-monnaie; “you’ve done me a mighty sight more good than I’ve done you, let alone payin’ me to boot. Don’t forgit the turn to the left, after crossin’ Jackson’s Run. Good-bye, stranger! Take good keer o’ yourself!”

And with a strong, clinging, lingering grasp of the hand, in which the poor fellow expressed the gratitude which he was too shy and awkward to put into words, we parted. He turned his horse’s head, and slowly plodded back through the mud towards the lonely shanty.

On my way to Bloomington, I went over and over the man’s story, in memory. The facts were tolerably clear and coherent: his narrative was simple and credible enough, after my own personal experience of the mysterious noises, and the secret, whatever it was, must be sought for in Rachel Emmons. She was still living in Toledo, Ohio, he said, and earned her living as a seamstress; it would, therefore, not be difficult to find her. I confess, after his own unsatisfactory interview, I had little hope of penetrating her singular reserve; but I felt the strongest desire to see her, at least, and thus test the complete reality of a story which surpassed the wildest fiction. After visiting Terre Haute, the next point to which business called me, on the homeward route, was Cleveland; and by giving an additional day to the journey, I could easily take Toledo on my way. Between memory and expectation the time passed rapidly, and a week later I registered my name at the Island House, Toledo.

After wandering about for an hour or two, the next morning, I finally discovered the residence of Rachel Emmons. It was a small story-and-a-half frame building, on the western edge of the town, with a locust-tree in front, two lilacs inside the paling, and a wilderness of cabbage-stalks and currant-bushes in the rear. After much cogitation, I had not been able to decide upon any plan of action, and the interval between my knock and the opening of the door was one of considerable embarrassment to me. A small, plumpish woman of forty, with peaked nose, black eyes, and but two upper teeth, confronted me. She, certainly, was not the one I sought.

“Is your name Rachel Emmons?” I asked, nevertheless.

“No, I’m not her. This is her house, though.”

“Will you tell her a gentleman wants to see her?” said I, putting my foot inside the door as I spoke. The room, I saw, was plainly, but neatly furnished. A rag-carpet covered the floor; green rush-bottomed chairs, a settee with chintz cover, and a straight-backed rocking-chair were distributed around the walls; and for ornament there was an alphabetical sampler in a frame, over the low wooden mantel-piece.

The woman, however, still held the door-knob in her hand, saying, “Miss Emmons is busy. She can’t well leave her work. Did you want some sewin’ done?”

“No,” said I; “I wish to speak with her. It’s on private and particular business.”

“Well,” she answered with some hesitation, “I’ll *tell* her. Take a cheer.”

She disappeared through a door into a back room, and I



sat down. In another minute the door noiselessly reopened, and Rachel Emmons came softly into the room. I believe I should have known her anywhere. Though from Eber Nicholson's narrative she could not have been much over thirty, she appeared to be at least forty-five. Her hair was streaked with gray, her face thin and of an unnatural waxy pallor, her lips of a whitish-blue color and tightly pressed together, and her eyes, seemingly sunken far back in their orbits, burned with a strange, ghastly—I had almost said phosphorescent—light. I remember thinking they must shine like touch-wood in the dark. I have come in contact with too many persons, passed through too wide a range of experience, to lose my self-possession easily; but I could not meet the cold, steady gaze of those eyes without a strong internal trepidation. It would have been the same, if I had known nothing about her.

She was probably surprised at seeing a stranger, but I could discern no trace of it in her face. She advanced but a few steps into the room, and then stopped, waiting for me to speak.

“You are Rachel Emmons?” I asked, since a commencement of some sort must be made.

“Yes.”

“I come from Eber Nicholson,” said I, fixing my eyes on her face.

Not a muscle moved, not a nerve quivered, but I fancied that a faint purple flush played for an instant under the white mask. If I were correct, it was but momentary. She lifted her left hand slowly, pressed it on her heart, and then let it fall. The motion was so calm that I should



not have noticed it, if I had not been watching her so steadily.

“Well?” she said, after a pause.

“Rachel Emmons,” said I,—and more than one cause conspired to make my voice earnest and authoritative,—“I know all. I come to you not to meddle with the sorrow—let me say the sin—which has blighted your life; not because Eber Nicholson sent me; not to defend him or to accuse you; but from that solemn sense of duty which makes every man responsible to God for what he does or leaves undone. An equal pity for him and for you forces me to speak. He cannot plead his cause; you cannot understand his misery. I will not ask by what wonderful power you continue to torment his life; I will not even doubt that you pity while you afflict him; but I ask you to reflect whether the selfishness of your sorrow may not have hardened your heart, and blinded you to that consolation which God offers to those who humbly seek it. You say that you are married to Eber Nicholson, in His sight. Think, Rachel Emmons, think of that moment when you will stand before His awful bar, and the poor, broken, suffering soul, whom your forgiveness might still make yours in the holy marriage of heaven, shrinks from you with fear and pain, as in the remembered persecutions of earth!”

The words came hot from my very heart, and the ice-crust of years under which hers lay benumbed gave way before them. She trembled slightly; and the same sad, hopeless moan which I had heard at midnight in the Illinois shanty came from her lips. She sank into a chair, letting her hands fall heavily at her side. There was no move

ment of her features, yet I saw that her waxy cheeks were moist, as with the slow ooze of tears so long unshed that they had forgotten their natural flow.

"I do pity him," she murmured at last, "and I believe I forgive him; but, oh! I've become an instrument of wrath for the punishment of both."

If any feeling of reproof still lingered in my mind, her appearance disarmed me at once. I felt nothing but pity for her forlorn, helpless state. It was the apathy of despair, rather than the coldness of cherished malice, which had so frozen her life. Still, the mystery of those nightly persecutions!

"Rachel Emmons," I said, "you certainly know that you still continue to destroy the peace of Eber Nicholson and his family. Do you mean to say that you *cannot* cease to do so, if you would?"

"It is too late," said she, shaking her head slowly, as she clasped both hands hard against her breast. "Do you think I would suffer, night after night, if I could help it? Haven't I stayed awake for days, till my strength gave way, rather than fall asleep, for *his* sake? Wouldn't I give my life to be free?—and would have taken it, long ago, with my own hands, but for the sin!"

She spoke in a low voice, but with a wild earnestness which startled me. She, then, was equally a victim!

"But," said I, "this thing had a beginning. Why did you visit him in the first place, when, perhaps, you might have prevented it?"

"I am afraid that was my sin," she replied, "and this is the punishment. When father and mother died, and I was

layin' sick and weak, with nothin' to do but think of *him*, and me all alone in the world, and not knowin' how to live without him, because I had nobody left,—that's when it begun. When the deadly kind o' sleeps came on—they used to think I was dead, or faintin', at first—and I could go where my heart drawed me, and look at him away off where he lived, 'twas consolin', and I didn't try to stop it. I used to long for the night, so I could go and be near him for an hour or two. I don't know how I went; it seemed to come of itself. After a while I felt I was troublin' him and doin' no good to myself, but the sleeps came just the same as ever, and then I couldn't help myself. They're only a sorrow to me now, but I s'pose I shall have 'em till I'm laid in my grave."

This was all the explanation she could give. It was evidently one of those mysterious cases of spiritual disease which completely baffle our reason. Although compelled to accept her statement, I felt incapable of suggesting any remedy. I could only hope that the abnormal condition into which she had fallen might speedily wear out her vital energies, already seriously shattered. She informed me, further, that each attack was succeeded by great exhaustion, and that she felt herself growing feebler, from year to year. The immediate result, I suspected, was a disease of the heart, which might give her the blessing of death sooner than she hoped. Before taking leave of her, I succeeded in procuring from her a promise that she would write to Eber Nicholson, giving him that free forgiveness which would at least ease his conscience, and make his burden somewhat lighter to bear. Then, feeling that it was not

in my power to do more, I rose to depart. Taking her hand, which lay cold and passive in mine,—so much like a dead hand that it required a strong effort in me to repress a nervous shudder,—I said, “Farewell, Rachel Emmons, and remember that they who seek peace in the right spirit will always find it at last.”

“It won’t be many years before I find it,” she replied, calmly; and the weird, supernatural light of her eyes shone upon me for the last time.

I reached New York in due time, and did not fail, sitting around the broiled oysters and celery, with my partners, to repeat the story of the Haunted Shanty. I knew, beforehand, how they would receive it; but the circumstances had taken such hold of my mind,—so *burned* me, like a boy’s money, to keep buttoned up in the pocket,—that I could no more help telling the tale than the man I remember reading about, a great while ago, in a poem called “The Ancient Mariner.” Beeson, who, I suspect, don’t believe much of anything, is always apt to carry his railery too far; and thenceforth, whenever the drum of a target-company, marching down Broadway, passed the head of our street, he would whisper to me, “There comes Rachel Emmons!” until I finally became angry, and insisted that the subject should never again be mentioned.

But I none the less recalled it to my mind, from time to time, with a singular interest. It was the one supernatural, or, at least, inexplicable experience of my life, and I continued to feel a profound curiosity with regard to the two principal characters. My slight endeavor to assist them by such counsel as had suggested itself to me was actuated by

the purest human sympathy, and upon further reflection I could discover no other means of help. A spiritual disease could be cured only by spiritual medicine,—unless, indeed, the secret of Rachel Emmons's mysterious condition lay in some permanent dislocation of the relation between soul and body, which could terminate only with their final separation.

With the extension of our business, and the increasing calls upon my time during my Western journeys, it was three years before I again found myself in Toledo, with sufficient leisure to repeat my visit. I had some difficulty in finding the little frame house; for, although it was unaltered in every respect, a number of stately brick "villas" had sprung up around it and quite disguised the locality. The door was opened by the same little black-eyed woman, with the addition of four artificial teeth, which were altogether too large and loose. They were attached by plated hooks to her eye-teeth, and moved up and down when she spoke.

"Is Rachel Emmons at home?" I asked.

The woman stared at me in evident surprise.

"She's dead," said she, at last, and then added,—“let's see,—a'n't you the gentleman that called here, some three or four years ago?"

"Yes," said I, entering the room; "I should like to hear about her death."

"Well,—'twas rather queer. She was failin' when you was here. After that she got softer and weaker-like, an' didn't have her deathlike wearin' sleeps so often, but she went just as fast for all that. The doctor said 'twas heart-disease, and the nerves was gone, too; so he only giv' her morphy, and sometimes pills, but he knowed she'd no



chance from the first. 'Twas a year ago last May when she died. She'd been confined to her bed about a week, but I'd no thought of her goin' so soon. I was settin' up with her, and 'twas a little past midnight, maybe. She'd been layin' like dead awhile, an' I was thinkin' I could snatch a nap before she woke. All 't onst she riz right up in bed, with her eyes wide open, an' her face lookin' real happy, an' called out, loud and strong,—'Farewell, Eber Nicholson! farewell! I've come for the last time! There's peace for me in heaven, an' peace for you on earth! Farewell! farewell!' Then she dropped back on the pillar, stone-dead. She'd expected it, 't seems, and got the doctor to write her will. She left me this house and lot,—I'm her second cousin on the mother's side,—but all her money in the Savin's Bank, six hundred and seventy-nine dollars and a half, to Eber Nicholson. The doctor writ out to Illinois, an' found he'd gone to Kansas, a year before. So the money's in bank yit; but I s'pose he'll git it, some time or other."

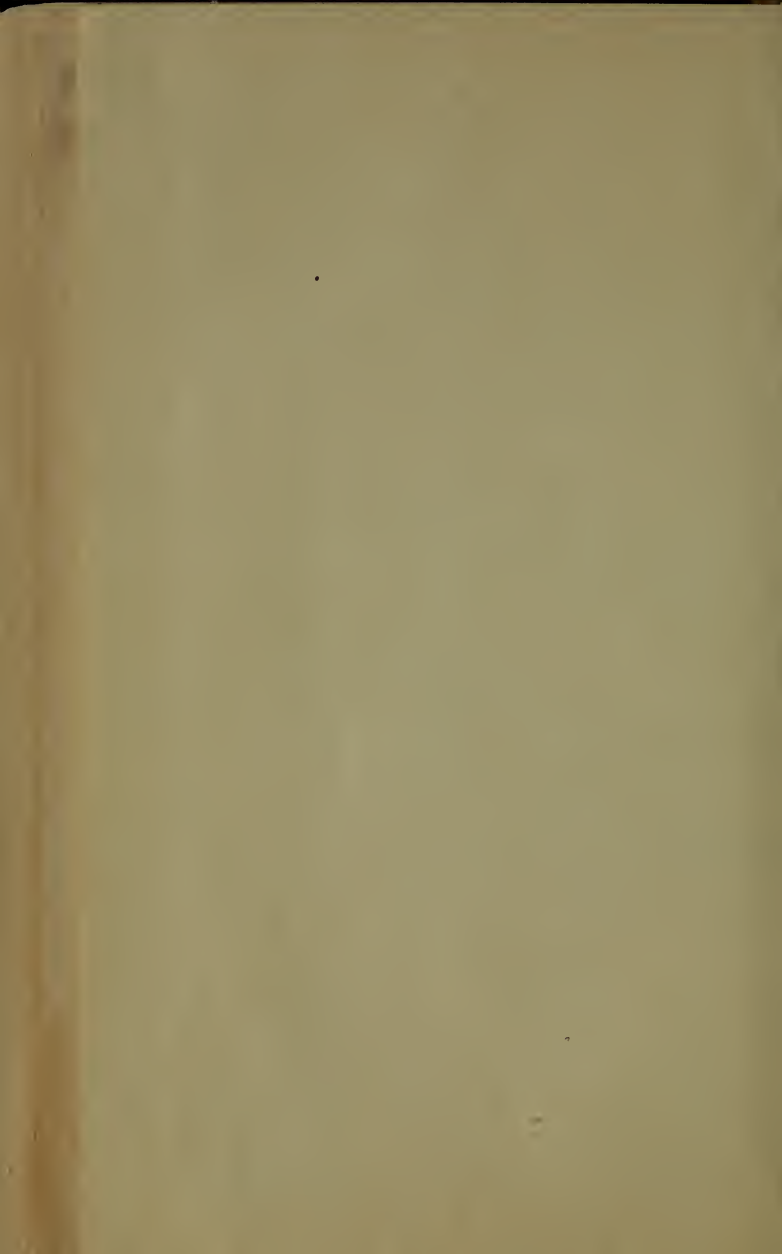
As I returned to the hotel, conscious of a melancholy pleasure at the news of her death, I could not help wondering,—“Did he hear that last farewell, far away in his Kansas cabin? Did he hear it, and fall asleep with thanksgiving in his heart, and arise in the morning to a liberated life?” I have never visited Kansas, nor have I ever heard from him since; but I know that the *living ghost* which haunted him is laid for ever.

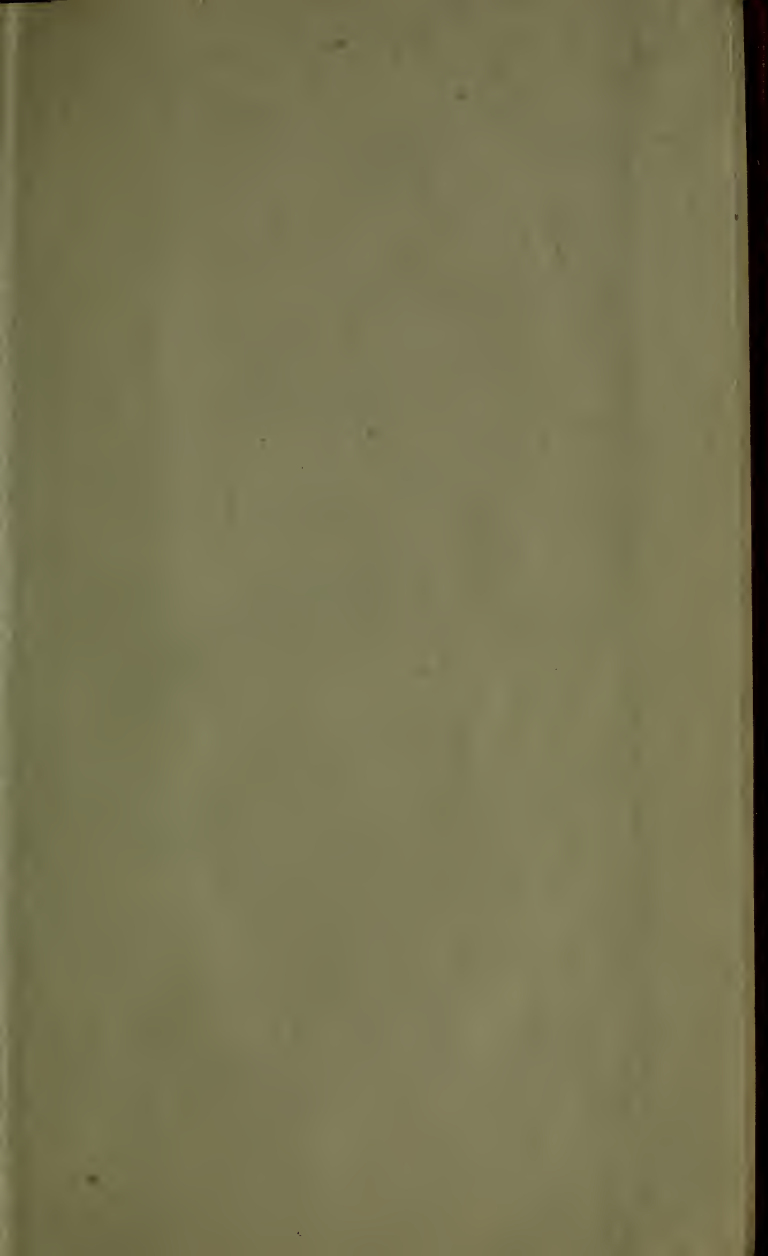
Reader, you will not believe my story; BUT IT IS TRUE.



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