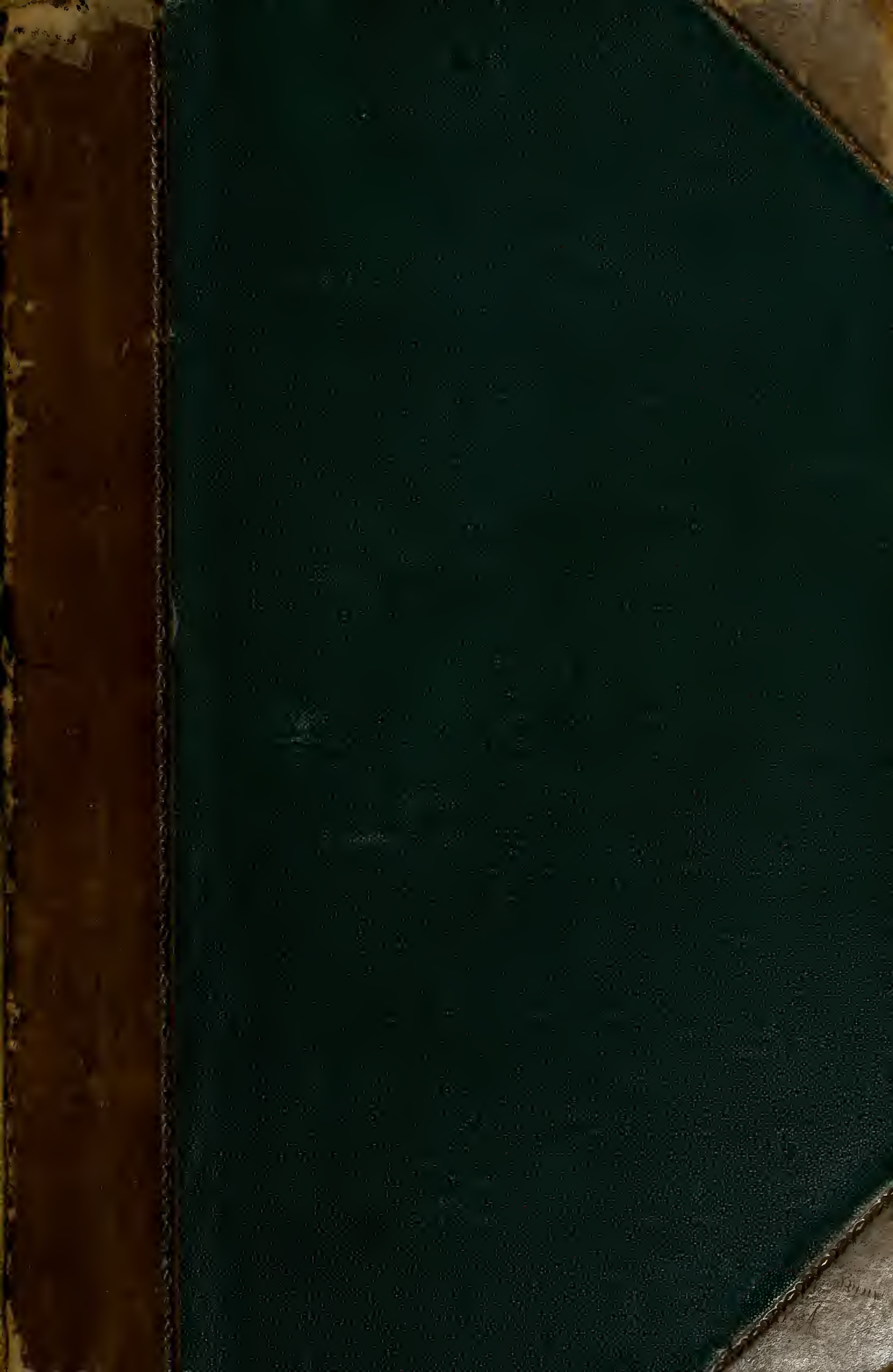

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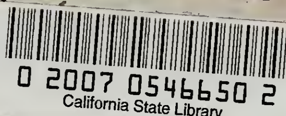

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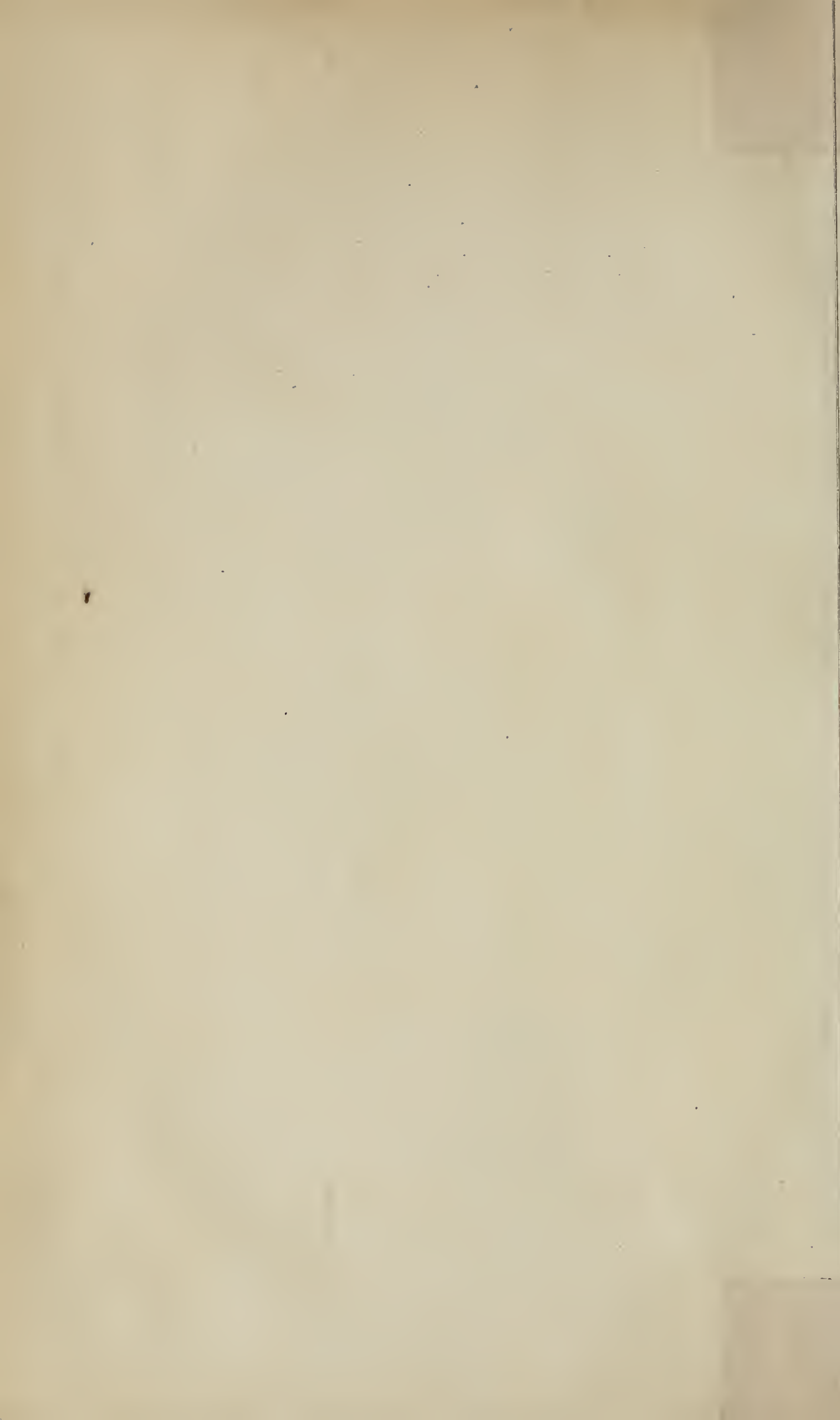

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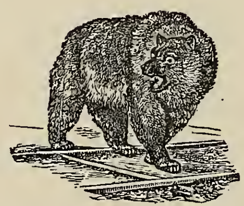
Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOLUME V.



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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 5.—JULY, 1870.—No. 1.

MY FIRST VISIT TO BROOK FARM.

WE had all heard of the "Community"—as it was called, in spite of itself. It had been a favorite topic for some time with the radicals in Boston. It was through my cousin "Tom," who was there at first "rusticating," and later, as a sympathizer and student of social science—as he declared—that I was so fortunate as to get an invitation to spend a week at Brook Farm; and it was quite an exciting time with me—for it was not every one, even among those friendly to the movement, who had an opportunity to take a look at the fact itself.

I was tolerably well informed on what was called the "associative" principle; for my cousin, in his casual visits to town, was used to argue the matter in dead earnest; but I confess, that to me, young, and full of romance, my cousin's conversation, when we were alone together—the pictures he drew of Arcadian simplicity, cordiality, and studiousness—to which he gave such warmth of coloring—interested me much more than any discussion of principles. I had grown, through these casual conversations, to take a vivid, personal interest in the every-day existence of some half-dozen members of the Community; while the others—amounting to seventy, it seemed—equally good, equally remarkable, no doubt, loomed undefined in the dimmer distance.

There was Hero—she of the speaking eyes—who was graceful in her gracelessness; and whose every mood, be it grave or gay, mischievous or compassionate, made her equally attractive; and whose irreverent *badinage* became transmuted, by a swift gleam from those eyes, into the most innocent and infectious fun. She was ignorant of admiring observers as the daisy in the meadow; and to her sweet humility the gates of heaven stood open.

And Leander—the youth who arrived at the Farm with such a bad reputation, and in one year had proved himself pure gold. He it was who owned the boat that now and then carried the dearest friends down the Charles River to Cow Island; and he had built the evergreen bower in the pine-woods, for Hero.

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There was Sybil—the ubiquitous—full of resource, with wonderful epistolary powers. She had worked for Anti-Slavery Fairs, and stood by Garrison in the late mob. Now, she appeared to me a pale girl at her midnight vigils; and, again, a natural, domestic woman, walking the earth firmly, while she looked upward to the skies. Formerly, Tom spoke much of this young person, as one who had assisted him in arriving at a solution of many questions—as a person of acknowledged intellectual position; but lately, his interest in her had seemed to flag.

The Pacha; "our little *Madonna*," and Mrs. Grant Smith, with others, I imagined myself on intimate terms with.

Such gay stories as Tom told about the fun he had, helping the girls with their work—so jolly they were over the scrubbing and dish-washing. It was particularly pleasant to lend a hand in the evening, when there was no need of hurry. "Nice girls!" He had blacked their boots with real gusto several times, for the dance.

He cleaned the fish on Fridays—when, for the sake of a few Catholics, fish was the diet. "You should see me, Salome, with shirt-sleeves tucked up, and an apron on, scraping away at it, in the kitchen-sink."

At any time it was worth while to listen to the talk out there. You never heard the words "fashion," or "beau;" no shallow, purposeless words, such as you were often bored to death with elsewhere.

They got so tired sometimes! The work was too heavy; but that would all be rectified when things were better established. If only the *rich* people could have their eyes opened to the worth of "association!"

I had learned, also, that a continuous correspondence was kept up between the young people. I had hints of certain mysterious notes, of great intrinsic value, that were constantly passing to and fro. Accidentally, I had read a line or two of one of these fragmentary missives; and it was a great temptation, which only a sense of honor could overrule, to read on, from the transcendental beginning to the transcendental end.

On one point mistake was impossible: Tom was certainly growing in manly beauty. The expression of his face was toned down; finer lines were noticeable around the mouth; and he carried himself more with the air of one who had taken his destiny into his own hands, and asked no favors. Was all this due to the climate of West Roxbury; or, was it the subtile influence of transcendental companionship?

The day came: the Friday in the late September, when the West Roxbury omnibus set down myself and one other person—an Andover student on furlough he proved to be—at the original farm-house, which I afterward learned was the "Hive;" near the door of which two curly-headed boys were playing with a lazy Newfoundland dog.

I was immediately welcomed by friendly, smiling faces, and addressed, in the most familiar tone, by two young women.

"So glad you've come, dear!"

"How much she resembles Theodore!"

"Perfectly delighted to meet you, at last!" and Hero took possession of my carpet-bag, and hurried off with it.

"Your cousin Theodore has just gone to the assistance of Marcus, who was hauling a heavy load of potatoes, when the oxen became unmanageable, and no shouting or goading would move them in the right direction. He has a singular power over animals, you know: they mind him at a word."

"What," I exclaimed, laughing, "Tom manage oxen! How droll! But what makes you call him Theodore?"

"Dear me! Yes; we ought to explain. You see, dear, your cousin was

so altogether charming, so natural, and so in sympathy with our ideas; and we were so thankful to have him here, that we could not think of calling him 'Tom;' and 'Theodore'—gift of God—was so appropriate: it seemed, really, the only proper thing to do. There is a middle letter, 'T,' in his name, I believe?"

"That stands for Trotman. His mother was a Trotman."

Soon the blowing of the horn warned us of the supper-hour, and we hastened down the irregular, uncarpeted stairs, to the refectory.

After greeting Tom, who had waited for me in the narrow entry, we entered the large, low dining-room, with its long, pine tables, and benches to match—now cheerfully illumined with the evening lamp. Fifty persons ate in this room; and as I made my way to the place assigned me, piloted by my gay and confident acquaintance, a welcome beamed on me from every side.

I descried the companion of my ride, seated at the opposite table, and attended to by the highest official.

Such faces as lit up this dull, old room! Take thirty mature persons—most of them under thirty—many of them the product of fine civilization for generations; sift out of this number any that could be classed as sordid, sensual, or materialistic; sprinkle in twenty children of fair parentage; inspire each, young and old, with the divine idea of Democracy—and then, imagine the picture.

There sat the genial, honest farmer, beside the pale scholar; a mother, who looked motherly enough to be the mother of all the world, beside the younger Pericles; twin children, (demure sprites); a quaint, smiling Dominie-elect; a Diana; a hard-shell Baptist, (recommended by Emerson as unequaled with the axe, or in argument for his sect) hale at seventy; long-haired youths, with eyes full of sentiment: such was the company—and those who saw it will not look upon its like again.

There was much lively conversation. The head person was making puns between each mouthful, which caused great hilarity.

The meal occupied less time than usual, I was told, because one of the members, who had been to visit a new society—the "North American Phalanx," somewhere in New Jersey—had returned the evening before, and, to-night, was to report progress, in the large parlors of the Pilgrim Hall, (a fourth house built for the especial accommodation of some sterling converts from old Plymouth) and the meeting would commence at half-past seven.

The returned Brook-Farmer had also brought with him two strangers—candidates for admission to the society, I believe; but owing to a something cold and unspiritual in their appearance, they were at once looked upon with disfavor, amounting to dislike.

It was highly gratifying to me to see how great a favorite my cousin was, in this "goodlie companie;" and I was quite proud to have so well-established and notable a relative, to introduce me. He intercepted a tall youth, with crisp, chestnut curls, and a lurking humor in his eyes, dressed in the usual blouse and turned-back shirt-collar, saying: "Indoctrinate her into the Church, Leander—or, at least, make a proselyte of her; Portia will help, while she adjusts her flock of pitchers;" and he passed into the kitchen, where I afterward saw him handling the plates in a masterful manner—the plates that Sybil was washing at the great sink—conversing, the while, in low tones. Her brow was fairer, as her cheek was flushed; and her deep, violet eyes reflected their brilliancy. That evening she was handsome.

Never had I seen work so rapidly and deftly disposed of before. Even now the straggling crowd were hurry-

ing up the winding road to the place of meeting.

The parlors were already well filled, as Hero and myself entered. I was surprised to see, among the crowd of Brook-Farmers, Miss Margaret Fuller and Wm. H. Channing (the Apostle). Miss F. had supped in her room, and Mr. Channing had walked over from Theodore Parker's to hear the report.

Sybil—who took a place near me, and held my hand, with a curious, half-pitying expression on her face that puzzled me—pointed out to me, by name, John Cheever, the radical Irishman, who, though nominally of the plebeian class, read nothing beyond Shakspeare, Homer, and the Bible; and Phillips, a bronzed, thick-set sailor, turned gardener; also, various heads of departments, and the more notable youths and maidens.

The speaker shortly proceeded to state that the new Association was made up mostly of mechanics—many of them Germans—that they were industrious, enterprising, and hopeful, and, financially, on a good, solid basis, etc., etc.

Presently, one of the strangers I have alluded to asked, in thin, nasal tones, "What class of people they were, *morally?*"

The speaker looked his perplexity.

"I mean, are they respectable, moral people—for instance, do they swear?"

In turning toward the questioner, my attention was attracted to a young woman, who, with head bent forward and brow contracted, demanded eagerly:

"Do you consider all swearing profane?"

"Certainly," he answered, in the same chill, soulless voice; "what good person thinks otherwise?"

"There *is* profane swearing, no doubt," she said, trembling, and excited in her earnestness. "There *is* profane swearing, where the heart is filled with vindictive passion—with malice; but most of the swearing indulged in by young people and uncultivated people is only so much emphasis to back up their sentences with."

The entire attention of the audience was now directed to this young person, whose name, I learned, was "Portia." Others ventured a few remarks, while she pushed her argument to a conclusion:

"Swearing shows that those who indulge in it are wanting in intelligent respect for their own statements; or are doubtful if they will be accepted as true by those they address. I do not deny that it is in extremely bad taste; that it is vulgar and disagreeable; and yet, a great deal of informal swearing is indulged in by the really reverent and kind-hearted. These mechanics Mr. B. is describing, do, in all probability, swear a little every day; and I'm sure God loves them just as well as he does us."

The discussion was more diffuse than I have shown—in fact, took up about twenty minutes, altogether; and I fancied an uneasy feeling of disapproval on the faces of a few elders, who would scarcely be able to determine the limits of so much youthful impulse.

On coming out into the clear moonlight, we were joined by Portia, and, presently, by the sailor, Phillips. The latter, with much feeling, thanked Portia for the part she had taken.

"I am sure, Miss, it's not language that's so wicked: it's the way one feels in the heart. I declare, if you had not got up to answer that miserable croaker, I should have dared to do it myself. I was thinking, all the time you were talking, of once when I was at sea—leagues from land in the Pacific; and we fell in with a water-logged ship, with nine starving men on her. They hailed us, and we hove to. Then they begged to be taken on board. Now, our Captain was one of your pious sort. (My last Captain did not swear, but then he was a jolly bird.)

Well, when the Mate, with his hands on the ropes ready to lower the boat, heard the Captain's cold-blooded decision, 'Tell them we can't take them; we have only provisions enough to take ourselves to port;' why, the Mate swore an oath — I should not dare to repeat it to you, Miss; in a bad cause, it were enough to sink a ship—and wishing that he might be hung, besides, at the yard-arm, if he did not fetch those poor souls on board. And down went the boat, in spite of the Captain, and on board they came; and we all arrived safe and sound in port. Now, Miss, I ask you, who swore — the Mate or the Captain?"

At breakfast, next morning, Miss Fuller said she entirely agreed with Portia's definition of the habit; but it was improper to interfere with the object of the meeting. She laughingly described one of her own brothers, who, being told not to say "By George," as it was a sort of swearing, came next day, entreating to be allowed to say, "By Halifax," as he could not get along without something of the sort.

This day—being Saturday—there was but little leisure to give to visitors. A deal of scrubbing and cooking was going on, preparatory to the Sabbath; so I was permitted to wander about, observing, and enjoying the freedom accorded me.

In the kitchen: brown-bread, pork and beans, in earthen jars, and tins-full of rice-pudding were in the hands of skillful *cuisinières*.

In the kitchen, too, Cynthia and Portia were engaged, paring huge pans of potatoes; the former singing the while, in a full and clear, but uncultivated voice, stirring Methodist hymns, for the benefit of the latter, who, having stepped at a bound from Episcopacy to rationalism, was a stranger to this spirit, yet threw herself heartily into the chorus:

> "Oh, I'm bound for the Kingdom;
> Will you go to glory with me?
> Oh, hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!"

Sybil, with mop and pail, was purifying the painted chamber-floors. Tom was at recitations; returning just in time to take the mop out of her hand, and attend to his room himself.

In the dining-room, Margaret was ironing Community-collars, and, with book stuck open with two forks, committed German poems to memory. Leander, stretched on one of the benches, repeated the words after her:

> "Zerraufte sie ihr Raabenhaar,
> Und warf sich hin zur Erde,
> Mit wuthiger Geberde."

"If ever you are disappointed in love, Mrs. Madge, and want any help about tearing out your raven hair, send for me: I could do it in true transcendental style for you."

"What do you mean by the word transcendental?" I inquired.

"It's well you asked me. I am the only one who has given the word sufficient attention," he said, quickly. "It means, my dear, obscure, vague, ambiguous, hidden, nebulous, enigmatical, sealed, mystical, impenetrable, incomprehensible, mysterious, inscrutable, inconceivable, etc. It's really dangerous to live in such a place as this, you will find."

"Don't mind his nonsense," said Margaret, rather gravely, and aside. "This rattle-brain way he has is all that is left of his former unruly character. He's at heart a noble fellow. Transcendental we interpret as above mere reason, freely, religiously, intuitive, spiritual; at one with Nature."

"Why need you explain to her?" joined in Sybil, who, with empty pail beside her, had for some time been leaning on her mop. "She is one of the elect, herself; she must respect her own thought more, and take the pains to examine it more closely, and she will see *she* is a transcendentalist."

I remember well one instance of the questioning spirit. Hero and Portia had set the tables for the noon meal. Large,

steaming joints of corned-beef, with cabbage, were already on the table, which the girls surveyed with any thing but admiration. Suddenly it occurred to them to cater to the higher sense, by gathering a few of the flowers which still withstood neglect, on the terraces that sloped to the brook, just below the house. Acting on the impulse, they ran quickly across the road and down, near the old tree; and in less than three minutes had the flowers arranged in some champagne-glasses. The question now arose: Before whom should they be placed? Hero insisted, with great warmth, that Professor Olden, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Smith, and Julian F., who had always been accustomed to elegant surroundings, should find familiar blessing and refreshment in their near presence. They, she averred, were starving from want of the æsthetic element.

Portia, on the contrary, persisted they should be placed near Cynthia, Harlan, and Thane—all good, honest souls, struggling up through the practical to the ideal. It was our first duty to awaken in them a sense of the beautiful.

Hero was silent; the speaking eyes drooped; the slender vases were before Harlan *et al.* There was a bustle of feet, a murmur of voices, and odor of various viands, and all were seated, when Portia met Hero's glance, and those luminous orbs betrayed a mischievous triumph. The flowers were before the Professor; and the elegant Mrs. Grant Smith held one of the glasses in her hand, admiring the delicate, purple tints of the asters.

* * * * * * *

I often, toward sunset, found Sybil in Tom's apartment, which was alike sleeping-room and parlor. Now, she was deep in "Sartor-Resartus," claiming his sympathy with this last gospel; or she read from Ellery Channing:

> "What if none will look at thee
> Sighing for the honey-bee,
> Or great moth with heavenly wings,
> Or the nightingale that sings:
> Curious spider, thou'rt to me
> Of a noble family."

Or, they were mutually indignant over the great master's essay on "Love," and the still more dubious lines,

> "Who drinks of Cupid's nectar-cup,
> Loveth downward, and not up."

This last was stark treason to the divine passion, if no inner meaning could be discovered; and it would take priestly handling to evade the manifest intention of the text.

I was getting anxious about my ingenuous cousin, for, to all appearance, Sybil was self-poised, with conscious power; while his soul lay entranced in her keeping—fully surrendered. Was she aware of the fact? I asked myself, over and over again. He was "so altogether admirable," she had once said to me. Had she misled him by her devotion to his spiritual interests? Had she unconsciously made him the subject of her peculiar magnetism? After all, I might be mistaken.

The morrow came, as usual. The Sabbath, made for man, was kept here with perfect freedom. Some walked two and a half miles to hear Theodore Parker preach in his little church at West Roxbury; some went to Catholic services in Boston; some sought solitude in the pine-woods; others, special companionship at home: but no one was hindered or disturbed by another. There was an air of quietness over all; and each, in his way, profited by it.

The refectory, on Sunday, was particularly attractive. Pure white linen gives any man a more cheerful appearance; but when to this was added bright tartan blouses, (those plaids that depend on just a fleck of contrasting color) black velvet, and grass-green merino, mixed up with graver hues, and the braid and frogs of the Hungarians—the effect was very good.

The smooth and carefully braided hair of the girls and women, with their fresh muslins and calicoes, and, above all, the peaceful leisure of this one day, gave to all an air of refinement and repose. The trio sat at the end of one table with heads bent forward, communicating with engrossed, exclusive air.

At supper, it was whispered that the younger Pericles would sing at the "Eyrie"—one of the new houses—upon which several young men volunteered to assist with the dishes. My services, also, were cordially accepted. It was strange how much at home I was already. Without formal introduction, I fell into the way of addressing those about me, as others did, by the given name; though I certainly could not venture to accost the quaint Dominie—the best Greek scholar in Massachusetts; familiar, too, with the *arcana* of Nature—as "Commodore," a new name, conferred by Hero. So entirely was I swept along in the current, that I scarcely noticed how seldom Tom and I were in the neighborhood of each other. Sent into the kitchen for dry towels, I found him, as before, deftly seconding Sybil, and I realized a momentary glamour of the atmosphere in which they stood that reminded me of a sentence in a note I had received in the morning, signed "Your friend—perhaps," that ran thus:

"We wish not only to pour the oil of Christian living over the bruised and exhausted form of humanity; to lay the corner-stone of universal brotherhood (and with no Masonic trowel, but the common one used by unwilling slaves so long): we must also be able to spiritualize the dish-washing and scrubbing."

And now we ascended, in the moonlight, the winding path of the "Eyrie," where the younger Pericles was already singing. Stray individuals, just freed from similar duties, preceded or followed us on the same errand. We went up the steps of the building with caution, lest a note of the melody that floated through the open French windows should be lost to us. It was with surprise that, entering the high room, we found not only the chairs and sofas occupied, but the floor well covered with seated listeners, whose stillness left the singer ignorant of their presence.

I did not at first recognize the operatic air, so modified, and retarded, and shorn of its usual ornamentation. A sad and touching theme now, with a refrain that called for noble endurance, in one borne down by suffering.

The accompaniment consisted of simple chords and *arpeggios*, quite subordinate to the theme. Presently another voice joined in, making sweet harmony. They sang of love and death, and such things; and a lullaby, in which you saw the angels watching the babe and mother.

Thus the evening lengthened, and the moon waned. Turning round with a sudden shiver, I discerned in the dusky corner my cousin, lost in a dream of bliss, holding Sybil's hand.

Low praises and half-spoken thanks were murmured toward the young Pericles, who truly was both poem and poet before ever he sang that night. Then the brethren and sisters separated for their various homes.

The next day all were busy as bees in a hive. Feeling ashamed of idleness in the midst of so much industry, I begged to have some substantial duty assigned me. Without remonstrance, I was forthwith conducted to the mild Lady Superior, who, with slender, unaccustomed fingers, was stitching together the ticking for a straw bed—a primitive article of furniture, called for by every fresh arrival. "In this case," said the lady, "the novice will have to forego window-curtains: the sheets have exhausted the bolt of cloth." I heard, next day, that the young man had been nearly crazed by the direct rays of the moon, which

made a circuit of the four windows in his room.

The Lady Superior was gracious and fluent; but, as the Spiritualists would say, I found myself in "another sphere," and I stitched away in friendly silence. When I ventured to remark on the affinity—a perfectly respectable word, in those days—that existed between so many of the young people, she replied, with unpleasant decision:

"I am sick of the word 'affinity!' 'Analogy' is glorious; but I tire of the intense moods of these undisciplined girls." And I was sorely puzzled when she remarked to the Professor: "Sophie Deane is coming to-morrow to spend a few days with me. It will be such a relief, for she doesn't know the meaning of the word 'idea'—never was troubled with one—but she has strictly conventional manners. What a rest it will be!"

And I will here acknowledge that I was struck, from the first—and not disagreeably—with a novel phraseology common at the Community. The word "somewhat," for instance, pleased me as delightfully indefinite, and I adopted it at once into my vocabulary. The words "consciousness" and "unconsciousness," "intuitive," "analogous," I got along with pretty well; but I was floored by "subjective" and "objective," and it is doubtful if I am to-day on my feet regarding them. Neither could my slow, English mind comprehend Madame Guyon, or Law's "Spirit of Love"—works which were like common bread and butter to most at Brook Farm.

I also observed a general feeling (among the pietistic party) of contempt for the body. They looked on it as an enemy—"a demnition bore," Hero said. "I get so impatient of the body and its miserable limitations," said a youth, whose eyes were the admiration of the juveniles. "If we could only slip our bark, how much more could be accomplished." Meanwhile, I sewed assiduously with the Lady Superior, until such time as the dinner-horn sounded, when, together, we walked to the Hive.

"You need not speak, dear: I can read it all in your face. The juices are all dried out of you. Next thing, she will press you in a herbarium," whispered Sybil. "I declare, you begin to look like ribbon-grass already. Never mind, after dinner I have a dear, little note from the Commodore to read to you. You will have to adore him, as we do."

THE NOTE

"As you say, dearest Sybil—(I am sure you understand the very brotherly nature of my affection for you, which I am only too happy in believing you return, out of your generous and pure soul) as you say, our circle is incomplete, for want of old people: a grandfather and grandmother, with white hair, and the benignity that indicates the near-by sweetness of death. We should not be content, dearest friend, until we can attract this element from the world—until our experiment, as some blindly call it, is justified of age, as well as of saintly and jubilant youth, like yourselves. (Why should I not utter what is so true to me?)

"It is universal love—appreciative, suggestive, tolerant love—that binds your fair circle together. You do not, like the vulgar artist, paint the eyes darker, the skin fairer, and the contour more symmetrical; but with genius born of humility, you perceive the ideal, the possibilities of each, and insist that every one shall carry about with him a vivid memory of his highest moments.

"Will not your sweet friend, Salome, be persuaded to join us? It would be a grateful task, could I assist her in the study of astronomy, to which I see she turns with earnestness. She brings with her always a breeze from the woods.

"Your old, but ever-new friend,

"THE DOMINIE."

So the days passed, divided into recitations, housework, notes, and meetings (for, on every emergency, either a note was written, or a public meeting called): a meeting sometimes of women; sometimes of men; usually of both.

I meditated a great deal on the fitness or unfitness of a union between my cousin and Sybil. There was something in the latter that perplexed me, and arrested my sympathy; while yet I entertained for her only a sentimental reverence. Usually, I detected and defined character easily, and to be moved from my first impressions, was to open my arms to grief. Sybil, however, I had prejudged favorably. Should I, on my arrival, have gazed into the alluring depths of her violet eyes, or at her pale, restrained, unsatisfactory mouth; at her silken hair, or her curiously unsymmetrical person? It was too late to answer the question: from the first, too late for Tom.

I had been dwelling on the matter one afternoon, when he came in, carrying a superb collection of autumn wild-flowers—for her, of course. The large family were already at supper. The day had seemed too busy to permit a moment for note-writing; yet he carefully turned up his plate, sure of finding the one he, with a slow movement, placed in his vest-pocket. I was aware of a sudden chill. Was it he, or myself, that trembled? He rose to close a door, and did not return. After supper, I missed him till the tables were cleared: then his shadow, with listless air, passed with Sybil the outer door.

An hour later, wandering in quiet through the dimly lighted, deserted little parlor, I found him, with haggard countenance, dreary and all unnerved, sitting on the sofa. I shook from head to foot as I entreated him to speak, to explain what was the matter.

"She has refused me! My God, Salome, she has refused me!" he said, throwing his arms heavily around me. "My brain is on fire"—shivering as if with cold. "I'll go to my room. The place is so terribly desolate."

It was my nature to follow my friend. I was in entire rapport with the sufferer, and only retained enough strength and self-possession to take advantage of any change in him. Young and inexperienced as I was, there was something fearful in this abandonment of grief, this despair of youth—the first rebellion against destiny.

I watched, dreading the night, the morrow. What if fever should set in, or worse!

Leander, good fellow, hearing that his chum had a chill, came offering service, and bringing what he called a relic of bigotry and virtue, in the shape of a night-lamp belonging to Sybil. Declining the assistance, I accepted the gilt sapling, wound with delicate, ivy leaves, from the bent bough of which hung the purely tinted glass with taper alight. In those tedious and sorrowful hours, when all was so still that the slightest sound was ominous of evil, with nothing to do but to note the irregular and wiry character of a pulse and bathe a fevered brow, the lamp—a waif from a former elegant home—was a source of relief to my wearied mind. It was so prettily designed; the moths and beetles that connected the deeply veined leaves that balanced the whole were so instinct with life, that I almost felt them to be company for me. And I allude to this because it was just such odds and ends of previous conditions, contrasted with the otherwise barren furniture, which suggested a return to the Middle Ages.

In the morning early, a light step at the door and a cautious tap; and in silence Sybil handed in some slight refreshment and some cooling drink. Her face expressed self-forgetfulness, self-sacrifice: I could almost imagine she wore a savage girdle that was eating into the flesh when her mystical eyes met

mine. Yet I could not smile lovingly on her, with Tom in that limpsy condition. If he ever was quite himself again, I might enter into another treaty with her.

He turned listlessly over as I closed the door, and motioning the gruel out of sight, called me to the bedside.

"Salome," he asked, in a blank tone, "what do you find worth living for?"

"Why, dear"—arranging his disheveled curls—"yesterday, I should have told you I lived for the pleasure of it: just breathing the air was good enough. Then to walk is so splendid; and I like to sleep. I can not deny that I enjoy eating, too. You also will live, and be happy yet."

"Never! You don't know any thing about it, and I trust you never may!"

"You needn't wish that," I said. "I'd rather have your experience than none. I'm quite tired of loving and suffering vicariously. I wish I could die of a broken heart."

I was glad to hear him talk. The Methodists are right in saying that "open confession is good for the soul." By speech, the weight, little by little, is lifted.

Just then the kind Dominie knocked hesitatingly at the door, and handed me a note. It contained merely a hinted sympathy, with the request that Theodore would allow him to assume the care of the furnace till he recovered from his indisposition. And yet there was a something more implied which dispelled my sleepiness. I bathed my face and smoothed my hair, and spoke with more courage and hope to my poor cousin. I made him look at me while I ate, that at least he might keep up the memory of how it was done.

Presently the door opened, and Sybil handed me a sprig of jasmine, with the whispered request that it might be placed where it would meet his eye; also, a note for Tom.

She lingered so in her assiduous inquiries after his health and mental state; there was such a tender pity in her eyes, that I began to doubt the real nature of the case. Closing the door softly behind me, I drew her away from it, and then asked resolutely:

"Do you love my cousin?"

"Most certainly," she replied, "I love him. The rich promise of his tropical nature drew me to him from the first. I was so much interested in his development that I gave him my every spare moment. In return he read to me while I sewed, and was most kind in his attentions."

"Will you marry him, then?" I continued.

"My dear child, you do not understand. I could not install myself teacher for life! He is not twenty; I am twenty-six. How could I anticipate such a result? Do not fear. He will overlive it. Every one of any account, you know, has such an experience." Then sadly: "I have had myself. It makes one free of the universe. Spiritual power never exists previous to it, nor companionship."

"But *I* know nothing of personal love, and you want me to come and live here," I returned.

"It was in you when you were born, my dear. You are an exception. If it were not so, how could you be such a pillar of strength to your cousin? You have lifted half his burden already."

I pushed away the compliment impatiently, and left her, while she was still speaking, for I was sure my cousin called, or groaned. Still holding the jasmine, I handed him the delicate missive, which, on seeing the direction—"To my Brother"—he crumpled angrily in his hand and dashed to the floor, throwing himself back hopelessly on his pillow. "Sybil, Sybil!" he moaned.

At the sound she glided in, and with a look of pity laid her hand on his brow.

He met her with such a longing, yearning, entreating expression, that to withstand it she needed a heart of stone.

Taking his outstretched hands in hers, she answered the look.

"Theodore, it is impossible. You must use your reason, dear child. Should I run away from my true mate? Could I be blind to the fact if it were a verity? Don't we gravitate to those we belong to when nothing material intervenes? You represent youth to me, not manhood. I love you as a younger brother."

At the word "youth" he sprang up.

"Yes, oh God! Where is now my youth? Give me back my youth! Why do I suffer? Oh, Sybil, since the first month I came here, when I walked, and studied, and danced with you, it has been heaven. The stone-wall between here and the Eyrie contained innumerable poems: the very oxen were spiritualized. The dull mist, that others complained of, held wonderful pictures for me. Now the life is sucked out of every thing: all is leaden. You have lifted me up to heaven only to cast me down to hell, because of my 'youth.'"

"The years will repay you," she said, softly. "Instead of a golden mist, you shall perceive the Divine Spirit everywhere. You will love and be loved by her, who even now awaits you. You will be ashamed of this want of faith."

He turned from her. I quietly left the room, and descended the stairs to where healthy, happy people were moving about, self-forgetful, intent. How had personal love come to them, I wondered. I determined to seek the solitude of the pine-woods, and take counsel there. If there had been wrong, I could not unravel it. Change was desirable, I knew. Why not follow it up to Harvard?

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"What a wise, motherly soul you are, Salome! I may thank you that I have not become a complete wreck. Where did you get your pluck and decision, cousin? I'm afraid it's very cowardly, though, abandoning the field in this way. Perhaps I ought to stay and fight it out."

"If you're burned, I don't mean you shall sit in the fire and sing your death-song; and you can't die of a broken heart, with an iron constitution. Bear with the blues, Tom; I have a presentiment you've lots of work to do in this world."

So we left in the morning on the omnibus, after bidding farewell to the Lady Superior and other principal members, with a promise on my part to return. The Dominie, with coal-hod in hand, presented me, with hesitancy, a note, and I reluctantly accepted a kiss from Sybil, and gave a most cordial one to the mischievous Hero. The vehicle wheeled round, and was rattling over the bridge.

Engrossed in my own multitudinous thoughts, I had not noticed that the Andover student sat opposite to us, and appeared more desirous of claiming acquaintance than when we passed and repassed each other going between the different domiciles; and he was obliged to force his remarks on my attention just before the omnibus arrived at the terminus. This was his question:

"Would you be kind enough to tell me what I have been carrying in the tin-box, between the Hive and the Eyrie, every day?"

"Meals, of course," I answered. He bowed his thanks, and, smiling an amused smile, handed me out of the vehicle.

JOE OF LAHAINA.

I WAS stormed-in at Lahaina. Now, Lahaina is a little slice of civilization, beached on the shore of barbarism. One can easily stand that little of it, for brown and brawny heathendom becomes more wonderful and captivating by contrast. So I was glad of dear, drowsy, little Lahaina; and was glad, also, that she had but one broad street, which possibly led to destruction, and yet looked lovely in the distance. It didn't matter to me that the one broad street had but one side to it; for the sea lapped over the sloping sands on its lower edge, and the sun used to set right in the face of every solitary citizen of Lahaina, just as he went to supper.

I was waiting to catch a passage in a passing schooner, and that's why I came there; but the schooner flashed by us in a great gale from the south, and so I was stormed-in indefinitely.

It was Holy Week, and I concluded to go to housekeeping, because it would be so nice to have my frugal meals in private, to go to mass and vespers daily, and then to come back and feel quite at home. My villa was suburban—built of dried grasses on the model of a haystack, dug out in the middle, with doors and windows let into the four sides thereof. It was planted in the midst of a vineyard, with avenues stretching in all directions, under a net-work of stems and tendrils.

"Her breath is sweeter than the sweet winds
That breathe over the grape-blossoms of Lahaina."

So the song said; and I began to think upon the surpassing sweetness of that breath, as I inhaled the sweet winds of Lahaina, while the wilderness of its vineyards blossomed like the rose. I used to sit in my veranda and turn to Joe, (Joe was my private and confidential servant) and I would say to Joe, while we scented the odor of grape, and saw the great banana-leaves waving their cambric sails, and heard the sea moaning in the melancholy distance—I would say to him, "Joe, housekeeping *is* good fun, isn't it?" Whereupon Joe would utter a sort of unanimous Yes, with his whole body and soul; so that question was carried triumphantly, and we would relapse into a comfortable silence, while the voices of the wily singers down on the city front would whisper to us, and cause us to wonder what they could possibly be doing at that moment in the broad way that led to destruction. Then we would take a drink of cocoa-milk, and finish our bananas, and go to bed, because we had nothing else to do.

This is the way that we began our co-operative housekeeping: One night, when there was a riotous sort of a festival off in a retired valley, I saw in the excited throng of natives, who were going mad over their national dance, a young face that seemed to embody a whole tropical romance. On another night, when a lot of us were bathing in the moonlight, I saw a figure so fresh and joyous that I began to realize how the old Greeks could worship mere physical beauty and forget its higher forms. Then I discovered that face on this body —a rare-enough combination—and the whole constituted Joe, a young scapegrace, who was schooling at Lahaina, under the eye—not a very sharp one—of his uncle. When I got stormed-in, and resolved on housekeeping for a season, I took Joe, bribing his uncle to keep the peace, which he promised to do, provided I gave bonds for Joe's irreproach-

able conduct while with me. I willingly gave bonds—verbal ones—for this was just what I wanted of Joe: namely, to instill into his youthful mind those counsels which, if rigorously followed, must result in his becoming a true and unterrified American. This compact settled, Joe took up his bed—a roll of mats—and down we marched to my villa, and began housekeeping in good earnest.

We soon got settled, and began to enjoy life, though we were not without occasional domestic infelicities. For instance, Joe would wake up in the middle of the night, declaring to me that it *was* morning, and thereupon insist upon sweeping out at once, and in the most vigorous manner. Having filled the air with dust, he would rush off to the baker's for our hot rolls and a pat of breakfast butter, leaving me, meantime, to recover as I might. Having settled myself for a comfortable hour's reading, bolstered up in a luxurious fashion, Joe would enter with breakfast, and orders to the effect that it be eaten at once and without delay. It was useless for me to remonstrate with him: he was tyrannical.

He got me into all sorts of trouble. It was Holy Week, and I had resolved upon going to mass and vespers daily. I went. The soft, night winds floated in through the latticed windows of the chapel, and made the candles flame up upon the altar. The little throng of natives bowed in the impressive silence, and were deeply moved. It was rest for the soul to be there; yet, in the midst of it, while the Father, with his pale, sad face, gave his instructions, to which we listened as attentively as possible—for there was something in his manner and his voice that made us better creatures—while we listened, in the midst of it I heard a shrill little whistle, a sort of chirp, that I knew perfectly well. It was Joe, sitting on a cocoa-stump in the garden adjoining, and beseeching me to come out, right off. When service was over, I remonstrated with him for his irreverence. "Joe," I said, "if you have no respect for religion yourself, respect those who are more fortunate than you." But Joe was dressed in his best, and quite wild at the entrancing loveliness of the night. "Let's walk a little," said Joe, covered with fragrant wreaths, and redolent of cocoanut-oil. What could I do? If I had tried to do any thing to the contrary, he might have taken me and thrown me away somewhere into a well, or a jungle, and then I could no longer hope to touch the cord of remorse—which cord I sought vainly, and which I have since concluded was not in Joe's physical corporation at all. So we walked a little. In vain I strove to break Joe of the shocking habit of whistling me out of vespers. He would persist in doing it. Moreover, during the day he would collect crusts of bread and banana-skins, station himself in ambush behind the curtain of the window next the lane, and, as some solitary creature strode solemnly past, Joe would discharge a volley of ammunition over him, and then laugh immoderately at his indignation and surprise. Joe was my pet elephant, and I was obliged to play with him very cautiously.

One morning, he disappeared. I was without the consolations of a breakfast, even. I made my toilet, went to my portmanteau for my purse—for I had decided upon a visit to the baker—when lo! part of my slender means had mysteriously disappeared. Joe was gone, and the money also. All day I thought about it. In the morning, after a very long and miserable night, I woke up, and when I opened my eyes, there, in the door-way, stood Joe, in a brand-new suit of clothes, including boots and hat. He was gorgeous beyond description, and seemed overjoyed to see me, and as merry as though nothing unusual had happened. I was quite startled at this apparition. "Joseph!" I said,

in my severest tone: and then turned over and looked away from him. Joe turned the subject in the most delicate manner, and was never so interesting as at that moment. He sang his specialties, and played clumsily upon his bamboo flute—to soothe me, I suppose—and wanted me to eat a whole flat pie which he had brought home as a peace-offering, buttoned tightly under his jacket. I saw I must strike at once, if I struck at all; so I said, "Joe, what on earth did you do with that money?" Joe said he had replenished his wardrobe, and bought the flat pie especially for me. "Joseph," I said, with great dignity, "do you know that you have been stealing, and that it is highly sinful to steal, and may result in something unpleasant in the world to come?" Joe said, "Yes," pleasantly, though I hardly think he meant it; and then he added, mildly, "that he couldn't lie"—which was a glaring falsehood—"but wanted me to be sure that he took the money, and so had come back to tell me."

"Joseph," I said, "you remind me of our noble Washington;" and, to my amazement, Joe was mortified. He didn't, of course, know who Washington was, but he mistrusted that I was ridiculing him. He came to the bed and haughtily insisted upon my taking the little change he had received from his costumers, but I implored him to keep it, as I had no use at all for it, and, as I assured him, I much preferred hearing it jingle in his pocket.

The next day I sailed out of Lahaina, and Joe came to the beach with his new trowsers tucked into his new boots, while he waved his new hat violently in a final adieu, much to the envy and admiration of a score of hatless urchins, who looked upon Joe as the glass of fashion, and but little lower than the angels. When I entered the boat to set sail, a tear stood in Joe's bright eye, and I think he was really sorry to part with me; and I don't wonder at it, because our housekeeping experiences were new to him—and, I may add, not unprofitable.

Some months of mellow and beautiful weather, found me wandering here and there among the islands, until the gales came on again, and I was driven about homeless, and sometimes friendless, until, by and by, I heard of an opportunity to visit Molokai—an island seldom visited by the tourist—where, perhaps, I could get a close view of a singularly sad and interesting colony of Lepers.

The whole island is green, but lonely. As you ride over its excellent turnpike, you see the ruins of a nation that is passing like a shadow out of sight. Deserted garden-patches, crumbling walls, and roofs tumbled into the one state-chamber of the house; while knots of long grass wave at half-mast in the chinks and crannies. A land of great traditions, of magic, and witchcraft, and spirits. A fertile and fragrant solitude. How I enjoyed it; and yet how it was all telling upon me, in its own way! One can not help feeling sad there, for he seems to be living and moving in a long reverie, out of which he dreads to awaken to a less pathetic life. I rode a day or two among the solemn and reproachful ruins with inexpressible complacence, and having finally climbed a series of verdant and downy hills, and ridden for twenty minutes in a brisk shower, came suddenly upon the brink of a great precipice, three thousand feet in the air. My horse instinctively braced himself, and I nervously jerked the bridle square up to my breast-bone, as I found we were poised between heaven and earth, upon a trembling pinnacle of rock. A broad peninsula was stretched below me, covered with grassy hills; here and there clusters of brown huts were visible, and to the right, the white dots of houses to which I was hastening, for that was the Leper village. To that spot were the

wandering and afflicted tribes brought home to die. Once descending the narrow stairs in the cliff under me, never again could they hope to strike their tents and resume their pilgrimage, for the curse was on them, and necessity had narrowed down their sphere of action to this compass — a solitary slope between sea and land, with the invisible sentinels of Fear and Fate forever watching its borders.

I seemed to be looking into a fiery furnace, wherein walked the living bodies of those whom Death had already set his seal upon. What a mockery it seemed to be climbing down that crag— through wreaths of vine, and under leafy cataracts breaking into a foam of blossoms a thousand feet below me ; swinging aside the hanging parasites that obstructed the narrow way — entering the valley of death, and the very mouth of hell, by these floral avenues.

A brisk ride of a couple of miles across the breadth of the peninsula brought me to the gate of the keeper of the settlement, and there I dismounted, and hastened into the house, to be rid of the curious crowd that had gathered to receive me. The little cottage was very comfortable: my host and hostess friends of precious memory, and with them I felt at once at home, and began the new life that every one begins when the earth seems to have been suddenly transformed into some better or worse world, and he alone survives the transformation.

Have you never had such an experience? Then go into the midst of a community of Lepers ; have ever before your eyes their gorgon-like faces ; see the horrors, hardly to be recognized as human, that grope about you ; listen in vain for the voices that have been hushed forever by decay; breathe the tainted atmosphere, and bear ever in mind that, while they hover about you — forbidden to touch you, yet longing to clasp once more a hand that is perfect and pure — the insidious seeds of the malady may be generating in your vitals, and your heart, even then, be drunk with death !

I might as well confess that I slept indifferently the first night ; that I was not entirely free from nervousness the next day as I passed through the various wards assigned to patients in every stage of decomposition. But I recovered myself in time to observe the admirable system adopted by the Hawaiian Government for the protection of its unfortunate people. I used to sit by the window and see the processions of the less afflicted come for little measures of milk, morning and evening. Then there was a continuous raid upon the ointment-pot, with the contents of which they delighted to anoint themselves. Trifling disturbances sometimes brought the plaintiff and defendant to the front-gate for final judgment at the hands of their beloved keeper. And it was a constant entertainment to watch the progress of events in that singular little world of doomed spirits. They were not unhappy. I used to hear them singing every evening: their souls were singing while their bodies were falling rapidly to dust. They continued to play their games, as well as they could play them with the loss of a finger-joint or a toe, from week to week: it is thus gradually and thus slowly that they died, feeling their voices growing fainter and their strength less as the idle days passed over them and swept them to the tomb.

Sitting at the window on the second evening, as the patients came up for milk, I observed one of them watching me intently, and apparently trying to make me understand something or other, but what that something was I could not guess. He rushed to the keeper and talked excitedly with him for a moment, and then withdrew to one side of the gate and waited till the others were served with their milk, still watching me all the while. Then the keeper entered and told me how I had a friend out there who

wished to speak with me—some one who had seen me somewhere, he supposed, but whom I would hardly remember. It was their way never to forget a face they had once become familiar with. Out I went. There was a face I could not have recognized as any thing friendly or human. Knots of flesh stood out upon it; scar upon scar disfigured it. The expression was like that of a mummy: stony and withered. The outlines of a youthful figure were preserved, but the hands and feet were pitiful to look at. What was this ogre that knew me and loved me still?

He soon told me who he had once been, but was no longer. Our little, unfortunate "Joe," my Lahaina charge. In his case the disease had spread with fearful rapidity: the keeper thought he could hardly survive the year. Many linger year after year, and can not die; but Joe was more fortunate. His life had been brief and passionate, and death was now hastening him to his dissolution.

Joe was forbidden to come near me, so he crouched down by the fence, and, pressing his hands between the pickets, sifted the dust at my feet, while he wailed in a low voice, and called me, over and over, "dear friend," "good friend," and "master." I wish I had never seen him so humbled. To think of my disreputable little *protégé*, who was wont to lord it over me as though he had been a born chief; to think of Joe as being there in his extremity, groveling in the dust at my feet; forbidden to climb the great wall of flowers that towered between him and his beautiful world, while the rough sea lashed the coast about him, and his only companions were such hideous foes as would frighten one out of a dream.

How I wanted to get close to him—but I dared not—so we sat there with the slats of the fence between us, while we talked very long in the twilight; and I was glad when it grew so dark that I could no longer see his face—his terrible face, that came to kill the memory of his former beauty.

And Joe wondered whether I still remembered how we used to walk in the night, and go home, at last, to our little house when Lahaina was as still as death, and you could almost hear the great stars throbbing in the clear sky! How well I remembered it, and the day when we went a long way down the beach, and, looking back, saw a wide curve of the land cutting the sea like a sickle, and turning up a white and shining swath. Then, in another place, a grove of cocoa-palms and a melancholy, monastic-looking building, with splendid palm-branches in its broad windows; for it was just after Palm Sunday, and the building belonged to a Sisterhood. And I remembered how the clouds fell and the rain drove us into a sudden shelter, and we ate tamarind-jam spread thick on thin slices of bread, and were supremely happy. In this connection, I could not forget how Joe became very unruly about that time, and I got mortified, and found great difficulty in getting him home at all; but then the memory of it would have been perfect but for this fate. O, Joe! my poor, dear, terrible cobra: to think that I should ever be afraid to look into your face in my life!

Joe wanted to call to my mind one other reminiscence: a night when we two walked to the old wharf, and went out to the end of it, and sat there looking inland, watching the inky waves slide up and down the beach, while the full moon rose over the superb mountains where the clouds were heaped like wool, and the very air seemed full of utterances that you could almost hear and understand but for something that made them all a mystery. I tried then, if ever I tried in my life, to make Joe a little less bad than he was naturally, and he seemed nearly inclined to be better, and would, I think, have been so, but for the thousand temp-

tations that gravitated to him when we got on solid earth again. He forgot my precepts then, and I'm afraid I forgot them myself. Joe remembered that night vividly. I was touched to hear him confess it; and I pray earnestly that that one moment may plead for him in the last day; if, indeed, he needs any special plea other than that Nature has published for her own.

"Sing for me, Joe," said I; and Joe, still crouching on the other side of the lattice, sang some of his old songs. One of them, a popular melody, was echoed through the little settlement, where faint voices caught up the chorus, and the night was wildly and weirdly musical. We walked by the sea the next day, and the day following that—Joe taking pains to stay on the leeward side of me—he was so careful to keep the knowledge of his fate uppermost in his mind: how could I dismiss it from my own, when it was branded in his countenance? The desolated beauty of his face plead for measureless pity, and I gave it, out of my prodigality, yet felt that I could not begin to give sufficient.

Link by link he was casting off his hold on life; he was no longer a complete being: his soul was prostrated in the miry clay, and waited, in agony, its long deliverance.

In leaving the Leper village, I had concluded to say nothing to Joe, other than the usual "*aloha*" at night, when I could ride off, in the darkness, and,

sleeping at the foot of the cliff, ascend it in the first light of morning, and get well on my journey before the heat of the day. We took a last walk by the rocks on the shore; heard the sea breathing its long breath under the hollow cones of lava, with a noise like a giant Leper, in his asthmatic agony. Joe heard it, and laughed a little, and then grew silent; and finally said he wanted to leave the place—he hated it; he loved Lahaina dearly; how was every body in Lahaina?—a question he had asked me hourly since my arrival.

When night came I asked Joe to sing, as usual; so he gathered his mates about him, and they sang the songs I liked best. The voices rang, sweeter than ever, up from the group of singers congregated a few rods off, in the darkness; and while they sang, my horse was saddled, and I quietly bade adieu to my dear friends, the keepers, and mounting, walked the horse slowly up the grass-grown road. I shall never see little Joe again, with his pitiful face, growing gradually as dreadful as a cobra's, and almost as fascinating in its hideousness. I waited, a little way off, in the darkness—waited and listened, till the last song was ended, and I knew he would be looking for me, to say *Good-night*. But he didn't find me; and he will never again find me in this life, for I left him sitting in the dark door of his sepulchre—sitting and singing in the mouth of his grave—clothed all in death.

AN EVENING AND A MORNING IN COLIMA.

COLIMA — antique, quaint, thoroughly Oriental of aspect — lay, half asleep, enjoying, in dreamy luxuriance, the afternoon *siesta*, while the full flood of the tropical, autumn sun fell lovingly upon her, and wrapped her in a robe of glory indescribable. The streets were silent, and almost deserted; and there was nothing to distract the eye from the marvelous beauty of the still-life pictures before us. Mountains, covered with dense, green-foliaged forests, dotted and flecked with the gorgeous *primavera*, in full bloom, from base to summit, surround the lovely valley on all sides. Nearer, could be seen the deep, green rice-fields, the lighter sugar-cane plantations, and the suburban gardens of Colima, filled with all the fruits of the tropics and the temperate zones — oranges, lemons, *zapotes*, *chirimoyas*, figs, apples, pine-apples, coffee, cocoa, vanilla, tamarinds, mangoes, *granadillas de China*, pomegranates, the broad-leaved and gigantic bananas and plantains, and a thousand

"Flowers that never will in other gardens grow,"

with the feathery-foliaged cocoa-palms towering over all, and giving a touch of Oriental beauty to the scene. Below us lay the low-roofed, red-tiled city—as ancient as Jerusalem in appearance, but far more pleasing to the eye, and attractive generally. Turning from the west to the east, we saw the great volcano of Colima — a perfect cone, wonderfully symmetrical, and majestic in its outlines — which towers far into the blue, unclouded sky; while a fleecy turban of sulphurous vapor, ascending from the red caldron seething in its bosom, clings, in many a graceful fold, around its brow. For two hundred years the Fire-Fiend has been sleeping in his cavern, deep down in the bosom of the mountain. Is he only troubled in his slumber, and grumbling and turning over as he dreams; or rousing himself to full life and action, and preparing to pour ruin and desolation on the fair land below, as he did in the ages gone by?

Hark! There is a long roll of kettle-drums, and a wild blare of trumpets in the distance. The music is as ancient as the style of the architecture of the city below us, and carries us back, as in a dream, to the days of knightly chivalry, the Crusades, and the contest, in Old Spain, between the Crescent and the Cross. Colima is aroused from her slumbers, and wide-awake in a moment. A revolution, or *pronunciamento*, possibly? The drums and trumpets of the military band at the *carcel* respond to those in the distance, and the commander of the guard turns them all out, in an instant, by calling, from the balcony above the gateway, "*Soldados, Al-e-r-t-a!*" in a clear, ringing voice, such as the *muezzins* in the East employ, when they call to prayers. But the new-comers are on peaceful errand bent, and there is no cause for alarm. Down the clean, paved street, marching in admirable order, four abreast, comes a long column of gayly caparisoned cavalry, with brightly polished arms, and carrying the banner of the Republic. As they reach the *plaza*, they break into a gallop, and, passing down its entire length, countermarch, and forming in double ranks — facing the palace in which Don Juan Fermin Huarte is, with prince-like hospitality, entertaining the distinguished American statesman — present arms,

then wheel, and file away down the street toward the *cuartel*. A few minutes later, a tall, handsome officer, accompanied by four members of his staff, all brilliantly costumed and equipped, presented himself to Mr. Seward, and announced himself ready to receive orders. He was Colonel Sabas Lomeli, Commander of the Guard of Jalisco, a body of 800 picked men, employed constantly in guarding the roads of that great State, and hunting down and shooting the robbers which infest them. He is tall and broad-shouldered, and stands erect, with the bearing and manners of a soldier and a gentleman. His command having been detailed for escort duty, on this occasion, he had come down from Guadalajara by a forced march—not to keep Mr. Seward waiting. Within the last eighteen hours they had ridden sixty miles, crossing the great *barrancas* of Beltran and Atenquiqui, and only asked a few hours to rest his men and horses before setting off on the return-trip. His complexion is exceedingly ruddy for a Mexican, and his eyes, hair, and long beard and mustache, worn in American style, all black and brilliant. His blue jacket is adorned with very large silver buttons, with the Mexican eagle and serpent embossed thereon, and broad silver-lace in profusion. Over his buff vest he wears a heavy gold watch-chain; a brilliant, diamond *solitaire* ring glistens on his finger, and, upon his sword-knot, is a magnificent amethyst, pierced through the centre. On his scarlet pantaloons are broad, silver stripes; and enameled-leather top-boots reach to his knees. Over his shoulder a brilliant silk sash is thrown, and knotted with a careless grace well in keeping with the general dashing style, which reminds you of the pictures of Murat on the battle-field. The conversation, over a bottle of champagne, turns upon the condition of the roads, and we learn that business has been pretty brisk in the brigand-hunting line, for the last six months, in Jalisco—some 200 bandits and *plagiarios* having been exterminated by the guard and citizens during that time. All the prisoners condemned to death, for any crime, but notably for brigandage, are shot, with commendable promptness, in Jalisco and Colima. A gentleman who was with the party, at the moment, mentioned that a murderer was to be shot, next morning, in Colima, and that he was then in the *carcel*, on the opposite side of the *plaza*, awaiting the execution of the sentence.

We went over to the *carcel*, and saw the officer in charge. He told us that the Prefect would give us an order to inspect the prison, if we desired, but that it was a poor place, and there was not much to be seen. We went for the order, and the Prefect himself, accompanied by Governor Cuerva—a tall, dark, intelligent-looking gentleman, of full Indian blood, but highly educated, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of progress—returned with us. The guard presented arms; the heavy, iron-bound outer gate was unlocked, and swung back to admit us, and closed at once, when we passed in. The records of the prison were neatly kept, and the office in good order. Of the one hundred and eighty men in the prison, many were for long terms, and quite a number had the word "*perpetua*" written opposite their names. The prison was built about three centuries ago, by the Spaniards, and is a terrible place in which to confine a man, especially in such a climate as that of Colima. As we went from ward to ward, the outer door was always locked with a huge padlock, of antique pattern, and securely chained and bolted behind us, before the inner one was opened. The prisoners were in the *patio*, or court-yard, or in large, vaulted rooms, with immensely thick walls, and windows only upon the inner side. Ventilation there was none, and if the place was fearfully hot and "close" in October, what must

it be when the fierce glare of midsummer's sun makes all Colima grow faint and gasp for breath. The prisoners sleep upon matting, without covering, and work in the same room, generally from twenty to forty together, at shoe-making, or basket-making, or palm-leaf hat-braiding—each man being allowed the entire proceeds of his own labor. The system—if such it can be called—is, as the Governor remarked, as bad as any system can be; but it is not possible to change it now, as the little State, of 60,000 inhabitants, is too poor to erect a new and better prison.

Cowering in a passage-way—on the ground, and hiding his face as much as possible from our observation—was the man who was to die on the morrow. His face indicated a very low order of intelligence; and he was said to be a very bad and dangerous young man. Though no more than twenty-four years of age, he had committed several murders. The crime for which he was to die was a fearful one. Being about to be married, he went to a store and demanded credit to the amount of $4 for the wedding outfit. This was refused him by the clerk—a mere boy—who told him that his orders were to give no credit to any one. He went off in a rage, armed himself with a butcher-knife, came back, and fairly chopped the unfortunate clerk into pieces. Governor Cuerva explains that the law is imperative—that there is no chance for a pardon or reprieve. The finding of the court, with the testimony written out in full, has been reviewed by the Supreme Court, at Mexico, and the sentence approved; and the document having been returned to him, it became his duty to see that the sentence was carried into execution immediately. A pardon could only come from the State Congress, (Legislature) and that would not be in session for months. He must sign the death-warrant that evening, and on the morrow the murderer must die. It was the custom to shoot malefactors at day-break; but in this case, out of respect for Mr. Seward, he would delay the execution until the party had reached the road outside, on their way to Guadalajara. The prisoner had been shamming insanity; but a Board of Physicians had pronounced him entirely sane, and the subterfuge could not avail him: he must die.

We rode out, in the cool of the evening, to the suburban garden of Señor Huarte, and walked in the shady alleys, among the cocoa-trees and bananas—admiring the tropical fruits and flowers, which grow there in endless profusion. There is no cold season here, and fruits and flowers load the trees all the year round—

"In summer and in winter shall it be."

Then we drove back to the house of our princely host. Passing the door of the American Consulate, I looked into the *patio*, where a crowd had gathered, and saw an aged woman, on her knees before the Consul, Dr. Augustus Morrill, invoking him, for the love of God and all the Saints, to interfere in her son's behalf. It was the mother of the man who was to die next morning. "O, but you can save him, if you will! You are the representative of the Great American Republic—and if you but ask it, he will be saved. Save him! Save him! and God and all his Saints will bless you!" He told her kindly, but firmly, that he could do nothing in the premises: it was not a case for him to meddle with. Then she fell in a swoon upon the pavement, and pitying women, of her own class, bathed her forehead with cold water, and applied restoratives, until she awoke again to consciousness, and grief beyond all power of language to express. She rushed to the house of Señor Huarte, and, seeing a member of the Seward party, supposed it to be the ex-premier himself. In an instant she was kissing his feet, and imploring him to interfere for

her son—as she had implored the Consul. The police, who had been sent for, came at once, and bore her, struggling and groaning in her agony, away—that she might not finally discover the guest of the Nation, and needlessly and uselessly distress him.

The next morning we heard the trumpets sounding to horse, long before daybreak, and, at sunrise, looked down from the balcony upon the *plaza* of Colima, where all was excitement, bustle, and preparation. The Guard of Jalisco was in the saddle, and ranged around the *plaza*, awaiting orders. Carriages for conveying Mr. Seward and his party, Governor Cuerva, and other officials, were in waiting before our house, and an army of servants and attendants were packing baggage and supplies, for the road, upon the backs of mules. Breakfast—prepared hours before the usual time—over, Mr. Seward passed between the lines of troops drawn up to keep back the crowd around the *portal*, and entered his carriage, with the Governor and Señor Huarte. The other members of his party, and officials, followed; the trumpets sent forth their wild, ear-piercing notes; the advance-guard dashed off at a gallop; the carriages followed, with the mules at a dead-run—Mr. Seward, hat in hand, bowing right and left, in answer to the respectful salutations of the populace; the leading citizens, splendidly mounted, and acting as a guard of honor, formed in single file, on either side of the coaches; and the rear-guard, with drawn sabres, all equipped and ready for the road, followed after—leaving the pack-train to come on, in charge of the servants, at its leisure. Old men stood bare-headed, hat in hand; women bowed, and waved their *rebozos;* and little, naked children climbed upon roofs and gate-ways, and crumbling walls, to witness the spectacle, as the brilliant cavalcade dashed swiftly past; and the rattling of arms, the yelling of coachmen, the notes of the trumpet, and the trampling of many feet, as the cavalry galloped over the stony streets, died away in the distance, in the direction of the great *barranca.*

Just as the gay cavalcade passed out of the city, another procession emerged from the *carcel* gate-way, and moved off toward the Rio de Colima, upon whose picturesque banks a less novel and sadder scene was about to be enacted. There was no sound of drum or trumpet, as this procession moved away; and those who saw it passing only crossed themselves, and muttered a prayer for the soul of the doomed man, who, with downcast eyes, and the pallor of death's agony upon his face, walked, with clanking chains, between two files of swarthy soldiers, in white uniforms, with dark-red plumes in their hats. A few minutes' march brought the procession to the river's bank, and the trembling, half-dead murderer was placed with his back to a crumbling wall, while the platoon charged with the firing of the fatal volley drew up in front—the other troops, with fixed bayonets, forming three sides of a hollow square around them and the condemned. The Officer of the Day unfolded the death-warrant, and read it aloud, then handed it to the officer in immediate command of the guard. A priest read the service for the dying; exhorted the condemned wretch to confess and repent of his sins, in a few brief words, which seemed to be hardly recognized or understood, then handed him a wooden cross, to hold in his hand, and stepped back. There was a moment's silence; the few idlers outside the lines looked on, and, with hushed breath, awaited the consummation of the tragedy. The order to aim was given: twelve dark faces bent down, and twelve glittering muskets pointed at the breast of the murderer. Not a musket wavered, and not a face bore an expression of pity or sympathy: the men were doing their duty,

and obeying orders, as soldiers should; it was not their business to ask questions, pity, or sympathize. "Fire!" The sharp report of a dozen muskets rang out on the still, morning air in an instant; a little puff of white smoke curled upward, and floated away toward the pure, blue sky; a senseless mass of torn clothing, blood, broken bones, and rent flesh dropped to the earth—and the story of a life was told.

Some friend of the family—it was not the poor old mother, for she had been mercifully prevented from going to the place of execution—threw a black cloth over the bleeding wreck of what had been a man a moment before, and, crossing herself devoutly, knelt in prayer beside it. The Officer of the Day lifted the cloth, and touched the wrist of the corpse, then nodded his head to the Officer of the Guard, with the single word "*bien!*" The law was justified; society vindicated; and a cowardly murder avenged. The troops shouldered arms, and marched away; the disinterested spectators followed them; and two men, evidently of the humblest class, lifting the body gently, placed it on a stretcher, and bore it away for sepulture.

Such were the scenes it was our fortune to witness, on an evening and a morning, in the flower-embowered old city of Colima, in western Mexico, in the month of October, in the year of our Lord and Master eighteen hundred and sixty-nine.

SAIL HO!

I heard a rustle in my garden patch—
I saw a shadow bow beneath my thatch—
One morning while the dawn was breaking fast;
And, coming near, a nervous hand was passed
Across my face, and some one bade me wake,
And "hasten to the cliff, for Heaven's sake:
A sail was shining in the eastern sea!"
"A sail!" I gasped; "the Saints compassion me.
Go you and fire the signal-pyre!" I said.
The shadow turned, and in a moment fled;
And soon I followed—pale, and scant of breath—
For on that chance was staked my life or death.
I skirted the long shore of the lagoon,
Shining and moist—shaped like a crescent moon—
And scaled the rocky battlements that rise,
Like a great wall, against the eastern skies.
The morning air blew down a fragrant whiff,
Combing the wind-burnt grasses on the cliff.
The cactus' thousand thorny palms were spread
Against a sun-cloud hanging, hot and red,
In the horizon; and a little way
Off, in the bright, blue depths of dawning day,
A fair and flickering atom—star-like, pale—
I saw a sole and solitary sail.
Then, down I sat, and prayed. The biting fire
Curled the green balsams of my signal-pyre,

And sent a bold, black shaft into the air,
That towered above the shadows, and grew fair,
Like to a palm in stature, full of grace,
Waving its sable plumes before the face
Of all the world; and, as it would appear,
Commanding that the voyager should draw near.
I shut away the sight, in deep suspense,
Half drugged with the rich odors of the dense
And multiplying fumes that hung about,
And half afraid to struggle with my doubt.
The sun arose, and all the world was gay;
The sweet winds spirited the mists away,
I lifted up my eyes, where I was bowed,
And, through the portals of a golden cloud,
Beheld the vessel, by fair breezes fanned,
Trimming her sails, and making for the land.
But when she shaped her course toward the shore,
And I was sure my banishment was o'er,
Somehow I was not happy—for I grew
So jealous of the solitude I knew,
And loved my Island dearer than before!

A DARK NIGHT ON PICKET.

THE last week of June, 1864, will long be remembered, on account of its extreme heat, by the soldiers who were near Petersburg, Va. Encamped a mile in rear of the trenches on a hot, dusty plain, was the Colored Division, which I was then serving with. In those days of campaigning, no preparation was made to go into camp. The regiment was formed in line, the arms stacked, and the Colonel would command, "Men remain in rear of the stacks; company commanders see that details are made for wood and water," and—we were in camp.

A little hill and belt of pine-woods protected us from the Rebel artillerists. Though out of range of bullets, stray shells often came over, and caused a scattering. Wagon-trains of Quartermaster and Commissary stores, ammunition, and ambulances passed near us, keeping up a stifling dust. For once, we were glad when the order came to "pack up." The usual amount of halting, waiting, and changing position having been accomplished, we started. No one knew our destination, and but few cared, in their anxiety to escape the terrible dust. A hot, dusty march of ten miles brought us to "Second Swamp"—one of those swampy, spread-out lakes of the Blackwater River, located about six miles south-east of Prince George Court-house.

A camping-ground for the Division was selected, in a strip of pine-woods, with a large, open field in front. Breastworks of logs were ordered to be built immediately. One company from each regiment was detailed for picket, and each company sent off in a different direction. For the first time in weeks, no sound of musketry reached our ears, and it seemed a welcome relief. Artillery-firing at Petersburg could be heard, re-

minding us of the trenches. So quiet did every thing seem that we almost wondered at the orders for building breastworks. Blackberries were ripe and abundant, and more anxiety was manifested to obtain them than to fortify our position. A number of milch-cows were captured, and my mess secured one of the best. That night we had the luxury of milk in our coffee, and fresh blackberries with our hard-tack, and spread our rubber blankets on cool, clean grass.

The following days were occupied in battalion and company drills. On the morning of the 2d of July, a body of Union cavalry—a part of General Wilson's expedition, which had been badly defeated near Ream's Station, on the Weldon Railroad—passed our lines. They reported that most of their command were coming in by way of the Jerusalem plank-road, but that they had been separated from the main body, and obliged to take this route, to avoid capture. The next morning, our Adjutant, who had been up to Division Head-quarters, came galloping back with the startling information that General Wilson's troops had reached the Union rear and left near Petersburg, having been badly cut up and defeated near the Weldon Railroad, with the loss of 2,200 men, and all their artillery and trains. A large force was said to be following them, and the Signal Corps had reported that a great body of Rebel troops was moving around the Union left at Petersburg. Probably they were intending to attack the Sixth Corps, which had been sent to the assistance of the defeated cavalry. It might be that they were making a grand movement to crush our left. Also, that the Cavalry Corps, an Artillery Brigade, and part of the Second Corps were a little in rear of our Division, throwing up breastworks, and making preparations for an immediate attack, and that we might expect the enemy upon us at any moment. Involuntarily we looked to the open field in front, as though we expected to see the gray lines advancing. The regiments had just been dismissed from drill, and were well scattered over their favorite blackberry ground. They were quickly called in, and, for a few minutes, there was a lively pulling down of shelter-tents and rolling up of rubber blankets. The Surgeon donned his green sash, and quickly placed himself in the line of non-combatants in a safe hollow in the rear. All day and all night the troops waited, but no enemy came. On the 4th, my company was detailed to relieve the company on picket. Both of my Lieutenants were absent, and the duty of looking after the whole line came upon me. A mile and a half in front, I found the picket-posts that I was to occupy. They extended along a thickly wooded, irregular hollow, with an old corn-field in front, and another in rear. The road leading from camp was one of those blind, crooked ones, such as can only be found in the South. Where a big pine-tree stood in the way, the road ran around it; swamp-holes were left to take care of themselves. My "reserve"—a Sergeant and ten men—were stationed on this road, at the junction of two other roads, one of which led toward Norfolk, the other toward Weldon. To the right and left were numerous cross-roads, leading from the different plantations. The men, in groups of three and four, were placed to the right and left of the reserve, about two hundred yards apart, in such positions as would enable them to watch the roads and fields without being seen. From the reserve, one soldier was sent a hundred yards to the front, and another the same distance in rear. We had no axes, but built a rude barricade of rails and brush across the road, that it might annoy an enemy in the night.

Late in the afternoon I visited all the posts, and cautioned the men to keep a

sharp lookout, and to extinguish all fires before sundown. In case of an attack, they were to deploy at once, taking advantage of all shelter, and not to fall back till their resistance would be useless, and then to keep within supporting distance of each other. Should I have occasion to visit them in the night, I would first signal by twice clapping my hands.

The Division Officer of the Day—a Major, radiant in a uniform fresh from some sutler's stock—visited the posts, and instructed them in the details of vidette and outpost duty. Particularly did he charge them to make all mounted men dismount before approaching to be recognized. Said the Major, "Should General Grant himself come out here, make him dismount before approaching within ten yards."

Just after sundown we heard a shot in front; then several more in quick succession, and the vidette came running down the road, dodging behind the trees, closely pursued by a party of gray-coated cavalry-men, who were cracking away at him with revolvers. The men were promptly behind the little breastwork, and part of them sent a volley which caused the cavalry to wheel, and gallop out of range. The vidette remained with the reserve till dark, when he was sent forward again, and posted behind a tall stump.

A heavy thunder-shower came up, and the rain fell in torrents. The darkness was so dense that nothing could be seen—not even the shadows of the trees overhead. Grouped together behind our barricade, we stood for two long hours, trying to shelter ourselves with rubber blankets, and eagerly listening for the warning musket-shot of the videttes. Frequent, blinding flashes of lightning would come, showing, for a second, every thing around with a blue glare, only to make the darkness seem blacker than ever. At about nine o'clock the rain ceased, and part of the men lay down to sleep. Their rest was of short duration. One of the pickets on the right, hearing a noise in the bushes, challenged, and was answered by a shot. He instantly fired at the flash, and his comrades on post fired with him. The crashing in the bushes increased, and the sound of retreating footsteps could be plainly heard. Any noise, at such a time and place, always seems close at hand. Several others challenged and fired, thus revealing the position of nearly half the posts. The vidette on the road in front, nervous from the first attack, and scared by the thunder and lightning, imagined that he saw something, and fired with the rest, and then rushed back to the reserve.

In the midst of all this trouble, the cow, who had been brought along, became demoralized, and, breaking from her fastenings, rushed off through the woods, and was irrecoverably lost. With her vanished all our pleasant anticipations of fresh milk, and ten yards of new rope. She never fancied me, and a few hours previous had kicked me flat, when I attempted to milk her. Yet I mourned her loss.

A few minutes later we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and the jingling of a sabre, coming in the rear. Then the vidette challenged sharply, "Who cum dar?" "Division Officer of the Day!" was the response. "Halt! Division Officer of the Day. Dismount! Advance, and be recognized!" continued the sentinel. In front of him was a broad, deep mud-puddle, and from the splashing we knew that the Major's horse must be in it. "I am in the water," pleaded the Major; "you know who I am; never mind the dismounting; I want to see your Captain," and he started his horse. "Halt! Dismount!" was the repeated order, and the soldier's rifle clicked. There was a sudden checking of the horse, and the officer commenced expostulating: "This is all un-

necessary—" when an emphatic "DISMOUNT!" interrupted him. A flash of sheet-lightning showed the Major dismounted, and up to his knees in the puddle, while the black soldier stood with his musket at aim. In another second he would have fired. "You obey orders well," said the crest-fallen officer; "but my new trowsers are ruined. Where is the Captain of the picket?"

Having ascertained the cause of the firing, which was the object of his visit, he said, "I think you had better advance all your posts about a hundred yards, for the enemy must now know your exact location. Do it at once!" Then, mounting his horse, he rode off.

The first duty of a soldier is implicit obedience to all orders from superiors. I must confess that I had but little relish for this work. It was easy to say, "Advance the posts;" but to go stumbling around through the woods, in a pitchy darkness, and hunt up each separate post—running the risk of an ambush, or being shot, by mistake, by your own men; bitten by moccasins and rattlesnakes; getting lost; scratched with briers, and drenched with the wet underbrush, or mired in the swamps—was difficult, dangerous, and disagreeable in the extreme. For once, I was tempted to disobey orders, and risk the consequences. But knowing the bad effect it would have on my company—as some had overheard the order—I decided to make the attempt. Leaving the reserve in charge of the First Sergeant, I started out to grope my way as best I could. It was nearly midnight before the work was accomplished. A dozen times I lost myself, and only by continual signaling did I pick my way around. The men were alert, and nervous—ready to fire at the least provocation. Great care was necessary in approaching them. I have had plenty of disagreeable work in my army experience, but nothing so pokerish as this.

Hardly had I reached the reserve when the vidette in rear challenged, and soon the Division Officer of the Day rode up again. He informed me that the troops had all been ordered to the left, at Petersburg, and were then on their way thither; and directed that my company be gathered in, as quickly as possible, and follow after. His directions were: "Follow this road to the second cross-road on the right; then follow that for a mile, and turn to the left—that will take you to Prince George Court-house; keep the Court-house Road four or five miles, then take a cross-road to the left, till you reach the Jerusalem plank-road—that will take you to Petersburg. Hurry up, or the Johnnies may scoop all of you!" Evidently he did not mean that the "Johnnies" should catch him, for he galloped off without giving me an opportunity to inquire more minutely regarding the route I was to follow.

There was no help for it; and I wandered off in the wet and darkness, and, after nearly two hours of stumbling about, succeeded in assembling all the men. The rain came down again, and it was with great difficulty that they could keep together.

To the reader who is not familiar with campaigning, it may be proper to explain that, on marches like this, the troops march four abreast, with the First Sergeant at their head, the Captain by the side of the Sergeant—touching him with the right elbow.

I had wandered about so much that my head was dizzy and confused, and I had almost lost every bearing. Cautioning the soldiers to keep together as well as possible, not to make any unnecessary noise, and on no account to fire at any thing without orders, we started on the back-track. Every little while those in front would bump against a pine-tree, and their comrades following, unable to see, would run against them, till the company would be closed in mass closer than the Tactics

prescribe. Then we would straighten out as best we could. Several times we wandered off the road, but, after a little groping, would find it. At last the trees were encountered so often that I began to fear that we had lost the trail. Halting, I lit a match, and, sheltering it with my rubber blanket, examined the ground. There was no sign of a road. Thinking that we had wandered to the right of it we turned to the left, but had not gone far when we sank to our knees in a swamp, and farther progress in that direction was stopped by thick underbrush. So we turned back, but with no better result: the mire and brush seemed to be on every side. A dozen times we started, but, after a short tramp, would be halted by the underbrush. Believing that we were traveling in a circle, and completely bewildered, I ordered a halt and waited for the clouds to break away, the rain having ceased falling. The clouds were breaking a little, when one of the men exclaimed, "Dere one of de regiments cook fire." We saw a flickering light, apparently a hundred yards off. Knowing that the company cooks had built brush shelters over their fires, to prevent showers from extinguishing them, I thought it possible that we might be in the vicinity of our Division-camp, and this light some smoldering ember of a camp-fire. With the light for our beacon, we started briskly toward it; but it appeared to recede as we approached. After going a short distance, it seemed no nearer than before, and farther advance was stopped by our old enemies, the brush and mire. As we halted, the light rose several feet from the ground, for a second glowed a sickly blue, and then vanished. We had been following the *ignis fatuus*, or "will-o'-the-wisp."

A groan of superstitious horror ran through the ranks. "Oh, good Lordy hab mussey! Dat am de Jack-o'-lantern hisself! No good nebber cum nobody arter chasing one ob dem lights!" ejaculated a terror-stricken Negro. It was with difficulty that a general stampede was prevented, so great was the fear among most of the men. Only a few hours ago they stood their ground bravely against Rebel cavalry and bushwhackers, but now were ready to fly before an imaginary "spook." All attempts to explain the phenomenon having failed, I told them that, if they scattered, "Jack-o'-lantern" would catch them separately; but if they kept together, he would not dare to trouble them. An immediate huddling was the result. There was no alternative but to wait for daylight.

Here was a bad situation for a young and ambitious officer. Before daylight the Union troops would be ten miles away, and the roads leading toward them might be filled with the Confederate forces who defeated General Wilson's command. Our greatest danger lay in encountering some of the roving regiments of Rebel cavalry, who were always scouting in the rear of our army, and to whom my little band of sixty would be but a mouthful. Death or capture would be the fate of most of us should we encounter one of these expeditions. I well knew that, in case of capture, my white skin would not save me from being hung to one of the live-oak-trees that abounded. Even if we should reach the Division all right again, I dreaded the censure of our severe Colonel almost as much as an encounter with the enemy.

Two trusty men were detailed to watch, and the rest lay down and attempted to sleep. The woods were full of dismal noises. One of the great horned owls of Virginia perched on a branch above us and began his unearthly cry, "Whoo-ha-whoo-o-o!" followed by a strangling, throttling sound, and ending in a maniac laugh that was fearful to hear. Dirt was thrown to drive him away, but only made him snap his bill like a watchman's rattle. Whippoorwills, chuck-will's-wid-

ows, tree-toads, and locusts, all seemed to combine to make a grand nocturnal concert. A naturalist would have been in ecstasy; but we failed to appreciate it.

Slowly the hours passed till daylight. A hearty breakfast was eaten, knapsacks and blankets snugly packed, and the arms carefully inspected and recapped. The road was found not fifty rods distant, near where the Division-camp had been. A Sergeant and two men were sent a short distance ahead, as skirmishers, and a like party followed in rear. No sound of artillery or musketry reached our ears, and we hoped that the roads might yet be clear.

Prince George Court-house was passed without an alarm, and our spirits were rising, when the skirmishers ahead stopped and gave the signal to halt. The Sergeant came back, and made report: "Cap'n, some debbiltry gwine on ober yander. I done heerd de driber's lash and Black peoples holler." With the Sergeant I cautiously advanced, and, peering through a clump of bushes, saw, two hundred yards distant, a log-and-splint house, situated in the middle of a corn-field.

Suspended from an oak-tree, by their thumbs, were two Black Men, stripped; and the blue clothing lying near them showed that they were soldiers. Two stalwart men in Rebel gray were standing by them, each with a black snake-whip in hand. Three other Rebels were seated on the ground, while another stood by their horses, which were hitched a short distance off. Their carbines hung to the saddles, but all had revolvers and sabres buckled on. In the door-way of the house stood a dirty-looking female, with a snuff-stick in her mouth, and some tallow-faced children around her. Three large, ferocious, yellow dogs lay near the horses.

Alternately the men with whips would measure the lash across the back of the Negro nearest them, to mark the place where the blow should fall; then giving the whip a full, round swing over their heads, would bring it down on their victim. We could hear the lash whiz and crack as it struck, and see the blood follow the stroke. One Negro never flinched nor moaned. His comrade yelled, cried, and begged piteously. The Rebels, woman, children, and dogs were closely watching the proceedings, and seemed greatly edified by the spectacle—the woman in particular.

My plans were quickly made. A breeze blowing toward us prevented the dogs scenting or hearing us. A squad was stationed near the road, and another squad started by a circuitous route to reach the road on the other side of the house, to prevent the Rebels escaping in that direction. With the remainder I crept quietly toward the house, through the corn. The rustling sound of the corn prevented any noise that we made being heard, and we reached safely within five rods of the house without alarming our foes. They were sitting down, backs toward us, watching the whipping. The man at the horses was unloosing a saddle-girth. One Negro was crying; the other was defiant. We heard him say: "Kill me, if ye dare; the cullud soldiers will come back, and dey will find me, and will settle wid you 'uns. Do your wust; my speerit shall haunt ye all!" Giving the signal, we started for them, and before the Rebels could draw their revolvers from the holsters, they were struck with musket-barrels, half stunned, and lay with glistening bayonets pricking their breasts. The orders had been not to fire, except in the last extremity, and they were faithfully obeyed. Our prisoners were disarmed and securely pinioned, before they fairly knew what had happened to them. The Negroes who had been whipped were quickly released. When the rush was made, the dogs flew at the men so fiercely that it

was with difficulty that they were subdued, and not till they were dead did they cease fighting.

The woman set up a yelling, but was quickly awed into silence. Clad in a dirty cotton dress, hair uncombed, face unwashed, feet bare, a snuff-stick in her mouth, and the snuff-juice running down her chin, she presented a picture for "hirelings" to gaze upon. Before I was aware of their intentions, the soldiers had triced up the two Rebels who had done the whipping, and were asking permission to do unto them as they had done unto others. Permission was granted, and thirty-nine lashes were well laid on their bare backs. On the persons of the other prisoners were found the shoes and underclothing of the two Negroes they had captured. These articles were restored to their rightful owners. Our prisoners seemed to expect no mercy, and were surprised when orders were given them to fall in and prepare to march. A serious proposition was made by some of the Blacks to hang them then and there, and it took all of my authority to prevent it. By telling them that six prisoners, with their horses, arms, and equipments, would be something to boast of and show the other companies and that I would shoot the first man who dared disobey my orders, their mutinous spirits were quelled.

Again we started, with our skirmishers out, marching with that long, swinging gait so well known to old soldiers. The Negroes we had released explained their capture as we marched along. They had been tired and sleepy, and sat down to rest. Falling asleep, they did not wake till daylight. On the road they were surprised by the Rebel scouts, and easily captured. I think that this lesson cured them of straggling.

Before noon the Union pickets were found, and we were directed to the camp of the Division, and marched straight to regimental head-quarters. A frown was on the brow of the Colonel when I made my appearance; but it disappeared when I told him the story of our night's adventures and showed him the prisoners. And when I gave him an ivory-handled, silver-mounted Colt's revolver that I had taken from one of the Rebs, his grim features relaxed into a smile; and he sent his servant after a canteen of fine old Bourbon, telling me that after such a night I must be nearly used up, and that something stimulating was necessary to revive me.

THE DONNER PARTY.

OF all the waters gathered in the lofty basins of the Sierra Nevada, Donner Lake is, perhaps, the most beautiful in itself, as well as the most picturesque in its surroundings. Girdled with a narrow margin of pebbly beach, encircled by dark and stately forests, and overshadowed by towering mountains—from which the glittering snow-fields look eternally down into its crystal chambers—this lake wears a charm almost as weird as that which rests over the awe-inspiring vale of the Yosemite! But there are reminiscences connected with the history of this secluded water calculated to awaken a deeper interest than the scenery that surrounds it. In the glades that skirt its shores, and along the mountain trails that overlook it, there once transpired events so tragic that we would fain discredit the story of their existence; and so dire, that the common woes of life soften into mercies, compared with them.

At the foot of this lake, near the banks of the stream that form its outlet, is a grassy bottom, pleasantly shaded with spruce and pine. Until a few years ago, there were standing here two rude cabins, the remains of which are still to be seen. At an earlier period, the bones of animals, mingled with those of human beings, lay scattered over the ground. The stumps of many trees, cut off at a great height, are still standing here, indicating the depth of the snow at the time they were felled. Hundreds of persons now pass this spot daily—for it is close by the railroad—without knowing that it is the site of "Starvation Camp," where the Donner party suffered so fearfully, and where so many of them perished from hunger, in the fall and winter of 1846.

About the period we are speaking of, certain portions of the Western States were extremely subject to malarious and other endemic diseases, causing many settlers to leave and seek homes elsewhere. Hearing that there was, on the shores of the Pacific, a region remarkable for the salubrity of its climate, as well as for the ease with which a subsistence could be obtained there, a number of families—taking with them their teams and herds—set out, in the spring of 1846, for the purpose of emigrating to and settling in a country that promised them exemption from the maladies, as well as the long, cold winters, to which they had before been exposed.

The more advanced of this emigration, having come through on the most direct route, and meeting with no unusual detentions, arrived at their destination in good season. A portion, however, attempting a new route, met with unexpected difficulties and delays, in consequence of which they failed to reach the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains until the last of October, instead of arriving there by the first of that month, as had been their intention.

Usually, but little snow falls upon these mountains before the middle of November, but this year seems to have formed an exception to the general rule, and their summits were already white when these desert-worn pilgrims came in sight of them. Finding the trail of those who had preceded them covered up with snow, they engaged the services of an aged Indian, named Truckee, to pilot them over the mountains. Arriving one evening at the foot of a lake, where they found the three great essentials of a good camping-ground—wood, grass, and wa-

ter—the party halted for the night. Thus far they had encountered but little snow, and did not feel particularly alarmed at their situation. As usual, the cattle were suffered to run at large, and each family camped in or about their own wagons.

Their faithful guide, better acquainted with the weather-signs of this treacherous climate, detecting the indications of an approaching storm, urged them to keep up their stock, to gather their wagons close together, and to collect as much dry wood as possible. But the immigrants, either not exactly understanding all that was said to them, or failing to comprehend the full extent of their danger, neglected those timely precautions.

During the night, a heavy storm set in, and by morning the snow was over a foot deep. In the meantime, the cattle had wandered off in various directions, and but few of them were to be found. Concerned now for their safety, these poor people began to build cabins and take other measures for protecting themselves against the severity of the weather. But the snow still continued falling, and in a few days had attained a depth of six or eight feet. For nearly half of the time during the month of November the weather was stormy, the snow on the mountains ultimately reaching a depth of more than twenty feet.

The company thus snow-bound consisted of eighty-two persons, thirty-two of whom were females, a large proportion of the whole being children. Their director was George Donner, a man of some wealth and much worth, who had with him his wife—a woman of education and refinement—together with a number of small children. The men of the party, composed mostly of husbands and fathers, in their anxiety to rescue themselves and those dependent upon them from their perilous situation, made desperate efforts, first to cross the mountains, and, having failed in this, to afterward retrace their steps and make their way back to the plains at their base. But all these endeavors were alike fruitless, ending, after the most persistent attempts, only in the exhaustion, and, in many cases, the complete prostration of those making them. In these efforts and their results, we are furnished an explanation of the anomaly observable here, as well as on many other similar occasions, of the men having been the first to give out and succumb to the hardships to which all seemed equally exposed.

In a short time, every thing in the shape of wholesome food was consumed; and the party having devoured their dogs, the hides of the few cattle they had saved, and even their own shoes and such other leathern articles as they happened to have with them, the idea of dispatching some of their number for food began to take possession of all minds. At this juncture a death fortunately occurred, obviating the necessity for recourse to violence. Other deaths soon after followed, a few preferring to die of starvation, rather than accept the hard alternative of sustaining life by feeding on the flesh of their companions. Others, on the contrary, readily overcame their natural repugnance to this species of food, some partaking of it from the first with an avidity amounting to an apparent relish.

After the lapse of six weeks, the storms having subsided and the weather having the appearance of being settled, a company of eight men and five women, guided by two Indians, set out to cross the mountains into California, that they might apprise the inhabitants of the condition of their friends and procure assistance. The passage of the mountains, now deeply covered with snow, was not only a laborious, but a dangerous undertaking. No one knew the width of the snow-belt, or the distance to the settlements beyond. There might be difficult streams to cross, and hostile tribes of

Indians to pass through. The journey, in any event, must be attended with great hardship and peril; but their situation was desperate, and, without speedy succor, all must inevitably perish. It must, therefore, be undertaken by some one; and as there was now left to the women a greater amount of courage and strength than to the men, this forlorn hope was in good part made up of them.

Starting, then, with the hopes of all dependent on their success, this party, traveling on snow-shoes, were able to make only about six or eight miles per day. A week was, therefore, consumed before they had passed the Divide. By this time, the stock of provisions they had taken with them was all gone, and, being overtaken by a severe storm, they were literally covered up with snow for the space of two days, during which time three of the party perished. Weak and dejected, the balance dragged themselves forward through the snow for several days longer, when three more of their number, overcome with hunger, fatigue, and cold, gave out and died. Having now been without a morsel to eat for four days, these wretched people cut the flesh from the bodies of the dead, and having refreshed themselves upon a portion of it and dried the balance for future use, again pushed on. This was their New-Year's feast, it now being the first day of January, 1847. Five days later their food was again all gone, and they had only the strings of their snow-shoes left to eat. It may seem strange that after having brought themselves to feed upon the remains of their fellows, these sufferers should, with the means at hand for renewing their stock, so soon have found themselves again without food. But it must be remembered that those who perished were already reduced almost to skeletons before death, having but little flesh left on their bones; and that the living, in their enervated condition, were unwilling to burden themselves any further than seemed necessary, each one counting on the probabilities that he might be the next one to yield up his life, when no more food would be needed, or that, if such should be the fate of some one else, then fresh supplies would be furnished as soon as required by the survivors. Thus reasoning, they cut from the bodies of their deceased companions only what seemed the more choice and tender parts, leaving behind the more bulky and unsavory.

Being again reduced to extremities, the Whites came to the conclusion that they would sacrifice their Indian guides to appease their now unbearable pangs of hunger. The latter, perceiving their intention, and becoming alarmed, hastily took to flight, and, retreating over the hills, were seen no more.

Death again intervened to save the living from absolute starvation—another of the miserables died; and thus, one after another yielding to the effects of famine and exposure, perished all but three, and two of these, entirely overcome, had lain down to die, when, on the 17th of January, the last of the party, still able to walk, having fallen in with a friendly Indian, was by him conducted to a settlement on Bear River, from whence succor was, the next day, dispatched to the two left behind. Of the thirteen who set out from the immigrants' camp, all but three perished on the way. Had this one who first reached Bear River also given out, or had he failed to fall in with the Indian who piloted him to the habitation of the Whites, every one of them must have perished, as they would, in that event, never have obtained any assistance from California.

Immediately, the news of their terrible situation was sent to New Helvetia, (Sutter's Fort) from whence it was, with all haste, forwarded to San Francisco. From both of these places expeditions were at once fitted out, and, under the direction of experienced mountaineers,

sent to their aid. As the rescuing party was obliged to travel on snow-shoes for more than sixty miles across the mountains, passing over a steep and rocky country, without any beaten track or sign of a trail, they were, of course, unable to carry with them more than a very limited quantity of provisions. Every step they took they sank deeply into the snow, rendering their progress slow and wearisome; and it was not until the 19th day of February that the first relief-party reached the camp of the sufferers. The latter had now been snowed-in for more than three and a half months, during the most of which time they had been compelled to subsist upon the flesh of their dead companions.

No language can adequately describe the spectacle that presented itself to the eyes of the brave and humane men who had gone to the deliverance of these piteous beings. On every side the scene was heart-sickening and woful in the extreme; while the living, with their hollow eyes and shrunken forms, appeared more like spectres than human beings. Ghastly skeletons, stripped of flesh, and bodies half devoured, lay strewn around the dismal cabins, from which issued a stifling fetor. Not only were their bodies enfeebled and emaciated to the last degree, but with many the very soul had become a desolation. While some welcomed their deliverers with ecstasies of joy, others, gloomy and cadaverous, regarded them with a coldness amounting almost to indifference, they having become not only reconciled to their cannibalistic diet, but preferring it to wholesome food when set before them. Monstrous as it may seem, to such an extent had the natural tastes of some of these people become perverted that they pushed aside the flour and bacon tendered them, choosing rather to partake of the horrid feast to which they had so long been accustomed. Parents were seen feeding on the remains of their children, and children on those of their parents. Here a wife was broiling on the coals the flesh of her husband, and elsewhere a company were making a repast upon the roasted limb of a dead companion. All filial and parental affection seemed dead, the one instinct of self-preservation reigning supreme. Rapidly some of those most wretched creatures were being transformed into ghouls and demons, having already lost many of the diviner traits of humanity. Haggard and attenuated, they spoke but little, while their looks and demeanor were wild and unearthly.

Too incredible for belief are the stories told of the ravenous greed exhibited by some of these starving wretches, one of whom is said to have eaten the entire body of a child during the course of a single night; while another insisted on appropriating to his own use the hearts and other viscera of his dead companions. On the other hand, many refused to touch the flesh of those who had perished until the very last, and then partook of it sparingly, and with evident feelings of horror. The different phases which the sufferings of these people exhibited, and the manner in which they met their doom, were peculiar to each. Some, bowing in meek resignation, passed calmly away. Some, their countenances radiant with divine aspirations, died singing songs of triumph and praise. Some bewailed their hard lot with loud lamentations and tears of anguish; while others, shrinking from notice, perished in stolid and gloomy silence. A few raved wildly, reproaching themselves, upbraiding others, or impiously cursing God for their fate. Some, arousing from a dreamy stupor, would talk incoherently of the bountiful tables and the green fields they had seen; or, perhaps, address absent friends as present, in the most tender and affectionate language. In some cases, just before death, the mental faculties would appear to expand and

attain to a wonderful exaltation. The things of earth faded softly away, and in their place delectable visions arose in unclouded splendor. All that had perplexed them in years gone by was miraculously explained, and the things of the long-forgotten past brought vividly before them. The pangs of hunger seemed already allayed—the soul having become so nearly disembodied as to no longer recognize the wants of its earthly tabernacle.

Unable to take all with them, the rescuing party selected such as were most desirous of going, or as seemed to have the strongest claims on their sympathy, and started on their return over the mountains, leaving twenty-nine behind; all of whom, or at least as many as were still found alive, were afterward taken out by other parties sent in for the purpose, and the first of whom reached the snow-beleaguered camp of the sufferers on the 1st day of March. This party, taking with them seventeen of the immigrants, selecting them as had been done before, hastened back with all expedition. A snow-storm coming on, they were compelled to leave all but three children on the road, these having been packed out on their shoulders.

As soon as the weather would permit, the company left behind was sent for. Three of their number were dead when the relief-party reached them, and the remainder were found sustaining their lives on the flesh of those who had perished. These, together with the remnant before left in camp—excepting three of their number—were now properly fed and cared for; after which they were safely conducted over the mountains, into California.

The three persons left behind consisted of George Donner, Captain of the emigration party; his wife, Mary, and Louis Keisburgh—the two men being too weak to travel over the mountains.

Of all the incidents connected with these terrific sufferings, the parting of Mrs. Donner with her children is described as having been the most deeply affecting. The last rescuing party had arrived at the camp where she, her husband, and their children were stopping. Mrs. Donner, naturally vigorous, and in the bloom of life, was still strong, and well able to travel, as were also her children. But the husband and father, owing to the exertions he had made to save others, was now so completely prostrated as to be unable to stand, or even sit up; and his deliverers had no means for carrying him. He must therefore, necessarily, be left behind. And now the wife and mother had to choose between remaining, and perishing with him, or accompanying her children to a place of safety and abundance. It was represented to her that but little food could be left for the use of those remaining, and that it would be a long time before any more could be sent in from California. To stay there was to die; while to go, was to abandon one to whom she was bound by the strongest ties of duty and affection, in the hour of his direst extremity.

There was no time to be lost—none for dalliance or delay. The provisions of the relief-party were scanty, and the days were short. Already the noon was passed, and the shadows of the great Sierra were beginning to fall over them. The winter climate, in these elevated regions, was fickle, and, even then, the old mountaineer who headed the party discovered in the atmosphere the signs of a gathering storm. They must, therefore, up and away. The children must be mounted on the backs of the men, and the adults hurried off. It was necessary that this poor woman should make up her mind quickly. Her children clung to her; and her husband counseled her to go. If she remained, it would only be to sacrifice her own life, without being able to save his; and their children

would need her care and her presence. She was almost persuaded that it was her duty to go with them. But how could she turn her back on one whom she loved so well, and leave him to die in this gloomy wilderness, helpless and alone! Was ever human heart tried like this; or any mere mortal forced to undergo an ordeal so severe?

Her wifely instincts triumphed—her decision was made; and now the hour for the final separation with her children had come. Looking tenderly into the eyes of each, she addressed them with the deepest emotion. Embracing them in turn, and bathing them with tears, she kissed them again and again. And then, when she had turned forever away, she could not refrain, in her wild agony, from seizing them again, gazing fondly into their eyes, and kissing them once more. Then she retired to the cheerless cabin where she was so soon to end her earthly labors and her life. The two men, and her now sole remaining companions, had been forced to undergo a similar trial with herself, as Keisburgh had parted with his wife and children under circumstances almost equally distressing.

In a few days after the departure of the rescuing party, Captain Donner died—his heroic wife remaining by his side, soothing and sustaining him to the last. When dead, she removed his body to another cabin, and there dressed and laid it out with as much care as if it were destined to receive the usual rites of sepulture. How long this noble woman survived her husband is not exactly known, though probably not more than a week at the most, as it is not believed that she partook of any food after his death.

Toward the latter part of April, another small party was sent over from California to see if any of those left behind might perchance still be living. To their surprise they found Keisburgh not only alive, but in a good measure recovered from the effects of the sufferings he had endured. The body of the husband was found in the condition left by his wife. The body of Mrs. Donner had been preserved in the snow by the sole survivor, who had for several weeks been forced to subsist upon portions of it. Affecting to be shocked at the conduct of Keisburgh in this particular, and questioning his right to retain possession of a small sum of money which the Donners had intrusted to his charge for the benefit of their children, should he happen to survive them, this party, instead of being moved with compassion at his misfortunes, proceeded to treat him in a very cruel and unjust manner. On arriving in California, Keisburgh and his friends insisted on the matter being legally investigated, which was accordingly done—resulting in the entire vindication of his motives and conduct.

Of this company of immigrants—numbering eighty-two—thirty-six perished; twenty-six of this number being males, and ten females. They, of course, lost all their property, excepting their money, all of which was carried out by the owners on their persons, or afterward recovered.

THROUGH THE LOWER COAST COUNTIES.

WE—my partner and I—had long meditated an expedition to the "lower country," but were not quite ready to set out, when there came along one of those periodic fits of dread of epidemic to which country towns are subject, and forced us to quit business: to speak more correctly, business quit us, and we accordingly hastened our preparations.

The trip was to be a pure *pasear;* and we fondly introduced that charming word into discourse as often as we could, believing it to signify a sort of saunter on horseback, with unlimited liberty of deviation. According to our own theory, we were to become, for the time, a species of mounted vagabond, wandering at our own sweet will, yet always southward, and finding grass and water in abundance wherever we might wish to camp. The advantages of this method of travel are manifest to those who have never tried it: its evils we were to discover for ourselves.

Simple preparations are easily made. Horses were soon obtained at so low a price that we were almost ashamed to ride them, though we afterward found that it was far above their real value. The beasts were of the true California breed, and of the variety known as *plug.* That chosen by my comrade was a corpulent horselet, of a grayish color, beautifully dotted with the russet specks popularly supposed to resemble the marks of insect ravage, but in reality illuminating the surface like so many pustules of sunshine. The spirit of the animal was equal to his symmetry. I myself was doomed daily to surmount a Gothic structure of animated bones, the exterior of which was of a very uncertain hue. The bill of sale affirmed it to be *coyote;* and, as I could not assert its likeness to any thing else, I was content to consider it *coyote.* Like the steed of Sir Hudibras,

> "The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
> With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall."

And, according to the representations of his vender, his moral character was all that could be desired, though that worthy and conscientious dealer (after the transfer had been completed) enjoined certain cautions as to the peculiar mode of approach, and the special order of saddling and bridling, which the idiosyncrasies of the poor brute would render necessary.

Our baggage consisted almost entirely of provisions, and our camp-equipage of coffee-pot and tin-cups, which, with a soft, aromatic jingle, swung pendulous from my cantle; while a large camp-axe —which we were green enough to think needful—adorned the pommel, and finely illustrated to the beholder the similarity of appearance between the ancient crusader and the modern simpleton. We utterly scorned such Persian apparatus as frying-pan and oven, regarding the former, with its lethal flapjacks — and aided by that preparation of carbonate of potash, rightly called *sceleratus*— as the chief cause of the degeneracy of the American people; while for bread, we had abundance of the "hard-tack" which nourisheth heroes. In an older country, our progress through the village would have afforded a singular spectacle, and attracted canine and juvenile attention; but here we were wholly unnoticed.

The *pasear* began on one of the latter days of October, in early morning,

while the fog was yet hanging, like a great drop-curtain, stretched between the mountains. From the town we were leaving, the road, by a gradual ascent, led to the foot-hills of the Santa Cruz Range, and steadily on with an increased grade to the mountains proper, up the rugged sides of which it seemed fairly to climb until it rested in the shadow of the giant redwoods. Occasional flowers still lingered in sheltered places, spared by the heat which had embrowned all the verdure of the valley: snowdrops there were, and roses in profusion; a species of wild honeysuckle occurred more rarely, with a flaming flower of unknown name, and a most delicate and fringe-like gorse. A short distance beyond the summit, with its inevitable toll-gate, we came in sight of the sea. Far below us lay the open roadstead, which forms the north side of Monterey Bay, glowing warmly in the sunshine, and sending silver threads inland. Along the shores, straggling hamlets and isolated farm-houses lent variety to the picture, still further relieved by oak-groves and groups of hills in the near foreground. Lingering to enjoy the scene, we descended very slowly; then, deflecting southward, crossed the Pajaro, just as the tired sun was flinging himself into the ocean-fogs. Darkness found us near a ferry-house on an estuary of the bay, where we encamped, finding a *corral* and hay for our horses, and plenty of room outdoors for ourselves.

There is a sort of strange pleasure in sleeping again *sub Jove frigido*, after a listless life beneath man's wooden roofs, though one sinks into but a slight and fragile slumber when he has the continuous roar of the surf for a lullaby, and retains a dim and dreamy consciousness of every sound, from the faint rustle of the grass moved by the night-wind, to the monotonous *honk* of the wild-geese flying above: not to speak of a subdued, but anti-narcotic apprehension of centipedes, and the like.

Crossing in the ferry-boat next morning, a novel sight greeted my inland-bred eyes, as a seal popped up near by, regarding us with a degree of curiosity which did great credit to his intelligence, and looking for all the world like a bullet-headed little old gentleman with side-whiskers. He did not, however, remain long subject to inspection, but disappeared as suddenly as he had come. Before reaching Castroville, the road suddenly turns from the ocean, and tame and dreary downs fill the prospect on all sides. A new-looking wooden town stands where, but a few years ago, the solitude of the flats was all unbroken, and evinces a power of growth which elsewhere—even in our growing country—might be deemed wonderful; yet, a little farther on, Salinas furnishes its parallel. Just beyond the latter place, we entered the extensive plain of the same name, covered with dry bunch-grass—a very unpromising kind of forage, yet relished by our horses, in whom exercise had developed alarming symptoms of starvation. Having resolved that pasturage was both excellent and abundant, we determined that our animals should "subsist on the country," even if we should be compelled to compensate for their light diet by giving them easy stages.

Early rising—doubtless a virtuous habit at all times—even becomes almost pleasant when one rises from a hard and uncomfortable, albeit romantic, bed. So at least it seemed, as our household affairs had been attended to before the sun appeared. We had breakfasted and were enjoying a smoke, when a visitor appeared—a stalwart, grizzled Ishmael—with a pack of dogs, palpably of the "yaller" variety, close at his heels. He was hunting ahead of his wagons, and thought he would drop in to inquire the news. Being very communicative, he

at once proceeded to impart his past history. "I've ben movin'," said he, "mighty nigh onto ten year, and 'spect to keep on movin' till I peg out." He was a veritable nomad, with all his wealth in his "train," which presently came up. I would have learned much more of this venerable man, had he not been admonished by a shrill voice (with a ring of absolute power in its tone) from the hindmost wagon, to "stop his jawin', and come along," which he accordingly did. Frequent encounters with emigrant-wagons form a notable feature of travel along any of the main lines of road. All we saw, however, were going in the same direction—southward. Our visitor was not, properly speaking, an emigrant, but rather a "mover"—one of that restless class, never content to remain long enough in a place to realize the fruits of his labors, and whose chief ambition is to "squat" on some piece of vacant land until he can sell his possessory claim to the owner of the title, who will often suffer himself to be thus black-mailed, in order to avoid the litigation necessary to oust the squatter.

On across the Salinas plain, with the cheerful prospect of water only twenty-three miles ahead. The plain looked like an arid waste, the brown grass scarcely promising the cattle a respite from starvation; yet it was dotted on all sides with herds and flocks seemingly in good condition. For more than twenty miles north of the river not a single house appeared, and for a like distance south the only settlement was a stage-station. The river itself—a clear, but narrow stream, except during the rainy season—flows through a wide bed of sand, and between shores sparsely wooded for a short distance from its banks.

There being no pasturage near the river, we were compelled to seek it farther on. Carrying water on horseback, in a coffee-pot, may be picturesque, but I did not find it pleasant. At length, we found grass at a distance of about four miles, and made our *bivouac* under shelter of a plateau which rose to the westward, and in the midst of great numbers of vicious-looking Spanish cattle, which seemed to regard our proceedings with considerable interest. Here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself: no wood was in sight—not a tree, nor even a bush large enough to furnish timber for educational purposes; but Adolphus, fertile in expedients, and mindful of travel across the Plains, soon discovered a substitute, and we were enabled to prepare our frugal meal by aid of the fuel which it had pleased God, through the instrumentality of his meaner creatures, to scatter in profusion around us. What a wise and bountiful provision of Nature! Here, for the first time, I heard the *coyote*, and even saw the pale-green glare of his hungry eyes, as he hovered round at a respectful distance, attracted, doubtless, by the fragrant fumes of bacon. A furled banner of cloud—white, with smoke-tinted edges—hung between two peaks opposite our hill-side, and the moon rose grandly behind it, just in time to send with us to dream-land a bright picture of earth, as, heedless of Egyptian blight, we fell asleep beneath its rays.

On the following morning some of the disadvantages attendant on *pasearing* began to manifest themselves: want of water, frosty picket-ropes, intractable horses. My steed particularly distinguished himself by the extent and variety of his antics, and received on the spot—knighted on the field, as it were—the name of "Tribulation." (The gray had previously been christened "Socrates," from his personal pulchritude and philosophic temperament.) I began to realize the value of the treasure I had acquired, and to consider myself the possessor of an historic horse, being fully persuaded that he had long been known to fame. Bred by a Mr. Thompson, he became famous at an early age. Regarding his

subsequent career, I can only conjecture that he was sold by that gentleman to some Celestial, who had enameled his left hind-quarter with several moral sentences from Confucius, which were still distinctly legible when I purchased him. Native horses are, at best, ungentle brutes—though hardy, easily subsisted, and good travelers—and our hacks were among the worst specimens of the race.

Though the temperature of the morning had been rather cold, by noon the heat became almost oppressive—as it sometimes does, even in our climate—and we skirted along the dry river-bed, until we were nearly persuaded that the final parching-up had come and caught us away from home. At length, a long line of green bushes was descried ahead, and hailed as a sure indication of water; but, when we reached it, proved a row of large trees growing at the bottom of a deep crevice, extending for miles across the plain, and looking for all the world like a great crack in the baked earth in summer-time. Here a cruel suggestion of mint-juleps almost drove one of us to distraction, increasing thirst by mental *mirage*. But water was found at last—a running, or rather trickling stream, in what I have since learned to call a *cienaga*. Here, staking our horses on the green grass, we sat down, in helpless verdancy, to see them eat, when, by going up a few yards on the "bench," we would have found the ground covered with clover-burr: indeed, our animals had almost starved before we discovered that the burr was fit food for them.

After a rest, we entered a narrow valley between mountains, green on the one hand with bushes, and, on the other, tawny with a furze-like grass. Live-oaks adorned the road-side with their dark-green foliage, and the duller white-oak already speckled with dead leaves; there was laurel, too, along the foot of the mountains, with its rayed white flowers, like a mustang-magnolia, and a kind of Spanish moss—greenish, and shorter and slighter than the great trailers which festoon the Southern forests. In the midst of the valley ran a stream margined with verdure, dotted with flowers, butter-cups in shape and cow-slips in color. Lured into a forgetfulness of time and distance, and shaded from the sun, we found ourselves ascending a divide, without much chance of reaching a camping-place on the other side before dark, yet too far to return; with horses both jaded and saturnine. After mistaking stage-lamps for camp-fires, and blundering into all the gullies in that region, we at last reached a *tienda*, in a state of indignant exhaustion. Here barley might be obtained, as well as whisky—villainous enough, as my comrade averred, "to kill all a man's relations;" but we were loth to depart from the programme, or to give up our cherished theory. We consulted our friend Ishmael, who had encamped near by, like a land-Noah, "with his wife and his sons, and his sons' wives," and many varieties of living things besides. In reply to an inquiry whether any pasture was to be found thereabout, the patriarch promptly answered, "Not a d—— bit; in fact, I might say, scarcely any." Compensated for the unpleasant news by the novel definition, we cheerfully purchased the barley.

During the whole of the next day our road led among low hills, evidently belonging to sheep-ranches, and grazed bare, affording no relief to the eye anywhere, except in the rose-patches, still green and finely mottled with scarlet seed-pods and large, wax-like snowdrops, contrasting like the mingled holly and mistletoe of Christmas decorations.

We found the San Antonio quite dry at the first crossing-place; yet, eight or ten miles higher up, it seemed a very respectable stream. Some of our California rivers are very like didapper ducks: going down and coming up just when

and where they please. All day long, we kept up a fusillade with pistols at the quails, which fairly covered the hill-sides; and so on almost every subsequent day of our journey. His jaunty crest and more highly colored plumage give our quail the advantage over his Eastern congener; but I am inclined to think the superiority ceases with life, as his flesh is somewhat less juicy and delicate. This, considering the fact that he is esteemed as a California production, is rather surprising and difficult to understand.

On the following day, while passing over a very high range of hills, I discovered by the road-side a thicket of rough bushes, with dark-red bark and berries, the latter a little larger than the old-fashioned haws, and appearing so edible to the eye that, after making a short nuncupative will, I ventured to test their toxical qualities. As I consumed a considerable number, not only without ill-effect, but with positive relish, finding them of a pleasant, acrid taste, they were, doubtless, *manzanita.*

Crossing the Nascimiento, we entered San Luis Obispo County about noon, and left Monterey decidedly impressed with its extent, which is larger than that of several principalities of the Old World, and more than one State of the New, and embraces within its area all kinds of soil and several distinct ranges of climate. A few miles beyond, we were caught by rain—the first of the season. The whole earth seemed to rejoice, and the brown dust to rise in impatient greeting to the first drops. I had never before been so struck with the apparent sensation of material objects. From a low range of hills the descent is easy to the old Mission of San Miguel, now deserted and desecrated—a *tienda* and stable being the only marks of human habitation. Yet it was once an outpost of Christian civilization and the home of a wealthy, though small and, perhaps, oppressive community. The grounds must have been extensive, as the traces of their limits still show. The general plan remains visible, though the buildings have been almost wholly destroyed. But the incessant rain gave us no great facility for exploration, and we rode on, thoroughly discontented, past San Marcos, and turned aside through the open woods to seek a suitable place for making a night of it as best we might. We found it somewhere on the Paso Robles Rancho. Wood in plenty was furnished by the gnarled branches which lay around, riven from the trees by their own weight; but it proved a very sullen sort of fuel until coaxed by the sacrifice of a favorite book, which had been brought along with some vague idea of a possible want of something to read. Had it not been for that volume, no fire would have been kindled *that* night. As soon, however, as we began to feel somewhat independent of the elements, the rain ceased out of pure chagrin, as it seemed, and blankets were speedily spread under an oak; then, with a great fire blazing and crackling at our very feet, and silvering the pendent rain-drops and the hoary moss-beards swinging to and fro, we looked up through the twisted branches at the troubled sky, with its great patches of starry blue, and fell asleep.

To rise on a cloudy, murky morning from a spider-haunted slumber and find his horses lost, causes a sensation more romantic than delightful to the traveler. When, after exploring an indefinite extent of territory, he at last catches them again—as we did ours—his pleasure is not without the important element of surprise. But a difficult problem arose from the necessity of finding the way back to camp. In an openly wooded country all trees look alike, and neither sky nor earth gave us the slightest indication. At last we blundered back somehow, and were, soon after, at Hot Springs, parboiling ourselves in pursuit of knowl-

edge, with the temperature at 110° Fahrenheit, and emerged from the bath no longer skeptical on the subject of the deliverance of St. John.

On this day we bade a final farewell to the Salinas, along which we had been occasionally traveling for several days. The volume of water was much larger than where we had first crossed it, far below in its course, but the valley had narrowed to almost nothing—only a gorge serving as channel for the mountain streams. A succession of live-oak groves marked the route to Santa Margarita—a rolling land, beautifully wooded and well fenced, stretching for miles on both sides of the road, and looking not unlike ill-kept pleasure-grounds; and this, too, when the grass was "dry, and brown, and sere,"—when all vegetation seemed to have felt the withering touch of summer: what may it not be in the beauty of spring? At night-fall—relying on false information of grass at a short distance—we persevered, and found mountains instead—the Santa Lucia; once among them it was vain to return—so we kept right on. It is but just to ourselves as a people, to remark that our deceitful informant was an Irishman. Californians are, of course, a model of Arcadian simplicity and rigid veracity—yet, sometimes, even their computation seems to have little to do with distance. The route lay over a made road, rugged and winding—often along precipitous ledges from which a false step would have been dangerous. Nothing could be seen but the sombre mountain-walls, and the pines fringing them against the sky; but the continuous babble of waters was audible, and we crossed one stream as it leaped forth in a cascade, far down into the darkness, forming a fine accompaniment to our execrations, and filling the night with the music of Nature and solitude. Becoming finally entirely belated, we halted to wait for daylight, and, when it had come, descended into the smiling village of San Luis Obispo. This is the first group of houses one meets south of Salinas—a distance of over a hundred miles. Surely, there is room for more people and more homes in this land.

San Luis itself, judging from the number of billiard-saloons, was originally designed for a large population, and will be a city when they are "built up to." At the time of our visit the inhabitants seemed to consist principally of Mexicans, and the houses of *adobes*. Near town we met a queer wagon, with solid wheels—merely sections sawed from some great tree-trunk—and drawn by oxen with the yoke bound to their horns. The driver was a "Greaser," of course, and the whole equipage might be taken as no unfit emblem of Mexican civilization.

The chief attraction San Luis Obispo possessed for me was the old Mission, which casts an air of *quasi* antiquity about the place. Most of the buildings are disused and dilapidated, but the church, and the apartments in its immediate vicinity, are still in good repair. This Mission antedates American Independence by several years, and within its walls the old *padres* may have carelessly read the news, received by way of Spain, of the outbreak of the Revolution—little dreaming that the Anglo-Saxon people skirting the eastern ocean would, in less than a century, cross the wild desert to supplant them in the possession they had taken from the heathen for an inheritance.

A few miles south of the village we found a fine camping-place, beside a quiet stream at the foot of wooded hills; and we were soon enjoying our *café noir* with the marvelous zest which only an outdoor life produces. O, thou soft Sybarite, who requirest sugar in thine, at every station in life's journey, little dreamest thou what pleasure even the prepared insects known as ground coffee

may yield to him who has earned his appetite! As evening approached, the stiff sea-breeze rushed furiously and unpleasantly through the gorges of the hills, and the fog began to roll over the summits, like smoke driven back from a long battery of guns. Long before midnight, however, the wind seemed to have spent its force, and all was still as a dead calm. In the night, an alarm was occasioned by the furious snorting of our horses, showing the presence of some exciting object: to us it furnished conclusive evidence of the presence of some wild beast — most likely a lion. But what if it should be a grizzly? As this question got itself asked, I carefully selected a convenient and accessible tree — in order to secure a better view — and then we repaired slowly to the pickets, where we remained until all became quiet again. In the morning we found, not a hundred yards distant from our camp — impressed in the soft sand of the stream-bed — unmistakable proof of a recent visit from a plantigrade wanderer, and vainly regretted the loss of so favorable an opportunity of killing a bear with our pistols.

Thence we traveled through a succession of beautiful and well-watered valleys, separated by low "divides," and shut in by high hills, either sparsely wooded or densely overgrown with *chemisal*. We could see no sign of human habitation — though herds of cattle and bands of horses were frequent, feeding on the bountiful clover-burr which forms the pastoral wealth of these valleys. Several *tule*-fringed lakes also met our view, but added nothing to the scenery, though they are doubtless picturesque enough in the emerald-setting of spring. Leaving these, we passed over bare, sheep-grazed hills, into other valleys — treeless, but well supplied with water. Then, gaining the table-land, we rode for several hours in full — but not very near — view of the ocean, until, by turning to the left, we lost sight of it again. At sunset the eastern mountains assumed a very peculiar appearance: rose-tinted, with the dry grass on their sides all aglow with soft radiance, while the jagged outlines of the cañon-clefts, and the scar-like traces of old land-slides, had the effect of gramarye. One could easily fancy that guardian *genie* had written in these weird runes the cabalistic announcement of hidden treasure. Then, wild-geese overhead, flying westward, their breasts bathed in the golden glow of the sunshine, already lost to us earth-dwellers—their voices faintly heard "falling dreamily through the sky"—brought to the hour another charm. After nightfall the wind again arose, and blowed disagreeably, but, before day, every thing was calm again.

We were awakened in the morning by the chattering of magpies, which appeared in countless numbers, and showed an entire disregard of our presence. I tried a shot at one, but as I had heard the flesh pronounced totally uneatable, missed him.

The Cuyamas River forms the boundary between the counties of San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. We found it a very small stream of muddy water, threading its way through a wide bed of sand. The valley showed an unpromising aspect, despite its reputation for fertility. The grass had been burned off, in anticipation of rain, which had failed to fall, and the bare earth lay charred beneath the pitiless sun. Here and there were scattered around numbers of those shantiform specimens of rural architecture which indicate recent "locations" by squatters. Some eight or ten miles up the river, an old sycamore tempted us to halt. The whirl of its falling leaves and the rustle of those fallen, brought back recollections of the Indian summer of our old homes. We had, by this time, entirely lost our way, on account of a rigid adherence to the map,

and the variety of trails frequently occurring together. But it made little difference, as we knew the general direction, and cared nothing for time. Resuming our journey up the valley, we took the route which seemed nearest the proper course, leading southward beside a small and winding stream. Houses became frequent, and appeared neat and home-like, though small. Here we were overtaken by a Greaser boy, on his way to the *tienda* for the paternal supply of *aguadiente.* Him we assailed with successive volleys of book-Spanish, until a desultory conversation ensued. Being young and ignorant, he directed us rightly, and his historic name of Olivarez remains gratefully treasured up in memory. We had been skirting the foot of the San Rafael Mountains, and continued to follow their general direction, until we found a camping-place in a spot finely timbered with oak, and thronged with pigeons: these were larger than the familiar wild-pigeon of the "States," but doubtless a variety of the same species. Hence, we altered our course, and, by once more consulting our map, and carefully avoiding its precepts, we were enabled, after a half-day's wandering, to regain the stage-road, near the Mission of Santa Inez. A noble situation and picturesque view, combined with evident richness of soil and natural facilities for cultivation, here evince the taste, as well as the judgment, of the founders. A village of the same name stands somewhere in the vicinity, and a little farther on flows the Santa Inez River—almost as large as the Salinas, and with water of a crystal clearness; then, as if to exhaust entirely the resources of the name, the Santa Inez Mountains present themselves—a lofty range, and covered with dark-green bushes to its very top. A few miles beyond the Mission, the traveler enters Gaviota Pass. A natural chasm, averaging about seventy-five feet in width, leads through the mountains, emerging within sound, and almost within sight, of the sea. Its sides are formed of walls of solid rock, nearly perpendicular for three hundred feet, and then sloping back steeply until they attain a height of nearly three thousand feet The opposite faces appear to have been riven asunder to their bases by some great convulsion of Nature—some Titanic throe of the earth. For the distance of a mile the pass is narrow and rugged, and through it leaps and rushes a stream of water, as if trying, with its frequent noisy falls and mimic rock-encircled basins, to relieve, by sound and motion, the oppressive grandeur of gigantic desolation which would else prevail. Beyond the pass, the country is much broken, and consists of a mere strip between the mountains and the sea. In many places a strong bituminous odor pervades the air, and fields of asphaltum disfigure the earth, suggesting unpleasant proximity to subterranean agencies: again, however, herbs emit a minty fragrance, and flowers welcome us to the threshold of the South. It is a glowing land, rightly named *Calida Fornia.** The Santa Inez Range, terminating in Point Concepcion, forms its northern limit, and to this barrier is to be attributed much of the semi-tropical nature of the climate.

All day long we rode through a houseless land, fairly alive with rabbits of both sizes, and the higher grounds perforated with gopher-holes. Verily, old Drake, or his chronicler, was correct in saying, "There be manie conies in this land." Occasionally a burrowing owl, startled by the tramp of our horses, would wing his flight back to his boarding-house, where, after pausing to survey us, he would hop into his hole as leisurely as

* If any doubt the correctness of this use of the term *Fornia* for a district of country, my authority may be found—Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith, as given in Boswell's "Life:" "*Natus in Hiberniæ Forniæ Longfordiensis.*"

might be; and we saw several *paisanos*, or road-runners—about the swiftest of running birds. The calm sea, clear sky, delightful temperature, islands dimly visible to the south-west—veiled in purple haze—the tumbling porpoises, and sea-birds hovering or flitting about the water, all combine to make life like a dream, and the scene like an imagining. In the early morning, the heavens were more gorgeous than I had ever seen them—except once, during an aurora: rivers of flame seemed to flow between lilac banks, and all the east was blazoned with heraldry—gold, and gules, and azure. The rising sun burnished away the glory, but replaced it with a stronger, though plainer brightness. The birds awoke, "all little birds that be;" myriad wings were seen fluttering, and myriad voices heard twittering, until the air was full of life and music. Wild-fowl were disporting themselves in a pond near by, and the eye, lifted from their gambols, could catch a glimpse of the stately sheen of ocean through the dark-green foliage. One suddenly awakened would have pronounced the season May. The poet's words came spontaneously to mind. It was

"A goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land."

The towers of the Mission of Santa Barbara soon came in sight. The church is still in use, though built in 1786, and of such perishable materials. All the timbers used in the construction of the buildings are said to have been dragged across the mountains by the native converts; so that this Mission resembles the Taf Mahal, in being raised on a broad base of Indian fret-work. The town itself nestles quietly in a beautiful site, encircled by amphitheatric hills, and looking out on the boundless Pacific. Many of the houses are of *adobes*, giving rather a mean air to a part of the village, though in the American quarter there are pretty and pleasant-looking houses, among trees and flowers. Roses were blooming in profusion at the time of our visit, although it was the middle of November.

Just after leaving Santa Barbara, we overtook an old Mexican, who seemed to cast a longing look upon our camp-axe; so, accosting him and extolling its many useful properties, we intimated that we might be induced to part with it, on account of its weight, and would be content to receive payment in produce. A bargain was soon struck, the Señor contracting to deliver us two feeds each of hay and barley, and inviting us to spend the night at his *rancho*. The invitation was promptly accepted, and I rejoiced at the long-coveted opportunity of witnessing the domestic life of these people. Our entertainer's family, as I observed at supper, consisted of his wife, a numerous progeny, one of his forefathers, (in whose expressive features I fancied signs of remorse for his part in the torture of Guatimozin) and a bandit-looking guest in a scarlet sash. To these may be added a little red bull, rather *blasé* in appearance, who seemed almost a member of the household. The supper consisted principally of *chile colorado*, and I was forced, out of politeness, to make such a meal as few civilized persons, since the days of Portia, had willingly regaled themselves with. The universal adaptation of *chile* as a condiment is truly astonishing. I am not entirely sure that they do not use it in coffee. The repast over, a conversation with our host elicited from us some very wonderful Spanish—that gentleman's knowledge of English being confined to one word, which he fluently pronounced *sticky*, and, when we confessed a shameful ignorance of our own language, translated by *diligencia*. Don Rafael had lived in California for ten years without making further progress. He had come hither from Sonora, and gave us a pathetic account of the causes of his emigration. These were chiefly

muchos Apaches; and, I regret to say, the old man showed little Christian charity toward the poor savages, of whom he spoke in very forcible language. But his discourse soon became almost as prolix as the celebrated after-dinner conversation of his celestial namesake with our distinguished ancestor, and the inattention of his guests at length reminded him of the duties of hospitality. Therefore, with grave and ceremonious politeness, he escorted us to our chamber in the hay-stack, and put us to sleep with the bull. Next morning, dreading further torture from *chile*, we left our compliments with our fellow-lodger, and made haste to depart, without seeing our host or any of his family.

Near Rincon, the road descends to the shore and follows the beach for several miles, along the very edge of the water — so near that waves often break at the feet of the horses, and suggest the danger that might accompany any unusual flow of the tide, especially as the heights are in many places inaccessible, and everywhere so to horses. Strewn along the shore may be seen heaps of sea-weed, matted vines — bulbous, and brownish-yellow in color — undergrowth detached from some great submarine forest, and net-like, fibrous masses of tangled grasses, both brown and living-green. I saw none of those delicate and flower-like fringes which are gathered on the Atlantic shore. Perhaps the stimulating effect of our soil and climate on other vegetable productions extends even to the marine *algæ* along our coasts.

As we approached San Buenaventura, we heard a great shouting, accompanied with the blare of horns and a chorus of anvils in *extempore* cannonade; bonfires, too, blazed and flickered in the fitful wind. The native population were holding a wedding-feast with revelry and uproar. They had unfortunately—from some remissness, I suppose — selected the first day of the week for their celebration, and the mistake had not been discovered in time to be remedied.

Picketing the horses in a burnt district beyond town, we generously shared our crackers with them, and spent a cheerful night. At sunrise, we returned to visit the old Mission orchard, and see the wonderful olive and the giant pear-trees, and the three palms—those "strangers brought from burning lands," and highly suggestive of Oriental fancies. The Mission church here humbly reproduces, in mud, the glories of the Saracenic architecture, though the irreverent swallows have added ornaments not specified in the original design — hundreds of gay, guiltless pairs having stuccoed the *façade* with their nests.

Having obtained the necessary misdirections, we left the main route, and steered our course toward the Santa Clara River, with intent to spend a day of glorious idleness upon its banks. The Santa Clara Valley, without question the loveliest I had seen, was like a haven of rest, lying entirely beyond the influence of the sand-laden wind which had annoyed us all day. The richness of the soil is evident to the eye, and the climate admits of the culture of nearly every thing, not excepting olives and the tropical fruits. Under the afternoon brightness it resembled one of the rich, sun-tinted pictures of Church, while, a little later, the fields of burning mustard raised a dense canopy of smoke, to join with the elemental cloud-muster. The fires burned luridly all night, lighting up the northern hills, and at times surging under the breath of the winds, and, by their smoke-crowned expanse of flame—brilliant, but sombre—recalled the scenes of the *Inferno*. A great horned-owl overhead, moralizing on the picture, kept us awake to enjoy it.

Resuming our journey at a late hour, we rode fifteen miles through an undulating country to the outlying hills of the Santa Susanna, wholly ignorant of our

relative whereabout to the stage-road, and entirely off the trail. This night we sat by a fire of mustard-wood, and listened to the screaming of the many-named beast, which is here called *lion*. Puma, panther, or cougar, would describe him better. The wild-mustard of this country must be of the Gospel variety, for it grows large enough to afford rest to the birds of the air in its branches. After killing a rabbit for breakfast, we climbed with some difficulty over a range of hills which appeared to be the home of eagles and hawks, (we saw one of the latter with a squirrel in his talons) and descended into another valley, where the ground was even enough to permit us to keep a straight course without a trail. The soil seemed fertile, and clover-burr was very abundant; but old skulls, visible almost everywhere, told the sad story of "the dry year," when even the burr-clover failed to yield its usual harvest. The Santa Susanna Mountains, in the shadow of which we encamped, showed outlines more fantastically shaped than any others I had seen. In the morning, we woke in the presence of the rainy season. Mists clave to the mountains, and the air seemed laden with moisture; then a slow, drizzling rain made it evident that the pleasant part of our journey was at an end, nor had we ridden an hour before the rain began to fall in earnest.

Before leaving camp, where I was afforded an opportunity of studying Spanish in a new form, by hearing a youthful swineherd revile his charge in the most unmeasured and dreadful terms, we had sought a neighboring *ranch*-house for the purpose of addressing letters penciled by the way. A big Mexican (Sancho Panza grown tall) came out to receive us, and with him a dog of ferocious aspect: a sense of personal danger so disconcerted me as to deprive me of the power of selecting my words correctly; and, while meaning to inquire respectfully whether his dog would *bite* or not, I outraged the worthy man's feelings by directing him to *grind* the faithful quadruped. After this failure, I gladly yielded the post of honor to Adolphus, who was less subject to terror. Entering the house, he transacted our business, while I remained without. Upon his return, a fearful interchange of compliments took place, which I noted down on the spot for future use:

A. (with painful hesitation).—"*Quedo muy agradecido á V., Señor.*"

Sancho Largo.—"*Nada gracias, mi buen caballero.*" Then we went on our way rejoicing.

Passing the mountains at San Fernando, we traveled through a series of rough and broken hills, descending thence to the level of the plain and on to *aguas calientes*, where we dolefully waited for morning in the open oak-woods, listening to the melancholy voices of the *coyotes* behowling the moon. They sounded in such numbers that, in attempting to make a rough guess, I estimated them at 17,000,000. My more experienced comrade amended by leaving off the ciphers, and subsequent observations have led me to believe even his estimate an exaggeration.

Resuming our journey through the cold rain, made still drearier by the cloud-fields around the tops of the mountains, or piled in masses at the gorge-mouths, we hailed the first telegraph-poles on the road as evidences of our approach once more to comfort and civilization. Yet we plodded on until night-fall, when the gas-lamps of Los Angeles became visible, and we were soon at the end of our troubles.

Not here shall I essay to describe the impressions which brighter weather brought me of the City of the Angels, as she sits, dowered with wealth and decked with marvelous beauty, throned amid her groves and gardens, undoubted queen of all the southern land.

LUMBERING IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

WHEN sailing along those deep inland waters—which are generally known among lumbermen and coasters as Puget Sound—dark, dense forests are seen in every direction: they cover the steep sides of the mountains and spread over the hills and valleys to the very brink of the great estuary which branches from the Pacific into the heart of Washington Territory. Even the majestic, snowy peaks of Baker and Rainier, and the lofty spurs of the Olympian Range, appear as if emerging from an undulating sea of ever-green foliage, whose boundaries are the distant horizon. In truth, the whole wooded landscape is of such grand proportions that one looks upon the millions of broad acres covered with tall firs as a vast field of waving shrubbery; and not until he beholds the *modus operandi* of converting the leviathan trees into the lumber of commerce, does he get a faint idea of their mammoth proportions. Of course, we are not talking of these big trees as compared with the two guardsmen of Calaveras, but of those of an immense growth, spreading far and wide, even to the arms of the ocean, that are reduced to the various dimensions required for exportation to every clime. Probably no country in the world has the natural facilities for producing immense supplies of masts, spars, and timber of great size as has that portion of Washington Territory bordering the shores of Juan de Fuca Strait, Admiralty Inlet, Possession Sound, Puget Sound, and their many branches.

The principal mills for manufacturing the lumber are scattered from the head of Possession Sound, on the north, to the extremity of Puget Sound, southward, and these draw their supplies of "saw-logs" from the adjacent shores. When gliding along the shaded waters, the "rolling tiers" of the logging-camp are seen on either hand; while those which have been abandoned show that the heavy growth has been culled in the immediate vicinity. Others have clustered about them booms of logs, which have been tumbled from the bank into the water, while the sound of the axe, the lowing of cattle, and the loud voices of the teamsters indicate the busy camp of the "loggers."

A good "chance" having been chosen by the explorer—who, oftentimes, is the "boss"—the logging "crew" commence their operations. A camp is built of "*cultus* lumber,"* about thirty feet long by eighteen wide, with a partition through the middle, which divides it into two rooms—one for the cook, and the other for a sleeping apartment for the men. The latter is fitted up with bunks, similar to those on shipboard, and a space near the centre of the room, raised just above the rough board-floor, composed of a concrete of rock and earth, serves as a fire-place; a wooden chimney, flaring at the bottom, and appearing as if suspended from the ridge-pole, conducts the smoke upward to wreathe through the tree-tops. The apartment is lighted by day by a window or two, and by night by a blazing fire; beside which latter the men, of almost every nation and caste, amuse themselves in reading, smoking, and talking, and in playing their everlasting games of cards. The cook's apartment is furnished with a huge stove and an ample table; the latter surround-

* A Chinook slang phrase for a poor or cheap quality of lumber.

ed with seats or benches, to accommodate the hungry company who, thrice a day, gather around the homely board.

A small, but convenient shanty is usually built for the "boss," separate from the main camp, where he ensconces himself, apart from the force under his charge. Then there is a "hovel," the sides of which are built of logs, and the roof covered with a species of long shingles, called "shakes," where the oxen are housed, and their provender of hay and grain is stored.

Shelter and subsistence for both man and beast having been provided, the whole encampment is speedily awake to the varied and laborious duties. First comes the "boss," who takes the general superintendence of the whole establishment; selects and purchases the oxen for the teams, "keeps the men's time," and gives orders for their pay; and, like a careful commanding officer, especially looks after the cook, to see that meals are properly prepared and served promptly at the appointed hours. Next comes the teamster, whose only business is to drive the team and "take care of it." Then comes the chopper, whose work is to chop down the trees. The fourth man is the "hook-tender," whose duties are to wait on the team and "snipe the logs."* Then there are two "sawyers," who saw the trees, after being felled, into suitable lengths for logs. Two men called "swampers" make the roads, under the direction of the "boss." Another, called the "skidder," skids the road; and two others, called "barkers," chip the bark from the logs on the "riding side," or, when the sap runs, the bark is peeled off with a "barking-iron." The cook, who is the most important man of the whole gang, "cuts his own wood," and attends to preparing and cooking the meals, which are always ready at the regular meal-time.

At the morning hour, the day's work begins. The cook "turns out" at four o'clock, (during the long days) and has breakfast ready at twenty minutes before six. At about twenty minutes past five he walks to the door, puts a bullock's horn to his mouth, and blows repeated loud blasts, to arouse the sleepers, who quickly wash and dress for their morning meal. At twenty minutes to six he gives one blast from his horn, when the whole "crew" sit down to breakfast, which consists of boiled corned-beef, potatoes, baked beans, "hash," hot griddle-cakes, biscuit, butter, and coffee. About the same bill of fare is served for dinner and supper.

The morning repast being over, each one goes to his work—the chopper with his "board" and two axes: one to cut through the thick bark, and the other, ground very sharp and thin, to cut the clear wood. The mere "felling of a tree," as generally understood by woodmen, is but a simple matter of labor; but in the forests of Oregon and Washington Territory, it is quite a novel undertaking. The tree being extremely large at its base, with immense, outspreading roots, and frequently "shaky," or perhaps a little decayed at the "butt," it is found to be a saving of labor to cut it sometimes as high up as fifteen feet from the ground. To do this, the chopper makes a square notch into it, as high up as practicable, and inserts the end of his board—which is about five feet long and eight or nine inches wide, furnished with an iron "lip" at the end, which catches in the upper side of the notch in the tree, preventing it from slipping out when the man is standing on it; he then leaps upon the board, cuts another notch as high up as he can reach; strikes his axe into the trunk above his head, holding on to the helve with one hand, sticks his toes into the notch below, and then removes the board from it to the notch above, while, half jumping and climbing, he mounts

* Rounding off the sharp corners of that end of the log to which the chain is hooked.

his board again. If high enough up, he chips off the bark with his heavier axe, and then, with his thin, sharp one, cuts a broad "scarf" into the heart of the tree on the side he desires it to fall; then, chopping the other side till the tree is about to come down, he calls out "Under! under!" as a warning signal. A few more strokes with the keen axe, and the leviathan of the forest begins to bow its towering top. When sure of its falling the chopper flings his axes at a distance to the ground, and quickly removes his board to the notch below; then, swinging himself clear of the ponderous roots, he jumps to the ground, while the tree comes down with a crashing noise that is heard for miles distant. The two sawyers then mount the fallen tree, and the chief, with an eight-foot pole, measures off the length for each log, according as they will cut to the best advantage. Twenty-four-feet lengths predominate, and hence the custom of using a pole eight feet long to measure—three lengths of it being the usual linear dimension of logs designed for boards and many descriptions of planks or deals. The bark is then cut off around the tree sufficiently to prevent the saw coming in contact with it when drawn through the log with that skillful movement only acquired by practiced sawyers. Then come the swampers, who, under the direction of the "boss," clear the roads, and the "skidder," with axe, mattock, crow-bar, and shovel, who prepares and places the skids. A tall, slender sapling is selected for the purpose, then felled and cut into nine-feet lengths. These skids are placed across the road about seven feet apart, and with as much precision as the ties of a railroad; the bark is chipped off on the upper side, after the skid is laid, in order that the logs may glide glibly over the ribbed road, and when the skids become dry, they are moistened with oil. The logs having been duly prepared by the barkers, next comes the teamster, with his team of eight oxen, or, if the timber is small, one yoke of cattle are hooked to a single log, or, perhaps, two logs; although, if the "timber" is very large, the whole team is hitched to one log. With a shout and a spur from his goad, the team all pull together, and the log is soon hauled to the "rolling-tier."

This description of transporting the round lumber from the stump to the edge of the beach, applies more particularly to hauling on nearly level ground; but the timbered land is much broken along the shores of the diverse branching waters reaching seaward, as well as on the wooded coast stretching from Upper California to the extremity of the tree-covered shores of Alaska. Yet the sides of the steep hills are shorn of their heavy timber by the loggers, who manage, in various ways, to transfer the logs to the water. A road may wind along the side of a mountain, or down an abrupt declivity, and at many places the team is only necessary to guide the descending log. Sometimes ten or a dozen logs are coupled together by short chains. Their appearance, when worming down the well-skidded, meandering trail, is not unlike an immense, jointed serpent, winding its way to the valley below. These logs frequently run one after another so rapidly, when descending the steep, that the team is unable to keep ahead, and it occasionally happens that oxen are seriously injured, or killed outright. At other times, they glide smoothly along till they come to rising ground on the road, when the ends come in contact, one after another, with a report like the rapid firing of distant artillery. They are then uncoupled, and hauled singly or in pairs to the bank, and when the rolling-tier is full, the stoppers are removed, and the logs are rolled or tumbled over long "stringers" into the water. At some points, where the shore is high and precipitous, a sort of extended sluice is constructed of narrow, but long tim-

ber, and the logs are then slid from a height of fifty to a hundred feet to the water, in which they successively plunge, and rebound to the surface in every fantastic fashion. Sufficient logs having been collected in the boom, which receives them from the bank, they are then made into a raft — which is also called a boom, by the lumbermen — for transportation to the mill. These booms are made up either as a "round," or a "square," or "heater" boom, so called from their difference in shape and the manner of securing them. From three to four hundred thousand feet of logs generally constitute a round boom, while in a square or heater there is usually not less than five hundred thousand feet. The main trunks of moderately large trees are made into boom-sticks, by hewing down the ends and boring holes in them, through which a short, but heavy chain is reeved, fastening them together. The booms being connected, the logs are run into the inclosure formed by the boom-sticks — an opening having been left for that purpose—and when the boom is full, the space is securely closed by a chain. In a "square" raft, long, slender spars, called "swifters," are placed across the whole, and secured at the sides, to prevent the logs from being thrown out by the ugly swell that prevails in windy weather. A "round" boom is constructed in like manner as the others, except that it has no swifters. All being in readiness, the tug-boat comes and tows it to the mill.

A steamer towing a boom of logs is an odd sight to the stranger, who sees the craft at a distance, puffing under a full head of steam, but appearing to make but little way through the water. On a nearer approach, he finds that an extended mass of huge timber, closely and securely packed, is floating astern, retarding her progress by means of a strong hawser. These rafts, or booms, can not be towed more than two miles an hour through the water, without danger of breaking them up; and occasionally, when there is a heavy breeze and an adverse tide, the Sound becomes so rough that the raft breaks up, and all is lost, except the boom-sticks, which are shackled together by the massive chains. Many millions of feet of lumber have been lost by the breaking up of these rafts, although, under ordinary circumstances, there is no difficulty in towing rafts in any part of the inlets and Sound. Once at the mill, the logs are deposited in the boom adjoining, and the steamer returns to camp for another tow.

The change from camp-life to that about the mill-towns, is quite pleasing to one who has passed months amid the solitudes of the sombre forests of Oregon, or those of Washington Territory, with nothing, save the casual sight of the elk, deer, bear, or panther, or the screech of some moping owl, as the shades of evening approach, to relieve the monotony of the daily toil. At the mills, all is hurry and excitement. Coasting and foreign vessels are lying at the wharves, some discharging freight or ballast, while others are loading with the manufactured lumber, which varies from the heavy, square timber a hundred and thirty feet in length, down to laths which require a hundred to make up a bunch. The principal mills upon the Sound are on an extensive scale. Of these, that at Port Madison is one of the best, sawing a hundred thousand feet of lumber daily; although the Port Gamble Mill cuts a greater amount, employs more hands, and is by far the most extensive establishment of the kind in the Territory, being known under the name of "Puget Mill Company." Two hundred men are employed about the mill, and the same number in the logging-camps. The company manufacture annually thirty million feet of long lumber, besides a large amount of laths, pickets, and shingles.

The Port Madison Mill is three hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, and two stories high. A wing projects from one side, which incloses the engine and boilers. A slip runs from the upper floor of the main building to the water, where the logs are floated. A chain, with dog-hooks, is fastened to the log, which is hauled up the slip by steam-power into the mill. It is then rolled upon the "carriage," when a sawyer forwards it toward the immense circular saw, which quickly runs through it, cutting a slab from one side; and the carriage instantly runs back, when the log is quickly turned by machinery on its flat side, and is set in motion again, the saw ripping it into planks of a thickness required for the width of boards or joists. This being done, the slabs on each side of the log are quickly removed by the sawyers, and the massive planks in a body are transported again by machinery to the "edging-table," where they are sawed into boards or scantling of the required thickness. From the "edger" the lumber is passed to another table, where whirls another saw, called the "trimmer." Here the ends of each board or plank are clipped off squarely, which finishes it for market, and it is then run out of the mill to the wharf, to be embarked on board ship. The slabs, too, are cut into four-feet lengths by the same saw and passed to the floor below, where the lath machine is in full operation, turning out about two thousand of laths an hour. The planing, tonguing, and grooving machine is on the same floor likewise, which receives its supply of clear lumber from the saws above, and planes and matches daily fifteen thousand feet.

All the mills are run by steam-power, the fuel used being nothing but sawdust, although but half the quantity made by the saws is required for the furnaces. In order to get rid of the surplus dust, edgings, and the general *débris*, it is found necessary to burn them. A tramway is usually run out a short distance, to obviate any danger to the building by fire, and the whole mass of combustible matter is rolled on a car to the end of the track, where it is thrown into a heap and burned to ashes. Strange as it may seem, these fires, once kindled, have been kept constantly going for years. At night, one sees the smoldering blaze, and by day the stifling smoke rolls upward, or drifts and settles along the wooded shores.

It will be readily seen that if no vessels are at the mill loading, the manufactured materials, of all descriptions, accumulate rapidly. Such instances happen occasionally, by reason of dense fogs, or head-winds delaying the ships. The wharves creak under their bulky weight, and those interested look anxiously for the tardy vessels. At last, the white sails are seen through the trees across some craggy point, or the long looked-for messenger bursts instantly upon their view from behind a bold headland, and comes dashing up to the anchorage. Down go the sails, and down goes the anchor; lines are run to the buoys and to the shore; the vessel is hauled head on to the wharf, and her bow-ports knocked out; a stage is rigged; the men are divided into gangs; the Mates take their stations in the hold—the Chief on the port, and the Second on the starboard-side—when the work of loading commences. The men on the wharf run the lumber down the stage into the ports, stick by stick, each time singing out "starboard," or "port," according to the side that at the moment is receiving it. The Mate stows the cargo on one side, and the Second Mate on the other (if a coaster). After the hold is full, the deck-load is put on, or rather piled on; for some of the finest vessels, built expressly for the trade, carry deck-loads ten to eleven feet high; while such carriers as the barks *North-West*, *Tidal*

Wave, *Oakland*, and the brig *Deacon*, have their deck-loads piled so high when fully laden, that, instead of showing their symmetrical hulls, little else is seen but the huge piles of lumber and the vessel's spars peering above them. The foreign ships, however, take nearly all their cargo in the hold, as they are ill adapted for weight on deck. The vessels being loaded and ready for sea, a steamer generally tows them fairly into the Sound, or, perhaps, into the Strait of Juan de Fuca, when they set sail for domestic ports, both on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, or to Australia, England, France, China, the East Indies, South America, the Sandwich Islands, and various others in Oceanica.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the exports of lumber from the Territory during the year 1869, were as follows: 130,000,000 feet of long lumber, 28,000,000 of laths, 3,500,000 shingles, 275,000 linear feet of piles, and 2,000 spars: the aggregate value being $2,067,000. About 25,000,000 feet of the long lumber went to foreign ports, the greater portion of all the material exported finding a market in California and the Eastern States.

When considering the heavily timbered region that is of so great an extent; the rapid growth of the forest; the unparalleled facilities for interior navigation, leading in every direction, and the mild, but invigorating climate prevailing throughout the year, it is possible that the lumbering business of Puget Sound will long continue, as it now is, the great source of wealth to Washington Territory.

IF ONLY.

It only in my dreams I once might see
  Thy face: though thou shouldst stand
  With cold, unreaching hand,
  Nor vex thy lips to break
The silence, with a word for my love's sake,
  Nor turn to mine thine eyes,
Serene with the long peace of Paradise,
  Yet, henceforth, life would be
More sweet, not wholly bitter unto me.

If only I might know for verity,
  That when the light is done
  Of this world's sun,
  And that unknown, long-sealed
To sound and sight is suddenly revealed,
That thine should be the first dear voice thereof,
And thy dear face the first—O love, my love!
  Then coming death would be
Sweet, ah, most sweet—not bitter unto me!

THE SPECTRE BULL OF SALINAS.

ONE who now visits the Salinas Valley, and views its grain-covered fields, carefully fenced in, with numerous villages and farm-houses dotting its broad expanse, can scarcely imagine the picture it presented some fifty years ago, in the primitive days of Spanish rule and Spanish customs. Now it is one broad field of cereal wealth, while the hum of farming life fills the air, and the noisy, restless, trading pursuits of its present occupants give little indication of the quiet, pastoral existence it has scarcely five years emerged from. But fifty years ago, a still stranger scene met the eye of the traveler who tarried on the mountain pass of the Gavalans, to look on its broad bosom to where the waters of the Pacific lave its shores in the west. Then the land was owned by a few Spanish families of consequence, who held large grants, and reigned in patriarchal style over miles of its unplowed surface, on which vast herds of long-horned Mexican cattle and bands of mustangs roamed at will, while the *vaquero* in charge, lazily lounging beneath the shade of some tree, was the only person to be met with by the horseman who wandered over its bridle-trails.

At that time the upper portion of the valley, about the Alisal, and skirting on the round, green hills of the Gavalans, was owned by one Don José Marie Estano, whose large *adobe* dwelling, with its long, white walls, and semicircle of out-buildings, stood on the banks of a small stream, near a pleasant grove of sycamores. The Don was an elderly, portly descendant of one of the ancient families of the land, who for years had been lords of the soil, and with it handed down a great pride of blood from generation to generation. Don José was also *Alcalde* of the district, and this office, petty though it was, heightened the respect with which he was regarded by the numerous *vaqueros* and sharers of his bounty, who were engaged in his service, or lived, rent-free, upon his lands. The Don was a widower, possessing but one child, a daughter, whose grace and beauty were the admiration of the neighborhood, and the theme of many of those impromptu, amorous ditties that the Spanish swains are so fond of composing on balmy, moonlight nights, as they thumb their guitars at the feet of some dark-eyed divinity.

The *Alcalde* loved his daughter, and loved her more than passing well, for in her were vested all his hopes and wishes in regard to the disposition of his large estates; and for some time he had been casting about in his mind to find a suitable match for her among the other families of distinction in the country. But of this the Señorita Juanita was, quite fortunately, kept in ignorance, for the young lady had inherited from her paternal relative quite a will of her own; and having been favored and petted, as an only child and a beauty, for many years, had, at the age of seventeen, formed a preference for having her own taste consulted in every thing, more especially in the selection of a husband.

Now, among the vassals who vowed allegiance to the Don, was one Juan Valvia by name, who also boasted good blood in his veins — his father having come from old Spain, and, after living for many years upon the *Alcalde's* estates, had departed this life, leaving his widow a son to look after her, and care for her old age. Juan was a handsome

fellow, and a favorite among the dark-eyed girls of the neighborhood, who glanced at him admiringly. He was a tolerable musician, and none were readier with their verses to court the ear of the *Alcalde's* daughter than he. He likened her eyes to stars, her hands to lilies, her breath to the scent of magnolias, and her smile to sunlight from heaven. He told her that she was beautiful—a fact that, though well aware of, the *Señorita* was always pleased to hear repeated; that she was an angel, a divinity, and many other fine things: for who so free of grandiloquent flattery as your Spanish lover; and who more ready to blush, and sigh, and hear, than your Spanish maiden. So it very naturally came to pass that at the *fandango*, Juan was the lucky mortal who most often clasped her hand, for the damsel was pleased with his manly grace, his well-shaped legs, and the lightness of his heel, as they glided through the dance; while he was intoxicated with her presence, and his blood bounded at her touch. Surely, couple were never better mated than the dashing Juan and the lovely Juanita.

But alas! Juan was poor. His worthy sire, in departing this life, had left his son much good blood, but very little of that worldly wealth that generally keeps it in flowing order. Now, good blood is a very fine thing, but a man can not dine on it; so Juan was compelled to enter the service of the *Alcalde* as *vaquero*, and passed his hours of labor reclining on his *poncho*, listlessly watching his distant charge of cattle, and building castles in the air, to be inhabited by himself and the fair Juanita. His mother had noticed of late a change in her son's manner, when at home for the night, in their modest little *adobe*, situated near the spring at the foot of the first hill, leading into the *cañada* of Natividad—the same that, many years after, General Fremont is said to have camped by, and sipped the waters of, while watching his men perform some evolutions with powder and shot, assisted by a corps of Mexicans, in front of them. The worthy dame, with a woman's keen perception, soon divined the cause of her son's melancholy manner—for, to be properly in love, it is fit that one should be melancholy, lest he become surfeited with happiness—and, with a mother's regard for his feelings, had remonstrated with him, pointing out the improbability of the wealthy *Alcalde's* daughter marrying a poor *vaquero*. The good woman would usually conclude her admonitions with, "Wait till thou art as old as I am, my son, and thou'lt see the folly of it." But Juan was young and headstrong, and would not wait. He asserted that he had good blood in his veins, and was fit to marry any one whom he loved and who loved him in return. Moreover, that wealth was a very gross and rather debasing perquisite to human life, and that a man was wealthy in the nobility of his heart, and the grace of his person. To all of this, the widow would only shake her head; and it must be confessed, that, however brave and hopeful the words of the *vaquero* sounded, after the enthusiasm called forth by defending his passion had subsided he always felt downhearted, and rambled about on the lonely Gavalans in a very forlorn mental condition.

Meanwhile, the Señorita Juanita began to experience a change in her feelings toward the young man. She had always been pleased with his company, but now she somehow yearned for it, and, little by little, the fair maiden surrendered her heart to him; and, true to the nature of her race—who do not blush for their love, or call modesty to keep a guard upon honesty—she did not seek to conceal her affection, but would saunter out of an afternoon, and invariably these saunters led to the shady *madroño*, under which Juan reclined, twisting

cigarritos, and thinking of the beautiful maiden. There the young couple would sit for hours: he telling tales of love; she listening and encouraging with fond glances from her bright eyes. Then, though tales of love never tire, the young couple would sit silent and listen to the twittering of the birds, until the maid would wonder if there were any two persons in the world as happy as they: an idea that would always suggest to Juan the propriety of kissing the *Señorita*, who, nothing loth, returned the salutation with a purity of heart and motive that surely found a companion affection in the breast of the poor *vaquero*. Sometimes, Juan would bring his guitar, and pour forth his adoration in rather dubious melody. But love is a poor critic, and the *Señorita* contented herself in knowing that she was adored, and did not scan the manner of it. Occasionally, he would recount the many tales and legends with which your Spanish peasant is always well supplied, and tell her of the terrible spectre bull that, for ages, had roamed through the cañons of the Gavalans, and whose presence, when seen, prognosticated that something was going to happen—a prognostication that had never been known to fail. This spectre bull was the terror of all the refractory urchins in the country, whose mothers would frighten them into obedience by a threatened ride upon his horns; and it was a well-established fact that whoever rode the white bull's horns dismounted only on reaching a region of much brimstone and fire. This phantom had been seen by some, and its existence was doubted by none. Indeed, all good people crossed themselves devoutly, when, by some unlucky chance, night caught them in the *cañada* of Natividad, near the great cañon of the Gavalans. Once the good *Padre* in charge of the little church at the Alisal had visited a friend at the head of the *cañada*, who, from a small vineyard, made a wine much to the good, little Father's taste. He stayed rather late, and when he started upon his return the shades of night were fast gathering around. Leisurely he jogged along until opposite the cañon of the Gavalans, when there was a rush and thundering bellow, such as nothing of this earth could have uttered. The good, little *Padre* only grasped his crucifix in time to flourish it and save himself from a seat on the horns of the terrible spectre, which carried his horse from under him, and left him sprawling in the dust. A herdsman, passing by the following morning, found him seated on the ground, with his back against a rock, his crucifix in one hand, and a bottle of his favorite vintage in the other. His steed was grazing, near by, with his saddle turned under his belly, while on a neighboring knoll a light-colored cow chewed her cud complacently. The *vaquero* at first asserted that the *Padre* had more wine beneath his frock than was comfortable for one man to carry, but it is needless to say that this the little man stoutly denied. By all accounts, the spectre was an unpleasant thing to meet.

Weeks flew by, and the Señorita Juanita and the *vaquero* Juan, gradually, through the happy medium of a mutual affection, had come to the conclusion that the *Alcalde* should be consulted, and his consent asked to their union. Juan, somewhat to the surprise of his lady-love, at first viewed this step with considerable hesitancy; but being assured by the bewitching damsel, who had never had a wish denied her, that her sire would be happy to give his consent to what pleased her, he plucked up courage, and the young couple proceeded, hand in hand, to the dwelling of Don José. Now, the *Alcalde* had that day resolved, after much deliberation and a consultation with the little *Padre*, who acquiesced in every thing the great man said, to make his daughter acquainted

with the fact that he had thought best to dispose of her to her cousin, Don Manuel y Corbuonna, who resided on a large estate at San José Mission, and who had long sought the hand of his fair cousin, but for whom the maiden had a most supreme, but unexpressed dislike. It was while the worthy man sat in his easy-chair, enjoying the complacency of having at last settled a difficult question, that the youth and maid appeared before him, much to his surprise. For though the *Alcalde* had looked upon Juan as a likely young fellow, he had never in his remotest thoughts connected that fond youth with his much-loved daughter.

Juan's courage had begun to ooze out as they neared the mansion, and when at last he found himself, hat in hand, in the *Alcalde's* august presence, he fairly wished himself a thousand miles away. But, at a gentle nudge from his fair companion, he found tongue, and commenced:

"Worthy *Señor*, we want to know—" and then stammering, came to a full pause.

The damsel, seeing his bashfulness, came to his aid, and again commenced:

"Yes, we want to know, sir—"

"Yes, *Señor*, we want to know—if—" hesitatingly said Juan.

"If—" prompted the *Señorita*.

"Yes—if—if—" stammered Juan, and then played with his hat, and looked very silly.

"Well," cried the *Alcalde*, leaning back in his chair, and staring aghast at this singular conduct, "you want to know if what?"

"Yes, *Señor*, if—" said Juan.

"Yes—go on," impatiently prompted the *Señorita*.

"If we," ejaculated her lover, and then came to a full stop, while the *Señorita*, irritated at this lack of courage in her future husband, tapped the floor smartly with her little foot. But the poor youth showed no designs of proceeding further, and looked so distressed that at last, casting a glance of severe reproof upon him, the young lady stepped forward, and making a little courtesy, by way of prologue, said:

"We want to know if you won't let us get married?"

"Yes"—reinforced Juan, becoming bolder—"we want to know if we can't get married?" And then both of the young couple looked greatly relieved.

Not so with the worthy *Alcalde*, however. That gentleman at first stared from one to the other in blank astonishment, as though he had not understood them, and then, as the full weight of their request seemed to become plain to him, he became red in the face, as though he should burst, and, swelling with rage, roared out:

"Dog of a *vaquero*, out of my sight! Ungrateful hound, that has fed upon my crumbs, begone! Get thee gone, thou insolent vagabond!"

Poor Juan needed no second bidding, but, turning on his heel, quitted the apartment, casting, as he went out, one sad, reproachful glance upon the Señorita Juanita, as who should say, "See the scrape you have got me into!"

But no sooner was he out of the *Alcalde's* presence than his courage returned, and he swore, then and there, very many long and romantic oaths that he would have revenge for the great insult that had been offered him. Then proceeding to the tree near which his horse was staked out, he mounted him, and shaking his knife, with much grinding of teeth, at the distant *adobe*, he dug deep his spurs and flew away toward the Gavalans.

At the repulse and flight of her lover, the *Alcalde's* daughter had dropped into a seat from pure astonishment; but when her incensed parent turned the vials of his wrath upon her beautiful head, and, in his anger, accused her of a great many bad things, the young lady rose to her

feet and proved that though she had lost her heart, she still retained the use of her tongue. This female weakness on her part served but to increase her sire's rage, who, in the full tempest of his wrath, declared that before another moon had come and gone, she should be wedded to her cousin Manuel. And, furthermore, he bade her retire to her own apartments, and confine herself to them until such time as he should see fit to make further disposal of her fair person.

Poor Juanita! With a very stiff lip and a very haughty head, she left the *Alcalde's* presence; but when the privacy of her own apartments had been gained her pride gave way, and, flinging herself upon the floor, she gave utterance to all the grandiloquent expressions of grief she could utter, though with an earnestness of heart that was truly pitiful. Marry her detestable cousin she never would, and if she could not wed the handsome *vaquero*, a convent should become her home. Why young females of this class generally fly from matrimony to celibacy is incomprehensible, save it be that when repulsed in one grand object of life, we are apt to fly to the extreme of something directly opposite.

Several days now passed in slow dreariness at the *Alcalde's* mansion. Juanita still kept her room, and the Don, deprived of his daughter's society and the cheerful moments she made for him, became fretful and morose, while he often criticised the perversity of female nature, and in the company of the fat, little *Padre*, who drank his wine and nodded an assent to all his observations in a very owlish way, argued to the effect that much trouble would have escaped this world if women had never been made. He learned from other *vaqueros* that Juan had been missing for several days, and none knew of his whereabout. This, too, annoyed him; for though, in the heat of his anger, he had thought many hard things of the youth, he really liked him, and wished most earnestly that no harm might fall in his way. Indeed, had Juan been in a position worthy of his daughter, the *Alcalde* would have been pleased to give his consent to their union. The Señorita Juanita persistently refused to take under consideration the suit of her odious cousin, and baffled his most sincere wishes in regard to her future. As it was, things looked gloomy, and would probably have continued to do so but for a little incident which shortly occurred.

One night, after the household had been gathered to rest several hours, Juanita lay restless upon her couch, thinking of the absent Juan, when, of a sudden, her attention was attracted by the low tinklings of a guitar without. At first she lay and listened; but when a low voice began a plaintive ditty—half to the moon, and half to some imaginary deity—the young lady sprang hastily from her bed, and, softly raising the window, looked below.

"Juanita!

"Juan!"

And then a conversation in hurried whispers ensued, and, when it ended, a manly form passed away in the darkness, and the maiden retired to bed and slept a happy sleep, with a smile on her lips.

On the morrow the *Alcalde* was joyfully surprised when his daughter appeared before him and announced her readiness to wed every body or any body her worthy parent thought fit to bequeath her to, remarking, with all the simplicity of innocence, that reflection had shown her the wisdom of allowing those with age and experience to dispose of her person, as they undoubtedly knew much better than she did in what her true happiness consisted. The *Alcalde* was overjoyed, and immediately sent for the little *Padre*—his counselor on all great questions—and proceeded to lay out his plan of starting on the morrow, with his

daughter, her maid, and a numerous cavalcade—as became his wealth and station—for the distant mission of San José. They were to remain a short time with their relatives at the Mission, and then return to the Salinas with the bridegroom; for the *Alcalde*, greatly to the satisfaction of the little *Padre*, had determined that the wedding should take place on his own estate. The holy Father was scarcely less joyful over the *Señorita's* consent, and the proposed journey, than the Don himself; for the little man's imagination dwelt, with no small satisfaction, upon the refectory of his brothers in the church at San José, and smacked his lips in anticipation of a vintage for which that Mission was celebrated.

Early on the following morning the cavalcade started, and took its course toward the mountain-pass that led to the humble little Mission of San Juan. The Señorita Juanita was accompanied by her maid, while the little *Padre* rode, in much good-humor, by the side of the *Alcalde*. Behind them followed some dozen horsemen, armed with blunderbusses that, however useless for any practical purpose, were terrible to look upon. As the riders wound down the mountain slope on the San Juan side, Juanita turned to gaze upon the scene they had passed through. Afar off, a huge, round mountain lifted its head against the sun, and from its very top shot out a lone tree, that stood clear and prominent against the blue of heaven. Near this tree a slight column of smoke was seen, rising straight through the clear, still atmosphere. The *Señorita* gazed at it a moment, and her eyes sparkled; then, turning in her saddle, she sighed gently, as she held out a long, white scarf, that for a moment or two fluttered out behind her ere she bound it around her form. Slowly the smoke was wafted away, and slowly the cavalcade wound out of sight, leaving the great, bare hills of the Gavalans to smile themselves to sleep in sunlight and solitude.

The Mission of San José was safely reached, and, after a fortnight pleasantly spent, the party, augmented by a few female relatives and the lucky bridegroom, set out upon their return. Juanita's future husband, the Don Manuel, was prepossessing neither in qualities of body nor of mind. He was a dwarfish and sickly-looking specimen of humanity, and his greatest virtue, as Juanita thought, consisted in his silence: for to ride by her side, staring at her in a dull, insipid manner, and answering the observations of the *Alcalde* in monosyllables, was all the evidence of life generally discernible in Don Manuel.

It was late in the afternoon when the party departed from the Mission of San Juan, whose friendly hospitality they had partaken of during the heat of the day, and commenced to ascend the mountain-ridge that separates the valley of the Salinas from the great Santa Clara Valley. As they reached the summit of the pass, the sun sank grandly to rest in the bosom of the distant Pacific, smiling a last, fond good-night upon earth, in a soft twilight that lasted but a short time as the little cavalcade descended on down toward the *cañada* of Natividad. And now, as darkness and the chills of evening gathered about them, the party huddled more closely together, and some one commenced one of those doleful, ghostly tales with which mortals are pleased to make themselves uncomfortable. This tale led to others, more dubious still, as they paced along through the dark; and when, after entering a short distance into the *cañada*, the *Señorita* gave a little shriek, and reined her steed suddenly back, the little party was thrown into fright and confusion, and some of the valiant horsemen in attendance put spurs to their animals, and would have bolted, but their companions

held them back. In explanation, Juanita stated that she thought she had seen the spectre bull. At this terrible name, all shivered and devoutly crossed themselves, and it did not add to a feeling of security that was rapidly leaving the party. All now talked of the spectre, and the more they talked the more their fears increased, though, as their tremblings grew, their boasts and brag grew with them; and to hear the horsemen—more especially those who had but lately used the spur—one would think that an army of bulls from the region *Inferno* would be but poor sport for them. So valiant were they, and so white was the conscience of each.

But alas! for human vanity. They had just crossed the Gavalan Brook, and were abreast of the great cañon, when, of a sudden, confusion seized upon those in the advance. "Hist! hist!" passed from one white lip to another; and the ladies of the party, as in duty bound, immediately tested their lungs in a series of appalling shrieks, to which the fair Juanita lent efficient aid. A few paces in front, a little to the left of the trail, a huge white object rustled in the bushes. "The bull! the bull!" shrieked one of the guard, as he snapped his blunderbuss at the dome of heaven. "The spectre bull!" cried, in tones of horror, a dozen voices. "Stand by me, men!" shouted the *Alcalde*. "Good Father, show your crucifix in front!"

"Nay!" answered the fat, little *Padre*, "faith is good, but speed, in this case, is better!" and he clapped spurs to his horse and vanished.

At this moment there was a thundering roar. The bushes swayed and cracked; the women shrieked; the brave escort dropped their blunderbusses, and the march of the little cavalcade was thrown into sad disorder, while all sought safety in flight. Fear lent them wings, and away they flew, while the dread white spectre, with two balls of fire for eyes, and long, white, curving horns, came thundering on in pursuit.

"I faint!" cried the *Señorita*, and she grasped her father's bridle-rein.

"Stay! stay! my men!" shouted the poor *Alcalde*, but they heeded him not; and scarce had he extended his arms to the sinking form of his daughter when the spectre was upon them, and, ere the *Alcalde* could draw his sword, a smart thump upon his head, from what antique *dames* to this day assert was the bull's tail, laid him sprawling on the ground, and the fair Juanita was borne away, firmly seated on the monster's terrible horns.

There was weeping and wailing at Don José's mansion on the following day. A daughter lost! A bride spirited away! An immortal soul, encased in a perfect gem of humanity, had been carried to a place that all good people devoutly shun!

The forlorn *Alcalde* sat with his bruised head bandaged up, and refused to be comforted, while the fat, little *Padre* solaced his feelings with many copious draughts from a well-filled jar. Late in the day a *vaquero*, who had been rambling in the hills that separate the Pajaro from the Salinas, picked up a fresh, white hide, and near by noticed the tracks of horses' hoofs. This hide he brought to the *Alcalde*, and told him what he had seen. The *Alcalde* rubbed his head and looked at the hide. An idea seemed to enter his brain, for he again rubbed his head. What the purport of his thoughts were he told to none, but commanded the *vaquero* to go about his business, and mention the matter of the hide to no one. Long afterward, the *vaquero* Juan again appeared upon the plains of the Salinas, but he was no longer the Juan of old, for a sedate bearing and a certain stateliness of manner marked his demeanor. It was also noticed that the worthy *Alcalde*, now grown quite gray, and fast traveling down the

shady side of life, received him with affection. Soon after, a lady and child appeared, and in a short time the story ran that Juan and Juanita had brought to the mansion a pledge of their mutual affection, that it might receive the blessing of its aged grandsire. How she had escaped from the spectre bull, none could surmise; but with the ready faculty of their race for appropriating any thing partaking of the marvelous, it was put down as a most happy miracle; and another tale was added to the legends of the Salinas.

THE FARMSLEY HOUSE.

THE Farmsley House is not externally suggestive of the romantic, poetic, or supernatural, yet the days of its mystery, when the last of these qualities at least was intimately connected with its name, are not so far past that you might not learn its story from half the country side. It has for some years remained tenantless, and Time, who satiates his remorseless appetite upon such deserted places, has begun his meal by nibbling at the corners of the clapboards, eating away the edges of the door-steps, and even occasionally loosening a rusty nail, which has fallen out like a decayed and useless tooth, marking this once respectable mansion with evidences of senility. In the clear sunshine, vivid streaks of the yellow paint, which once clothed it with a garb of surprising elegance, may still be seen under the sheltering edges of the boards. The steep directness of purpose indicated by the roof, from the time it left the eaves until about two-thirds of the way to the apex, suddenly changed, and it ended with two or three feet less of altitude than its beginnings intimated. In the gable was an arched window, surmounted by a crescent, and on either side were diagonally intersected half-moons in diamond panes.

It was in such places as these that the aspiring genius of the early architects of our country sought the development which it now finds in the gingerbread work which so exuberantly ornaments our modern houses. These windows had no connection with the interior, the garret being lighted by two ordinary windows beneath them. They were supposed to stand in the same relation toward the house that a glass eye assumes toward the wearer: useless, but ornamental, and having its relations with the beholder instead of the possessor. As for the rest, the house had a somewhat thin and consumptive appearance, its early, spindling growth never having received the proper horizontal development of additions and extensions. The sun looked into the back door in the morning, and made his diurnal journey without "let or hindrance" of interrupting angles, concealing unexpected nooks, until at sunset his rays lighted up the amiable lion-faced knocker on the front door.

Even sixty years ago, in its palmy days, the Farmsley House was not popular. The whole neighborhood had been sorely perplexed about it. The Dutch phlegm of the community was thoroughly aroused and shaken. They disapproved the process, but accepted the conclusions, and enriched the succeeding generation with a tradition.

Sixty years ago, one bright summer morning, Parson Wise was not the least perplexed of the town's people, over whom he presided spiritually, by the supernatural events which were occurring

at the Farmsley House. This perplexity was, perhaps, not so much owing to the events themselves, as to the position which he ought to assume in regard to them. The people considered him under peculiar moral obligations to explain every thing in a clear and rational manner. But he felt that he could not afford to lose prestige by any outward marks of inward perturbation, so he took his morning walk with his usual benevolent aspect, and with the customary twig of sweet-brier fastened in his button-hole. His walk this morning seemed quite like a royal progress; and it would have been difficult for one to have decided whether it was the cloudless sky, or the parson's cloudless face, which gave to the little town its air of brisk activity and cheerfulness.

"Fine morning, parson," said Mr. Slocum, whose voice was pitched in so high a key that one involuntarily looked to the house-tops for the audience whom he was addressing. Mr. Slocum stood in front of his own "store," and it certainly was not his fault if any person in the vicinity forgot its whereabout.

The parson replied that it was "a very fine morning; a very fine morning indeed, sir." And the sparkling air and balmy sunshine seemed to have caught an additional sparkle and spiciness from his hearty appreciation of it.

"Fine weather for hayin'," continued Mr. Slocum, still addressing an imaginary distant audience, and at the same time casting a speculative eye up and down the road, on the lookout for chance customers.

There was an expression of cheerful surprise on his countenance when Dave Jarvis' farm wagon stopped in front of his door. "Something wrong about that Farmsley House," said he, in a shrillingly loud whisper to the minister, as he, with great alacrity, brought a chair to assist Mrs. Jarvis in dismounting from the wagon.

Mrs. Jarvis, with a dismal smile, as if she knew it was wicked to smile under the circumstances, but yet from her overpowering sense of the offense, combined with the great weakness of human nature, hoped to be forgiven, first handed out two little flaxen-haired Jarvises, and then proceeded to get out herself, disappearing within the store behind the smiling guidance of Mr. Slocum; and while Mr. Jarvis was fastening a pair of heavy, but somewhat spirited bays to the hitching-post, Mr. Wise stroked their glossy sides, admired their fine points, and asked intelligent questions in regard to their antecedents. All of this time nothing had been said in regard to the Farmsley House.

"There has been mighty queer doings up at the house, and I'll be blessed if I know what it all means," said Mr. Jarvis, at length, after a somewhat ominous pause had supplied the proper opportunity for making this announcement effective.

"Ah! have there been more of those — singular manifestations?" Mr. Wise smiled condescendingly, and placing his chair in a comfortable position on the sidewalk, seated himself with the air of complacently hearing it out.

Mr. Jarvis seated himself on the doorstep, and somewhat emphatically declared himself unable to account for the occurrences of the last six weeks. There was a half-suppressed inward chuckle, as he threw the responsibility of the explanation upon the sacred office and profound learning of the parson.

"Why, 'twan't later than this morning," said Mr. Jarvis. "When my wife went down to the spring for water, and took the young ones with her, to keep them out of harm's way, she wan't gone more'n ten minutes but when she came back, the knives and forks were all off of the table, the butter-plate was bottom-side-up, and the salt was spilled in a mighty queer shape—somehow it looked

like the letter F—and the bowl was broken."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jarvis, in a plaintive voice from within, "there's no use in my trying to keep any dishes;" and she smiled forgivingly, as was her habit upon trying occasions.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Jarvis?" said Mr. Slocum, with an air of interested anxiety.

"'Tain't for *me* to say," replied Jarvis, glancing suggestively toward the minister.

For a moment Mr. Wise was vaguely conscious that the responsibility for the opinions and belief of a whole community was more than any man had a right to assume. There may have been also the unconscious feeling that the multitude of the human race were predestined to believe in oracular wisdom, and that their belief was naturally most profound in those things that they did not understand.

"We have abundant evidences," said he, placing his forefingers together in an emphatic manner, "we have abundant evidences that the supernatural does manifest itself upon special occasions. The testimony of Holy Writ substantiates—"

"Jest so," interrupted Mr. Slocum; "them who don't believe in witches don't believe in the Bible."

"Dear me," said Milly Fairchild, who had joined a group of listeners, adjusting her pink bows, "how very dreadful to believe in witches and ghosts! It makes me shiver all over. Do tell us all about it, Mrs. Jarvis."

A sudden silence followed this speech, for with that singular intuition which sometimes affects crowds, each one had simultaneously discovered that an unexpected listener had approached, without actually joining the group. The figure was that of a woman, who stood upon the uncertain border of the shadow cast by the great maple, of whose intenser shade the rest of the group had taken advantage. The wavering sunshine trembled up and down her strange costume, adding a weirdness to its already grotesque effect.

There was about the posture of her tall, erect figure a certain repressed and angular dignity. Her dress, which was looped fantastically with clusters of artificial flowers, was so startlingly white that the attention was involuntarily attracted by it from the rest of the costume, which consisted of a heavy cloak of gray silk, and a quilted hood of the same material. As the group became silent she advanced toward it, always keeping in the wavering line of shadow.

She stopped near the minister's chair, which the sunshine had already nearly reached, and laughed a low, strange laugh, which seemed to those who heard it to float in the atmosphere, and echo unexpectedly for hours afterward.

"You were talking, ladies and gentlemen. Go on with your stories. Oh! you can't tell them now," she said, addressing the silent group. And then, with sudden wrath, she added, "Why don't some of you speak to me? You do not know my name, I suppose. I am Mrs. Farmsley, Farm-s-l-e-y," she repeated with an accent of infinite scorn on each syllable. There were some low, murmured sentences among the rest, and that magnetic glance from each to each, which did not need the interpretation of words to convey the information that poor Mrs. Farmsley was crazy. One after another they quietly dispersed, until Mrs. Farmsley was left alone with the sunshine and shadows. She seated herself in the chair lately occupied by the minister, and pushed back the heavy hood from her face—a face in which there was yet something of freshness and comeliness, albeit the mantle of reason, which covers good and evil passions from the cruel gaze of the public, was gone. One might well shudder at the

depths of evil which her dark imaginings revealed, and even shudder that the gleams of pity and tenderness which at times came over her were so faint and few. It seemed that her external life was in sympathy with all internal vibrations; and her head trembled, responsive to every passing fancy, as the leaves above her did to the summer breezes, while low, half-inaudible words issued from her restless lips. She might have been recounting her life, as the village people knew it, and revealing perchance something of those chapters which, besides herself, God only knew, and knowing which, His judgment was tempered with infinite mercy.

Many years before the bright summer morning when Eleanor Farmsley sat beneath the maple, she had come—a pretty young bride—with her stalwart husband to her American home. These were busy years, in which Richard Farmsley built the house already described, and Eleanor worked with her hands until they forgot their former fairness, and became skilled in many things which in those days it was thought were excellent things in a woman.

The bare, cheerless walls of Richard Farmsley's house echoed not unfrequently to his boisterous mirth, and that of his companions, whose milder potations seemed almost abstemiousness by comparison. On such occasions as these, which became more and more frequent as the years advanced, Eleanor Farmsley hid herself in the remotest corners, endeavoring, as much as possible, to escape the rude sights and sounds. It was on these occasions, too, that he told the story of their former lives, for when he was sober he was as reticent as Eleanor herself on that subject. How the echoes came to her mockingly (where she was cowering away in the lonely garret) of her English home, and how he had won her from it in spite of the grief and anger of friends. A thousand times, it seemed to her, he told the story, strengthening himself at each recital in his idea of an absolute possession of her, and her abject dependence upon his merest fancies. Year by year the farm grew more chary of its treasures. Nature always revenges herself for any indignity cast upon her, and in the fields which man has once taken under his guardianship she stores her thistles and nettles whenever he neglects his charge. She is busier far than any husbandman, and avails herself of the protection which the fences, constructed by his industry, afford. But there was money in the land, as Richard Farmsley found, and money that came easier, and perhaps surer, than in laboring for it with plow or scythe. His farm was mortgaged, acre after acre, he himself hardly knew how much of it—at least not as well as his neighbor, David Jarvis, did.

Thus things went on, as the days and years passed. Except for the gleams of hopefulness for the future, there was little to make Eleanor's life happy. But Eleanor's neighbors, for the most part, found her cheerful, and she had always a store of sympathy and tenderness for the griefs of others.

There came at last a spring which was cold and dreary, as the springs were wont to be among the mountains. It was in these early spring-days, I think, that Eleanor regretted the old home most—the days that brought nothing with them but cold winds, and a certain subtile power for the breaking up of the frost-bound streams. Then she remembered the fair English lawns, the smiling meadows, and blossoming hawthorn hedges. Perchance there were other things, too, which gave coloring to the picture, and made her heart ache and her eyes dim. The spring was none the less dreary because the sullen roar of the swollen tide of the river could be distinctly heard from the house. The tributes from the

melting snow of the mountain had increased its volume, and farther down the stream had caused it to overflow its marshy borders.

Richard Farmsley took his gun, and that inevitable companion who keeps his cheerful counsel hid within the gloomy confines of a black bottle, and went out in his boat. It is also an indication of spring that great flocks of ducks are flying northward; and the sportsman was in those days sure of his game in the sedgy, uncertain borders of the river.

But when evening came he did not return. All through the night Eleanor watched and waited, and when the gray morning deepened into the still grayer light of a rainy day, she was still alone. The next evening the neighbors set out with torches, through the heavily descending rain, in search of him. During the night the rain ceased, and through the parted clouds the stars looked serenely down upon the troubled waters. It was then they found him upon a little mound, to which a group of trees had firmly taken root. But the body was cold and lifeless. And in the first flushes of a rosy sunrise they brought him silently to his home.

For weeks afterward there was a gleam from a candle in the window, where it had so often been seen as a beacon for Richard Farmsley. And it was intuitively known that the watcher sat there, pale and silent.

But even grief—a widow's grief—can not long possess the sanctity of solitude. She was told that the home could be hers no longer, and that but a bare pittance would remain to her after the mortgages and debts were paid. To the surprise of every one she battled valiantly for her home. It seemed as if the moral force of her whole life was concentrated in the one effort. She yielded at length to the power of the law, and was crushed and bruised in the contest—as the weaker party always is. It was owing to the clemency of David Jarvis—who took possession of the Farmsley House as soon as might be—that she was provided with a small cottage, to which were attached a few acres of land, on a distant part of the estate.

It was the vague, unwritten chapters of this history that Eleanor Farmsley murmured to herself, as she sat in the trembling sunlight which fell through the branches of the maple. It was this history which she had repeated in the sunlight and beneath the stars, in the cold gray of the morning and the warm glow of noon, until every tree in the forest and all the nodding flowers on the hill-side were familiar with its burden. These were usually her counselors and her confidants; and the flutter of her white garments could often be seen at the edge of the forest, or far up the mountain-side. The traveler would often meet her on lonely and unfrequented roads, many miles from her home; and if he were a stranger, might talk to her for half an hour without having reason to suppose, except for her fantastic dress, that she was crazy. Many a one testified to words of thoughtful kindness; and some spoke of the malice which misdirected their steps and led them miles away from their destination.

She did not often come to the village, as she had done on this occasion. But when she did, the people were apt to leave her to herself, although not afraid of her, for her insanity never assumed the form of violence. Those who looked at her, or spoke of her, expressed no sentiment but one of pity for her sad condition. Nevertheless, there was an instinctive and universal shrinking from any contact with her. When the reason is gone, and when the volition ceases to be directed by that discretion which weighs our relations toward each other, one seems under a spell of weird enchantment, which is complete isolation. The bond of fellowship, which made the

most holy and the most degraded, as well as the richest and poorest, akin, is lost. There is no measure for the reason with insanity, and death itself does not remove our friends so immeasurably.

But it was recently rumored that the Farmsley House, as it was still called, was haunted! Yes, in the midst of the enlightenment of sixty years ago, these stories received a vague credence, or such an uneasy disbelief that a slight thing would turn the scale. People reverted to the days when wise and good men had believed in sorcery and witchcraft, and aided each other's memories in freshening up moldering stories of the supernatural. Some there were who did not hesitate to say, that if Eleanor Farmsley had lived a hundred years before she would have been burned for a witch. There were others who averred that all of the stories had their origin in David Jarvis' conscience, which would never cease to reproach him for the dishonest possession of the property. Not only did these things astonish many of the sober-minded, simple country folk, but it disturbed them also. Nervous housewives complained that dishes were broken in their pantries which could not be accounted for by any possible natural agency; that their butter gave symptoms of not "coming;" and various other affairs in which witches only mingle, evinced indications of their presence. There was this half-expressed stigma attached to Eleanor Farmsley's name; for public opinion, which always supposes itself to have outgrown its childhood, and to have advanced to the very acme of wisdom, was ready to go back to its childish hobgoblins upon the very slightest provocation.

The matter gained a certain weight, too, because David Jarvis would be the last man to be affected by the merely fanciful and imaginary. His characteristics were those of that fortunate part of the brotherhood, whose success in the money-getting business of life bespeaks them practical natures and "men of sense." Since he had lived at the Farmsley House, however, it was insensibly felt that he was not the same man he had been; and thus weakly leaving his business to gossip over "wives' tales" confirmed this opinion. For this one act, trifling as it was in itself, was a tacit acknowledgment that he had yielded his common sense and incredulity. During the summer things went on from bad to worse; and from a rough, jovial fellow, he became a solemn, morose man. There was one singular thing about these vulgarly supernatural manifestations: and that was, that they occurred only when David himself was in the house. His neighbors grew suspicious, for they decided that a "judgment" was being visited upon him, and even his wife and the children grew shy and fearful. The shutters of the window from which the light used to gleam were always closed during the evening, and David himself saw to fastening them. But he had been found, in the loneliest hour of the night, when the rest of the family were quietly sleeping, standing in the road, watching the light from that very window like a man enchanted. There were often sounds of discordant laughter about the house, as if the ghost of Richard Farmsley could never quite strike the pitch of that bluff farmer's hearty voice, and was making extempore and ineffectual efforts to get the key.

In spite of all this, David Jarvis seemed to grow attached to the place, and when winter came rarely left it, even to gossip in the village. But he grew absorbed, as well as silent and thoughtful, over some work which was beginning to occupy all of his leisure time. This occupation was carried on in a little workshop, which was in those days attached to every house in the country; for then a man was at least externally what he is.

always said to be internally—a microcosm—and was inevitably a "Jack-at-all-trades."

No one knew how he was employed, but he seemed to grow more cheerful, and the house to grow more quiet. The sound of the plane and saw would be heard for days together unceasingly, and then the work would seem to change its character, and the monotonous sound of the chisel would be heard hour after hour.

It was not until the spring came that these labors were explained. The earth began to lose those resonant qualities which the frost had imparted to it, and the sound of David Jarvis' footsteps, as he plodded from the house-door to the workshop, lost their ringing echoes; and the sound seemed to reach far down to the foundations of the soil, and leave behind them only a lingering sigh. This process was one which he knew well, but which he had never before studied with such satisfaction. In the meantime the pale, yellow branches of a weeping-willow, not far from the house, had been growing more pliant, and at the nodes along their pendent stems were indications of the coming verdure of summer. These trees were so long used as symbols of sepulture that even the stranger could read their story afar off. And in those days a homestead was hardly complete without one of those sentinels to guard the graves of the family. Perhaps a man loved his home better, and got to have a tenderer feeling for his surroundings, in thinking of them in connection with his last resting-place; and to his descendants there was a sacredness attached to these indications, producing something like a patriarchal sentiment. There is little reason to suppose that our ancestors were unpleasantly affected by the lugubrious character of such things; for in most of the old houses there are still to be found specimens of fine art, which have been banished from the parlor through successive stages of degradation, until, with other miscellaneous remains, which the cabinet-maker and the upholsterer would refuse to recognize as furniture, they occupy the "children's room."

At the Farmsley House, there had been a willow planted by Richard Farmsley's own hands in just such growing spring weather. In a few years the sapling had grown to be a tree, and when the swaying branches nearly touched the ground, his form was laid under them beneath the sod. There had been offerings of summer flowers from the meadows, and autumn leaves from the forest laid upon the grave, and during the winter there were traces of restless footsteps in the snow. These tributes were hitherto all that had marked it, but David Jarvis' winter's work had shaped the materials which were to divide it from the open field, and define it as sacred ground. And on a gray slate-stone from the mountain-side, this unskilled sculptor had engraved the name and age of Richard Farmsley.

"Wife," said David Jarvis, one afternoon, after he had been contemplating his finished work from his own door-step, "our old house is yet unoccupied, and I have a mind that we should move back in it again."

"Why, David," said Mrs. Jarvis, repiningly, "we just begun to be comfortable here, and there ain't been any *manifestations* lately. I don't see why you should go now."

"The old house was more comfortable than this, and I liked it better. Besides," added Mr. Jarvis, extending the subject, "the garden there was far better than this one will ever be."

"That's true," responded Mrs. Jarvis, who had, as she said, a fondness for "garden sass," and found much force in this argument.

Perhaps, too, she was not so unwilling to leave the place as she wished to

appear; and she might have thought there was a chance for her husband to regain something of his former cheerfulness in his old home.

At any rate, the change was speedily effected, but without the pleasant consequences she had hoped for. The Farmsley House still seemed to possess an uncanny attraction for him. Tradition says that, notwithstanding his efforts to appease the *manes* of the dead, or to propitiate the favor of the living, the house was still haunted. And David Jarvis used to watch covertly from the dark shadows cast by the house, the white figure sitting in the moonlight by the grave. One night the sky was full of black, shifting clouds, and the lightning which pierced them at intervals only rendered the gloom more intense. The wind came soughing out of the forest and across the fields, and occasionally in its gathered strength it shook the house, as a strong and angry man would shake any puny thing entirely in his power. But still it seemed safer to be within, than to be exposed to the power of the elements without. David Jarvis was at the Farmsley House, where he had not been for weeks before, for recently he had seemed to lose somewhat of the old enchantment. From the sheltered back "stoop," which seemed to be let into the house instead of standing out from it, he was watching the coming storm, experiencing that strange delight which many natures receive from any exhibition of power. But during the brief moment of a flash of lightning, which rendered every thing with such peculiarly vivid distinctness that one glance seemed to comprehend more than an hour of sunshine, he saw the willow-tree and the lonely figure bending over the grave.

It had been months since he had spoken to Eleanor Farmsley, but he could not leave her exposed to the mercy of the storm. He hastened to her, and laying his hand upon her arm, said, "Come, come quick; the storm will be here in a minute."

She did not reply for a moment, but put her hand down upon the gray stone, and slowly traced out the letters with her fingers, and then, turning toward him, she said, in a low voice, which seemed to have in it the repressed hush of the atmosphere:

"Who did this?"

I think David Jarvis was for a brief space a happy man. He thought he had secured her gratitude, and his sin, whatever it might be, was expiated by making her happy.

But when he replied that it was his work, at the same time urging her to seek the shelter of the house, she turned upon him with a sudden wrath and fury, and heaped curses and invective on his head, her voice outriding in its rage the storm which had burst upon them.

"Your work!" said she, clutching the gray stone with both hands; "you may well say that it is your work that he lies here dead, dead!"

"Woman, stop! You forget that Richard Farmsley was drowned, and in that terrible visitation we could only see the arm of the Lord, which is mighty to destroy as well as to save."

Her mind was usually at once diverted by the introduction of a new subject; but now she ignored God's Providence. Clinging tenaciously to what she had already said: "He spent his nights in drunkenness and riot with you. You knew where he went when he went down the river. And now you think he will forgive you because you have put this stone above his head. But," she continued, laughing wildly, "*you* will never forget him; you will always see his face, and hear him laugh—"

"Let me go," said David Jarvis, loosening the hold she had laid on his coat, and hastening toward the house.

"Oh, the storm is not for fine gentle-

men; but your own evil fancies will give you worse company inside."

When he had nearly reached the house, a flash of lightning blinded him, and he was stunned by a terrific peal of thunder. In the midst of it all, he heard an unearthly scream.

When he recovered his senses, hours afterward, the stars were shining with a freshness, as if they had been newly created, and had known neither storm nor cloud during their serene existence. There were no traces in the heavens of the recent storm, and at first neither did there seem to be any upon the earth. And David Jarvis might have thought the scene through which he had recently passed was only a dream — a more vivid fancy than usual, conjured up by his wild imaginings; that he himself had created the scene, and held the conversation with an imaginary character, to whom he had supplied sentiments and words, as he had so often endeavored to imitate Richard Farmsley's voice and laugh; but, after a moment, he saw the prostrate willow, and intuitively knew the story which it concealed.

When Parson Wise spoke to the somewhat curious, but solemn and silent crowd, which a few days later had collected in the deserted house, there was among them a feeling of vague dissatisfaction that his words were only of trust and hopefulness for the troubled spirit which had left the worn and crushed form, and that he did not in any manner explain or revert to the recent supernatural occurrences.

Many of them lingered there after the simple services were concluded, wandering in and out of the rooms, and telling the old stories over again in anxious whispers.

"Don't you think there will be any more ghosts, or any of those queer things happening here?" said Milly Fairchild, half regretfully.

And Mr. Slocum audibly supposed there would be no more "manifestations," and wondered if David Jarvis would come back again, and live in the Farmsley House.

But he did not; and the place passed from one person to another in a rather rapid succession of changes for those "slow times." Its supernatural history became a thing of the past; but there was no prosperity in the acres of the farm, and, somehow, but little peace or happiness within the walls of the old house.

David Jarvis moved, with his family, into the Far West. It was many a day's journey, with his strong horses and canvas-covered wagon. One day he returned to the village, which had grown to be a city, while his hair had been growing gray and his form bowed. He wandered restlessly up and down the unfamiliar streets, but not until evening came did he follow the winding road which led to the Farmsley House. When the morning star was paling in the glad light of the coming day, those farmers who were early afield saw an old man walking away from the graves beneath the willow—for the old tree had again sprouted, and grown into goodly proportions. There was something elastic and youthful in his step, as if he had found joy and peace during his midnight vigil. The dawn deepened into the rosy morning, the morning into the calm noonday, and, when sunset came, Parson Wise's granddaughter stopped her pony phaeton within the shadow of the old house, and, turning to the white-haired old man who was accompanying her, said that "no place in the whole country was so absolutely calm and peaceful as the Farmsley House." Her grandfather smiled as he answered that it was indeed so—the old house had grown strangely peaceful of late; he did not know, perhaps an old man's memory had colored a half-forgotten tradition too strongly.

SACRAMENTO ETCHINGS.

LET the reader spread out before him the map of California, and upon it trace the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, and he will discover the outline of a very elongated and very immense eye, of which the pines and the redwoods form the lashes. In May this eye is a green one, one of those *ojuelos verdes* so celebrated in Spanish poetry some generations ago; but all the weary summer it stares broadly up into the cloudless heavens, and never winks, nor do the heavens wink at it; but it fades from pitiless day to day, and droops, and withers, till it becomes one of those pale, mystic eyes of the Orient, admired by De Musset. But the pupil of this eye, the "City of the Plains," fades not nor blanches, but bears its brightness through the summer heats.

Journey in the middle of summer across the great plains, where the sun flames and shakes in a heaven of brass, and you behold about you nothing but a dreary contiguity of seared and crispy grass, or of stubble, with here and there, perhaps, a mighty column of dust ascending up from a thrasher. Absolutely nothing else; for even those stately parallel cordilleras, snow-silvered atop, roofing cool silver within, and refreshing as ice-cream merely to behold from the flickering floor of this oven, are now muffled from sight by the all-enveloping haze. It is the only period California has answering to Indian summer; for there is here, alas! no material for that delightful season — as Hawthorne describes it — with "its pensive glory in the far golden gleams among the long shadows of the trees." But this haze is its tropical equivalent, and breathes over the land an influence, not dreamy, tranquil, and pensive, like that beautiful summer of our East, but it has in it a suggestiveness of Grecian genius—as it were an exquisitely tender and subtile spirit of earth, which gave breath to the old autochthones. When her gorgeous season slowly fades into nothingness, and the beauty of California turns to the hideous pallor of death, there seems yet to linger over her face an aureola, like the soul of a dying saint, or some sweet breath of resignation, which makes those sunken features still dearer to the beholders. And in the years of her anguish and trembling, as in 1868, this presence is still more plainly felt, as if California piteously pleaded with her children for sympathy.

And now we behold, afar off, shadowy and flickering in the haze, the City of the Plains, whose few spires — for it has very few — seem to wimple like the blaze of a candle, as if they were tugging to loosen themselves, and shoot up from the cool, green masses of the foliage. Then we draw near and walk in its streets, and find them, although absurdly hacked and comminuted by the authorities, just on the edge of summer, ready for the manufacture of infinite floury dust, pretty well sprinkled and subdued, thanks to the private enterprise of the citizens. With the help of an occasional friendly breeze, the grand old cottonwoods shake themselves pretty clean, though the lower shrubbery, in some quarters, is almost suffocated. In looking over this minor shrubbery, one is moved to exclaim, How much of Australia, and how little of California! With the exception of the calycanthus, and the barberry, with its pretty, bluish, silver-sweating leaves, one recognizes little

that is distinctly Californian. Yet, in contrast with the odious, little, naked, redwood villages of the interior, I accept it all with gratitude; and, were not the houses quite so nearly unvarying in their brown sombreness or their pumpkin-and-milk sickliness, I should feel almost at home in the East again.

Such was the manner of my first visit to Sacramento, wherein I remained only a few hours.

The second time I came up the river. This time I arrived in one of those magnificent river steamers, "some wee short hour ayant the twal'," and fast asleep in a chair, until I was awakened by the surcease of the steamer's noise and trembling. Then I crawled out on the great wooden quay, and saw three-fourths of a jet of gas, and two men tearing up the street at such a rate one would have thought one of them was a thief and the other an honest man.

In a hotel not far from the quay there was a night-clerk, also fast asleep, and nodding over his chair as if he were engaged in a conversation with some one behind him, and were signifying his approval to a series of very frequent remarks. He roused up, closed his mouth, opened his eyes, looked on the right, then on the left side of him, then at me, sat up straight in his chair, then rose up and winked very hard with both eyes, and drawled out in a perfunctory tone:

"Well, yes."

It is exceedingly comfortable, in leaving San Francisco, not only to shake off the dust from your shoes, but also to take off your clothes and shake them, and after that, scratch no more forever. But they have mosquitoes in Sacramento. And has any of my readers ever made the discovery that the *tule* mosquitoes of California have cold feet? At least the *tule* mosquitoes about Sacramento have cold feet. *Jocis relictis*, it is a fact of natural history.

But then, as to the hotels of Sacramento. *Multum in parvo.* They are all very small, certainly, and sufficiently mean-looking outside; but I am far from certain that the above remark does not apply to them, in its best signification. At least it applies to the one where I lodged, and that was not the one where the Legislature stayed. If you want to eat an old-fashioned, honest supper of bread and milk and baked apples—which is the only rational supper in a climate like this—you can eat it there to perfection; especially the milk, which is not to be named in the same year with any thing I ever found in San Francisco. As to the size of the hotels, I have no observation to offer. I have almost unlimited confidence in the enterprise of Sacramento, and in the judgment of its citizens as to their own requirements and sources of profit; and if their quick business instinct has not discovered the necessity, either for their own gain or for the accommodation of travelers, to erect more commodious structures, I judge that pretty good evidence that they are not pressingly needed. Certain it is, that they need not concern themselves greatly to enlarge the accommodations for the Legislature, for a great number of these gentlemen displayed a conspicuous and very commendable humility in this regard, coming cheerfully out of their rooms while the servants cleaned them—an operation which seemed to occupy most of the forenoon—and ranging themselves, with an expression of tranquil contentment along the wall, with their hands insinuated into the pockets of their trowsers. And as for shaving, the tonsorial profits of Sacramento were most unjustly curtailed, since, as I heard an honorable member remark to a barber, he had "learned to make the sandy trip himself."

But I have a bone to pick with the proprietors, both of hotels and restaurants, in the matter of their management of waiters. There is an aggravatingly

large number of men in this city who, like Dismal Jemmy with the theatres, hang about the places where people publicly eat, with mouths ajar, waiting for an engagement as supernumeraries. Huge, blowsy-faced Philistines, who ought to be driving a plow, or breaking bullocks to the yoke, slip in and work two or three days, then are dismissed, and take out their wages in eating. You select the neatest-looking man among them, and quietly slip a piece of silver into his hand, and then, by the time you get him well instructed and "coached" up as to what you like, presto! he is gone. Next day you are disgusted to see him sitting at the next table, in better clothes than you have yourself, complacently munching a rump-steak which is at least a thought and a half better than yours. I do not say this is the rule in the Sacramento restaurants, but there is too much of it, even in the best of them. Many of them, too, are quite in the rear of the epoch, and continue to bring out their bills of fare and their prices very much as if they still wrote 1850.

Sacramento has no West End, unfortunately, except figuratively, and never can have, because of the river and the lumber-yards. On the north side is Chinatown, and on the south side are the sloughs, bogs, fens, bayous, estuaries, swamps, morasses, etc.; or rather, one continuous slough, with accidents of islands and lumps of earth flung down into it at uncertain intervals. They have digged many brick-yards here, which are full of water; and around these one has an excellent opportunity, every day, to study the fine, manly forms of the rising generation. The boys will swim, whether people are looking through the windows or not.

Among the buildings, one naturally goes first to visit the Capitol. In approaching it, one's eye, of course, falls first upon the little dome, which, with its flag-staff, looks like an aggravated case of a wart, or a sort of mole, with a hair growing out of the top of it. But it would be cruelly unjust to judge the Capitol in its unfinished condition. (Do I not rejoice in that reason for not being obliged to pass an opinion?)

That which most interested me in the Capitol was a little, old, neglected picture, which the authorities seem to desire to hide away entirely out of sight, as I saw a country cousin hustled away, the other day, into the kitchen, when "company" called. I like to look at this picture: it seems so cool and refreshing in these days, when a man wishes he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones. It is difficult to describe it accurately, but it seems intended to represent a kind of absurd clay-colored ocean, slightly tinged with gold, with sundry small objects sprinkled or salted over it, which appear to be meant for houses, and a few forlorn trees sticking up from the depths of the waters. There are numerous men and animals engaged in various interesting and active avocations. For instance, a pig is swimming among the houses, with a piece of dry-goods in its mouth; a man is wading neck-deep, with a basket of canned peaches and a greyhound pup on his head; others are dragging people out by the heads from upper windows into skiffs. I have not the slightest idea what it is all about, any more than poor Christopher Sly, the tinker, had about the play; and I shudderingly ask, with him—for my room is in the second story—"Comes there any more of it?"

Some slight reference to the scene of the picture seems to be had in the fact that two streets, running straight back from the river, have been, with incredible labor and expense, filled up to a higher grade. At the outer ends of these streets, many buildings, not yet raised, seem to be dropped down, as it were, into a cellar, so that their eyes are only on a level with the street. This

work has entailed an immense outlay on the city, of which some notion may be formed from the fact that it costs $16,900 merely to raise one building, the Courthouse, to say nothing of the grading.

But the descent from these high-grade streets to the common level of the city is not always elegantly and felicitously effected, especially in the night. Various isolated buildings near these streets have lifted themselves up, and have a piece of pavement several feet higher than other people's. Every body here in Sacramento builds his pavement on a different level from that of his neighbor, if possible, and does not always drive down the nails well. Consequently there are innumerable little shoulders or steps, which are so exquisitely unexpected that you drop off with one foot, and plump down with the prettiest possible little nod, and a "thank'ee." Add to this that there is no gas, except on the two favored streets, and there is a large aggregation of probabilities that you will get hopelessly wrong end up.

Sacramento is eminently realistic, hardheaded, and practical. Take its street nomenclature, for instance. It is all Arabic numerals one way, and Roman letters the other way—representing the two most severely practical and mathematical nations that ever existed. One begins soon to feel a pretty sanguinary wish that one could rip up this wearisome monotony, and insert somewhere a street with the scraggiest name any body can imagine. One prominent illustration of this practical tendency is furnished by the retention of frog-ponds and fish-ponds, "handy," as a Vermonter would say, on vacant lots and squares, which could not at present be otherwise profitably utilized. There is a church in the very heart of the city which stands up on stilts in the green water, like King Stork. On one side of it there is a good bit of a lot, which is divided diagonally into two parts—one of dry land, and one of water. On the dry land there is a melancholy and severely ascetic goat, which eats grass by day, and in the evening munches its cud as solemnly as if it were a wisp of church lint. In the water there is a colony of frogs, which, as soon as the sun sets, commence sending up their cheerful vespers right under the eaves of the church, reminding one of the damp singers of Aristophanes, with their "brekekex, koax-koax!" The other evening, when I was attending a singing-school, or a Dorcas Society here—for amid the screeching I was not able to ascertain accurately the nature of the proceedings—I was greatly moved to thrust my head from the window, and cry out, in the words of the pagan Horace, "Hence! ye profane, hence!"

As an instance of perseverance, which is eminently characteristic and worthy of Sacramento, let me give the history of my swallows. At the proper season a pair of them took possession of a rain-spout across the street from my window, and after an infinite amount of cheeping, and twittering, and fluttering, and jumping up and down, and all over and around it, by way of dedication, they commenced carrying straws and feathers. But they were subject, like the city itself, to inundations, which would boom down the spout, and carry out the whole structure pell-mell. But they persevered, evidently thinking that, with a surcease of rains, they would succeed. But it seemed the spout was so slippery the straws would not stick, wet or dry. The proprietor of the undertaking would carry one in, peck, and peck, and arrange it, then come out, and out the straw would slip along with him. He got in a towering passion one day, popped into the spout, and scratched out every straw. For three whole months now they have been laboring thus in vain. Once in a while, after a dozen straws have been induced to stick, and then slip out all together, you may see Mr. Hirundo stand and squint into

the spout with one eye, then turn round and squint in with the other. Then he will try again, and fail, and then he will stick his head clear into the spout, and look up and down and all around, as if to say, "What on airth is the reason the straws won't stick?" Their neighbors' chicks have hatched, feathered, grown up, and tumbled out of the nests; but these have not deposited an egg. And now, as I write, this unfortunate pair, childless and hopeless, are sitting together on the spout, in silent and unspeakable despair.

Sacramento is, and promises to remain, not only the political, but also the strong-minded centre of the State. The great number of girls who excelled in the recent annual school examinations, and the multitude of blooming maidens you see in the streets, are among the most notable and hopeful phenomena of the city. I have never seen them so numerous in any other California city. A very observing lady to whom I mentioned this matter the other day, and who has lived in some of the larger cities of the East, confirmed my opinion, having arrived independently at the same conclusion. "Slips of girls," she called them, and I like the phrase: it is so neat and expressive. One reason why you see comparatively so few boys in Sacramento is, that so many of them are truants, and run away on larks, shooting, swimming, fighting, and the like.

The children of California, as a general thing, are almost as insufferable in their tempers as those of great Southern planters. This is a result for which there is cause enough, aside from other things, in the meekness and the infantile innocency of those Chinese servants. No words can utter the added bitterness of the pangs which grew up to the Southerners in the war's disasters out of that pride and stiffness of soul begotten in them by their youthful domineering over the Negroes. Neither can any language express the deplorable influence which this same training has had in making them intractable and fierce among themselves.

Above all others in the Republic, it is most unfortunate for these precious little John Bullions, in whose veins flows such lordly blood, to be brought in contact with these pitiful and craven shrimps of souls. The Chinese are too willing. They do too much: they are pampering up a generation in indolence. They bear too much. I confess, when I see them set upon and pelted by these little, impudent monkeys, I revolt against the Sermon on the Mount, and wish in my soul they would fall to and cuff them well. They need it, if ever children did. The most unmitigated tyranny for fifty years of the most cantankerous Bridgets any body ever saw would have been a blessing in disguise to California. Yet it is pleasant to know that practical Sacramento is not wholly given up to the rule of this China-pampered sloth. In the elegant mansion of one of the first citizens there is heard nearly every evening fine singing and piano-playing by his daughters, who are yet not afraid to wipe the dishes: of which thing I have had ocular testimony.

My experiences of the fountain-heads of knowledge in Sacramento have not been of the most edifying. There are exceptions to all rules, which are proved thereby—will some kind soul explain to me how an exception proves a rule?—even as Callimachus was a librarian, and yet a genius. There may be exceptions to that rule here: I am looking sharply for them. The State Library, whatever political party has it in control, appears to be principally given up to button-holing uses, to political love-making, and erratic gerrymandering. The ladies who visit it use distressingly loud voices; also, their escorts.

"Well, the la me! now if that book isn't bigger'n my cheese-board!"

Such was the observation that came down to us, in a sharp treble, from the gallery. Presently the old lady took out a handkerchief, with large blue-and-white checkers, and began to wipe her spectacles. Holding them out over the balustrade, she let the handkerchief fall, and it descended, with many a graceful whirl and flutter, like Corporal Tim's hat, gently down to the floor. Then there came along another family, with a ruddy-cheeked, marriageable maiden, and three boys in roundabouts, all talking at the top of their bent.

"O pa! wouldn't any body know lots, if he knowed all there was in them books!" cried the maiden.

"Sho! he'd be crazy," answered pa.

In the few visits I have made to the Sacramento Library, it has seemed to be a well-conducted and entirely creditable institution, except for the talking.

The books of the Young Men's Christian Association are in a small and rather dingy room. There is a pitcher of water thoughtfully set on the shoulder of the book-case; but if you drink from the tumbler, you will have to turn it bottom end up again. The standard is broken off, and you can no more persuade it to stand erect than the courtiers could induce Columbus' egg to abide on the little end. Far be it from me, however, to seek to bring ridicule on the Association itself; for all the members whom I have met are eminently worthy of respect, and seem to be earnest in doing good.

They had here, for some weeks, an exhibition of pictures, which unveiled their beauties to you for twenty-five cents. Somewhat in the manner of circus-men, they smeared the glass white all around as high as your head, so that you couldn't possibly get a surreptitious glimpse from the outside. But they were shown for the benefit of a very deserving benevolent institution; and you entered with charitable motives, and were bound, therefore, to retain these feelings while surveying the pictures.

State capitals are, as a general rule, notorious for their dullness, their legal formality, and are in every respect as dry as dust. I have read *in loco* the papers of nearly all the State capitals of the South and West, and found in them all the same working up and working over of scraps pitched out of the back-doors of auditors' and secretaries' offices, the same feeding upon precedents, the same *crambe recocta*, or warmed-up cabbage of debates. The newspapers of Sacramento are the most energetic and sprightly, and have the widest range of regular correspondence, of all the State journals with which I am acquainted, with perhaps a single exception. They threw off pretty much all the after-claps of the Legislature in a week. They had too much good and true news from other quarters. Being issued in the centre of politics, their editorials sometimes look so much like a pistol or a fist shaken in your face, that you almost duck your head; and they have that horrible personality, against which Dickens declaims so vehemently in his "American Notes," and which sometimes brought members of the Legislature wrathfully into the sanctum. But I am bound to say that journalism in California, compared with that of the West, is the more dignified, conservative, and self-contained. Let any one compare the flaming headings and the garish type of the Chicago or St. Louis papers, for instance, with the quiet prints of San Francisco, and then note the general tone of their leaders, and he will be impressed with the difference. It is not necessary to magnify the enterprise of *any* journal in California, but there is a conservatism in them all which is remarkable in so new a country, and which is almost more English than American. There seems to be a kind of ballasting power in this gold.

Of Sacramento society in general, I

have simply this to remark: It is a small city, where every body knows nearly every body else, who could be considered a permanent citizen; and pretenders can therefore be rooted out more ruthlessly than in San Francisco—and they *are* rooted out more ruthlessly. I have been not a little surprised at the quiet conservatism and strength of the older California societies, where one would naturally expect to find, in a country so new, a perpetual groping about for bases, and eager solicitations of assurance from outsiders. California towns have been swept, as perhaps none other ever were, with floods of blacklegs, gamblers, and all manner of persons of evil repute; and the landmarks which have stood have come out all the stronger for the deluge. The plain coat has a better *entrée* to society here than the gaudy coat, other things being equal. Sacramento is shy of gaudy coats, which are always in the streets. Gamblers are admitted into society here no more. Politicians find their rooms in the hotels. I have alluded elsewhere to strong-mindedness. It is not at all in favor in this city. It too often has communication with things in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.

But this conservatism is fatal to business. Probably there never was in history another city of 170,000 inhabitants, of whom so great a proportion had traveled so widely, and seen so much, as had those of San Francisco. Does intellectual expansion then give financial narrowness? Or is it that sea-ports are more cautious than inland cities?

When I behold the magnificent train of coaches from the East come out of those snow-capped mountains yonder, and thunder lordly down across these plains, then I lift my mental hat to Sacramento. Stout-hearted little Sacramento!—that was not dismayed by the wasting fire and the flood; that was not dismayed or turned back from her large enterprise by the hootings and the jeers of small souls. Well might her citizens, when they had scaled, single-handed, the summit of the Sierra, look down with a little triumph upon a dim and dismal spot by the sea, where these owls hopped up and down and croaked on their sand-spits around the Bay, until they got their eyes yellow in the fog, and couldn't see out even as far as the Farallones. One thinks of Emerson's lordly doggerel: "Gods! I will not be an owl, but sun me in the Capitol." I like the people of Sacramento, if for no other reason, because they are not always boasting of their weather, as the people of San Francisco do—even when they are stuffed so full of fog and sand that their voices seem to issue from under a bed-tick.

YOSEMITE ON FOOT.

IN BY OAK FLAT, AND OUT BY MARIPOSA.

WE were a quadruped — Leukos and I. A brace of pedestrian pedagogues, from San Francisco, who walked to Yosemite and back in less than two weeks of last year. And this is an off-hand story of our on-foot tramp.

Our outfit was this:

1st. A loose-fitting, strong, woolen suit, from cuticle out; short sack-coat, with plenty of pockets — large pockets and small, both inside and out — in fact, in case of emergency we could have stuffed the whole coat into its own pockets. A common linen-duck, or cotton-duck shooting-coat would do very well.

2d. Easy old boots, having low and square heels, with broad, thick, elastic, sewed soles; heels and soles well studded with short, stout, soft-iron nails; the brown linen-duck, or cotton-duck upper, with russet leather at the heel and toe; the laced ankle-boot, worn by base-ball players, or the stouter one made for the feet of the boxer, would serve very well in the open, but for thickets, and swamps, and deep dust the leg-boot is better. Cut the trowsers-legs off three inches above the ankles, fold them smoothly over the stockings, secure by a light elastic, and draw the boots over all.

3d. Medium-thick, seamless stockings or socks, of the finest and softest of wool, well "run" at the heel — one pair on the feet, and two extra pairs snugly stowed in side-pockets.

4th. An India pith-hat, of the double-dome shape, having an inch of clear space all round the head, and a regular parasol-brim. Awkward for looks is that hat, but vital for health, when the sun beats straight down on a broad, sandy plain, or scorches a breezeless mountain-side trail at midday.

5th. A thick, coarse crash-towel, about two feet by one and a half, with a piece of hard, old, castile soap, suited in size to the probable length of the tramp, and the actual size of one's feet.

6th. Two ounces of arnica, in a thin, flat vial, easily stowed in the pocket. If the vial is tin, all the better.

7th. A shallow tin box of pure mutton tallow, as large over as a double-eagle, as thick as four of them laid in a pile, and worth as much as the pile, with a fifth laid atop. If you doubt this at all, just trust one who has tried, and read on.

8th. A strip of Robbin's Isinglass Adhesive Plaster, twice as large as a green-back. The need of this will appear farther on.

9th. A medley: made up of two or three needles, in a small reel of strong linen thread; two or three spare buttons, of each kind on your suit; pins, matches, and knife, besides your indispensable comb, tooth-brush and pick— which you can't leave behind without most abject self-contempt.

"Too much plunder," you say? Well, leave out any thing that you like, try one tramp without it, then omit it, next time, if you can. Aside from the suit, the knickknacks weigh, may be, two pounds, and they'll pay you ten pounds of solid comfort a day. Then, too, the farther you go the lighter they grow, both by actually using them up, as well as by getting so used to the trifling burden that you seldom notice it at all. Thus,

the longer *your* way, the lighter *they* weigh.

The towel and soap, for the un-get-along-withoutable foot-baths, which the would-be comfortable trampist must have at least three times a day—at morning, at noon, and at night—else he will find it quite impossible to preserve a good understanding through such trials of sole as he must unavoidably meet. One must carry his attention even to extremes, and learn, with the soldier, that on very long marches his feet are fully as important as his arms.

The tallow prevents chafing, and softens any callus which may threaten discomfort. The plaster protects any spot which may chance to get chafed in spite of preventive precaution. The arnica is a sovereign specific to take away soreness before it increases to actual discomfort. The needles, thread, and buttons, for rents and jerks untimely, when far from helpful, female fingers.

Three things more one will find very convenient and helpful, so much so that we should not think of repeating the walk without them: a handy pocket-revolver; a blank-book and pencils, for journal and sketches; and Hittell's "Yosemite: its Wonders and its Beauties," containing an excellent two-page lithographic map of the valley. If you have room for it, the "Yosemite Guide-Book," edited by gentlemen of the State Geological Survey, and published by authority of the State Legislature, is late, official, and accurate, but it is four times as large and heavy as the other.

Thus equipped, we set forth, on the afternoon of Monday, June 28th, 1869. We rode to Stockton, chiefly for lack of time. The Yosemite runners forthwith besieged us, but speedily gave over on learning our intentions. Thus, at the very outset, the walkers beat the runners.

Woke at Stockton pier at 3:50 next morning; had a good, comfortable, hot-coffee breakfast at 4:30, and five o'clock found us fairly out of the city on the straight road to Knight's Ferry, thirty-six miles away. Seven miles stretched behind before the *early* morning stage overtook us, laden with San Francisco friends bound for our own destination. Commerce and Law taking comfort inside, Medicine perched up behind, while Theology sat close at the driver's rein-hand. It won't be a bad thing for the world, by the way, when Theology has the ear of those who drive. All looked pleasantly, though somewhat patronizingly and pityingly down upon us, wished us good speed, and dashed dustily on. We walked slowly, carefully, and easily after. Wherever an inviting way-side bank lay in an agreeable shade, we lay lazily with it, while appreciative birds caroled their cheering lays above. Thus plodding patiently on, with frequent short rests, we made the seventeen-mile house at an hour after noon. Dined well, but not heavily, gave an hour to digestion and rest, then to the highway again. Dust, heat, and stillness were the main things against us, but through them all we made slow and steady gains. As our track lay due east, the sun, setting clear behind, threw sharply drawn shadows at least a hundred yards along the level plain far in front. They stretched weirdly beyond into the deepening twilight, like ghostly figures pointing our way.

That night we slept four miles this side of Knight's Ferry; and slumbered as soundly as if Morpheus sat on one lid, and Somnus lay on the other. Next morning up before the sun, and off as soon as up. Into Knight's Ferry, wrote and mailed letters home, crossed the dustiest bridge in the State, climbed the opposite hill, and fortunately breakfasted at Dingley's Hotel, a mile beyond the ferry. Dingley's is snug, neat, clean, and home-like, where a tasteful lady presides over a bountiful table. At least it was so that morning. Thence on, and

presently into the midst of a rocky tract, looking like one of Creation's workshops, wherein gigantic hands had left loosely lying titanic chips and mammoth blocks not needed for terrestrial underpinning. Still on, along a monotonous way, relieved by nothing unusual save a solitary, shallow pond. The middle of the afternoon brought us to Stevens' Hotel, wherein four feet and two stomachs found cause of rejoicing. Night-fall arrested us in Chinese Camp. We lay at the Granite House all night, rose at 3:30, and got fairly on the trail again at 4:07. Walked four miles to the Tuolumne House, where we breakfasted, and after the usual sanitary siesta, a romantic stretch of two or three miles brought us to Stevens' Bar Ferry. A bit of a dory and two stalwart arms soon placed the deep and rapid Tuolumne behind. Our next objective point was Munn's store, six miles farther on. Here we found a lady having quite a geological curiosity in the shape of a porphyry pebble, water-worn to a thin oval, and showing a well-defined cross of white quartz on both sides. Just beyond Munn's store rises the hill "Difficulty," four miles steadily up, scorched with a vertical sun, dry, dusty, breezeless, and shadeless—by far the hardest bit of the whole way. If you're walking that way, plan it to climb that hill early or late in the day—as we did not, much to our sorrow. Never attempt it between ten and two of such a day. At the top of the hill, Kirkwood's. The card says this is two miles from Munn's store. It may be two miles in an air-line, but when one's walking up-hill, and can get no air at all, it's all of four miles, and is longer and harder than any eight miles on a level. Had a good dinner and an hour's nap, then forward one mile to Oak Flat, so named from a mammoth oak, once the pride of the town, now killed by undermining. The town is one of the many "has beens" which dot the mining districts of California. It still affords diggings, but not a tithe of the former ones. The big tree is a fit symbol of the place which it names. The Big Oak will soon be flat, and the town with it.

Thence two miles over an easy road, and through pleasant scenery, to the First Garrote, where there are two good hotels. We again took to the road, winding through fine forests, over hills not too high nor steep, to another pleasant valley opening around the Second Garrote, two miles from the First. Most readers will remember that this word, *garrote*, is Spanish, and means strangling by an iron-collar tightened around the neck. It is pronounced in three syllables, with the accent on the second—*gar-ró-tay*. These two places received their name in commemoration of the garroting of two or three thieves, robbers, and murderers, done at these two places by self-appointed judges, juries, and executioners of righteously indignant citizens, in the early days of natural justice and spontaneous retribution, before "regular" organization, "settled" government, and artificial justice had made it easy for desperadoes to kill and go free.

Beyond the Second Garrote the road winds up mountains, and through forests, five miles, to Sprague's Ranch. We walked till we knew more than five miles had passed under our feet, but saw and heard no signs of human nearness. Night fell upon our forest road, and all its stillness brought no cheering sound of neighboring habitation. Passed a gate on the left, wound on through trees so tall and thick that the way hardly revealed itself; and still no ranch. Presently the lowing of kine, and the barking of dogs, away to the left and behind. Fearing we might have missed the way, we turned back, found the gate, climbed it, and trudged toward the lowing and barking, along a winding cart-path, hardly visible through the gathering darkness. Soon the heavy baying of hounds sound-

ed nearer, and suddenly a huge, black dog burst through the brush on our right, sprang to the middle of the track, planted himself squarely in front, and demanded our passports. We produced them at once, pointed them straight at his head, and let our feet press close after, still proffering friendship with the disengaged hand, and giving tongue to all the canine compliments and conciliatory blarney we could see to use in the dark, in a somewhat churlish and rather cursory manner. Our muzzles soon overpowered his. Before such a combination, his doggedness speedily yielded: he wheeled himself into advance-guard, and pioneered us to his master's clearing and house, but a few rods away. A pleasant little woman promptly appeared, and her equally obliging husband soon set us in a trail running snug along a fence, so plain that even night and the woods could not keep us from following, till it led us safely out to Sprague's Ranch at last, at nearly nine of the clock and the night. Fortunately, the man of the house was still up. The good woman had very sensibly gone to bed. With wholly undeserved courtesy she promptly appeared, armed with such vigor and skill that thirty minutes thereafter we sat down to a smoking-hot dinner of eggs, omelettes, cakes, and coffee, with strawberry preserves of the freshest, cleanest, and sweetest. After a wide-awake hour of nocturnal nonsense, we camped upon a hard, but most welcome bed, and soon slept with all our might. My first nap suddenly terminated in the sharp consciousness of some imminent peril, which thrilled to my very finger-tips. And there, indeed, I found it; for, rapidly coming out from sleep through an indistinct border-land peopled with dim ideas of mysterious snuffings, growlings, and tumblings into broad wide-awakeness, I found a shaggy, chunky Newfoundland pup affectionately sucking away at my hand, hanging down the front of the bed, and varying his senseless slobbering with semi-occasional canine cavortings over the loose-boarded, rattling floor, with the grace of a rheumatic cow afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. Whereupon, incontinently chucking him through the door, to the rhythmic accompaniment of Leukos' sonorous nasal trombone, I again stretched myself at his side, where he lay supine, with his nobly vocal nose serenely turned up at all things earthly, making darkness audible. The sun rose early, but found us up before him.

A pleasant country lay before us, woody, with occasional "flats," or openings, grass-grown and brook-watered. This morning, we first saw the fresh tracks of "grizzlies," plainly printed in the dust along the trail, and looking quite like the track of a fat human foot. They considerately preceded us so far that we never caught sight of them, and kindly left us the undisputed right of way. As their tracks bore no resemblance to those of any animals we had lost, we never went out of our way to hunt them. Four miles on, passed a big wooden flume, a hundred and thirty feet in the air. Portions had fallen away, and workmen in sheds were building iron ones to replace them. We continued leisurely on, through a more and more beautiful country, enlivened with occasional peeps of distant, snow-capped mountains, or racing with the mail-stage, and three times beating it by short cuts; crossing a brawling, dashing, foaming mountain stream; until, at ten o'clock, we made Hardin's Mills, twelve miles from Sprague's Ranch. We took a longer nooning than usual, because the day was uncommonly hot, and one gains little, on mountain roads, by trying to walk through the hottest midday hours. An hour after noon found us threading the first rods of the real mountain-trail, where no wheels had ever rolled. The trail was very plain, so much so that the wayfaring man need not err in it, unless,

indeed, a fool, and drunk, too, at that. About six o'clock, it led us by the Tuolumne, or Crane Flat Big Trees. Tramping on, along mountain-sides, and growing painfully thirsty, we began to strike little streams of the coldest, clearest, and most delicious of water. About eight o'clock, Crane Flat opened before us, and Gobin's Ranch received us. Here two or three shepherds kept bachelor's hall, and received us kindly.

The next morning we found grizzly tracks plentiful again, but no trackers visible. Five miles on, Tamarack Flat, with camp-fires yet smoldering, but no campers in sight. Two mules and the welcome boundary-stake terminated the long way, and brought us to the very verge of fruition—the first dawn of Yosemite itself. Through thirty speechless minutes we stood still, then plunged down the steep and dangerous trail, where one would rather walk than ride, and in many spots would rather creep than walk. But the sight was grand—too grand for speech. Such magnificence of rocks, such stupendousness of cliffs, far outstripped conception, and staggered even perception itself. You disbelieve your own eyes. Judgment fails you. You have to reconstruct it. Comparison serves you little, for you have no adequate standard with which to compare, or by which to estimate the rock-mountains before you. They are like nothing else but themselves. Look at that tree. Elsewhere you would call it lofty. It must be a hundred and fifty feet high, and yet that wall of rock behind rises straight up to twenty times its height above it. Look again, now turn away; shut eyes and think. Slowly you begin to "even yourself" to the stupendous scale of the gigantic shapes around, though yet trembling and staggering under the overwhelming immensity pouring in upon you from around and above. A score of cataracts in solid rock, Niagaras in stone, pile upon each other and pour over each other in absolutely painful tremendousness. Solidified vastness; infinity petrified; the very buttresses of eternity, overpower the sight and benumb the brain. The works of God crush out the words of man. We can only silently uncover and stand speechless, with abated breath.

Presently the reaction: Nature rallies, and in sheer self-preservation projects herself and her familiar standards upon the surrounding marvels, and denies their grandeur. "I don't believe that Pohono Fall is three hundred feet high," I exclaimed, as the Bridal Veil gracefully waves its fleecy films athwart the tawny gray of the mammoth cliff beneath. "Poh! oh no!" instantly responded Leukos, presumptuously discharging his vile pun point-blank into the face of the confronting grandeur; and contemptuously adding, "What could a bride be made of, anyway, to want such a veil as that?" "Why, Maid of the Mist, to be sure," I answered, suddenly betrayed to a like degradation, and thus actually goaded to the very verge of atrocity by the utter torpidity of his unappreciative soul. By sudden, mutual impulse, and in speechless desperation, we silently clasped each other's icy palm, unblenchingly gazed into each other's calm and steadfast eye, to reassure our anxious souls that reason had not wholly fled from our distracted globes, heaved huge sighs of deep relief that seemed to rend our very being, slowly recovered our customary speech, and sadly resumed our walk. It was a narrow escape. Even now, we shudder as we recall it.

We do not propose to describe the valley. He who has seen it, listens quietly to the most enthusiastic accounts of the most widely traveled tourists, simply answering, with a calm, superior smile, "Ah! but you should see Yosemite."

The valley hotels were both good. Both charge the same rate: from $3 to $3.50 a day, according to rooms. When

guests stay a week or longer, the charges are less. A third hotel, Black's, probably as good as the others, has been opened since our visit.

Five o'clock on Tuesday morning, July 6th, set us fairly forth upon the homeward stretch. Eight miles from Liedig's brought us to Inspiration Point, whence, looking back with one inclusive sweep, we photographed forever upon our longing memories the multitudinous grandeurs and the unspeakable beauties of that incomparable valley. Then, quickly closing our eyes, that the spiritual operator within might the more surely fix the marvelous psychograph, we slowly betook ourselves to the forest trail toward Clarke's and Mariposa. The trail is plain and easy, and, after a leisurely day's walk of about thirty miles, brought us safely out to Clarke's about sundown. Fortunately Mr. Clarke himself, for whom the ranch is named—one of the State Commissioners in charge of the Mariposa Big Trees and the Yosemite Valley—was at home, and, the next day, kindly accompanied us to and through the famous Big Tree Grove.

The Big Trees of California are a kind of redwood. Nine groves have been found. The most noted are the Calaveras Grove, and this, the Mariposa Grove, in the county of the same name, near the South Fork of the Merced River. The most direct way, and the best way for ordinary travelers, lies through Mariposa, whence a good carriage-road runs by the way of White & Hatch's to the house or hotel of Galen Clarke, situated at the head of carriage navigation and at the foot of the mountain-trail, thence direct to Yosemite itself. It is common for parties, going into or coming out from the valley, to lie over one day at Clarke's, and visit the Big Trees, only five miles away, and readily reached in a single hour's ride over an easy trail. Mr. Clarke has surveyed, and now nearly completed, a good

carriage-road to the cabin, in the very midst of the trees; so that ladies unable to walk, or to keep a horse between themselves and the ground, can ride to the heart of the grove.

On Wednesday, July 7th, 1869, we walked through this grove, and carefully measured its largest trees, under the guidance and with the assistance of Mr. Clarke himself—the State Commissioner for the care of these groves and of the Yosemite Valley.

On the same day, and with the same unapproachable guide, we climbed to the summit of Mount Raymond, where we quenched our thirst from deep snow-banks, nine thousand feet above the sea, and whence we looked forth upon the very "treasures of the snow," where a thousand square leagues of it lay glistening unmelted beneath the noonday rays of the midsummer sun.

Next day we walked twenty-four miles to Mariposa, dining at White & Hatch's, half-way between. Waking early Friday morning, we betook ourselves to thinking on three simple propositions: 1st. That ninety-two miles yet lay between our beds and Stockton. 2d. That the last boat of the week left Stockton the next day at noon. 3d. That our three thousand pupils began their schools again on Monday, and would hardly excuse their Principals for tardiness on the very first morning of the new school-year. Which considerations compelled us, for simple lack of time, to end our walk at Mariposa, and hasten thence, by stage, through Hornitos to Stockton. After a wearisome ride of twenty-one consecutive hours, we reached that city in good time for the noon boat, which duly landed us in San Francisco a few minutes before midnight. Thus, twelve and one-third days of time, and less than $30 each of coin, completed the summer-vacation walk of the most thoroughly satisfied brace of pedestrians who ever attempted Yosemite on foot.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
    The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
    Their minarets of snow:

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
    The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
    In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
    A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
    To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
    And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
    Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
    Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
    A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
    Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
    Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
    As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
    From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
    And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
    Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
    Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
    That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
    And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
    This spray of Western pine!

MR. THOMPSON'S PRODIGAL.

WE all knew that Mr. Thompson was looking for his son, and a pretty bad one at that. That he was coming to California for this sole object was no secret to his fellow-passengers; and the physical peculiarities, as well as the moral weaknesses, of the missing prodigal were made equally plain to us through the frank volubility of the parent. "You was speaking of a young man which was hung at Red Dog for sluice-robbing," said Mr. Thompson to a steerage-passenger, one day; "be you aware of the color of his eyes?" "Black," responded the passenger. "Ah," said Mr. Thompson, referring to some mental memoranda, "Char-les' eyes was blue." He then walked away. Perhaps it was from this unsympathetic mode of inquiry; perhaps it was from that Western predilection to take a humorous view of any principle or sentiment persistently brought before them, that Mr. Thompson's quest was the subject of some satire among the passengers. A gratuitous advertisement of the missing Charles, addressed to "Jailers and Guardians," circulated privately among them; every body remembered to have met Charles under distressing circumstances. Yet it is but due to my countrymen to state that when it was known that Thompson had embarked some wealth in this visionary project, but little of this satire found its way to his ears, and nothing was uttered in his hearing that might bring a pang to a father's heart, or imperil a possible pecuniary advantage of the satirist. Indeed, Mr. Bracy Tibbets' jocular proposition to form a joint-stock company to "prospect" for the missing youth received at one time quite serious entertainment.

Perhaps to superficial criticism Mr. Thompson's nature was not picturesque nor lovable. His history, as imparted at dinner, one day, by himself, was practical even in its singularity. After a hard and willful youth and maturity—in which he had buried a broken-spirited wife, and driven his son to sea—he suddenly experienced religion. "I got it in New Orleans in '59," said Mr. Thompson, with the general suggestion of referring to an epidemic. "Enter ye the narrer gate. Parse me the beans." Perhaps this practical quality upheld him in his apparently hopeless search. He had no clew to the whereabouts of his runaway son—indeed, scarcely a proof of his present existence. From his indifferent recollection of the boy of twelve, he now expected to identify the man of twenty-five.

It would seem that he was successful. How he succeeded was one of the few things he did not tell. There are, I believe, two versions of the story. One, that Mr. Thompson, visiting a hospital, discovered his son by reason of a peculiar hymn, chanted by the sufferer, in a delirious dream of his boyhood. This version, giving as it did wide range to the finer feelings of the heart, was quite popular; and as told by the Rev. Mr. Gushington, on his return from his California tour, never failed to satisfy an audience. The other was less simple, and, as I shall adopt it here, deserves more elaboration.

It was after Mr. Thompson had given up searching for his son among the living, and had taken to the examination of cemeteries, and a careful inspection of the "cold *hic jacets* of the dead." At this time he was a frequent visitor of

"Lone Mountain"—a dreary hill-top, bleak enough in its original isolation, and bleaker for the white-faced marbles by which San Francisco anchored her departed citizens, and kept them down in a shifting sand that refused to cover them, and against a fierce and persistent wind that strove to blow them utterly away. Against this wind the old man opposed a will quite as persistent—a grizzled, hard face, and a tall, crape-bound hat drawn tightly over his eyes—and so spent days in reading the mortuary inscriptions audibly to himself. The frequency of scriptural quotation pleased him, and he was fond of corroborating them by a pocket Bible. "That's from Psalms," he said, one day, to an adjacent grave-digger. The man made no reply. Not at all rebuffed, Mr. Thompson at once slid down into the open grave, with a more practical inquiry, "Did you ever, in your profession, come across Char-les Thompson?" "Thompson be d—d," said the grave-digger, with great directness. "Which, if he hadn't religion, I think he is," responded the old man, as he clambered out of the grave.

It was, perhaps, on this occasion that Mr. Thompson stayed later than usual. As he turned his face toward the city, lights were beginning to twinkle ahead, and a fierce wind, made visible by fog, drove him forward, or, lying in wait, charged him angrily from the corners of deserted suburban streets. It was on one of these corners that something else, quite as indistinct and malevolent, leaped upon him with an oath, a presented pistol, and a demand for money. But it was met by a will of iron and a grip of steel. The assailant and assailed rolled together on the ground. But the next moment the old man was erect; one hand grasping the captured pistol, the other clutching at arm's length the throat of a figure surly, youthful, and savage.

"Young man," said Mr. Thompson, setting his thin lips together, "what might be your name?"

"Thompson!"

The old man's hand slid from the throat to the arm of his prisoner, without relaxing its firmness.

"Char-les Thompson, come with me," he said, presently, and marched his captive to the hotel. What took place there has not transpired, but it was known the next morning that Mr. Thompson had found his son.

It is proper to add to the above improbable story, that there was nothing in the young man's appearance or manners to justify it. Grave, reticent, and handsome, devoted to his newly found parent, he assumed the emoluments and responsibilities of his new condition with a certain serious ease that more nearly approached that which San Francisco society lacked, and—rejected. Some chose to despise this quality as a tendency to "psalm-singing;" others saw in it the inherited qualities of the parent, and were ready to prophesy for the son the same hard old age. But all agreed that it was not inconsistent with the habits of money-getting, for which father and son were respected.

And yet, the old man did not seem to be happy. Perhaps it was that the consummation of his wishes left him without a practical mission; perhaps—and it is the more probable—he had little love for the son he had regained. The obedience he exacted was freely given, the reform he had set his heart upon was complete; and yet, somehow, it did not seem to please him. In reclaiming his son, he had fulfilled all the requirements that his religious duty required of him, and yet the act seemed to lack sanctification. In this perplexity, he read again the parable of the Prodigal Son—which he had long ago adopted for his guidance—and found that he had omitted the final feast of reconciliation. This

seemed to offer the proper quality of ceremoniousness in the sacrament between himself and his son; and so, a year after the appearance of Charles, he set about giving him a party. "Invite every body, Char-les," he said, dryly; "every body who knows that I brought you out of the wine-husks of iniquity, and the company of harlots; and bid them eat, drink, and be merry."

Perhaps the old man had another reason, not yet clearly analyzed. The fine house he had built on the sand-hills sometimes seemed lonely and bare. He often found himself trying to reconstruct, from the grave features of Charles, the little boy which he but dimly remembered in the past, and of which lately he had been thinking a great deal. He believed this to be a sign of impending old age and childishness; but coming, one day, in his formal drawing-room, upon a child of one of the servants, who had strayed therein, he would have taken him in his arms, but the child fled from before his grizzled face. So that it seemed eminently proper to invite a number of people to his house, and, from the array of San Francisco maidenhood, to select a daughter-in-law. And then there would be a child—a boy, whom he could "rare up" from the beginning, and—love—as he did not love Charles.

We were all at the party. The Smiths, Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons also came, in that fine flow of animal spirits, unchecked by any respect for the entertainer, which most of us are apt to find so fascinating. The proceedings would have been somewhat riotous, but for the social position of the actors. In fact, Mr. Bracy Tibbets, having naturally a fine appreciation of a humorous situation, but further impelled by the bright eyes of the Jones girls, conducted himself so remarkably as to attract the serious regard of Mr. Charles Thompson, who approached him, saying quietly: "You look ill, Mr. Tibbets; let me conduct you to your carriage. Resist, you hound, and I'll throw you through that window. This way, please; the room is close and distressing." It is hardly necessary to say that but a part of this speech was audible to the company, and that the rest was not divulged by Mr. Tibbets, who afterward regretted the sudden illness which kept him from witnessing a certain amusing incident, which the fastest Miss Jones characterized as the "richest part of the blow-out," and which I hasten to record:

It was at supper. It was evident that Mr. Thompson had overlooked much lawlessness in the conduct of the younger people, in his abstract contemplation of some impending event. When the cloth was removed, he rose to his feet, and grimly tapped upon the table. A titter, that broke out among the Jones girls, became epidemic on one side of the board. Charles Thompson, from the foot of the table, looked up in tender perplexity. "He's going to sing a Doxology"—"He's going to pray"—"Silence for a speech," ran round the room.

"It's one year to-day, Christian brothers and sisters," said Mr. Thompson, with grim deliberation, "one year to-day since my son came home from eating of wine-husks and spending of his substance on harlots." (The tittering suddenly ceased.) "Look at him now. Char-les Thompson, stand up." (Charles Thompson stood up.) "One year ago to-day—and look at him now."

He was certainly a handsome prodigal, standing there in his cheerful evening-dress—a repentant prodigal, with sad, obedient eyes turned upon the harsh and unsympathetic glance of his father. The youngest Miss Smith, from the pure depths of her foolish little heart, moved unconsciously toward him.

"It's fifteen years ago since he left my house," said Mr. Thompson, "a rovier and a prodigal. I was myself a

man of sin, O Christian friends—a man of wrath and bitterness"—("Amen," from the eldest Miss Smith)—"but, praise be God, I've fled the wrath to come. It's five years ago since I got the peace that passeth understanding. Have you got it, friends?" (A general sub-chorus of "No, no," from the girls, and "Pass the word for it," from Midshipman Coxe, of the U. S. sloop *Wethersfield*.) "Knock, and it shall be opened to you."

"And when I found the error of my ways, and the preciousness of grace," continued Mr. Thompson, "I came to give it to my son. By sea and land I sought him far, and fainted not. I did not wait for him to come to me—which the same I might have done, and justified myself by the Book of books, but I sought him out among his husks, and—" (the rest of the sentence was lost in the rustling withdrawal of the ladies). "Works, Christian friends, is my motto. By their works shall ye know them, and there is mine."

The particular and accepted work to which Mr. Thompson was alluding had turned quite pale, and was looking fixedly toward an open door leading to the veranda, lately filled by gaping servants, and now the scene of some vague tumult. As the noise continued, a man, shabbily dressed, and evidently in liquor, broke through the opposing guardians, and staggered into the room. The transition from the fog and darkness without to the glare and heat within, evidently dazzled and stupefied him. He removed his battered hat, and passed it once or twice before his eyes, as he steadied himself, but unsuccessfully, by the back of a chair. Suddenly, his wandering glance fell upon the pale face of Charles Thompson; and, with a gleam of child-like recognition, and a weak, falsetto laugh, he darted forward, caught at the table, upset the glasses, and literally fell upon the prodigal's breast.

"Sha'ly! yo' d—d ol' scoun'rel, hoo rar ye!"

"Hush!—sit down!—hush!" said Charles Thompson, hurriedly endeavoring to extricate himself from the embrace of his unexpected guest.

"Look at 'm!" continued the stranger, unheeding the admonition, but suddenly holding the unfortunate Charles at arms' length, in loving and undisguised admiration of his festive appearance. "Look at 'm! Ain't he nasty? Sha'ls, I'm prow of yer!"

"Leave the house!" said Mr. Thompson, rising, with a dangerous look in his cold, gray eye. "Char-les, how dare you?"

"Simmer down, ole man! Sha'ls, who's th' ol' bloat? Eh?"

"Hush, man; here, take this!" With nervous hands, Charles Thompson filled a glass with liquor. "Drink it and go—until to-morrow—any time, but—leave us!—go now!" But even then, ere the miserable wretch could drink, the old man, pale with passion, was upon him. Half carrying him in his powerful arms, half dragging him through the circling crowd of frightened guests, he had reached the door, swung open by the waiting servants, when Charles Thompson started from a seeming stupor, crying—

"Stop!"

The old man stopped. Through the open door the fog and wind drove chilly. "What does this mean?" he asked, turning a baleful face on Charles.

"Nothing—but stop—for God's sake. Wait till to-morrow, but not to-night. Do not—I implore you—do this thing."

There was something in the tone of the young man's voice—something, perhaps, in the contact of the struggling wretch he held in his powerful arms; but a dim, indefinite fear took possession of the old man's heart. "Who?" he whispered, hoarsely, "is this man?"

Charles did not answer.

"Stand back, there, all of you," thundered Mr. Thompson, to the crowding guests around him. "Char-les—come here! I command you—I—I—I—beg you—tell me *who* is this man?"

Only two persons heard the answer that came faintly from the lips of Charles Thompson:

"YOUR SON."

When day broke over the bleak sand-hills, the guests had departed from Mr. Thompson's banquet-halls. The lights still burned dimly and coldly in the deserted rooms—deserted by all but three figures, that huddled together in the chill drawing-room, as if for warmth. One lay in drunken slumber on a couch; at his feet sat he who had been known as Charles Thompson; and beside them, haggard and shrunken to half his size, bowed the figure of Mr. Thompson, his gray eye fixed, his elbows upon his knees, and his hands clasped over his ears, as if to shut out the sad, entreating voice that seemed to fill the room.

"God knows I did not set about to willfully deceive. The name I gave that night was the first that came into my thought—the name of one whom I thought dead—the dissolute companion of my shame. And when you questioned further, I used the knowledge that I gained from him to touch your heart to set me free—only, I swear, for that! But when you told me who you were, and I first saw the opening of another life before me—then—then—. O, sir, if I was hungry, homeless, and reckless when I would have robbed you of your gold, I was heart-sick, helpless, and desperate when I would have robbed you of your love."

The old man stirred not. From his luxurious couch the newly found prodigal snored peacefully.

"I had no father I could claim. I never knew a home but this. I was tempted. I have been happy—very happy."

He rose and stood before the old man.

"Do not fear that I shall come between your son and his inheritance. Today I leave this place, never to return. The world is large, sir, and, thanks to your kindness, I now see the way by which an honest livelihood is gained. Good-by. You will not take my hand? Well, well. Good-by."

He turned to go. But when he had reached the door he suddenly came back, and, raising with both hands the grizzled head, he kissed it once and twice.

"Char-les."

There was no reply.

"Char-les!"

The old man rose with a frightened air, and tottered feebly to the door. It was open. There came to him the awakened tumult of a great city, in which the prodigal's footsteps were lost forever.

ETC.

Of one who dealt so simply and directly with his reader's feelings as Charles Dickens, it is perhaps fit that little should be said that is not simple and direct. In that sense of personal bereavement which the English reading world feels at his death, there is not so much the thought of what we should say of him, as what he has said of us; not how we should describe his Art, but how he has depicted our Nature. And it is to be feared that the world is so constituted that it will turn from finely written eulogies to *David Copperfield*, or *The Old Curiosity Shop*, to indulge its pathos and renew its love. The best that the best of us could say of him could not give this real man the immortality conferred by his own pen upon some of his humblest creations.

Indeed, it may be said of his power, that no other writer, living or dead, ever transfused fiction with so much vitality. In the late cartoon by Mr. Eytinge, where "Mr. Pickwick" reviews the characters of which he was the illustrious predecessor—a cartoon which held a pathetic prophecy beneath its original design—there is no finer compliment can be made to the greater artist than that the lesser one could reproduce them with the fidelity of living portraits. "Dick Swiveler," "Captain Cuttle," "Mr. Dombey," "Micawber"—surely these are not puppets, pulled by a hand that has lost its cunning in death, but living acquaintances, who have merely survived their introducer.

Of his humor, it may be said that for thirty years the world has accepted it as its own—as the articulate voicing of some sense of fun that was not so much Mr. Dickens' as common property. A humor so large that it was not restricted to the eccentricity of animate being, but found fun in inanimate objects—in drawers "that had to be opened with a knife, like an oyster," in door-handles that "looked as if they wanted to be wound up," in well-like parlors "where the visitor represented the bucket:" a humor that was a delightful and innocent pantheism, and, as in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, invested even the wind with jocular sympathies. The reader has but to look back to the limitations of the humorists of a preceding age to appreciate what the world gained thirty years ago in the wonderful spontaneity of Mr. Dickens, and has not entirely lost now. For its influence has been since then steadily felt in literature—not entirely in the way of imitation, but in the recognition that humor is nearly akin to human sympathy and love.

Of his poetry, perhaps the best that can be said is that he taught us by his prose how we could do without it; not only through the delicate beauty of his conceptions, but in the adaptation of his style to his thought, and the musical procession of his sentences. Not only is the character of "Paul Dombey" purely poetical, but the relations of surrounding objects become so, in the clock that talks to him, the sea that whispers to him, the golden water that dances on the wall. And so strongly is this indicated in the death of "Little Nell," that not only are the surroundings brought into actual sympathy with her fate, but at the last the very diction falters, and trembles on the verge of blank verse. This may not be poetry of the highest order, so much as it is perhaps the highest order of prose—but it is well to remember that it began with Charles Dickens.

Of his humanity, it is pleasant now to think. He was an optimist, without the disadvantage of being also a philosopher. So tender were his judgments and so poetic his experience, that the villains of his art were his weakest creations. Not only in the more obvious philanthropic consecration of his stories—the exposition of some public abuse, or the portrayal of some social wrong—but

in his tender and human pictures of classes on whom the world hitherto had bestowed but scant sentiment, was he truly great. He brought the poor nearer to our hearts. He had an English fondness for the Hearth —making it the theme of one of his sweetest idyls—and the simple joys of the domestic fireside found no finer poet. No one before him wrote so tenderly of childhood, for no one before him carried into the wisdom of maturity an enthusiasm so youthful —a faith so boy-like. In his practical relations with the public life around him, he was a reformer without fanaticism, a philanthropist without cant. Himself an offspring of the public press, he stood nearer in sympathy with its best expression than any other literary man.

And all that is mortal of him of whom this may be fairly said, lies in Westminster Abbey. Around him presses the precious dust of the good and wise—men who were great in great things, who conferred fame upon their island and large benefits upon mankind—but none who, in their day and time, were mourned more widely than he. For his grave is in every heart, and his epitaph on every hearthstone.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

American Political Economy. By Francis Bowen. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.

Most people know nothing whatever of what is called Political Economy. There are but comparatively few persons who have turned their attention assiduously in that direction. Almost no two of those who pretend to any knowledge of the subject, agree as to the true principles which exist as the object of their studies, as to the operation of those principles, or even as to the definition of the terms they employ. And it is not much of a wonder that the people do not know any thing of it, when the scholars themselves can not agree as to what it is—some calling it a science, some an art, and some both art and science. They who treat of it are indefinite as to its extent and object; one (Mr. Senior) defining it as "the science which treats of the nature, the production, and the distribution of wealth;" another (Archbishop Whately) calling it "catallactics, or the science of exchanges;" still another (M. Say) as "the economy of society: a science combining the results of our observations on the nature and functions of the different parts of the social body." De Quincey confessed its progress as slow and uncertain; that from the year 1817 up to 1844 it had, on the whole, been stationary; and further, that of the science "nothing can be postulated, nothing demonstrated, for anarchy, even as to the earliest principles, is predominant." In spite, however, of the discord among the writers, he who resolutely seeks after truth will not hesitate because of the jangle which he hears at the very threshold of the temple of wisdom. He will arrive at his first conclusions, that none of these learned men know the whole of the subject, and that, from the noise of the combatants, there is probably some strength and virtue in almost every one of them. And when we consider the unattractive aspect which this subject takes on, as it is moved from one to the other—too heavy to be tossed—and the profound ignorance thereof by which the masses of the people are encumbered, it seems doubtless a fact, that no one who has dared the measurement of so great a topic, has ever published so poor a volume upon it that from it considerable instruction could not be obtained. It is not that the principles of the science are so abstruse, for every great principle is exceedingly simple. The laws of gravitation, and of the expansion of water, were never abstruse, except when unknown. Men talk largely and cumbrously of those topics only which they do not thoroughly understand. Wisdom is always young and simple. The fault lies much in the incompleteness of its development.

This last volume upon Political Economy will not claim attention because of any originality of thought or the resolution of new principles. Yet it is worth the attention of most readers, because they can not fail to find instruction in it. It is a work which should be commended to all men of intelligence. It is full of suggestions to our legislators and the men who occupy, and who ought to be able to fill, the places intended for statesmen and philosophers in social science; not because it is the best work on the topic, but because even this volume could save the time they spend in political blunders, and would teach men that no legislation in the world can regulate the price of gold, and that certain laws may be oppressive to immigrants, but will not by themselves determine the kind and quality of labor which shall perform our work. Indeed, it seems to be the national destiny for people to be stretching their necks to look up to officials who are really beneath their intellectual and moral level, and to be still trustful to a class of "statesmen and legislators" who, as Mr. Buckle somewhat un-

flatteringly says, "from the constancy of their practical occupations can not be supposed to have sufficient leisure to master each new discovery that is successively made, and who, in consequence, are, as a body, always in the rear of their age."

Professor Bowen has evidently been long a patient student of the best writers upon the subject he here pursues, and the result of the impressions from them form the best and most instructive, perhaps the only really valuable part of his volume. Yet he has read to incomplete advantage Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*—the crowning work of his time—upon this great topic, and which has compelled the admiration of all students since his day; and "which," in the language of Mr. Buckle again, "looking at its ultimate results, is probably the most important book that has ever been written, and is certainly the most valuable contribution ever made by a single man toward establishing the principles on which government is based." He has read still less approvingly Ricardo, Malthus, McCulloch, and John Stuart Mill; indeed, thinks "they have endeavored to develop and teach" this science "with very limited success." As a general rule, it is where he fails to agree with these greater writers that his work is least valuable, and where he unnecessarily, one would think, displays his own feebleness. His very conscientiousness is a weapon which, as a writer, he has—and not now for the first time—put into the hands of his readers, whereby they may turn enemies to his faith, and rend him. For, be it known, Professor Bowen is a teacher and professor of logic as well as of political economy, and so would attack fairly the position of his opponents. In endeavoring, therefore, to refute their arguments, he generally quotes fully and completely his antagonist's language in preparation of the attack; and then, if frequently it appears that his intellectual force is not as great as his conscientiousness, and is not equal to his opponent, it is not his fault, but misfortune. His very quotations often, by their force, establish their own truths in the reader's mind, while the Professor's refutation fails to meet the reader's concurrence. He might have obtained a temporary triumph by less fairness of quotation, or—greater force in his refutation.

The resident of California may, before opening this volume, well ask why, indeed, it is called *American Political Economy*, as if there could be one political economy (which the author calls a practical science) for America, which shall or can be different from that of any other country.

In any view we can not find in this volume any thing which upholds Professor Bowen's strange assumption that there is or can be such a thing as American political economy. There are discussions upon the usual themes which come naturally within the purview of the economist; and if there is any ostensible reason for his assumption, it lies only in his devotion of one or two chapters to paper money and its use during the Rebellion, and the National Banking system. But even these scarcely justify a provincial title to a discussion or application of the principles of a universal science. If, following the learned Professor, it shall be hereafter believed that there is such a science as American political economy, it will be found that it is scarcely to be met with in the volume which claims especial regard from its very title. And the Professor will find that they have not been obliged to wait the issue of his work, but that that work was written nearly a hundred years ago, and that it is entitled *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, by Adam Smith.

THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT: a Record of Travel Across the Plains, and in Oregon, with an Examination into the Mormon Principle. By Fitz-Hugh Ludlow. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870; pp. 568.

The great improvements that the world has made in locomotion have so quickened modern travel that every body is moving about the globe, just as one might imagine a nest of disturbed ants might move—running here and there, not always with a fixed purpose in view, but with an aimless desire to be moving. And so Literature may be fairly said to have entered upon the Travel Period; and the cycle which it takes in its great orbit is that of American Travel. If we look into the current literature of almost any book-making nation, we shall find the astonishing phenomena of multitudinous books about what may be seen, felt, and

heard between the Missouri River and the marge of the Pacific Ocean. Some, it is true, like Pumpelly or Coffin, essay a wider flight, and give us glimpses of Europe, Asia, or Africa, but the main part of all they write pertains to the heart of this continent alone. For this, the Pacific Railroad is chiefly responsible: from the time when it had gotten so far forward as to attract attention until now, the books that have been written in every language of cultivated people have been innumerable. American, French, German, English, and even Swedish travelers have crossed the American Continent, to admire, to absorb, to suffer, to observe, and—to write. One would suppose that California, and all the vast region lying between it and the so-called Western frontier, had hitherto been an undiscovered country; and that now its locality were definitely marked on the map, hordes of book-making travelers rushed in to see, just as we can fancy the newspaper correspondents would rush, if a practicable route to the moon were suddenly opened for travel. The field is so new and fresh, and possesses such a living interest, that writers come here in shoals to witness the wonders of the rapid march of Western civilization across those vast tracts which, in the memory of the youngest of them, was marked on the school-maps as "Unexplored Regions." This region has not alone for them the novelty which the Steppes of Tartary, or the Source of the Nile, might possess; but, added thereto, is the fresher charm of the phenomena accompanying the infusion of a new life into the heretofore trackless spaces. It is a pleasure to behold the actual subjugation of the mighty heart of a continent, by a civilization which has, until lately, confined itself to a line of outposts.

So, it is not surprising that men like to tell their experience of life in the midst of the scene of the struggle now going on. A vital interest attaches to all they have to report. If those old-time adventurers, Lewis and Clarke, the sturdy pioneers in the last cycle of American travel, were to come back to life again, they would probably give us new editions of their old-fashioned narrative, with enlargements and corrections to suit the present market. Mr. Fitz-Hugh Ludlow made the overland trip across the Continent some years ago, before the Pacific Railroad had made the journey possible to less courageous travelers. He may have never meditated a book, but now, after the lapse of years, he yields to the influence of the period, and publishes this bulky tome, *The Heart of the Continent*, and so helps to confirm our theory. It would be worse than useless for him to write any thing else while American travel is "in;" and his life will not reach into a recurrence of the present cycle.

Mr. Ludlow, like most of the best of his kind, brings to his work the ardor of an enthusiastic tyro of the wilderness. He has the sensations of a visitor to a strange planet. His ever-recurring wonder is that he is here. He finds a perennial pleasure in the fact that he *was* at the Italian Opera in New York, and *is* hunting buffalo on the plains of Nebraska. The daily beauty of his life is the novelty which arises from the sharp contrast between streets of granite, glass, and brick, and the illimitable spaces of the Heart of the Continent. Without intending it, he wearies one with his perpetual state of wonder over the fact that cities and pathless wilds do actually exist on the same solid globe. And his experiences are a constant reproach to all other forms of life than those of the free barbarians and semi-barbarians of the Plains. The intoxication of the novice in frontier experience is amusing to those who have had a surfeit thereof, and who have a wicked weakness for nicely furnished houses, books, pictures, the opera, and a morning lounge along a sunny city street. To such, too, Mr. Ludlow's florid and gorgeous descriptions of natural scenery, atmospheric effects, and the physical influences of the Plains life, bear an air of unreality which is quite uncomfortable. The fine writing—of which there is much in the book—is so very fine as to pass into the domain of fiction to one who would think well of the veracity of the writer. Some of the personal adventures and incidents are quite too dramatic in their interest, and, though exceedingly well told, compel one to be forever haunted with a dreadful suspicion that the traveler is drawing an excessively long bow.

Then, too, the author's vice of style is his constant use of the wildest and least understood words and phrases. If his descriptions

have a hasheesh flavor, his simplest language is a marvel of etymological research and gymnastics. He can not even speak of a simple flower without exhibiting his botanical knowledge in description. Why should he bother his readers with "capellate blossoms, striated longitudinally along the petals?" Or give us "boo-scopic fervor," and "auricular joys," and "visual delights," when simpler words and phrases would please as well, and would not distract the attention from the picture to the paints used upon it? We can endure without complaint the "sheets of topaz fire" and "threads of opaline and crystal light," with which Mr. Ludlow overloads his pages; but his technicalities are often an impertinence.

But in the book there is a great deal of real power, which is the result of a wonderful closeness of observation and swift skill of deduction. If Mr. Ludlow is tedious with his efflorescence of style, his clearness of detail goes far toward making compensation. Left alone in the midst of a dry, barren waste, he discovers teeming life and miniature vegetation everywhere. No characteristic of the novel life of the frontier people escapes him, and his simpler pictures of merely human interest are absolutely perfect. Studying the Mormon problem carefully, he has given us the results of his observations in a copious appendix to his work, to which he invites special attention with a pride that is pardonable, to so close an observer and conscientious student of human nature. He believes that Mormonism is the religion of bestiality; that Utah defies and despises the authority of the Government of the United States, and that Mormonism will die with Brigham Young. The book has many and glaring faults, but is full of living interest, nevertheless.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GALILEO: compiled principally from his Correspondence, and that of his Eldest Daughter, Sister Maria Celeste. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1870. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

The compiler has succeeded in gleaning from such resources as are usually accessible —both in regard to time and opportunity—only to the scholar, many interesting particulars in regard to the life of Galileo. The copious extracts from his private correspondence, while they gratify our ignoble curiosity to enter into the *penetralia* of a great man, and find out in just what way he spent his *soldi*, at the same time reveal so clearly the honest, earnest thinker, that the curiosity gives place to admiration, and we unconsciously read an eloquent sermon on sincerity of purpose. His life of scientific research and discovery reads like the history of centuries. One after another, he grasped many of the great principles, the appliance of which makes the machinery of the every-day life of the present work smoothly. A simple recountal of his studies, which were often struggles, and his successes, which oftener received the crown of thorns than the wreath of laurel, seems to point out one of the few instances where hero-worship is admissible.

The patch-work of the compiler's comments on the comprehensive array of facts which he presents, is in marked contrast, and of the most commonplace material. The greater space in the book is devoted to the letters from his daughter, Maria Celeste, the Franciscan nun, which can hardly be said to have any other interest than that which attaches to the mere contact with greatness, and the fact that Galileo held her not only in greatest affection, but in highest esteem, for moral and intellectual qualities.

The mass of detail concerning Galileo's trial, drawn originally from the trial-papers, now in the archives of the Vatican, is of value in evincing the tone of the bigoted age in which he lived. It also somewhat incidentally confutes the popular belief in Galileo's *suffering* from imprisonment during the Inquisition. We gather from these records that, although the Pope's ill-will was sufficiently bitter to adopt the most extreme measures of cruelty, yet Galileo's influential friends were able to secure for him a more remarkable degree of leniency than had ever before been granted to any prisoner. The most severe part of his confinement was only for a short time, to the apartments of the Fiscal—the part of the building devoted to the officers of the Government—where he was allowed many privileges and liberties.

These things are mentioned chiefly to suggest the tendency to exaggeration in the popular version of even historical facts. Even

Ruskin, in his lecture on "Work," published in *The Crown of Wild Olive*, enforces a point in his philosophy, where the simple facts are in themselves sufficiently forcible, by somewhat sensationally saying: "In science, the man who discovered the telescope, and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon." It is the mission of such books as *The Private Life of Galileo*, to place the touchstone of facts within the reach of all, instead of unquestioningly accepting the delusions of half-truths and exaggerations.

Miss Van Kortland. A Novel. By the Author of "My Daughter Elinor." New York: Harper & Brothers.

It will possibly first occur to the reader to notice that *Miss Van Kortland* is a most entertaining novel; and we think there are few characteristics of fictitious literature which may be allowed to take the precedence of this. Just in what particular the charm lies, it is pretty difficult to tell—although, perhaps, it owes much to the happily chosen language in which the story is told. The reader is carried along so pleasantly, by the current of daily affairs, that he quite forgets, until the book is laid down, that there were some things in it which were trivial, not much that was unusual, and nothing sensational. There was no plot to goad us on, with its mysterious suggestions, to the startling *dénouement;* but, instead of the conventional stage-effect, there was a pleasantly told story of some genuine men and women.

It is a tale of American society; and our national characteristics and customs are drawn with unusual fidelity, as well as vividness. Perhaps its merits are marked in contrast with the numberless failures which have preceded it; for it is generally admitted that whatever merit may be contained in our fictitious literature, it is not the merit of delineating our characteristic social manners and customs. The protest that American society had outgrown its precocious childhood, and was entitled to that respect due maturity, has been unheeded by novelists who have chosen this field; and the ordinary phases of life have been held up as things deserving of admiration and commendation, because Young America was so far advanced! The historian, drawing upon such resources, will record it as a fact worthy of mention, that even some of the people dwelling outside of the large cities were accustomed to using "white table-cloths," and were peculiarly successful in their culinary efforts.

But it is not only in this respect that the author of *Miss Van Kortland* has treated her subject in an un-American manner. "Miss Van Kortland," the heroine, is neither the conventional "Girl of the period," nor her pedantic opposite. She is, simply, to use a favorite expression of her friend, "Aunt Hilda"—who is an original worthy of a place in our esteem for many a day—"the picturfulest creetur," an embodiment of the pleasantest kind of culture, refinement, and true womanhood; notwithstanding which, she is somewhat given to telling unpleasant truths to her cousin, "Mrs. Schuyler," after the manner of ordinary young ladyhood after certain restless nights. "Margaret Dane" is also a pleasant and complete picture, and the sketch of "Mrs. Dane," weak and lachrymose, with an apparent fondness only for "instructive opportunities," yet capable of an heroic action, is drawn with unusual skill. It is this human *naturalness* of the characters which gives the book a peculiar charm; for in spite of the apparent theory of novelists, human nature is not mathematical in its developments, and certain qualities being given do not always produce the expected result. It is undoubtedly true that good people, occasionally, are dishonorable, as was "Mr. Dane," and weak people occasionally brave, as was his wife, without essentially altering their characteristics. The characters of the woman-kind seemed to us more carefully and truthfully drawn than those of the men, notwithstanding the fascinating wickedness of "Noel Seaton," and the manly attributes of "Mr. Prescott." The plot contains a sufficient number of misunderstandings to make a successful love-story. There is a good deal of sentiment, which is a good thing in novels, when not unfortunately confounded with its cheap imitation, sentimentality; but here the sentiment is honest and true, and refreshing because there is no suspicion of affectation or shamefacedness about it. The story is told with as little interposition of the

narrator as may be, and the conversations are easy and natural.

The scene is laid in the region of the coal-mines of Pennsylvania, and the descriptions of mountain scenery—which are never tedious—form not the least interesting part of the book. The description of the strike among the miners is forcibly and even thrillingly given, and "Margaret's" midnight ride on "Sir Rohan" was worthy of "Die Vernon" herself.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD: a Romance of Real Life. By the author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "Found Dead," "A Beggar on Horseback; or, A County Family," "Married Beneath Him," "Clyffords of Clyffe." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The answer to the question, "Why *will* people write novels?" is so obviously "Because people *will* read them," that the mass of idle literature seems not only accounted for, but in a certain sense excused. A clever essayist has satisfactorily proved that there is a "glut in the fiction market," and says a good many bright and bitter things about the subject being already exhausted, which, in effect, amounts to a parody on the old doggerel:

> "*Novels* new and *novels* old,
> *Novels* hot and *novels* cold,
> *Novels* tender and *novels* tough,
> Thank the Lord we've had *novels* enough."

But in spite of this we have abundant proof that the popular appetite for "something new and strange" is still unsatiated. It is also plain—for we take it that a good proportion of the novels are only produced in accordance to the demand for them—that they like their literary daily bread highly seasoned. It is true that the book that would make one's "hair stand on end," is somewhat out of date. But the book in which the author unmistakably suggests that "he could and he would," but has continual compassion for the limited modern faith, is apparently in the zenith of its glory. Unfortunately for the impressive effect of these works by the masters of the terrible, they seem at times to be moved to label their characters by that same good and sufficient reason that constrained the boy to write under his picture, "This is a dog." The story of *Lost Sir Massingberd* is supposed to be narrated by a man at a somewhat advanced age, who contemplates himself as the youth "Peter," in connection with the marvelous events which he details with a peculiar degree of complacency. The plot is ingeniously conceived; indeed, it is so ingenious that it affected us like the perfections of a Chinese puzzle. "Sir Massingberd" is a villain, and we are never reproached for hating him by our conscience, for he never evinces the slightest trait of our common humanity. He holds the magnificent estate of Fairburn Chase as guardian for his nephew, and makes this nephew's childhood and youth an unspeakable torture to him from his sardonic cruelty. While "Marmaduke," the nephew, is still in his minority, "Sir Massingberd" is lost—perhaps disappears conveys the idea more clearly—no traces remain, and no clew guides them to even an intelligent surmise in regard to his fate. But the nephew has been so impressed by his character that he suffers as horribly from the "lost" "Sir Massingberd" as he did from his flesh-and-blood presence. He at length succeeds in partly throwing off this thralldom, is married, and at a grand *fête* given in honor of his son and heir, the emancipation is completed by one of the guests accidentally finding traces, and soon discovering the skeleton, of the lost "Sir Massingberd." It appears that he had climbed into an oak to look about him for poachers, against whom he had an even more deadly hatred than for the rest of the human kind, the rotten wood gave way beneath him, and let him down into the hollow trunk, where he ignominiously perished. We will confess that the events narrated do not seem to us so improbable as the author's vociferous reiterations of their truth seem to warrant. Every one remembers and believes the story of *Ginevra;* and while we do not mean to say that *Lost Sir Massingberd* suggests the old tragedy, except in the particulars of the sudden disappearance and the search, the story is no improvement on the *strange* part of the old one, and is entirely without its tender and pathetic interest, owing to the difference in character of the principal actors.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE. By Mrs. Grey. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

AMERICAN POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Francis Bowen. New York: C. Scribner & Co. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. By Hermann D. Wrage, A.M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

BAFFLED; OR, MICHAEL BRAND'S WRONG. By Julia Goddard. New York: Harper & Bros. Sold by A. Roman & Co., and A. L. Bancroft & Co.

BENEATH THE WHEELS. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

CHRISTMAS GUEST. By Mrs. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

CONSUELO. By George Sand. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR, AND HOW I MADE IT IN FIVE YEARS' TIME, STARTING WITHOUT CAPITAL. By Edward Mitchell. Boston: Loring. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

HAMMER AND ANVIL: a Novel. By Friedrich Spielhagen. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

LIFE AND ALONE. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD: a Romance of Real Life. By the author of "Carlyon's Year," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

MISS VAN KORTLAND: a Novel. By the author of "My Daughter Elinor." New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

ROBERT GREATHOUSE. By John F. Swift. New York: G. W. Carleton. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

SIMPLE FLOWER GARDEN FOR COUNTRY HOMES. By Charles Barnard. Boston: Loring. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT: a record of Travel Across the Plains, and in Oregon, with an Examination into the Mormon Principle. By Fitz-Hugh Ludlow. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

THE LIFE OF BISMARCK: Private and Political. By John G. L. Hesekiel. New York: Harper & Bros. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., and A. Roman & Co.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GALILEO: compiled principally from his Correspondence, and that of his Eldest Daughter, Sister Maria Celeste. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

THE YOUNG SHIP-BUILDERS OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., and A. Roman & Co.

VALE OF CEDARS. By Grace Aguilar. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

WONDERS OF ARCHITECTURE. New York: C. Scribner & Co. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

WONDERS OF THE HUMAN BODY: from the French of A. Le Pileur. New York: C. Scribner & Co. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

YOUNG WIFE'S COOK BOOK. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

THE

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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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PAPEETE.

"LA TERRE, *Monsieur*." Our cabin-boy was very reticent with me, knowing that French was not one of my accomplishments. With our Captain I conversed in Spanish, with the Mate in English—and it would be difficult to decide which was the most execrable, the Mate's English, or my Spanish. I was a passenger on the French bark *Tampico*, of Havre, Bornier, Master, bound to Tahiti. On the sixth of December, we sailed from Payta, on the coast of Peru, and it was New-year's morning when this interesting announcement was made. The interval had passed as uneventfully as ever a similar period did. On leaving Payta we gave a little cry of relief, squared yards, set studding-sails, and, heading W. S. W., yielded to the logic of events. No one ever leaves Payta regretfully, unless it be a native of the place. There is certainly no spot on earth more forbidding to the eye, viewed from any point of approach. Its little harbor is shut in on either hand by bold bluffs of sand, the utter barrenness of which is not relieved by any green thing. Near the landing, an iron Custom-house maintains a two-storied dignity, with a sturdiness that proclaims its English origin; but the narrow streets of sand, the low walls of whitewashed *adobe*, the tottering balconies, the desolate little Plaza, with its parched fountain, the hideous church, with its crumbling towers and cracked bells, are all significant of Spanish-American decay.

There is not a garden anywhere about the place, or a tree, or a pot of flowers, or a bit of verdure in any shady nook. Rain never falls here; water for drinking is brought, I don't know how many miles, on the backs of mules; water for washing does not seem to be obtainable, to judge from the looks of the inhabitants; the sun pours down with the intensity of the fifth degree of latitude, and people crawl about in the prickling heat with an air so enervated as to seem the precursor of utter dissolution. So it was with grateful hearts that, freight and mails aboard, we gave the hands of Custom officials a parting grasp, waved

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an adieu to the United States steamer *Wateree*, doing brief penance here—poor *Wateree!* a few months later an earthquake wave swept her ashore at a southern Peruvian port, and she fell a prey to woodmen—and felt the *Tampico* yielding to the press of canvas, and cleaving her way toward sunset.

As time is more correctly measured by sensations than by seconds, it passes more rapidly at sea than ashore. Almost any sea-voyage is monotonous; ours was peculiarly so. Here is a day's record: A salt-water bath on arising, and any one who has sweltered through a night in a close cabin, in the low latitudes, must know the ecstasy of this sensation; breakfast at nine; a promenade on the quarter-deck, illustrating exercise under difficulties; writing, or reading, in the coolest spot to be found; at noon, a ceremonious drink of vermouth with the Captain; after noon, a nap, resulting frequently in nothing more than a horizontal attitude with a book; dinner at four; then a walk and a lounge on deck, watching the going down of the sun, inhaling the cooled air of evening, recognizing each constellation as it fell into marching order for the night, marshaled by Venus; and at ten, in our berth, a *tableau* like unto a scene from the *morgue* at Paris. Darkness was scarcely more listless, or dreamy, than daylight. We were but three, in the cabin—the Captain, the Mate, and I, the only passenger: not enough for cards; scarcely enough for argument, it would seem, when my lingual deficiencies are considered, but I have come to believe that where two Frenchmen are brought together, any thing is possible, conversationally. I have heard women talk—talk, all at once, as though life were too short to permit of rotation in speech-making, and they were as fresh and irrepressible as ever at parting. But I never heard women talk by the week, as these Frenchmen did—talk, shut up together at sea, with not a change of wind or a threatening cloud, or a passing sail to furnish a fresh theme—talk just as vigorously at the end of the fourth week as on the first day. Though I couldn't understand a word, I enjoyed it. Our meals, with their courses of three plates and one dish each, were in this way stretched to a length that is very delightful where one's only study is how to kill time; the sour claret was sipped with the deliberateness of champagne, and coffee and cognac were not brought on till an hour and a half after the soup had been removed. Though we ate only twice a day, three hours were thereby buried in a sweet oblivion. A few weeks later I was in a Yankee brigantine, and did three meals a day inside of an hour. They were heaped on the table at once, and awed us by their immensity: no one could talk with such work in view. I estimated their cost at one hundred per cent. over that of the Frenchman; and I know the satisfaction resulting was infinitely less.

Our crew numbered eight men; the cook was Parisian, sporting a dainty mustache, and trolling light airs from operas; a native of Martinique, of the color of coal and the agility of a monkey, pirouetted about cabin and galley in the capacity of boy—and these made all the souls aboard.

I think the major part of the cargo was claret—claret in large casks, that had been taken aboard when the vessel sailed from Havre, a year or two before. A Frenchman always loads with claret in the lack of other cargo—an Englishman with pig-iron—an American with lumber. We had some freight on deck, though, which I found out all about. It was in the shape of a horse, which the Captain was taking to Tahiti on a speculation; a mule, going there on the order of a Frenchwoman; a sheep, which eventually came into the possession of a

family in Papeete, and showed off its long, white fleece against the green shrubbery of a charming garden; and a small pig, altogether too amusing a character to be eaten. To this live stock is to be added a Newfoundland dog—not freight nor passenger, but resident of cabin and forecastle alike. Every evening, the horse would be exercised over a small course, of which the galley formed the focus; the dog and the mule would have a bout at barking and kicking; and the small pig, after driving the sheep ignominiously from the field, would indulge in some unique *pas seuls*. With the approach of night this little echo of farm-yard life would grow still. Twenty-five days of all this—sixty degrees of longitude passed—smooth water about us all the time—a clear sky overhead—a steady breeze from the east—a well-regulated thermometer, varying little from eighty-five—the announcement of land, made on this New-year's morning, was the first break in a very monotonous and very pleasant routine.

The Captain had aroused me as early as four o'clock with his New-year's greetings, but it was now broad daylight. A meagre bit of earth was visible two or three miles off to the southward—one of those lagooned abortions produced by the coral genus, which somehow yield support to cocoa-nut-trees, which in turn give food, and shelter, and clothing to human beings. If one wishes to realize how artificial life has become through the accumulated artifices of centuries, let him go to one of these outposts of humanity. Here Domestic Economy is reduced to a science. What we call poverty is an unknown degree of luxury to a native of the island we passed on this morning. During the day another was raised and dropped, and we realized we were in the Society Group. The day was otherwise marked. Christmas had gone by unobserved, but the first day of the year is an important one in the French calendar. The crew addressed a message of peace and good-will to the Captain, in which even the passenger was not forgotten, after the fashion of vessels carrying the tricolor; work was suspended, save at the helm and the galley; double rations of wine were served, and altogether a festive character was given to the time, though time at sea does not readily assume any character but its own. On the following day we were in sight of several islands, one being some hundreds of feet in height, substantial, God-made earth. A schooner and a bark were passed, too, and we had enough to talk about.

The third came with a hazy sky, a breeze lighter than usual, and a sea like molten lead. Directly ahead, breaking the arc of the western horizon with two tall peaks, connected by an isthmus so low as to be at first unseen, was the goal of our voyage—Tahiti. The wind tantalized us. Patience takes flight at sea at the sight of land. It was high noon before we could get a satisfactorily panoramic view of the shore. Then the valleys had defined themselves, dark with shade, and ridges white with reflected light, and plains sloping to the beach, with clusters of trees, and here and there columns of smoke marking human life, and, lastly, the intermittent plashings of breakers. Rounding Point Venus, we picked up our pilot from a whale-boat propelled by a black crew, while yet there were no signs of any town. Now the contour of the island is changed. The southern portion, with the low, connecting isthmus, is shut from view; the northern, or north-western, slope is before us. Two peaks, eight or nine thousand feet high, inclose a cluster of lower peaks grouped like a diadem. They are green to their very summits, half hidden by clouds; and the narrow valleys which sweep down to the sea hide all they bear of life under dense foliage. Only along the beach, between the trunks of trees,

can we catch glimpses of human habitations. Oahu is apt to disappoint at first sight, but Tahiti realizes the most sensuous dream of tropical luxury.

Our pilot was French. He took us into port by a very long and very winding channel, which at first bid fair to conduct us to the heart of a grove that threw cool shadows on the white sand of the beach. Before our jib-boom quite thrust itself through a bunch of bananas the helm was put down, and we brought our broadside to bear on several cottages, inclosed by white picket-fences, on broods of chickens and cows who eyed us without any indications of surprise. Indeed, it must have been an every-day occurrence for ships to come from sea into that channel-skirting elysium; for the stately figures robed in bright-colored garments that passed at intervals under the trees would stare listlessly at us for a few moments, and then go on. The last faint breath of the breeze went away with the sun, while we still seemed as far off from town as ever. But for the slender tips of some masts cutting the sky over the tree-tops, we might have been skeptical of the existence of a town. The anchor was dropped; the Captain, looking natty in white linen, stepped into the pilot's boat, and vanished in shrubbery; I stopped aboard with the Pilot and Mate; a starlit night came on, the stillness of which was broken only by the swash of the sea on the reef and the rustle of leaves ashore. Not a gleam of light, or a murmur of sound, penetrated the groves that hid Papeete from view. Out on the reef there was a fishing-boat with a blazing fire in its bow: otherwise we might have thought ourselves by virgin earth. Deserting the confined cabin, I slung a hammock under the awning of the poop, and took to dreaming of the fate of some famous adventurers who were here in the last century.

On the 26th of September, 1788, the ship *Bounty* cast anchor in Matavai Bay, Otaheite, and in ten minutes, according to the report of Captain Bligh, her deck was crowded with natives. They were barbarous then, and numbered two hundred thousand strong. Now they are Christianized, and less than twenty thousand.

The deck of the *Tampico*, this particular evening, was as quiet as on any previous night. On the 4th of April, 1789, after a stay of twenty-three weeks, the *Bounty* sailed, but that long visit had demoralized the ship's crew. Three weeks later they mutinied, set Captain Bligh and eighteen officers and men afloat in a boat with a compass, and provisions and water for a few days, and left them to their fate, crying, "Huzza for Otaheite!"

"The gentle island and the genial soil,
The friendly hearts, the feasts without a toil,
The courteous manners but from Nature caught,
The wealth unhoarded and the love unbought,"

lured the "rudest sea-boys" to their doom. Wondering what effect such influences, if any haply survived the mutations of four-score years, would have on one who would not rank himself a rude sea-boy, I heard a movement in the water alongside, and saw a figure rise above the rail—*tableau vivant:* Venus rising from the sea. She had hair unbound, glistening with salt drops; face dusky—about the complexion of this night lit with southern stars; a tall, lithe form—every outline revealed in statuesque grace by the clinging folds of a very thin and thoroughly saturated garment.

"*Capitaine*," came in a half-whisper, and the figure advanced a step or two across the deck toward the hammock, and paused, with face stretched forward.

As I started up it was seen that I was not *Capitaine*, and a backward step was taken.

"*Où est le Capitaine?*" was asked, in a firmer tone.

I replied in English that he was ashore,

and was understood; for, with an "Oh! good-night," uttered very distinctly, my mysterious visitor poised for a moment on the rail, leaped—a splash in the water, and all was as still as before. Christian and Torquil, as Byron tells their story in "The Island," are still playing their parts.

The chilly air of early dawn aroused me. A faint flush in the eastern sky revealed the outlines of the twin peaks and the guarded diadem. The shore was yet in gloom; but before I had taken a half-dozen turns on deck, and set my blood in motion, the last star had faded, and a rosy light was on land and sea. If the eccentricities of an early worm are ever to be pardoned, it is in a clime where the only cool, blood-stirring air circulated comes within an hour of sunrise. While the grass was still wet with dew, I left our bark to be piloted to her berth, and plunged into the shade of orange, palm, and mango-trees. A walk of a quarter of a mile, past two or three houses, crossing an estuary of the bay by a narrow bridge, and Papeete struggles into view between the trunks and branches of trees. From this point of approach, it is flanked by a Government dock-yard, inclosed within a high fence. The little bay has a semi-circular shore, round the course of which winds the front street of the town, marked on one side by houses of one or two stories, built of wood, or brick, or coral-rock; nearly all painted white, and generally protected by broad verandas. At the farther point, where the land seems to run into the sea, is a little bastioned fort, with a few guns half overgrown by grass, with its base washed by a fresh-water brook, and not a solitary soldier about it, to preserve the semblance of service. It must have been placed there for its picturesque effect. Such, also, was surely the design of another pretty little fortification, on a dot of an island, lying on the reef that serves as a breakwater for the harbor, and close by a channel that leads straight to sea. It is masked by palm-trees, and may be more formidable than it looks; but I am inclined to think that, like the one on the main-land, it owes its origin to esthetic influences, and will never do any thing more than smile a salute. The seaward side of the front street is a beach of white sand, excepting for a distance of a hundred rods, perhaps, where several wharves, built of coral-rock, are occupied by fruiterers, and inter-island traders. Trees shade its whole length, and grass struggles very successfully for supremacy, in many places, with the few hoofs and wheels that serve the business of the place. Here are the wholesale houses of the town—of English, German, and American parentage—five or six altogether. They conduct their affairs with a due regard for the warmth of the climate, and the future well-being of half-White heirs. They dwell under the same roof with their work, and mingle business and pleasure impartially. Broad verandas, shaded by blinds, shut out any glintings of afternoon sunlight that might find their way from the surface of the bay through the trees that shadow the street, without repulsing any breeze; and lounges and hammocks are ready for use when trade is slack. A spy-glass is always at hand, and is brought to bear on the seaward horizon in any lull of conversation. When a sail is discovered, there is a stir; Papeete throws off its languor, puts its eye to its glass, and speculates: Whence comes the vessel? whither goes she? what is her name? her cargo? what news does she bring? Till these queries are settled, Papeetean life is at high-tide. It never knows any greater excitement.

On this main street, in a modest clapboard house, surrounded by a garden, in which was a pole bearing the American flag, resided the Consul of the United States. He had been a General in

the late war, and was now enjoying as peaceful a peace as can well be pictured, and a thousand dollars a year.

Here, also, was a rambling hotel, cottages, a church of the barn order of architecture—very much decayed; the residence of the English Consul, and a pole with the English flag; and trees everywhere, hiding awkward angles or uncouth outlines with the sweep of their foliage.

Back at a proper distance is another street, more quiet in its way, even more shaded, and leading out of one side of the town to an indefinite distance around the island. One part of the town stretches to a breadth of several squares. The roadways are narrow, and all are bordered with trees that in many places meet overhead and afford a complete shade. Sidewalks do not figure conspicuously in the municipal economy of the town; but as vehicles and horses are not common, the roads are constructed mainly with reference to pedestrianism, and the hardest rains have but a transient effect on them.

Papeete has no "lions." At the time of my visit, the French were erecting a "palace" for Queen Pomare, which future travelers may find interesting: then it was too inchoate. The French Governor, with his wife, a Hungarian Countess, had a very roomy and comfortable residence, with a wide, green lawn before it; and various characters of less prominence lived in cottages buried in the depths of gardens, behind ranks of flowering shrubs, and under shade that was dense at noonday. There is nothing to build a guide-book on. Just before sunset, when the light strikes across the open western sea, tinging the breakers on the reef, and revealing, more clearly than at any other hour, the palm-masked island battery, flinging the shadows of masts and spars across grassy wharves, and illuminating the depths of verdant arcades spanning those streets that lead from the water, while the lofty peaks back of the town are wrapped in changeable vestments of many colors, there comes to an observer a realization of one of those scenes in fairy-land that we picture in childish dreams—and, perhaps, fail to meet in all the years that go to make old age.

The hotel on the front street of Papeete, is, or was, kept by a Frenchman by the name of George. It has a bar of formidable size, and a dining-room set round with small tables, which, in the evening, are mostly given up to domino-playing and drinking. It has a rival on the rear street; and here, in a second-floor apartment, attended by a Chinese waiter, I sat down to as neatly served and well cooked a breakfast, on the morning of my arrival, as any epicure might desire—when just from sea. How so excellent a restaurant can be supported in so small a place, and a place so rarely visited by travelers, is only to be accounted for by the presence of such restaurant-livers as the French. There was also a very decent place, kept by a Chinaman, and frequented by English-speaking strangers, and several coffee-stands. Fruits and vegetables are abundant at all seasons; meats are not so readily obtained, and fish are rarer than one would expect. A large proportion of the latter is brought from adjacent islands, and the Hawaiian Islands supply cargoes of live-stock every year for the market of Tahiti. Aside from such standard tropical productions as oranges, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, mangoes, guavas, etc., Tahiti yields a fruitish vegetable called the *fei*—if my memory serves me—which resembles the plantain, or banana, and is, when taken from the tree, better eating than the former, and when cooked, superior to the latter. The supply is simply infinite. It grows wild on the mountain-sides, so that the poorest has but to walk a moderate, appetizing distance, to find a meal at

his command; and, taken in connection with the cocoa-nut, which fringes the shore, and the fish that the sea has in store, it would seem that the original curse were well-nigh powerless here. Till *tapa* gave place to calico, bread was earned without any sweat of the brow. Calico seems to be the insignia of the Fall in Oceanica. A few yards will serve a native's need—but those few must be worked for. A man must have trowsers and shirt, and a woman a *holoku*. Very frequently the men supply the place of trowsers with a simple cloth, tied about the waist and hanging below the knee, making it difficult, at a careless glance, to distinguish the sexes. But with all the thumb-screws that civilization brings to press on the life of these careless creatures, they still live in the present, and take no thought of the morrow. Food is abundant on every hand; clothing is a matter of pride, not necessity; shelter from the sun and from the rain is had under a roof of thatch, that a few hours of labor will weave together—it is for the superfluities only that the brow need be moistened.

My first Sunday in Papeete was the first Sunday of the year, and was the occasion of the oddest and most delightful religious festival it has ever been my fortune to join in. It seemed to partake of the characters of a French New-year's, a Puritan thanksgiving, and a Methodist watch-night, with a slight preponderance in favor of the first. It was a glorious day, clear, breezy, warm, but not wilting. A little way back from town, out of sight of the sea, separated from the road by a narrow brook, shaded by tall trees, carpeted by fresh grass, was a space of a few acres, forming, on this afternoon, the rallying-point of a large portion of the population. All ranks were represented, and all were in holiday attire. That woman who had reached the *acme* of her ambition—a silk dress—showed it now; and those who were less fortunate appeared in clean, starched, brightly colored calico, and seemed much more comfortable and charming. Tables were stretched under an improvised shade of thatch, set with as complete a variety of dishes as I ever saw, at which those of "blue blood," or white skin, came to eat; for the multitude—the calicoed ones—the grass was spread with white cloths, and green leaves served as platters and dishes. I was so late in arriving, I lost various speeches, prayers, and songs that inaugurated the ceremonies, but they were in a foreign tongue, and might not have edified; the clatter of knives and forks, the rattle of dishes, and the subdued hum peculiar to an eating assemblage, were as familiar as household words, and I at once felt at home.

The bill of fare that day is blurred in my memory. I know it was longer than my appetite or curiosity could measure, embracing flesh, fish, fowl, vegetables, fruits—in French as well as Tahitian guises—with tea and coffee, claret, ale, brandy, and, perhaps, other decoctions of native origin. There was no haste shown by any one to be through and away: all was lingered over as though it were a labor of love; and the sun-setting found many reluctant to resume the reason-and-soul part of the day's duties. The subsequent devotional exercises were mainly of a musical character, which may be accounted for on the score of much English ale and French claret and brandy. As we walked into town by twilight over the narrow, beaten road, the monotonous cadences of the native hymns followed us on the still air till they met and blended with the scarcely less varied monotone of the ocean breaking on the reef. I walked out the same road several hours later, and found a few score lingering at the scene of the feast, chanting from hymn-books lighted by the blaze of *tutui*-nuts; and all that night,

which I passed near by, with a mat stretched on a horizontal frame for a bed, and no covering but the roof overhead, I awoke at intervals and still heard the wail of that sad music. It was over when daylight came, but it must have lasted through most of the night.

The daily life of Papeete is astir long before the sun. The little open square that forms the market-place, for an hour before and after sunrise, is noisy with a chattering throng of buyers and sellers; but by the time the sun climbs high enough to look into it over the tree-tops, it is quite deserted. Then life takes itself to the water front: the ships discharge their cargoes on the grassy, shady lawns of the wharves, and the half-dozen drays of the place roll away loaded, for a few hundred feet, with a semblance of Front Street stir; crates of green-looking oranges and limes are hoisted on decks and lowered into holds; the officers of the French man-of-war, anchored in port by the mouth, come ashore and saunter off to the abodes of land officials to drink decorously and gamble within the range of their very moderate incomes; *gendarmes* walk about, uniformed as in Paris, perspiring at every pore; native policemen, in more suitable attire, guard the peace with a zealous eye; our Consul opens his garden-gate, but he is fat, and he does not go far; the Governor appears with his pretty Countess in a modest turnout; Queen Pomare — a graceful young creature in 1826, says Sir Edward Belcher, now fifty-five, and very gross — may be seen in a *holoku* waddling along retired ways; and toward sunset native girls come to bathe by the wharves, and sailors, sweeping decks, pause to lean over the rail and admire these copies of antique bronzes. After sunset the atmosphere becomes of that indefinable softness that enables the weakest lungs to breathe without sense of irritation. This is the hour for a stroll; and then comes that for a lounge on a veranda, smoking a cigar to repel mosquitoes, if for no higher object, while white-robed native girls loiter on the dusky road, humming low love-songs, and ready to respond to any friendly greetings. At eight o'clock a gun is fired from the Esplanade, after which all females abroad without male escort are subject to arrest.

There is no "society" here, or "amusements" — no organized bands of bores. Most of the White residents have families of half-breeds, if any: these look down upon the pure natives, and are looked down upon by the pure Whites. Once a year, on Napoleon's birthday, an official ball is given under the patronage of the Governor, to which every body goes: and this is about the only sacrifice made to society in Papeete.

The French themselves acknowledge that they are not good colonizers. The Captain of the *Tampico*, whose ambition it is to aid in sweeping "perfidious Albion" from the empire of the sea, was candid enough to say that if the English owned Tahiti, it would be a richer island. Where "guilty" is plead, there is no chance for argument; yet, to a careless looker-on, Tahiti seems a most excellently governed island. Nominally, it is ruled by Queen Pomare, and flies a flag of its own, with France to "protect" it; but aside from a comfortable house and a salary of $5,000 a year, Pomare has not a care on her mind. The French Governor is the ruler, and there are always sufficient Frenchmen on hand to suppress any attempt at revolt. The seizure of the island by the French was simply bold robbery; but their occupation has resulted in the construction of excellent roads along its whole coast, the establishment of one immense cotton plantation, the encouragement of sugar-culture, the cutting and polishing of Papeete into the brightest gem of the southern seas. Contrasted with the Hawaiian Islands and native rule, the re-

sult is altogether in favor of a forced Protectorate. Among the peculiarities of its government, must be noted the mode of collecting Custom duties. A tax of $150,000 is levied annually on the leading mercantile houses, and these houses have the sole right of importing merchandise. This does not give them a strict monopoly, for vessels come unexpectedly from California, Australia, and elsewhere, with lots of goods on speculation; but every thing landed goes into the warehouses of these merchants, and they get a commission for selling. A Custom-house, with all its expense and annoyance, is thus done away with.

There are petty annoyances endured, too, such as Parisians encounter all the days of their lives. A consignment of fire-crackers arrived during the period of my visit, and was exposed for sale at a cigar-stand. It promised to be a very profitable speculation. The natives were delighted at the amount of noise they could produce by the investment of a few cents, and a Fourth of July fusillade resulted. Suddenly a *gendarme*, brass-helmeted, wadded-coated, called on the proprietor of the cigar-stand, and informed him the sale of the fire-crackers must be stopped—stopped instantly—while the invoice was still mostly on hand. There was no law against their sale; but there was danger, said this distant emissary of the Paris police, that some building might be set on fire—and while he spoke, a tropical shower was pouring on roofs and roads, already soddened and mired by the frequently recurring showers of a very rainy season. The explanation was absurd, and he so intended it—he did not deign to explain. Having authority, he was—what every Frenchman becomes in like circumstances, to the extent of his power—a despot. Perhaps this explains why the French, as Captain Bornier and compatriots acknowledge, fail as colonizers.

VIOLETS.

On the blue ocean of air
Slow drifts the ambery moon;
The dew hangs its pearls in the willow's pale hair;
But my soul drifts on dreams to a moonlight more fair,
When the dusk came too late, and the dawn came too soon,
One long-vanished June.

Lily-bells shake at my feet;
Heliotropes nod at my head;
And the rarest of roses make the air sweet:
But I think of a blossom-time—precious and fleet—
Till the ghosts of dead violets over me shed
Lost odors instead.

ALL THINGS FOR THE BEST.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

THE stage stopped in front of the tavern, but "mine host," when he stepped out into the dimly lighted street, did not at first recognize the face of the driver.

"Good God!" he uttered, at last, in tones of the deepest surprise; "how comes it that you are holding the lines, Master Stephen? Any thing happened to Billy?"

"I left him in ——, dead from cholera; and as there was no one there well enough to take his place, I drove the horses over here myself, as I'd like to look after my people, from whom I have not heard for a week."

"Like as not they're all dead—every body dies now—though I haven't heard for certain."

At any other time the speech would have been heartless; as it was—the cholera raging, and people dying in such appalling numbers that the only question of practical interest remaining was, how to bury them quickest out of sight—it fell almost unheeded on the ear of the young man, who was already pursuing his way in the direction of his father's house. No answer came to his loud knocking; and though he could see through the closed window-shutter no light that suggested a watch with the sick or dying, still the very silence that reigned might be the silence of death. Again his vigorous knock sounded on the door-panel; a window on the opposite side of the street was raised, and a voice spoke:

"Who is it knocking there? If it is Mr. Black, the undertaker, there is nothing to fetch away, in that house; but you may come back to-morrow and take something from this. Do you understand? Come back to-morrow; there will be something in this house for you then."

"Hattie!" exclaimed the young man. "Goodness be praised that you are still awake. Tell me—"

"What! Stephen? How did you come here—and why do you come now, when we are all about to die?"

"Come down, Hattie; open the door, and tell me—" Again she interrupted him:

"You don't know what you are saying. What have you to do in this house of death? Leave the town, as quickly as you can; it is no joke to die, after all—particularly when one is still young. My aunt died first; then the little lame tailor, down-stairs; after that, my poor little brother—and now it is my turn. But no one need look on when I die; for it is an ugly sight, and no one can help. Still, I am glad to have seen you once more, Mr. Ringold; so good-night, and when you see Sophy—"

"For the love of Heaven, Hattie, what has become of my people? If it is the worst, let me know it."

"You may rest easy; they went out to Sophy's, three days ago. She and her husband, the minister, would give them no rest till your mother consented; and, when your father still refused to leave his townsmen in their distress, your mother pretended to feel the symptoms of the epidemic coming on her; and so they both went with your sister. They

wanted to take me, too; but my aunt was not yet buried. Your mother wrote you all about it, though; did you not get the letter?"

"Not a line. But about yourself, Hattie; it must have been dreadful for you—your aunt and brother both dead!"

"Yes," replied the girl at the window, in a tone which for the first time struck Stephen as singularly tranquil and apathetic; "it *was* dreadful. I am glad my time has come at last—that I can go to a place where I can sleep, and need not smell the vinegar and fumigating stuff any more, nor hear the continual crying and groaning. As there is no one left to mourn for me, it makes no difference how soon I go. I *had* wished to see you once more; but it is dark now, and I can only see your white hat. Good-by, Mr. Ringold, and don't quite forget—"

"Stop talking nonsense, Hattie," said Stephen, half compassionately, half angrily; "come down and open the door for me. I am hungry, and can get nothing to eat at the tavern."

There was silence at the window for a little while; then Hattie's voice came down again:

"It will not do, Mr. Ringold; it would not be proper, as I am all alone in the house. And then I am pretty certain that my turn to die will come long before morning, and I should like to be alone then, without any one to look on. You had better find lodging somewhere else."

"I insist that you open the door for me," repeated Stephen, firmly; "a pretty time, this, to speak of what is proper! It would not be Christian-like to leave you in that old box of a house, with your fancies of dying to-night. Open the door; if you are not tired, we will put the house and your belongings in order, so that I can get a conveyance, as soon as day breaks, and take you to my sister's."

"Very well," was the tranquil reply; "it's all the same, proper or not; our Father in Heaven will judge of that, in a day or two. Wait till I get a light."

Soon Hattie pushed back the bolt, and stood on the threshold, shading the light with her hand. It was a year since Stephen had seen her, and the girl had grown taller, and oh! so thin and pale. Her eyes, once dancing so merrily, stood large and still under the heavily shading lashes, and the little, pale mouth was closed tightly, as though it meant never to smile again. Her dress was queer enough—thrown on in the dark, evidently, and without regard to fitness or beauty. A scant, woolen skirt, much too short, and a brown jacket, a great deal too large, covered her; and her feet were encased in thick, woolen stockings, and thrust into delicate dancing-shoes. On her head was a night-cap, from under which straggled her full, brown hair. To add to her weirdly comical appearance, there sat a large, black cat perched on her shoulder, his head pressed close against her cheek. The girl herself did not seem to feel what a spectacle she presented, but composedly scanned the young man's face, saying, as she held out her hand:

"Good evening, Mr. Ringold; it is really you, then—I thought perhaps it was only another hallucination."

Her hand was thin and cold, and she soon withdrew it, to lock the door again; and then led the way up-stairs, in a languid, weary manner.

"Which room will you go into?" she asked, on the landing; "death has been in all of them. Perhaps aunty's room is best—it does not smell of vinegar there. She liked the smell of juniper berries better, so we burned them in her room. O, the room has been put in order by my own hands: they shall not say, when they come to take me out of the house, that I was negligent."

"Poor Hattie!" he said, entering the room; "I can not tell you how I pity

you. But why do you act so like a stranger to me, and call me Mr. Ringold? Have we not been playfellows from infancy up?"

"I had resolved to do so, since—since—" a slight flush passed over her face. "But as you choose, Stephen; it's all the same now. It will soon be over."

"By no means," said Stephen, taking her hands in his; "all that is the matter with you—I see it now—is, that you lack food, and drink, and fresh air. You poor child—I can well imagine that the tears and the sighs you have had to swallow down left you little leisure to think of food to sustain your bodily strength."

"It may be. I have often eaten nothing but a spoonful of soup, at noon, these last ten days; Lizzie, our old cook, made me take that. But she went away, yesterday, and has not returned; so I suppose she went to the hospital to die. Since then I have been sitting up-stairs, with Peter, here, on my lap to keep me warm, and to have something living beside me, when death should approach."

"And instead of death, *I* have come to drive those gloomy thoughts away. Here in my carpet-bag is a bottle of old port wine, that I had bought for my father. Give me a couple of glasses, and look for something to eat—we both need it."

She looked absently into the flame of the candle, as if thinking of something far away; and then sighing deeply, she took up the light and left the room—Peter still sitting on her shoulder. Stephen was glad when the girl entered the room again.

"There is nothing in the house but stale bread, a few eggs, and other material for cooking. I might make a fire in the kitchen, and cook you something to eat—but it was there that aunty was taken sick while making poultices for little Fred; and Lizzie said she had seen the little cholera-man, in person, sitting behind the range. I know that was nonsense; but she said he had a gray beard, and a wart on his forehead—and I have been afraid to go there since. Wait a moment—there are crackers in the sideboard—you can dip them in your wine."

He passed Hattie her glass.

"No," she said; "you drink. Why should I? It would only make it harder for me to die."

"Hattie," exclaimed the young man, a little impatiently, "you will drink of this. A truce to your foolish talk about dying now—it is wicked. Of course, you do not look as rosy just now as you once did, but a few weeks spent in the country with my people will soon drive the recollection of the past horror from your brain."

The few drops she had drank of the wine seemed already to have put her to sleep; at least, she opened her eyes only with great difficulty while she spoke.

"It is easy enough for you to say that, Stephen; but you don't know what a dread I have always had of coming in contact with death; for you know that father died away from home, and I was with aunty when mother died. The lame tailor's was the first corpse I saw; and his face was so serene that I thought it could not be so hard to die, after all. Just then, Freddie came home, whistling and shouting, because they had vacation at school for an indefinite period; and I scolded him for being so noisy, when the good tailor, who had made his pretty new clothes, was lying dead. O dear! his shouting was soon over; and he kept crying, in his agony, and begging that I should not let him die alone. 'You must hold my hand, and go with me,' he said—and I promised. But when it grew dark before his eyes, he said, 'Hattie, you are leaving me, and I have to go alone.' They were his last words—but I still hear him crying, night and day. Perhaps I could forget it all

again, some day, if I could only have cried; but even when my dear aunty died, I had not a tear for her. It was frightful to see her wagging her chin, and hear her chattering, and see her jerking her fingers up and down on the counterpane, as if she was playing the piano: it made my hair stand on end, and I could not get rid of the sight, even after she had been buried. And just when I had closed her eyes, and was tired to death, and old Lizzie had laid me on the lounge to rest, some one came to the door and wanted to speak to me. It was the servant of the Auditor, my betrothed—"

"The Auditor—your betrothed—you are engaged to be married, then, Hattie?"

"Yes—or I was; it's all the same now," she continued, monotonously, as though speaking of something in which she was not the least concerned. "His name was Hector, and I did not want him at all, because he reminded me of the bull-terrier aunty once had: his name was Hector, too; and he had just such round, blue eyes. But aunt said I had better have him: so he gave me a ring to wear, and my aunt said I must give him one in return. I always hated to see it on his finger; and when his servant said, 'The Auditor sends his compliments, and he died last night at two o'clock, and he requested that this ring should be returned to Miss Hattie'—I said, 'Give it to me, quick.' But all at once a cold shudder ran through me; I had put the ring from a dead man's hand on my finger—and now I was affianced to Death itself, and I must follow."

She was silent, her eyes were closed, and horror seemed to have choked her voice; Stephen passed his hand softly over her icy cheek.

"You are superstitious; here, drink this wine, and go to sleep. The Auditor is dead—so much the better. Drink this, now: it will give you strength."

"It is too late; perhaps, if you had come to me sooner—but no, you had already forgotten me, the last time you came home to see your mother—"

"What do you say, Hattie? I had forgotten my little playmate! You know I was sick, when I was here last, and could not go out."

"Yes, you had taken cold. *I* would have gone through fire and water to see you, or to take your hand, only. But it's all the same, now; my sorrow commenced then, and all that happened later only hastened my death—but it had been in my heart, since I knew you had forgotten me."

She spoke as if she were in a trance, or under some magnetic influence—her face and form alike immovable. A deep pity stirred Stephen's heart; and he could with difficulty restrain himself from throwing his arms around her, to draw her to his breast, as he would have done a child, frightened and benumbed with cold.

"I wrote it all in a letter, yesterday, when I knew my time had come. You will find it in my aunt's *secrétaire;* and another paper, on which I had written that you are to have all my things after my death. I thought, perhaps the court would allow it; though I did not quite know how to write such a document. Let me drink once again; I think I could fall asleep then, without the least pain, and never wake up again."

While he was still leaning against the table, bewildered from what he had just heard, she had gained the door, with slow, dragging steps, holding Peter fast in her arms; and when Stephen made a move to hold her back, she said:

"No—I am tired to death, and I want to go to my room, to be alone when I die."

Stephen seemed in a dream, when she had closed the door behind her.

"Hattie!" he called aloud, long after she had left him. "Hattie—is it true?

have I been so blind—and have you so loved me?"

But no answer came through the silent night, save the rumbling of the hearse, as it stopped at a neighboring house for its ghastly freight, and then returned, like an evil spirit, to the gloom and darkness from whence it had come. He closed the window, and throwing himself on the wide, old-fashioned lounge, he covered the old, yellow shawl, once the property of Hattie's aunt, over his feet.

He had not lain thus very long, when a soft, rustling noise was audible just outside the door. He had scolded Hattie for being superstitious, a little while ago: was he growing so himself, now? Nearer and nearer came the mysterious noise, the door was softly opened, and Hattie stood in it. The cap had slid down from her head, and her hair was hanging loose over the white robe that had taken the place of the brown jacket. Close behind her was Peter, rubbing his head against her bare feet.

"You are not asleep yet? Do not be angry with me, for disturbing you—but it seemed so dreadful, all at once, to die up there, quite alone, and I thought that perhaps it might be cold in the grave, too—is it so? All my blood seems turning to ice. May I sit in the corner on the lounge, one moment, and wrap that shawl around me, to get warm? O, Stephen! must I really die so soon?"

He had raised himself, and had taken her hand in his, to warm it.

"Hattie," he said, tenderly, "you will live long and happily."

"No"—she shook her head wearily—"that can never be."

Shivering, she drew her feet up on the sofa, and covered them with the shawl, leaning back till her shoulder touched his breast. He laid his arm around her.

"Try and get warm: do you suffer pain?"

"Only here"—she put her hand on her heart; and then, suddenly, large drops gathered in her eyes, as if the touch of his hand had broken the ice-rind that had penned up the tears in her heart these many days, and her sobs came convulsively, shaking her worn-out frame.

"Hattie, my own precious darling," he whispered. The sobs ceased.

"It is too late, Stephen—too late. Still, it is sweet to hear you speak so—it stills the dreadful pain at my heart. Do you know why I could not die, up there in my room? It would not let me rest: I wanted to kiss you, only once, before I could die. I thought I should find you asleep; I had meant to take just one kiss, and then to go back to die."

He raised her head, and laid his lips on her soft, half-opened mouth; while she breathed hard, like one almost famished, drawing in fresh life.

"Thanks," she said, almost inaudibly; and she dropped her arms from his neck, and glided down on the lounge, her head falling back, her arm hanging over the cushion, till the little hand almost touched the floor. Then he arose softly, and stepped carefully over her, down from the lounge, moving her body till she was in a comfortable position. Silently he watched her slumbers, lightly passing his hand over her soft hair at times, to make sure that this was all no idle vision, no mocking dream. Of the fact that the girl, sleeping here so placidly, belonged to him now, there was no doubt in his mind: the only wonder seemed to be that he had not claimed the treasure long, long since. It cost him a severe effort not to wake her out of her sleep, to hear once more the confession that had opened the windows of his heart, and let in the warm light of his first love.

How could that other man ever have dared to hope? Preposterous! Stephen said, as he touched the heavy braids that fell over the lounge on to the floor once more, before his own eyelids droop-

ed, and he too slept. The early sunshine did not break his sleep; but he heard the tramp of horses and the rattle of wheels at the door; and before he had time to look out at the window, loud knocks from the front door rang through the house. With deep concern he watched Hattie's face, to see if she had been disturbed, before hastening to the door. It was the half-brother of Hattie's aunt, who had been informed, through Sophy's husband, that his sister was dead, and his niece still in the plague-stricken city. He had brought his wagon, and his intention was to take Hattie to the country with him. That Hattie should be removed, and at once, Stephen gladly consented to; but he suggested that Sophy's would be the place to take her to, as it was farther into the mountains, and Hattie felt like a sister toward her. It was not hard to persuade the uncle, who was still stupefied with grief for his sister's and little Freddie's death, and the look he had taken at Hattie's face, supernaturally white and still, in lethargic sleep. Without hesitancy, Stephen went up-stairs into Hattie's room, carried down all the bedding he could find, and spread it in the bottom of the wagon. Next, he proceeded to gather up such articles of clothing as came under his hands; and in the course of his researches he came to a little press, containing a hundred worthless trifles, such as school-girls, playing with their dolls, might treasure up. There was a string of glass beads, an old almanac, a knife with broken blade, and a book from which he had read to Hattie, years ago. Half a dozen letters, written to her when he first went to college, dropped out of the book; the almanac contained his name, in his own handwriting, and the string of glass beads had been bought at a Fair, and given by him to Hattie, years ago. When he began to pack the wagon, he found willing hands to assist him, on all sides; young and old had some good word to say of Hattie, and the untiring devotion with which she had nursed relatives, friends, and neighbors. In the room, Hattie was still fast asleep; nor did she waken when Stephen, her uncle, and a neighbor carried her down the stairs and laid her carefully in the wagon. Peter had followed the *cortége* to the door, and seemed inclined to follow Hattie to the wagon; but unmindful of the cozy naps he had enjoyed in her lap, he turned, at the last moment, and withdrew sulkily into the house.

When the brisk-trotting horses had left the walls of the city behind, and were ambling along through smiling fields and green trees, Stephen turned to look at the sleeper, and gave a sigh of relief to see a light dash of color already creeping into her cheeks. Hour after hour she slept, while the uncle had a score of cases to relate, in which people had been saved from impending illness, perhaps death, by the power of long, uninterrupted sleep. Stephen agreed with all the old gentleman's views on this point; still, when they halted for some time to rest, and refresh the horses, he stepped stealthily up to the wagon, drew aside the cover, just a little, and called Hattie softly by name. She ought to take something to eat, he said; but the hypocrite knew very well that that was not what he wanted her to wake up for: he could find no peace till he was sure that she would adhere, in broad daylight, to what she had confessed when she believed herself dying, in the night.

At dusk the wagon rolled into the garden surrounding the parsonage; and Sophy, who was coming out of the house with loud greetings for her brother, was instantly checked by the finger Stephen laid on his lip. His mother came out too, and together they wept when Stephen told them in what a deplorable condition he had found poor Hattie; omitting, of course, the part of the tale that interest-

ed him most. When the sleeper had been removed from the wagon to the bed in her room, she seemed for a moment on the point of waking up; but she only asked for water, drank without opening her eyes, and immediately sank into sleep again.

Sophy slept in the room together with her; and the next morning the entire family, including Stephen's father and Sophy's husband, were in the breakfast-room, anxiously awaiting the appearance of Sophy and her friend. But Sophy came alone, with troubled face and discouraging accounts of Hattie's mental condition. Early in the morning, she said, Hattie had waked up, and, raising herself in bed, had looked around her wildly, asking for her aunt, and how she had come to this strange place. Gently as possible, Sophy had recalled to her mind what had taken place; but, apparently, without heeding or understanding her, Hattie had suddenly buried her face in the pillow, and cried till Sophy thought she must be utterly exhausted. Thinking that these hours of weeping had brought her relief, and a feeling of thankfulness for dangers escaped from, Sophy had been surprised beyond measure to find that an inexplicable rigidness had taken possession of her, against which the kindest, most loving words were of no avail. She professed to feel in good health, but said she could not leave the room, and begged that no one, not even Stephen's mother, should be admitted to her. Stephen's father, who was always ready to grumble about the "women with their whims and notions," was contradicted by Sophy, who said she feared worse for the mind of the poor child that had gone through such dreadful trials and fatigues.

Stephen said never a word; but there was no doubt in his mind that the dread of meeting him actuated Hattie in her refusal to see any one. What she had said to him in the hour she had fancied her last, had been as a sacred bequeathal in her estimation—a testament, or last will; and now coming back to life again, it might well seem to her as a desecration of her most holy feelings—an irreparable breach of all she had been taught to consider fitting and maidenly.

Toward evening, watching his sister's absence, with sudden resolve he stepped into Hattie's room. She sat near the window, at work on a black dress she had commissioned Sophy to buy for her; when the door opened, she turned her head, thinking to see Sophy enter. But hardly had she recognized Stephen's form, when she dropped the sewing from her hands, and fled to the farthest corner of the room. Covering her eyes with one hand, she raised the other beseechingly, repeating confusedly, "Please not! O! please not!"

"Hattie," he cried, "is life to separate again what death had brought so near together? Why do you suddenly despise me, so that you have not a single word for me? Look up at me, only once, to read in my eyes how fully I value the treasure I had found, and how wretched it will make me to hear you recall what seemed to lift my soul to heaven."

As though she had neither heard nor understood his words, she continued to plead wildly, shrinking farther into the corner, "Please not! O! please not!"

Disconsolately he left the room, still hesitating to confide to any one what he thought the reason for Hattie's singular manner. It was Saturday, and when the children had been put to bed, and the family were in the sitting-room together, Stephen resolved to tell his secret to his friends, and leave the place at once. Time, he trusted, and the wise counsel of his mother and sister, would ultimately bring to Hattie's mind a more tranquil and reasonable view of the case. His mother agreed with him; but Sophy, with her quick wits, had already formed a plan, which she felt sure would suc-

ceed. Her husband at first rather objected to acting his part in the play, but she overruled him with "Christian" reasons for taking the *rôle* assigned him.

Early on Sunday morning, Sophy, who still slept in the same room with Hattie, asked her if she would not like to go to church and hear the sermon, which was to be a very beautiful one. Raising her head a very little, Hattie owned to a wish to hear the sermon, but said she could not go out among the people yet, and they all must have patience with her a little longer.

"Of course we will have patience with you, Hattie; I am only sorry for my brother: he is going away, and he will take the impression with him that you dislike him, and therefore avoid to come among us."

Hattie's face was burning red, and averting it, she faltered:

"How could I dislike him, when he has been so good to me? I would give my life to serve him, but I can not see him. Don't ask me why; but tell him to forget me. I am not worthy that he should care for me."

"You are a child, and a sick one at that: do as you choose. But I was going to say: if you want to hear the sermon to-day without going to church, you can go into the little summer-house, there, at the end of that walk; if you open the lattice-windows you can hear every word that is spoken on the chancel when the church-windows are open."

When the church-bells rang, the lone mourner at the window, from behind the curtains, watched all the family—the children in front—pass through the garden, down to the little gate that communicated with the church-yard. Stephen, walking beside his mother, looked pale, and held his face downward—a deep sadness on his features, that made Hattie's eyes run over with tears. When they were out of sight, she took heart and stepped into the garden. Like one risen from a bed of sickness, she lingered near the fragrant flowers, inhaling their perfume with an intensely appreciating gratefulness.

The Sabbath morning sun was so overpoweringly luminous, that she stopped and closed her eyes at every other step, dazzled by the light. She seemed almost to lose her breath, and she sat down tremblingly, when she reached the summer-house, where she devoutly folded her hands and listened to the last reverberating sound of the bell, and the first deep, full notes of the organ. Grandly they swept by her, on the breeze laden with the perfume of the sweet-brier, and stirring the soft shadows of the vines and branches that played at her feet. She felt like a wanderer, who for many days has suffered burning heat, and bitter frost, on rough, jagged roads, and, foot-sore and weary, has found a place to rest and wash away all traces of dust and fatigue, in the sunny, green shade and the waves of swelling music.

A heavy load seemed lifting from her heart, as she listened to the words of the minister, who preached from the text: that all things are for the best, to those who love God. He went on to show that even the epidemic, which was wasting the land, had brought out the love, the power of self-sacrifice, the warm, human sympathy in hearts that would otherwise have grown callous, and indifferent to their fellow-creatures' suffering—their poorer neighbors' very existence. As an earthquake, that destroyed the houses, but brought to the light of day healing springs, from which the whole land derived benefit, so the blessings that this affliction had brought would reach down to generations to come, in some of its consequences. When the sermon had been closed with a prayer, the worthy clergyman communicated to his attentive congregation, that this time of great tribulation had brought together two hearts, that had

formed their tie for life in the face of death—illustrating again that "to those who love the Lord, all things are for the best."

Hattie held her breath: how like her own story that *might* have been. Who might she be—the happy, loved one—who had found her lover "in the face of death?"

A giddiness came over her, suddenly, when she heard her own name spoken on the chancel, and Stephen's coupled with it. When she had regained strength, she tried to rise from her seat, but fell forward into the arms of a gray-bearded man, who had come up the walk, muttering, and chiding the girl who was so full of whims that she avoided the church on the day her own name was called from the pulpit. As punishment for this omission, he claimed the first kiss of the newly betrothed; and, when Hattie could be persuaded to open her eyes again, there was some one in the summer-house with her, beside the gray-bearded man.

A BY-WAY IN NORSELAND.

THE Province of Yutland, or Iylland, is a little, out-of-the-way nook in Europe, distant from the beaten highways of travel, and offers none of the stereotyped attractions demanded by the ordinary sight-seer; but an artist, either in words or colors, would not fail to discover there some choice bits for his sketch-book. In default of a better hand, the writer will give some of his observations in this *ultima thule* of the ancients. The Cimbrian Peninsula is supposed to be the country whence the *Cimbri* issued, who, in conjunction with the *Teutoni*, scaled the Alps and descended on the plains of Italy, and for a time threatened the very existence of the Roman Empire, till they were met and driven back by Marius at Agua Sextia. It is divided into North and South Jutland, or, as it is commonly called, Slesvig, which latter province was "appropriated" by Prussia, in 1864—the northern part, or Yutland proper, being now the only Danish possession left on the Continent. It is, generally speaking, a low, flat country, but somewhat undulating toward the east, where it occasionally assumes a hilly character, and in one place actually attains the tremendous height of a thousand feet above the sea-level. The hill is named, grandiloquently, Himmelbjerget, or the Mountain of Heaven; and we are rather proud of this unusual protuberance of our otherwise level little country. Excursions to it are of frequent occurrence; and, indeed, the view from the top of it is both beautiful and imposing. On a fine summer day, an extensive and varied prospect of noble woods, thriving villages, towns, country-seats, streams, and lakes, amply repays the small trouble of ascending it. The whole country is washed upland. I imagine it would take a long time to sink a shaft to the bed-rock here, if it ever would be found; perhaps we float on the water, like a huge "kraken," in which case it would be well for us if we could cast off our moorings to Prussia, and float away to a safer distance. No rocky ribs protrude through the earth, but there is no lack of detached stones, though rarely of a size beyond one man's handling. One huge bowlder, however—large enough to require several blasts, if encountered in a California mining claim—exists not very far from Kolding. It is the largest stone in the kingdom, and I had not been long

home, before I was invited out to see the wonder. I should judge the mass which was above ground, to be of a weight of about five or six tons, but as much may possibly be beneath the surface. The most interesting to me, however, was the old legend attached to it. It is called *Harald Blaatand's stone*, from the received tradition that this first Danish Christian King had intended to place it on his mother's grave in Jellinge. It is said that he dragged it, by means of a strong team of hundreds of men and cattle, from a place on the western coast. On this land-heath the King, at the head of his toiling host, met a stranger from the isles, whom he asked, in his pride, if he had ever seen such a load moved before, when the man replied: "Yes, Harald; yesterday I saw your son dragging Denmark from under your feet." Whereupon, Harald hurried over to Sjelland, to quell the rising rebellion, and the big stone remained where it was. The peasant, who drove me out to the place, added, that if one would dig down to the root of it, the iron sled, upon which it had been dragged, would most likely be found. There has been some talk, lately, about transporting it to the peak of Himmelbjerget, as a Bauta-stone, in memory of the late popular King, Frederick VII.

The western coast of Yutland consists of a line of sand-hills, (*klitter*) partially covered with a sparse vegetation of a species of wiry grass, planted there for the purpose of fastening the loose sand together. In places the sand contains a large admixture of clay, which enables the poor peasants to raise some meagre crops of barley and rye, in the immediate vicinity of the German Ocean—here called the Western Sea—in spite of the fierce west wind, and the dreaded *havguse*—a cold, clammy mist, which at times ascends from the ocean, unfriendly both to man and vegetation. Those sand-hills rise and fall in long swells, in one place lifting themselves up to a height of nearly two hundred feet. The almost precipitous acclivity is called Boobjerg, and is an important landmark to passing ships. It was near this point that two large English ships-of-the-line—the *St. George*, bearing the flag of Admiral Reynolds, and the *Defense*—on their way from the Baltic to England, went ashore, in a terrific gale, on Christmas morning, in the year 1811. They struck on the reef, only a good stone's throw from the beach, and were broken in pieces; hardly any thing came ashore but dead bodies. An old fisherman told me, while watching the sketch I made of the spot, that the people on board were plainly visible, among whom seemed to have been several women—perhaps seamen's wives—and that the Admiral, with his cocked hat, and star on the breast, was distinctly seen, and heard giving orders from the poop. (He had probably dressed himself in full uniform, that his body might be recognized, if washed ashore.) Of the two crews, amounting to seventeen hundred men, only eighteen reached the shore alive. Many years ago, some timbers were visible at low water, said to be those of the English Admiral's ship, which retribution here overtook, the fisherman added, because she had helped to rob us of our fleet in 1807. The whole western coast, with its triple tier of reefs, up to the point of Skagen, is an extremely dangerous one. Hardly a week passes in autumn and winter, without some marine disaster. Vessels come to grief, and frequently with loss of lives, in spite of the numerous life-boats, and the brave hearts who are always ready to man them. The low land, so difficult to make out in time, and the strong prevailing westerly gales, have proved fatal to many a stanch ship, and many a brave seaman has sunk in his watery grave off our coast, "uncoffined, unknelled, and unknown." Every village church on the coast is

built on the highest ground to be found, and their steeples are always of an extra height, and well whitewashed, to serve as a conspicuous landmark. The peasantry had, in olden days, a reputation similar to that of the inhabitants of other dangerous coasts—that of not being overanxious to save the lives of those whom ill-fate had cast upon their shores. A method of showing false lights, similar to that mentioned by Scott, in one of his novels, seemed once to have obtained here too. Some cruel villain would tie a lantern to the tail of his horse, and gallop along the beach, in dark, stormy nights, to imitate the rising and falling of a ship in the water, which some passing vessel, doubtful of her whereabouts, would then fatally follow, and be destroyed. Such practices, if they ever have really been used, have not, I need not tell you, been heard of within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; nor that prayers were offered up in the churches, that it might please Heaven to bless the coast with plenty of wrecks.

One of the most famous of recent disasters, was that of the Russian steam-frigate *Alexander Newsky*, which left her bones on the reef at Harbore in the summer of 18—. On my journey up the western coast, I visited an old schoolmate, the Rev. Mr. V——, who is the clergyman of that district, and whose parsonage is in the immediate vicinity of the place where the frigate got wrecked. Somebody must have blundered very seriously on board the Russian, to allow the noble ship to strike, in the middle of the day, and in tolerably good weather. It would probably have fared badly with her officers, if one of the Imperial Grand Dukes had not been on board: he probably interceded for them, as the sentence of the court-martial, which subsequently tried the Captain and the officers of the deck, was a most lenient one. The officers and the whole crew, with but one exception, came safely ashore. All valuables, provisions, the private effects of officers and crew, and the whole costly cabin furniture, were saved—even a half-score of the guns were landed. These latter were generously presented to the Danish Government; but, as it would not pay to transport them farther, they remain buried in the sand yet. As the clergyman's home was the only decent habitation near by, the Grand Duke, Admiral, and Captain were, of course, quartered upon him. The three days' boarding and lodging, with which the reverend gentleman furnished his illustrious guests, were paid for in a truly princely manner. He received from the Russian Government a gift of one thousand silver *rubles* and the Cross of St. Stanislas, while both he and his wife were presented with valuable gifts, as *souvenirs* of their stay, from the Duke and his suite. The Grand Duke, although a mere boy of eighteen years, was almost a giant in stature, and strangely modest and bashful for such an exalted personage, Mrs. V—— informed me. The crew, quartered around in the scattered farm-houses, managed, in spite of the strict orders to their landlords to keep the whisky out of sight, to obtain sufficient of the beloved liquid to get drunk on, apparently never minding the inevitable *knout*, which was served up to each delinquent on the beach, where they appeared to muster, mornings and evenings. The frigate, as she was lying, was bought by a Diving Company, who had been at work some time when I was there, but had done nothing of consequence. The main object is to save the screw, which, if feasible, will amply repay the shareholders in the enterprise. They were preparing to explode the decks (the hull is under water) by a submarine battery, to get at the screw.

In the immediate vicinity of the coast, some tolerable crops can be raised, but

as we recede from the coast-belt, these become more and more scanty, till cultivation almost entirely ceases on the Great Heath, (*Alheden*) which, interspersed with bogs, forms the barren back of almost the whole of the peninsula—a desert not unlike the sage-brush plains of Nevada, but, when the heather is in bloom, a more beautiful, though still monotonous expanse. A few wandering gypsies—the Indians of Europe—formerly much more numerous, are here occasionally encountered. They subsist by mending pots and kettles, sharpening tools, and the like, sometimes varied with a little poaching and stealing. Their swarthy faces and coal-black eyes afford a striking contrast to the fair complexions and yellow hair which prevail among the peasantry, almost without exception. The population of this part of the country is of course very scanty, and consists mostly of the descendants of a number of German settlers, which were invited by our Government, about a hundred years ago, to take possession of this Goshen, and be happy. An odd place to immigrate to, but the rich lands of America were then *terra incognita* to the masses of Europe. The heath is really susceptible of cultivation, wherever water can be brought on it, as has been proved in similar localities elsewhere, but capital and enterprise are here alike wanting among these poor people. It is a popular belief, that the great stretches of heath and moor-lands were the result of the depopulation of the inhabitants by the awful pestilence, called "the black death," which raged with such a fury throughout Europe in the fourteenth century. Before that terrible visitation, the western part of Yutland is said to have been almost as flourishing as the eastern part now is. Neglect and the ruthless western wind have ages ago destroyed the ancient woods, except in rare, sheltered spots; as, for instance, at North Vosberg, a picturesque old *château*, only four miles from the sea, in whose well-kept little park I noticed several tree-trunks exceeding two feet in diameter, and of a height equal to the building, to leeward of which they flourished; but everywhere else, until you get east of the great heath, a well-grown tree is a great curiosity, and many people live and die without ever having gladdened their eyes with such a sight. Still, it is demonstrated, that with proper care and precaution, trees may be made to flourish again as they have before; and a large Company has now been actively engaged for years in forming large plantations of the Canadian poplar—a hardy, but unbeautiful tree, which readily takes root in the poorest soil, and flourishes under the most adverse circumstances. When these have attained the necessary height to break the force of our fierce zephyrs, the better kind of trees will be enabled to thrive in their shelter.

An abundance of strange game animals must have roamed about on the peninsula in ancient and prehistoric times: a fact conclusively proven by the number of bones and animal remains exhumed from the famous *Kjökkenmöddinger* (kitchen refuse-heaps)—the accumulated refuse-heaps near the camps of the old aborigines of the country, which were the especial points of interest to the Archeological Congress assembled last year in Copenhagen. In these heaps have been found the bones, and sometimes part of the skeleton of the beaver, the bear, the urox, (the European bison) reindeer, moose, and wolf—all of which have been extinct for ages, with the exception of the wolf, rare specimens of which were still extant a hundred years ago. The beaver is found nowhere in Europe any more, I believe, and the reindeer, which Tacitus mention as an inhabitant of the German forests as far south as the banks of the Danube, is now difficult to keep alive in Stockholm

during the summer, its proper abode being Lapland and the extreme northern part of Norway. A single herd of the urox, which formerly abounded in the endless woods of Poland and Russia, is now preserved in a forest in Lithuania by the Emperor of Russia, who, but at rare intervals, allows a hunt to take place to gratify some royal visitor. A remnant of the once numerous moose (*elg-dyr*) is kept in a similar manner by the King of Sweden in a chase not far from Stockholm. At the Prince of Wales' visit to the Swedish Court, a grand moose-hunt was a part of the entertainment, in which it was managed that the Prince got a chance to drop one, which he, being a fair sportsman, availed himself of successfully. Our only game now consists of an abundance of very large hares, foxes, and some few badgers and otters, besides the herds of stags preserved in the parks. Of birds, we have in season countless wild ducks, geese, and swans, and a fair quantity of quails and partridges, and on the great heath yet a few *aarfugle*, (*tetrao tetrix*) a splendid game-bird about the size of a sage-hen, but much more delicate in the flesh. It is easy to shoot, if difficult to find, and will soon be an extinct bird, if the game-laws do not take them under special protection. In Norway and Sweden they are still plentiful, and our game-dealers in Copenhagen receive in the season a great quantity of those delicious birds from these countries, along with the more rare *tiur*, or *capercalzie*—also a species of grouse, but with gorgeous plumage, and in size equal to a small turkey. The *capercalzie* has been introduced into the northern part of Scotland, and is said to thrive and increase there very well. But though the soil on the western side is but poor, and the middle mostly barren stretches of heath and moor, the eastern part of Yutland makes ample amends. A more fertile country, and a fairer and lovelier landscape of the quiet, peaceable sort, is not to be found on this parallel of latitude in the world: about that of the sterile shores of Labrador and Cariboo, or the head-waters of Fraser River, on the Pacific side. Its rich, waving corn-fields, small lakes, meandering streams, quiet old villages and manors, and the undulating character of the country, put you in mind of rural England; but no huge, overgrown manufacturing towns, with their great wealth and squalid poverty, their roar of machinery and black smoke belched out from thousands of chimneys, nor "black country" districts swarming with a miserable, ignorant, toiling multitude, break up or disturb the general picture of decent prosperity and the smiling aspect of this northern garden. The largest town of Yutland, and its commercial capital, is Aarhuus, now containing some twenty thousand inhabitants. It has a very rich and fertile upland, and carries on a very flourishing export trade with foreign countries, particularly England, to which country she dispatches good-sized steamers twice a week, laden with the produce of the rich Yutish fields and dairies, bringing back in return English manufactured articles, always filling up with coal to complete cargo, the want of which latter commodity will forever prevent Denmark from being a manufacturing country. An immense quantity of stock is raised in the country, which, in conjunction with our grain export, constitutes the principal source of wealth of the country. Many hundreds of fat Yutish steers are consumed in London weekly, to which all-devouring city of the world the best of our beeves are forwarded by steamers made expressly for the purpose. An almost continual drove of horses (estimated at ten thousand per annum) passes through our town on their way to Germany and France, where the strong-built Danish breed of horses are in great demand as draft animals, but especially as artillery horses. They fetch

an average price of from $200 to $300 apiece. As riding horses, unless crossed with blooded races, they are less esteemed; as our cavalry, in the last war, learned to their cost, when skirmishing with the light Prussian hussars, mounted on fleet, half-blood horses, whom our heavy Danish dragoons could never overtake, and but rarely came in bodily contact with, but, in the few instances where they did, never failed to ride down both horses and men, owing to their greater weight and momentum. However, the day of the usefulness of heavy cavalry is passed and gone, and we have remodeled that part of our army too, and made our dragoons light in reality, as they were formerly only in name. Though we have no country palaces like Eaton Hall, or feudal castles of the imposing grandeur of Alnwick or Warwick, we have still no lack of beautiful country-seats, and old, venerable manors—of genuine castles, real, fortified residences from the Middle Ages, of which, however, but very few are left: the Castle of Spóttrup is about the best specimen. In my rambles along the Lümfjord—an immense inlet, or arm of the Cattegat, which almost makes the northern part of Yutland an island—I paid a visit to the old *château*, and was hospitably entertained by its present proprietor—an extensive raiser of stock in that region. It is a large, square, battlemented building, surrounded by double earthen walls and moats—the usual mode of fortification practiced in a low, flat country, which offers no natural points of vantage. The approach to it is through the partially demolished walls across a causeway, in lieu of the ancient drawbridge. It looked more old and weather-worn than any thing I have yet seen in the country. It is still in excellent preservation, though dating from Queen Margaret's time—the Semiramis of the North, who ruled the three Scandinavian kingdoms together in the latter part of the fourteenth century. The owner, who is not of the ancient race who formerly held the castle, but a shrewd, practical man of the people, told me frankly that he should much prefer to have a smart modern country-house to this old robber-nest, and would have pulled it down long ago if any thing less than blasts of gunpowder could have torn the massive walls asunder. Vaulted cellars and dungeons underlie the whole building. I measured the walls in the drawing-room on the first floor, and found them to be eight feet thick. I must conclude that ghosts have become extinct, as none made their appearance during the two nights I passed in the queer, octagon bed-room of one of the turrets, which was assigned to me. I had been entertained before retiring with a variety of ghostly legends appertaining especially to Spóttrup, and was well prepared to have accepted any kind of an apparition disposed to pay me a visit. But with the exception of an uneasy night, I was not otherwise troubled. I suppose that my long residence in practical and skeptical California had put me out of *rapport* with these "visitors of the pale glimpses of the moon." A saying obtains in the country around that the oldest child of the Lord of Spóttrup dies always before attaining his or her majority, and it is maintained that such has actually been the fact for several generations back. Tradition tells that the curse descended upon the place when the lord of the castle—many hundred years ago—killed the babe of his daughter, the fruit of a *liaison* or secret marriage with one of his huntsmen, and buried it in a recess of the thick walls; and till that little sepulchre is found, and the little skeleton is interred in Christian earth, the curse shall prevail.

Three or four miles from the beautifully situated town of Veile is the village of Jellinge, famous throughout the whole North for its two gigantic *tumuli*, whose erection dates back to the ninth century,

and commemorate the burial, if they do not actually cover the ashes of one of our early historic Kings, named Gorm the Old, and his renowned Queen, Thyra Dannebod, whose deeds and motherly love for her people have been the loving theme of *skjalds* of old, and the subject of many a *kjempevise* (popular ballads from the Middle Ages). Each barrow is about 60 feet high, 180 feet in diameter, and 600 feet in circumference. The two large Runic stones, which formerly crowned the *tumuli*, have been removed to Jellinge church-yard, immediately fronting the church, and are considered by antiquarians the most remarkable and perfect specimens of their kind in Scandinavia. One of them is covered with runes, surrounded by a design of interwoven, dragon-like monsters; and the other displays a rudely sculptured figure of a man with outstretched arms, and a species of halo round his head, supposed to represent Christ. (Queen Thyra was a converted, zealous Christian, while her husband was, and remained, a heathen.) Our well-known Runic antiquary, Professor Rafn, the same who exploded the hoax of the Runic inscription on the rocks in Fall River, Massachusetts, has deciphered this, fully corroborating the old-received tradition, that Queen Thyra caused the hills to be raised to the memory of herself and husband. One of the *tumuli* was opened some twenty years ago, when a good-sized grave-chamber, formed of unhewn stones, was discovered; but, with the exception of a curiously wrought gold-beaker, now preserved at the Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen, nothing else of any value was found. The other is yet unopened. The same old Queen is also considered the builder of *Dannewirke*, (the Dane's work) an earthen wall extending from the German Ocean to the Baltic across the southern part of Slesvig, constructed as a barrier against the incursions of the Germans. This wall has always been considered by the Danes as their country's natural southern frontier. In the unfortunate war of 1864, the little Danish army attempted here to make a stand against the overwhelming masses of the Prussians and Austrians, but, unable to man the far-extended line, they were compelled to abandon the position, of which so much had been expected, and retreat to Duppel, and finally to Als, thus leaving the enemy free to advance upon and occupy Yutland.

The most southern place, and now the border-town of our little, mutilated country, is Kolding, my native town, to which my terrible accident in the Rocky Mountains has compelled me to return, after an absence of nearly twenty-five years; and a greater contrast of life than between the one I have led for so many years, in the mountains of California and the wilderness of the adjoining Territories, and my late dull, slow, but comfortable existence, can not easily be imagined. During the year and a half I have passed in my old home, I have been treated handsomely and fared bountifully; but for all that, I feel as a kind of exile in my native land. California plants a terrible, fixed foot—as O. W. Holmes says of the household gods—in the hearts of her sons, and it is not uprooted without repinings and regret. I dare say, the very name of the town is unknown to you, or were so, before I dated my last letter from it. I shall be pleased if I can interest you with a description of it. It is a little, old-fashioned burgh of five thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the head of a *fjord*, entering from the "Little Belt." It was, in ancient days, much larger than at present, but since 1848, the year of general awakening in Europe, the town has made a considerable advance, and may be said to flourish, in a quiet, modest way. It has a very fertile upland, undulating and even hilly in places, and tolerably well wooded. We have a harbor, filled with

small craft, and two steamers between here and the capital; a well-built railroad keeps us in connection with the leading towns of Yutland, as it does with Copenhagen and Hamburg—which two cities are about equidistant from us, and can be reached in less than one day's journey. I imagine the only point of attraction to an American would be the extensive ruins of Koldinghuus Castle, as they are to all Danes, who have not traveled abroad; the old castle being, with the exception of Hammershuus, on the Isle of Bornholm, the only ruin of any extent in the country. The gray old pile, with its huge square tower, forms a conspicuous landmark to the surrounding country, and is situated on a hilly plateau—perhaps artificial—on the edge of the town. Its outline and surroundings are perhaps not as satisfactory, to an artist, as some of the British castles—Conway, for instance—as the lines are not as yet sufficiently broken, and because it lacks the luxurious masses of ivy, which mantle the ruins of England; but it is equally massive—larger than most of them—and the walls (made of very large bricks, laid in Roman cement) still thicker. It dates back to the year 1248, when its erection was commenced on the site of a still older "Borg," by the Slesvig Duke, the fratricide Abel. The building forms an irregular square, with four octagon towers attached to the interior walls, and a tall, massive keep, called the giant-tower, which constitutes the exterior north-western angle of the castle, on the four corners of whose summit stood formerly four colossal figures popularly known as Achilles and Hector, Hannibal and Scipio. During the conflagration the whole inner part of the tower fell, and with it the two first statues. Scipio was precipitated from his lofty perch in 1854, during the prevalence of a violent storm. He buried himself in the soft soil at the foot of the tower, and with the exception of a broken neck, he was not much hurt. He was carefully exhumed, had his head put on again, and stood thenceforward in the court-yard, till the Prussian or Austrian soldiers wantonly broke him in pieces, in 1864. But Hannibal yet remains aloft on his post, his left hand resting on a shield, charged with the arms of Denmark—the *three lions passant and the flaming hearts*—and his right grasping a halberd; which latter is in truth a modern innovation, and was supplied him three years ago, when the pinnacle of the tower was repaired, with special reference to the more securely fastening of the pedestal of this last remaining sentinel. You may be sure that such an old building, the frequent residence of Kings and their powerful vassals in olden days, do not lack the inevitable legends and traditions which always cluster around a spot which has been associated with history and arbitrary power for so many ages. The old woman who keeps the key of the gate never fails to acquaint the visitor with the story of the *Swedish Cellar*, the deep dungeon that lies under the base of the giant-tower, below the level of the other cellars. After awhile, when your eyes have become somewhat accustomed to the almost impenetrable gloom which prevails—a faint light from a narrow slit in the vault above merely serving to make the gloom visible—she will point you out the traces of a circular aperture, now closed, through which delicious food was lowered down from above to aggravate the occupant of the cell—the Swedish King Albert, who, defeated in battle by Queen Margaret, was here imprisoned and tortured for a long time, according to the barbarous custom of the age. He is supposed to have specially exasperated the Danish Elizabeth by sending her a pair of breeches to be mended, and by the present of a grindstone to sharpen her needles upon: thus insinuating that this latter implement was more appro-

priate to her than the sword. But as she finally swayed the sceptre—and both vigorously and well—of the three northern kingdoms, she ought to have been above this mean revenge; but tradition maintains, that in this terrible dungeon the unlucky Albert suffered for many years the torments of Tantalus, nice and savory food being lowered down to him, just beyond the reach of his hands, but within that of his nose, while life was kept in him by the meanest kitchen refuse. It is added that he never drew a breath of fresh air, except when he was brought out in the court-yard to serve as a footstool for the revengeful Queen when she mounted her horse. In the immense Hall of Knights, which occupies almost the whole length of the western side of the castle, another story relates that the cruel Knight, Sir Strange, one of the first lords, who held the castle in fief of the Crown, caused his daughter to be danced to death by her six rejected wooers, whom she had refused in favor of a poor sculptor who had been sent to the castle to exercise his art in decorating the chapel. Their secret meetings were discovered by one of the rejected lovers, and brought to the knowledge of her father. The proud Knight, in his grief and rage at what he deemed the disgrace of his house and ruin of his daughter, ordered the low-born artist to instant execution in the court-yard, and which he compelled his wretched daughter to witness from the window of her room in a turret. The same evening she was ordered to dress herself for a ball, and conducted to the *great hall*, where she found her father and six Knights awaiting her. No other woman was present, and the unnatural parent informed her that these six cavaliers would now test her boasted power of tiring every body out in the dance. If she succeeded, her life would be spared; if not, she would not leave the hall alive. The dreadful dance of death began, and, it is said, she exhausted the four and almost the fifth, when the fearful exertion and her panting breath caused her girdle to burst, and she instantly dropped dead on the floor, her heart-blood dyeing the planks, leaving an indelible stain, like that of Rizzio in Holyrood, to mark the spot of her cruel murder.

When Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte-Corvo, one of Napoleon's Marshals, and the future King of Sweden, was in Denmark in 1808, as commander-in-chief of a French corps of occupation, which comprised an auxiliary Spanish force under Count Romana, his head-quarters were in Koldinghuus Castle. On the night of the 30th of March, in that year, the venerable old pile got on fire, owing to the carelessness of some Spanish troops on guard, who, in their hurry to thaw up their frozen limbs after being relieved from their posts, built such an enormous fire in the guard-room that the chimney took fire, which soon expanded to a general conflagration, and before next evening left nothing of Koldinghuus but a blackened ruin. It is a common saying, that the Spaniards did it on purpose, to destroy the French Marshal. At any rate, it is a fact, that about the same time a general mutiny of the Spanish auxiliaries took place in several places of the country, which was promptly quelled by Bernadotte, and the mutineers made prisoners, with the exception of the Asturian regiment of cavalry, stationed in the island of Fuen, who, abandoning their horses on the beach, managed to get on board an English squadron which cruised in the "Belt." The plan, concerted between the *Junta* in Spain and the Spanish Commander in the North, to distract Napoleon's attention from the Peninsula, miscarried completely. A strange story is current here, *à propos* of the regiment which escaped from the French—an account which I have since met with in an English paper—

purporting to be that given by the officer in charge of the British squadron which received the Spaniards on board. The Asturian regiment of horse, being warned in time, saddled up and rode rapidly to the coast, and made signals to the English ships, which were promptly responded to by sending all their boats ashore to embark the men. The regiment was superbly mounted, on noble Andalusian chargers, said to be all stud-horses. They had, of course, to be left on the beach. The poor, riderless beasts galloped up and down the strand for awhile, in great grief and confusion, whinnying and gazing out to sea, as if upbraiding their masters for their desertion. Presently a strange and appalling spectacle began to be enacted on the shore: after awhile they were observed, true to their training and instinct, to form themselves in their accustomed squadrons, when they charged, one squadron against the other, in regular line of battle, and with incredible fury, biting, shrieking, and kicking. They wheeled and returned to the charge, as in regular battle. The encounter lasted until they were all wounded, and most of them killed. The survivors, tamed from loss of blood, were captured by some country people, who had in the distance witnessed this unnatural fight. Some few of the stud-horses recovered from their wounds, and traces of this Spanish breed are still occasionally noticed among the native stock of that part of the island.

The spoliation of the little, peaceful Denmark, without pretext and provocation, by the two great German powers, in 1864, may well be compared to that of Poland by her rapacious neighbors. Although every Dane must ever hold the unscrupulous Bismarck in cordial detestation, and, to a certain degree, his nominal master, the King of Prussia—though they say that the old man does really believe that he holds a heavenly mission to make the German race, no matter at what cost, the dominant one of Europe—it must be allowed that the Austrian and Prussian troops effected their master's purpose as humanely and gently as possible. Kolding was occupied by the enemy for many months, and every body bears willing witness to their good conduct. The Austrians, especially, treated us as their friends and comrades—in fact, much more so than they did their own allies, the Prussians, to whom they seem to have had a national ill-will. At least, in our town, their coldness toward each other was plainly to be noticed. They never fraternized; neither officers nor men. If the officers met, in any public place, they never saluted, nor spoke to one another; and the Austrians often remarked to their Danish hosts, that nothing would suit them better than to meet the Prussians in open battle. They have had their wishes fulfilled; and on the bloody field of Sadova many of our light-hearted, jovial Austrian officers breathed their last. Strange!—the Austrian troops were esteemed here in Denmark much the better soldiers of the two armies; but, in a campaign like that of 1866, the splendid military organization, first-rate generalship, and superior arms of the Prussians, outweighed far the individual superiority of the troops opposed to them. As a striking exhibition of the *élan* and *stamina* of the Austrian troops, may be mentioned their march, which preceded their attack upon the Danish lines at Veile, where we, as in other places, in vain tried to check the advance of the vastly superior enemy. The division started from their *cantonnement*, sixteen miles south from Kolding, early one raw, cold morning, and passed through our town late in the afternoon, in a regular dog-trot, the most of them wet to the waist from wading through Kolding River, after the bridge had given away. The long march, on rugged country roads, through mud and snow, seemed

not to have told upon them at all. With savage howls and yells, more like Indians than Christian warriors, they rushed through the streets, and disappeared over the hills north of the town. At a double-quick step, they continued their headlong progress, through the darkness of a long winter night, appearing at sunrise on the heights above Veile—sixteen miles north of Kolding—hardly leaving a straggler behind.

It was sometimes hard to resist the many attempts of the officers to ingratiate themselves with the inhabitants. They proposed to give a ball, but, as no ladies would come, the plan was given up. Their magnificent bands were ordered to play at intervals on the market-place, but in spite of the ravishing strains—the like of which was never heard here before nor since—the better class of citizens stayed in their houses, and turned a deaf ear to the charmer. They respected our feelings, and never lost their good-humor, at our natural aversion to intimacy with them. They ordered soldiers to help their hosts in their gardens, and to do jobs of carpentry for them. A servant of an Austrian Colonel, quartered in my brother's house, was ordered regularly to draw my little nephew in his baby-wagon—a charge which the soldier performed most kindly and faithfully, frequently returning with the baby, after hours' absence, perfectly garlanded with flowers. In short, they seem to have been mighty good fellows, although our enemies; and the Austrian occupation of Kolding forms still frequently a pleasant topic of conversation. The Prussians were less liked: they were colder and less friendly than their jolly allies. We felt, that to the rapacity of Prussia we were indebted for all our misfortunes. Our feelings toward those were very different from the sentiment, almost like friendship, which we entertained for the good-natured Austrians.

The discipline of the latter was extremely severe: the slightest theft or misdemeanor was punished with corporal chastisement. Some half-ripe fruit had been stolen from the orchard of a friend of mine, old Doctor B——. The culprit was discovered, and noted down for punishment next morning; and it was only as a personal favor to the old gentleman, who was in great distress when he learned what severe flogging was in store for the poor devil who had robbed him of a few plums, that General Gablentz, the Austrian commander, allowed his earnest intercession to prevail, and remitted the punishment. I believe that corporal castigation is *now* abolished in the Austrian army; but here, in Kolding, in 1864, it was practiced unmercifully. A dark rumor prevailed during the war that near the town of Hersens, one dark night, some two hundred Hungarians were shot in an adjoining forest, according to a sentence of a court-martial, they having mutinied and refused to march to the attack on Fredericia. That something of the kind did take place, is certain; but no details have ever come to light, and the mystery remains unexplained. Truly, their discipline was an iron one.

The act of recession to Denmark of the northern part of Slesvig, which constitutes the much-spoken-of "Paragraph V" of the Peace of Prague, that Prussia agreed to, at the demand of France, is still postponed and put aside by Bismarck and his party. The paragraph expressly stipulates that a vote, at an early date, should be taken by the population of that duchy, to ascertain which Government they prefer to belong to—an act which, if carried out in good faith, would restore to the Danish Crown the major part of Slesvig, including the flourishing town of Flensburg and the beautiful island of Als. The northern part of Slesvig contains an almost unmixed Danish population, and returns two mem-

bers of that nationality to the North German Diet. The sturdy Alhmann and Kruger fight their countrymen's cause almost single-handed in the German Parliament, and proclaim unceasingly that "we are Danes, and will continue to be Danes," to deaf ears and cold hearts. Lately a deputation from North Slesvig, bearing an address signed with thirty thousand names, tried to get speech with King William in Berlin to request the execution of "Paragraph V," but in vain. The circumlocution office took them in hand, and they were handed from pillar to post, until it became plain that no audience could be expected. Still, Kruger keeps harping on the subject, like Gridley before the Court of Chancery in "Bleak House," and like him is fined and rebuked, but returns smiling to the charge again. Our only chance lies in not letting the thing drop. Our leading papers neglect no opportunity to ventilate the matter, hoping, almost against hope, to shame our bully neighbor into decency and justice. *Dagbladet*, especially, perhaps our best edited Copenhagen journal, keeps the ball moving, and at certain intervals appeals to the tribunal of Europe by means of a vigorous leader in the French language, stating the latest phase of our case—a question which is a matter of life and death to us, if our old nationality and independence are to be preserved at all. The English press, which once affected so much interest for the descendants of the old "Vikings," has almost forgotten us since the battle of Sadova. That a great military power like Prussia arose to hold France in check was a fact so satisfactory to England that her sympathies for Denmark, once so boldly displayed, have now entirely died away. After the English Government had allowed the London Treaty to fall to the ground, the nation quickly abandoned the Danish cause, and showed the greatest indifference to the prospect of redress which the Peace of Prague held out. Now and then, to be sure, the *Times* peevishly admitted that the Danes had a just claim to North Slesvig; but, as it appears that Prussia will not disgorge, it would be best to let the vexatious matter drop, lest it should disturb the peace of Europe. England and other powers had formerly, as M. Bismarck informs us, steadily threatened Prussia with France; and the English sympathy for Denmark was principally owing to the fact that a reconciliation under English auspices would deprive France of a convenient pretext to break with Prussia. But as the fear of that disappeared, the zeal of England for the Danish cause vanished also. Since the North Slesvig has succeeded to the defunct Slesvig-Holstein question, a new state of things has arisen. The battle of Sadova has invested Prussia with a halo of glory which blinds England almost to the same extent as Germany. The little "great power," which formerly was deemed an easy prey to France, has gained rapidly in stature and strength, and England does not longer fear a collision between the two evenly matched powers. It looks upon the power of Prussia as the guarantee of peace; and hopes, with Lord Derby, that France and the world will acquiesce in a state of things "which can not now be altered."

A late article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* shows, however, an exception to the general supineness of the English press, *à propos* of our affairs. It can not, of course, be looked upon as the expression of the public opinion of England, but it reveals that not all in that country approve of the Bismarckian policy, and that somebody thinks that the Prussian pitcher may go once too often to the well, and perhaps break its handle. The *Pall Mall Gazette* explains the reason why "Paragraph V" has not been complied with, by the fact of Austria and France having pressing matters

of their own to attend to at present. The matter has this time been brought up by Prussia herself, inasmuch as the official organ at Berlin (*Nordd. Allg. Zeitung*) complains that Denmark makes preparations for defense—(the Danish *Rigsdag* having voted a large sum toward building some iron-clads, and to arm the sea-forts at Copenhagen with improved artillery)—and thus evinces a suspicion of Prussia and her intentions. Truly the old fable of the wolf and the lamb re-enacted! Concerning the frontier question, continues the *Pall Mall*, the Berlin paper has—to use a mild term—misstated it entirely; for Prussia has attached to whatever sort of cession she might please to entertain, conditions, which would forever prevent the King of Denmark from accepting an acre of Slesvig territory.

This alludes to one of Prussia's ridiculous demands, that in case of the recession of North Slesvig, the few Germans living there should be guaranteed extra privileges apart from the rest of the population. Just as if the Germans in California should not be amenable to the laws of the State in which they live, but have the right to appeal to the protection of the Fatherland. But "*væ victis!*" means something yet, as well as in the days of Brennus. Our only safety lies in a Scandinavian union. It is the ardent hope of the intelligent classes, though the common people of the respective countries seem loth to forget the feuds and contentions of former ages. The intimate relations between the two northern Courts, lately cemented by the Danish Crown Prince's marriage with the only child of the Swedish Monarch, are hailed as a good omen by every genuine Scandinavian. Till that event, we are under the ruinous necessity of maintaining an army and a navy disproportioned to our resources, but which seems imperatively demanded by the threatening attitude of a grasping, unscrupulous Power, which longs to destroy our ancient landmarks and blot out old historic Denmark from the map of Europe.

THE YUBA HYDRAULIC MINES.

No. I.—FROM WITHOUT.

THESE mines are situated among the western foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, about eighteen miles east of the city of Marysville, and along the eastern border of the county. They stretch along the banks of the Yuba River, not strictly following its course, but lying in the same general direction: bounded on the south by the villages of Smartsville and Timbuctoo, and on the north by the range of hills which separate them from the Yuba, and by the villages of Sucker Flat, Greytown, Squaw Creek, with, perhaps, other places that we fail to mention.

In general appearance, they consist of a series of hills, alternating with small ravines, and covered with the low pines so common in the foot-hills, interspersed with *manzanita*, buckeye, and an abundance of *chaparral*. This is their appearance before any excavation has been made, and one looking at them carelessly might fail to distinguish them from hills that surround them; yet, were he to look more closely, he must see that they have certain characteristic features. Thus, the gravel-bearing hills are more softly rounded than the adjacent ones, and we find but little, if any, of the outcropping

bed-rock, so common to other hills of the vicinity. The gold-bearing hills, also, show an abundance of small, smoothly rounded quartz pebbles, and of basaltic cobble-stones, not common to the other hills.

After an excavation, however, he must be more than blind or stupid who would fail to see them, as a formation, in every way distinct from that in which they are imbedded. There is no similarity whatever, at this period, with the appearance of sections of the surrounding hills, as shown by cuts which the Yuba River may have made, or that may have been made otherwise.

The mines are composed of three distinct formations, not invariably regular, and preserving the same general appearance, wherever they may be disclosed.

The upper formation consists of a large mass of basaltic bowlders, sometimes well defined as a stratum, again intermingled with a variety of cobble-stones, and not unfrequently altogether lost from sight. Layers of fine sand and cobble-stones, with different shades of coloring, are the most prominent features in the absence of the bowlders.

This formation has, also, an item in its construction not common to those which underlie it: namely, a variety of silicified wood—the wood seeming to be peculiar to these mines. The trees found are usually quite large, often imperfectly silicified, and always have the same general color, or that of a dull, brownish tint, and are probably a variety of oak; no specimens having been found which have the beautiful variety of color and character, peculiar to the silicified wood of Nevada County.

A few impressions, so termed, are found among the bowlders, and always have the same appearance: that of a small fern. Although thought by many to be from a vegetable source, it is probably not their origin, as there are two strong facts against the idea, which we give, as follows: They are very rarely, if ever, found upon the face of the bowlder only; while specimens are extremely common where the impression extends throughout the rock, whatever its size or shape. Again, the shape of the same, as well as its size, are invariable, wherever found. Such unanimity can hardly be explained on any other hypothesis than that of chemical action, and they have undoubtedly resulted from its influence.

The depth of this formation is found to be far from regular, wholly disappearing in the ravines, and not very evenly distributed on the hills. In the hill east of the village of Timbuctoo, which gives the most favorable view of it, the average depth is about twenty-five feet. In point of richness, it is outdone by either of the other formations—a fact that might be readily divined by the preponderance of its bowlders and the absence of the quartz pebbles, so common in the others.

Immediately below this formation is one, not wholly unlike it in general appearance, but differing from it in the strata that form it, and known by the name of "white cement"—a term, perhaps, which describes it, in a single word, as well as any other.

The "white cement" has a dull, white color, as its name indicates, when first exposed to the air, afterward changing to a yellowish limestone appearance under its oxydizing influence. It is made up of layers of sand, identical with those in the formation over it; of various and irregular strata of clay, and a conglomerate layer, now and then, of small cobble-stones; and of the cement proper, which seems to be the same as that in the lower formation, in every thing but color.

No impressions, so far as is known, have ever been found in this formation; but lignite is common in the layers of sand, and found occasionally in other

strata. These lignitic trees are found in various positions, roots up stream and down stream, near the edges of the channel and in the centre of it, and are frequently nearly perfect in general outline. It is rarely, however, that they retain their form and position beyond a very short period, as the miner soon breaks them to pieces for transportation by the sluices—a fact to be regretted, as a study of several intact would be both interesting and profitable.

We notice, further, that these trunks, as they are sometimes seen projecting from the gravel, have every appearance of being chopped off, or "butted," as they say in Wisconsin logging-camps, with a very dull axe, and by a very uncertain chopper. Indeed, the marks of some edged tool are so plainly visible that it is not uncommon to meet with men in the district who have argued, again and again, in favor of the idea of no very remote origin of the deposit; also, that it was formerly the bed of the Yuba River, and that the trees in question were felled on its banks, and brought into their present position by the annual spring floods of that river.

It is not uncommon to find in this "white cement," and very near the lower strata of the same, an occasional arrow-head of obsidian. Two at least of these specimens are known to be preserved, and were taken, one from the left, and the other from the right, bank of the Blue Gravel Mine. They were found at or about the same general level—nearly a hundred feet below the surface—and are almost identical in structure: being somewhat over an inch in length, a half of an inch in width, and a third of an inch in thickness at the base, tapering to a ragged, rounded edge at the top. They seem to be quite rudely made, and are wholly unlike those in use by the Digger Indians. Theirs are commonly long and slender in form, and are generally made of the white or red quartz, so abundant in the foot-hills. That they did not come where they were found by any mere accident, after the opening of the layer, hardly admits of a question.

The "white cement" is much richer than the upper formation, and the gold is much more evenly distributed throughout it—a cubic foot or yard producing about the same amount of gold from whatever part of the mine it may be taken. Its depth is also much more regular than the upper one, and will average, where well defined, about the same, or seventy-five feet.

The last and lower formation of the mines is known by the name of "blue gravel," and is so called from the prevalence of blue cement in it. The rocks here range between the most minute quartz pebbles and huge bowlders hundreds of tons in weight. Many of these minute pebbles are formed into the most delicate crystals, but are usually imperfect. The strata are still more irregular, consisting mainly of sand, soap-stone, pipe-clay, and, in some instances, a peculiar layer of finely ground quartz, unlike any thing else in the mine in point of texture, always blue in color, and forming a compact mass by reason of the cement admixture.

No impressions, either animal or vegetable, nor arrow-heads, have been found in the "blue gravel"—the only sensational item, approaching a "fossil" interest, being the discovery of a horned toad in one of the rocks of the lower strata—a most healthy-looking little fellow, by the way, who seemed entirely at home in his rocky cell. Of course, he lived on animal-faith, and came from—nowhere.

Lignitic trees are found in considerable numbers, and are, doubtless, like those of the "white cement;" the only difference, if any, being that they are more heavily coated with iron pyrites.

The "blue gravel" is by far the richest formation in the mines, although not

equally rich, for a cubic yard of gravel from a certain streak in the mines will yield more than four times as much as one taken from any layer above or below it. This streak, or layer, is about a foot in depth, is situated near the centre of the formation, and is readily distinguishable from it by being nearly black in color. Gold can be very readily found in it, which is not true of any other part of the mine, unless it be in the crevices of the outstanding bed-rock. You have but to take a pick, and remove the cobble-stones, when it will be seen upon the faces of the cavities thus disclosed, and consists of minute flakes, some of them so small as to be seen only by the aid of a microscope. The gold in this layer is representative of the "white cement" and "blue gravel," but not of the upper formation; the gold in that being much coarser, and less pure in quality.

No average can be given as to the depth of the "blue gravel," the bed-rock having been reached in but a few of the claims, and in no case determined to be the centre of the channel.

We have thus given a few of the more prominent features of these mines, as shown in their three formations. We have not aimed at the minutiæ of a description which may include the exact depth, color, texture, and characteristic elements of each particular layer, but have simply sought to make the formations distinguishable in some measure from each other. In lieu of a better description, we can only offer the reader that which has been our guide in the sketches—*a view of the mines.*

Many and various theories are indulged in, which serve to account for the origin of these mines: we shall notice, however, but two of them—the theories concerning their *fluvial* and their *glacial* origin.

The former of these theories is substantially this: That these mines are the deposit of a former river, parallel in course to the Sacramento, having a powerful current running in the channel represented by the mines aforesaid, long before the Sierra Nevada Mountains had reached their present elevation, and contemporaneous with the huge *Plesiosaurus:* a theory which is bold enough to be original, and therefore strong enough to be objectionable.

But do the facts of the mines support this theory? It will be noticed that this theory claims that the river *preceded* the elevation of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and this for the reason that it is capped in many places with basalt, varieties of lava, and the general *débris* of volcanic action. Logical as this may be, and absolute, doubtless, yet it may seem a little singular that the same logic establishes the pre-Vesuvian existence of those buried cities—Pompeii and Herculaneum. It don't do this? How shall we account, then, for the depth of lava over them upon this happy syllogistic process?

The advocates of the Fluvial theory are exactly right in supposing a powerful current: on no other principle would they have any basis for argument. Any person who will take the trouble to examine these mines, however carelessly, must see at a glance that it was no common river-current which swept the rocks into their present places. Here are huge bowlders, weighing hundreds of tons—not isolated, but immense beds of them—closely nestled together, in many instances, as the eggs of a nest. Every one of them, too, is worn by the agency of water, until it seems to be as smooth as the glass in your window-frames.

More than this, the irregularity of the strata, particularly in the two lower formations, precludes the idea of a moderate current; and the lignitic tree-trunks, as they have every conceivable position, are further proof against the idea.

If it is a fixed fact that the deposit is due to the agency of water, it need not

be less a fact that it was no common water-course that produced it—a torrent only gave it origin. And if, as is asserted, the river *only* furnished the power, was it a torrent? We rate the velocity of most rivers on the abruptness of their grades; yet it seems that we are spared from any such calculation in relation to the one under discussion. It must have been more than a Proteus, if it had the current without the grade. That it did not have the latter, is evident from the fact of its formation before the upheaval of the Sierra Nevada! To account, then, for its wonderful power in the transportation of these enormous bowlders, you must introduce the agency of ice. But where did the ice come from? Granting the present elevation of the mountains in which the Yuba and the Sacramento have their source: who ever saw enough ice in either of these rivers to float a cobble-stone? Without their present elevation, then, unless our climate has changed from one nearly frigid to one nearly tropical, it must certainly be absurd to think of ice as a prominent agency in moving the materials. Finally, we note that, as the theory does not establish a grade which will give a current of sufficient power; nor, on the other hand, introduce ice as an agency, it must be evident that it is little less than unreliable.

The remaining theory, or that of their glacial formation by means of ice exclusively, is not less objectionable.

As an evidence of this theory, it is claimed that a single bowlder, found in the centre of the mine-channel, just above the village of Timbuctoo, is a product of Iceland.

The rock is composed principally of a greenish quartz, is about fifteen feet in diameter, of an oblong, circular form, and gives every evidence of water-abrasion. It is also unlike any rock exposed in the surrounding country, or any bowlder yet uncovered in the mines.

The reason given, and which proves it to be a wanderer from Iceland, by the learned *savant* who decided upon its origin, was the fact that rock of a similar character has only been found in that country in primitive formations. Another of those accommodative syllogisms with which Science defeats her object; for it will readily be seen that the conclusion is drawn from a premise that must be an assertion forever. How does the Professor *know* that some human being, in some stage of the world's history, has not found the same rock elsewhere?

Unfortunately for the Professor's fancy, rock, identical with this same Icelandic bowlder, is found in the county of Sierra, State of California, not seventy miles away from the remarkable intruder. It is found, too, in what seems to be an original deposit, showing no marks of water-abrasion, and excluding, therefore, the further bold assumption that it *also* is a product of Iceland. This fact is certainly a fatal stab at the theory, and a fine illustration of its scientific value.

But we notice, further, in relation to the Glacial theory, that it fails to give any plausible solution of the stratified nature of the deposit. The strata are here in a marked degree, and surely need something to throw light upon their origin.

Is there, then, nothing that will solve the mystery? Nothing, probably, that will not encounter valid objections; yet we offer the following, as what seems to us a more reasonable hypothesis: Suppose a river, having a glacial origin, similar to many that exist in the Alps to-day. And, further, instead of lowering the mountains, let us make them loftier, growing lower and lower as centuries sweep over them, by the denuding agents that are ever at work upon them. Make the home of the river in the Sierra Nevada; for these mountains are filled with

cliffs that bear the marks of glacial action, and their foot-hills are covered with dead water-courses.

In yonder mountain-valley is a vast body of ice, slowly seeking a lower level and warmer climate, and grinding to atoms the huge ramparts of rock on either side of it. Centuries pass, and though its progress has been but little, its work has been wonderful. On and on it marches, till the warm winds of the plain sweep up to it. Here the hot sun greets it. It eats into the bold front of the glacier, until it changes its form and pace. Meanwhile a river is making, which feeds the speed of the huge monster that formed it. Lower and lower, the glacier creeps; higher and higher, the river rises. It grows with the day; it grows with the night. It becomes a stranger to all manner of decorum. It springs again and again at the rocky sentinels above it, and finally crumbles them into its bosom. It uproots the trees that stand in its pathway. It scars the breast of the mountains with its terrible iceberg batteries. It licks up the soil of the smaller valleys, and deepens that of the larger ones. It dashes through the narrow gorges, changing into bowlders the huge rocks that oppose its progress. It is everywhere king, everywhere madman, everywhere a power for new and radical changes.

And to an agency of this character, we would refer the origin of this deposit. Such an agency will account for the stratification of the different formations; for the beds of immense bowlders that constantly recur in the channel; for the presence of fossil trees, and for other features which we may not stop to mention. A *glacial river* formed the deposit.

COLLECTORS AND COLLECTIONS.

THE impulse toward making permanent collections is referred, by Professor Owen, to the motives of the Christian Era, in the following words: "Museums of Natural History were not established in capitals and cities until after the great revelations which laid the basis of the enormous rise and improvement which has since taken place in the moral character of the human race: not until after we find men devoting their powers to the acquisition of truth, under a sense of the responsibility for the use of talents lent them."

To Natural History the collection is of paramount importance: it is the basis of attainment. The history of every branch of the science begins with the labors of some enthusiastic student who has ventured into the wilderness or the jungle, scaled the mountains, or followed the brooks and rivers in search of specimens by which to organize systems, and classify the productions of the animal and vegetable world. Their labors, never ceasing, though often accompanied by peril and hardship, are daily increasing our stores of knowledge, in developing and explaining the wonders of creation. They make us sensible of the importance of the first grand collection that floated with Noah, in the Ark.

The most important collections of the United States are attached to the universities. The museum of Professor Agassiz, at Harvard University, in one particular, stands unrivaled in the world: it is that special department that has absorbed the interest of the great scholar—Ichthyology. The number of specimens is simply prodigious: from the Brazilian tour alone he brought home no less than

53,000 specimens of fish, representing 4,500 species. It contains all those valuable collections which he has been intent upon gathering since his early days: the remarkable boyhood in the Canton de Vaud. Harvard, also, possesses the great Herbarium prepared and presented by the distinguished botanist, Doctor Asa Gray. It contains, according to the last estimate, 300,000 specimens. This collection is now made available for all the ends of education, through the liberality of Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, who contributed $120,000 for the erection and furnishing of a fire-proof building as a home for it and Doctor Gray's Botanic Library, that accompanies the gift.

At Amherst College is preserved the collection of fossil tracks and indentations, acquired by the founder of the Science of Ichnology, Doctor Edwin Hitchcock. A fit companion for this collection is the Museum of Meteorites, gathered by Professor Charles Clepham Shepard. Through his indefatigable exertions, it now ranks as the largest private collection in the world, and only third in value to the cabinets of the British Museum and the Vienna. "Most men," says Professor Shepard, "aim to obtain a few feet of this sublunary soil: I aspire to the possession of whole planets."

At Yale College, the valuable collections of the elder Doctor Silliman and others have never attained the position of the first rank, owing to their having no suitable building for exhibition. The noble gift of $150,000, for the benefit of a Museum of Natural History, by the late George Peabody, will obviate this embarrassment; and the labors of Professors Dana, Silliman, Verrill, and Marsh will soon bring the cabinets into their desired station. Professor Marsh is said to be making gigantic progress toward a collection of Paleontology, in which line Yale will be first.

The most extensive Conchological collection that now exists in America may claim an origin in California, where it was principally accumulated by Doctor Newcomb, formerly of Oakland. It is now preserved at the Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York, by which it was purchased, Doctor Newcomb accepting the Professorship of his favorite study in the same institution.

The Ward Cabinet of minerals and fossils, at the Rochester University, is conceded by the learned to be the most complete in our country. It was designed especially for the uses of education, and not for multiplication of remarkable specimens: it illustrates practically the departments of Geology and Mineralogy. In fossils, Dr. Hitchcock regarded it the richest he had ever seen; the minerals are not only of great beauty, but have the merit of having been selected with great care by Professor Ward himself, at the localities where they are principally found, in all parts of the world. The magnitude of the work, and the industry by which it has been accomplished, are intensified when we learn that the forty thousand specimens were collected before Professor Ward had reached the age of thirty.

Probably there are no collections of Natural History that afford a similar amusement and delight to those who are not practiced or learned in the sciences themselves, as museums of Ornithology and Entomology. No one can be insensible to the fascinations of a case of gorgeously plumaged birds, or those beautiful butterflies, grotesque beetles, and ugly moths. Young and old are attracted by them, who have not the faintest knowledge that the tender creatures are the owners of such terrible names as *Allocutus Edwardsii*, *Promecognathus Cævissimus*, or *Axinopsilaphus biplagiatus;* or that the *savans* talk of the poor butterflies as *Lepidoptera*, and the flies as *Neuroptera:* consequently

we do not wonder at the delight the English nation manifested, several years ago, when Professor John Gould carried home, as his spoils from the American Continent (to which they are peculiar) that unrivaled collection of humming-birds. He journeyed from Hudson's Bay to Patagonia, capturing two thousand specimens—of two hundred and thirty species—obtaining every known species but two. Among other eminent bird-collectors was Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte—the patron of John Wilson and Audubon.

The utility of Entomology is of great practical importance to every branch of agriculture: it teaches the farmer from what insects to protect his grains, and the gardener what are the enemies of his plants and fruits. In this science the collectors must pioneer, and they enter into the pursuit with fervor. One man is incompetent to undertake all; and so they devote themselves, some to the flies, others to the bugs. They rarely pass a season without discovering some new variation of *genera*. Francis La Porte, Comte de Castelneau, the eminent French Naturalist, makes a specialty of *Coleoptera*—*i. e.*, beetles—of which he has the largest collection, numbering more than a half-million of specimens, representing eighty thousand species. One of the earliest Entomologists, who still ranks among the highest authorities on the science, was General Dejean, one of Napoleon's aids. He occasionally pursued his passion under disadvantages; but no circumstance, however unusual or perilous, would thwart his endeavors. During the Egyptian Campaign, he had new opportunities for collecting. Once, when going, full tilt, into action, he espied a curious beetle; reining in his horse from the line, he dismounted, chased and captured the insect, and triumphantly pinned it inside his *chapeau*, rejoined his comrades, and carried his prize successfully through the battle.

There is in San Francisco, at present, undoubtedly the finest private collection of Entomology in the United States—acquired by the personal exertions of Mr. Henry Edwards, in his explorations in Europe, Cape of Good Hope, Australasia, South America, and California. His interest centered in Natural History in his boyhood, leading him to form familiar acquaintance with all the *flora* and *fauna* in the neighborhood of his home. At the age of ten, he attached himself to Entomology, and commenced this wonderful collection. It contains over one hundred and fifty thousand specimens of butterflies, beetles, and moths, of the choicest selection, mounted and classified after the most precise method. It is an unusual instance of what may be accomplished by well-directed and assiduous energy, united with scholarly tastes and habits. Although, in the main, the work of his own hands, yet it has received and is constantly receiving contributions of insects from the Himalaya Mountains, or the interior of China and Japan, the islands of the seas, the tropics, and northern zones, assisted by regular correspondents, as Agassiz, Owen, McCoy, Zeller, of Stettin, Prussia, and Doctor Loew, of Gruben, Austria, the scientific societies of Great Britain and the United States. Unlike the systems of exchange in practice among collectors in other departments of science, the Entomologist is obliged to secure, in his expeditions, not only the varieties to which he confines himself, but also to preserve the insects needed by a collector of different *generas*.

We must not attempt to do more than mention the collection of reptiles made by Doctor Edward Gray, of the British Museum, and Mr. Gerard Krefft, of Sydney, Australia; the cabinet of eggs of the eminent Oölogist, Boyce Wright, or the *ménagerie* of gorillas captured by Du Chaillu.

The earliest collectors of the present

era were the monks, who zealously gathered what they piously believed to be relics of the saints and martyrs; but their superstition was the subject of repeated frauds, and many of them, less pious than politic, duped the ignorant by the most shameful artifices, entailing upon posterity a veneration for relics, the very number of which is sufficient to prove their falsity. The tourist in Europe is shown fragments of the true cross and bones of the Apostles in every abbey and cathedral, where they are worshiped without a shadow of doubt as to their genuineness. Succeeding the Relicmania came the passion for manuscripts. Scholars and princely patrons of literature spent their fortunes in getting original or copied MSS. They were esteemed more precious than money or gems, and guarded by their possessors with greatest solicitude. Surviving the wear and tear of Time—as they of all relics seem to be the most indestructible—eventually they found their way into monasteries; and ultimately, as the old orders of priesthood were abolished, they were garnered into those ample store-houses, the Italian and Spanish libraries; while in England, those that escaped the devastation of Henry VIII, fell at length into the worthy guardianship of Bodley, Cotton, Harley, and their kindred philanthropists. Their zeal in rescuing the remains of religious and early English literature incited a number of learned men to engage in the same toil. Contemporary and succeeding them were Elias Ashmole, one of the last astrologers, whose coins, seals, and manuscripts he bequeathed to Oxford; Samuel Pepys, the famous Secretary of the Admiralty, who made the collection of books and engravings that now forms the Library of Magdalen College, at Oxford; and the Earl of Arundel—from whom Archæology in England received a great stimulus—who, by the assistance of John Evelyn, brought together an invaluable collection of antique statuary and gems. This collection was ill-fated. Lady Arundel despoiled it of the cameos and precious stones; the marbles were left in neglect—part of them were sold, and the remainder, although partially destroyed, were secured by the indefatigable Evelyn for the University of Oxford.

Oldys and Groseths, the antiquaries, were of another generation. The former, with his budgets and bags of biographical information, persistently plodding in his favorite studies, often deep in his cups, and dying without accomplishing his life-object, is one of the most interesting literary characters; and we make no doubt that the loss of the "O. M.," as Oldys' manuscripts are styled, is as much to be deplored as the fabulous Library of Alexandria. His rival, Captain Grose, the humorist and caricaturist, who wrote what Hood called "Grose's Slang Dictionary," "cared more for rusty armor than rusty volumes," and a good dinner with a good joke and bottle, than all else.

The Archæologist is the most persistent and omnivorous of collectors. Every thing ancient to him tells a tale. A mutilated statue or tablet, an antique vase or a coin, even though partially defaced, are lenses through which he views former eras; with them he restores states, maps out cities, rebuilds palaces, and portrays the manners and condition of a race. "The large-browed Verulam, the first of those that know," has written: "Antiquities, or remnants of history, are, as was said, *tanquam tabula naufrigii* (as it were, planks from wrecks); when industrious persons, by an exact and scrupulous diligence, and observation out of monuments, evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books that concern not story, and the like, do save and recover from the deluge of time."

That whimsical structure, "the plaything-house," as its master called it—Strawberry Hill—was nothing more

than a habitable museum, to which Walpole would give tickets of admission, holding himself invisible while the visitors were inspecting the galleries. It abounded in gems of art and curious *bijouterie*, cunningly obtained before their value had become generally known. Although devoid of true antiquarian impulse, except what little he derived from his early intercourse with the poet Gray and Virtue, the engraver, he did great service in following his *dilettanti* propensities, happily aided by fortune and influence.

At Abbottsford — another treasure-house of antiquities and art — there was no incongruity in the arrangement of the accumulations to detract from the comfort and appearance of home. Instead, the utility of each relic was studied, and made to play a part, either in actual service or ostensible decoration. From the old, rusty "jougs" of Thrieve Castle, which hung in the gate-way, to the antique chandeliers and sconces which are used to illuminate the interior, nothing is obtrusive. The grand hall was the receptacle for the armor, while the drawing-room and dining-parlor were crowded with the invaluable paintings of Lely, Hogarth, and other old masters of portraiture. But the holy of holies was "one of those libraries, which are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed." We linger long over the pictures of this room, and wonder not at Sir Walter's affection for it. What a touching greeting was that upon his return from Italy, to die in the home he had left to retrieve his fortunes. On being wheeled in his chair through the rooms he had poured out his fanciful taste in designing, he reached the library. "I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house. Give me one turn more." Here was that rare collection of books and Scottish manuscripts from which he extracted the fund of traditional lore and anecdote expended in his works, and also as we learn from the records of his familiars — in his lively conversation as well.

Numismatology, that important branch of Archæology, traces its origin to the poet Petrarch, who first made collections of coins. It is said of him that wherever he went he gathered and copied manuscripts, and purchased medals or other remains of antiquity. King Alphonso, of Naples, was his successor, who was wont to carry his collection with him on all his journeys, in a richly carved casket of ivory. Henceforth it became the amusement of Princes; and in our day, although practiced by many without wealth, yet only they who are able to expend liberally can expect to excel. It easily appears that the purchase of money at a price greatly exceeding its current value or intrinsic worth, for some consideration of curiosity or rarity, can never be a lucrative business; yet the hobby entices numbers, who, not first counting the cost, aim to obtain coins and medals as emblems and illustrators of history. A subject of peculiar interest to the Numismatist is the series of American coins: it occupies the efforts of many to obtain a complete set. In San Francisco, there are several collectors who make this department a specialty. Mr. N. Landry has an unusually fine set of silver and copper pieces of the actual currency of both North and South America: the former lacks but a half-dozen specimens to be complete. This ultimatum, to which he aspires, is quite as difficult as the labor of the autographomaniac to get the signatures of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. As the possessors of the scarcer pieces are all known, it is only now and then, when a collection is dismembered, that it is possible to lay hold of such rare issues as the

cent of 1793, which would command a price of $100; the silver dollar of 1804, that would increase in value eight hundred times, and the half-dime of 1802, that would bring $400. We have no space to speak circumstantially of the cabinets of Landry, Bailey, and Applegate: they contain many remarkable coins that would set their brethren of the Numismatical order quite agog were they placed on the market. Mr. Landry is the inventor of a convenient apparatus to hold a collection of coins, both portable and compact, by which, as in the leaf of a book, the specimen may be exhibited and each side shown.

Droll stories are sometimes told of the "tricks and manners" of Numismatists. Among them, as in many another class of collectors, there are cases of pertinacious maniacs, who do not scruple to avail themselves of any means by which to increase their stock. The temptation to pilfer has not unfrequently seized them, and, in order to secrete their stolen prize, they have resorted to the novel expedient of swallowing it, and thus borne it off in triumph. John Foy Vaillant, a very distinguished French Numismatist, by this means preserved some invaluable medals, when in danger from Algerine pirates.

Bibliomania was naturally the result of the manuscript mania, and has ever been the most popular pursuit with all ranks of collectors. Each devotee has a particular province, but the true Bibliophile is essentially *sui generis*. No one has better described him, or illustrated his honorable traits, than the late Sir William Hamilton. He writes, comparing the science as practiced in Germany and Great Britain: "Although Britain be any thing but inferior to other countries in works of original speculation, and, on some subjects at least, their equals in works of profound erudition, still, there is one department of learning, however useful and even necessary to any extensive progress of knowledge, that may be boldly said not to have been cultivated amongst us at all: I mean the study of Bibliography, in its nobler sense, and in its useful application. That is the science which teaches what are the books existing on each subject of knowledge, and by each several nation, and what are their nature, contents, and value. Bibliography, on the contrary, considered as merely conversant with literary rarities, typographical curiosities, etc., has been fully cultivated amongst us, and we have indigenous works on every department of the subject, and papering every fashion and caprice."

Hamilton acquired one of the most valuable private libraries in Scotland. The mania manifested itself in his early college-days: his intense thirst for knowledge, combined with the gratification of possession, lured him many a time to exhaust his purse in the purchase of books. He was also touched with a love for rarities, notwithstanding his low estimation of the "caprice." An *editio princeps* was possessed of an extra charm, however necessary it might be for comparison with later issues. He had not a little gratification in establishing the uniqueness of the famous *Valdarfer Boccaccio* of 1474, which had brought, at the sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's library, the great sum of £2,260. His biographer has given us an insight into his book-buying habits, which, as they are characteristic of the class, we will copy:

"In Edinburgh, second-hand bookstores were places of pretty constant resort; and, of course, he was ever and anon getting most wonderful bargains at public auctions. When the purchase happened to be larger than usual, and he was put on his defense for 'extravagance,' of course the rarity and value of his tomes rose so greatly, as he defended his purchase, that he would end

by declaring he had really 'got a present of them.'"

From that charming book, by John Hill Burton—"The Book Hunter"—we extract another instance of the manner in which this mania develops itself. The name of the collector is concealed under that of "Archdeacon Meadow." It is related that on "occasion of his going to London to be examined by a Committee of the House of Commons, he suddenly disappeared, with all his money in his pocket, and returned penniless, followed by a wagon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible." Thomas Frognall Dibdin was the most famous of that class of collectors who merit the disapprobation of Sir William Hamilton. He considered it a crime in a Bibliomane to read his books further than the title-page, which would display the name of the publisher and the date. He would have found the collection of Monkbarns one after his own heart: for "Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best; here was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements, and there another, which (strange to tell) was in request because it had them not. One was precious because it was a folio, another because it was a duodecimo; some because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page, of that in the arrangement of the letters in the word 'Finis.' There was, it seems, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, providing the indispensable quality of scarcity, or rare occurrence, was attached to it."

Not for such reasons did that greatest book-worm the world has known—the celebrated Florentine, Magliabecchi—value books. They were his life: he ate on them, and slept on them; he was oblivious to dress, or other circumstances of life, in his devotion to books. There is an account of his house, which, as is often the case, depicts the man who lived in it: "Two or three rooms in the first story were crowded with books, not only along their sides, but piled up in heaps on the floors; so that it was difficult to sit, and more so to walk. A narrow space was contrived, indeed, so that, by walking sideways, you might extricate yourself from one room to another. This was not all: the passage below the stairs was full of books, and the staircase, from top to bottom, was lined with them; when you reached the second story, you saw, with astonishment, three rooms, similar to those below, equally full—so crowded that two good beds, in these chambers, were also crammed with books."

Richard Heber was undoubtedly the most omnivorous book-collector that England has known: his library was scattered all over Europe, and its extent was never definitely ascertained. One hundred and ten thousand volumes were sold at his death; these had been found in eight different houses, which Heber had bought to store them in: four in England, others at Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent. It is known that there were a number of other localities, where he was wont to accumulate books; but they yielded few returns after he lost power to control them.

In the United States there are vast numbers who are avowed Bibliomanes, who exhibit as striking symptoms of the extreme habits of the collector as their foreign cousins; proving very formidable competitors in any contest for the possession of a rare book, whenever chance throws one into the market. Now and then, on the occasion of the dispersion or transference of some extensive private collection, like that of the late Mr. William Curtis Noyes, or of Mr. John Allen, it is proven that the nobler sentiments of Bibliography are in full vogue among us. The Rev. Wil-

liam R. Williams, D. D., of New York, may be mentioned as having one of the largest and most valuable libraries; important for its completeness in works on Theology and profound learning. Mr. J. Carter Brown, of Providence, R. I., (a city where Bibliography seems especially to have flourished) has the most remarkable private library in the United States. It consists chiefly of books relating to the North and South Americas and their dependent islands, comprising the rarest editions printed before the year 1600 to the present day. He possesses a copy of De Bry's "Collection of Voyages," in ninety volumes, sumptuously bound in crimson morocco: it includes the Latin, German, French, and English editions, forming the finest set in the world. Indeed, all the "Voyages" are to be found in an equally noble state, in their several editions, such as Halsius, Purchas, Hakluyt, Grynœus, Acosta, Las Casas, Raleigh, Peter Martyr, Columbus' Letters, Vespucius, Drake, Oviedo, etc. He has the most complete set known of the Jesuit "Relations," and a large number of the books of John and Cotton Mather, and Roger Williams. He has both editions of John Eliot's Indian Bible and Testament, and a fine collection of National Polyglot Bibles: the most noteworthy are the Complutensian Polyglot of Ximenes, printed by order of Ferdinand and Isabella, in six volumes, folio; the Paris Polyglot, in eight volumes, folio, large paper; the Antwerp, in eight volumes, folio, and Walton's, printed by order of Cromwell and Charles II. He has the Aldine Classics, printed between 1490 and 1530; Dibdin's Works, on large paper, and other works of highest value, which we must not stop to enumerate. The library of the eminent Shakspearian scholar, Mr. Richard Grant White, abounds in sumptuous books. The late Doctor Bethune, in his library, made a special department for works on Angling —rich in the Waltonian rarities. Rufus Choate was a confirmed book-collector. Hon. William H. Seward has accumulated a remarkable library. In fact, this pursuit is the pastime of persons of culture and learning in every community.

We can not confine this prevailing instinct of the mind to the simple limits of a pursuit wherein the material alone is acquired: its passion is boundless, and aspires after those intangible joys that the pursuit of learning reward. We must retire upon two old maxims: "There is nothing new under the sun," and "Knowledge is fragmentary." For so the philosophers tell us, that the human mind ever revolves the truths of past ages only: they appear in new combinations, and under different phases, merely as corollaries of doctrines old as the sun. The most intellectual student of to-day mines in the rubbish of the past, and exhumes from the ancient tombs of thought relics to place in his mental gallery; and by his genius, (which alone is new) he may again exhibit them to the world. These store-houses—museums of fragments—stand upon our book-shelves in the guise of Poetry, or in arguments on Theology, Philosophy, and Science; or they appear advisedly, as compilations, such as cyclopedias, catalogues, and collections of thought, of anecdote, and of curiosities.

And now, before the reader passes sentence on the subject we have discussed thus briefly—a subject so vast that it demands rather a series of volumes to expose—we would speak to him through the ever-green "Antiquary" of Sir Walter Scott: "You (may) laugh at this," said the proprietor of the collection, "and I forgive you. I do acknowledge that the charms on which we doat are not so obvious to the eyes of youth as those of a fair lady; but you will grow wiser and see more justly when you come to wear spectacles."

SHEEP-FARMING IN AUSTRALIA.

IN all countries where sheep-farming has been judiciously managed and steadily pursued, it has yielded not only satisfactory profits, but has proved a reliable source of income. But in Australia the pastoral pursuit has long since assumed such vast proportions that it not only yields a princely annual income to the squatter, but is a source of large revenue to the state. Sheep-farming in Australia is undoubtedly one of the greatest colonial industries in the world; and as this business also engages the attention of no inconsiderable portion of the wealthier of our citizens, it may be neither uninteresting nor uninstructive to sketch the origin, growth, and final development of the Australian system of squatting.

The original squatter was either a government official, a retired army officer, or an expiree convict. The generic term applied to this class of men has had its origin from the circumstance of their squatting, or sitting down upon, land granted them by Government in immense and almost illimitable tracts, to induce them to settle in the wilderness, which then had environed the little village to which the present city of Sydney owes its paternity.

Some seventy years or so ago a certain Francis McArthur, afterward knighted for his enterprise, shipped from his native Scotland a flock of four hundred sheep for the distant antipodes, with a view of trying the experiment of sheep-farming in Australia. Long and perilous was the voyage in those days; and to that patriarchal ovine community disastrous was the change from their native mountains: half their number died on the voyage, and the other half were put on shore at Port Jackson—lean, weak, and limping. It was quite an event, however, in the village of Sydney; and the strangers were a very interesting accession to the population of the settlement. The suffering foreigners were hospitably taken in charge by skillful hands, and were soon restored to their usual health and vigor, when hope was entertained that the innocent visitors would live long enough to rear a numerous progeny. The Governor of the day, exulting in the thought that his reign was consigned to a glorious immortality by the stupendous event of the arrival of the illustrious strangers, invited Mr. McArthur, in the enthusiasm of his heart, to name the quantity of land he thought should be granted as a reward for his enterprise. Francis McArthur, being a modest man, did not say a thousand, nor ten thousand acres: he only said one hundred square miles, in a certain part of the wilderness, in which now stands the pretty town called Cowpasture, some fifty miles from Sydney. Governor Bligh was only too glad to accede to so modest a demand, and the Sydney villagers all cheered. Such was the origin of sheep-farming in Australia.

Let us now hurry on to results. The hardy Scotch sheep, bred in the wild gorges and snow-clad hills of its native highlands, was found in time to have thrived not so well as at first expected, in the soft, voluptuous climate of Australia, although it had been sufficiently prolific to encourage the hope, that, provided sheep were imported from a country whose climate should assimilate to that of Australia, sheep-farming might be made a permanent and profitable business. The *merino* was, therefore,

imported from Spain. Meantime, Mr. Francis McArthur was so successful in the management of his sheep as to have been able to dispose of a few yearlings to his neighbors, at prices sufficiently moderate to satisfy the easy demands of a man who was content to have asked a grant for no more than a hundred square miles of territory.

The merino, of feeble anatomical conformation and delicate constitution, increased and multiplied quite satisfactorily in the genial climate to which it had been transplanted. The sparsely timbered hills and plains afforded shelter from the winter's cold and an agreeable shade during the heats of summer, and the sweet, nutritious herbage supplied it with proper feed, while the dry and stony elevations of the run afforded suitable pasture-ground. It soon became apparent that the merino was a good exchange for the Scotch sheep, whose fleece, though weighty, was coarse, while that of the merino, of less than half its weight, was double its value. A staple product for Australia was thus discovered at last; the colonists were jubilant, and the few newspapers of the country teemed with the lucubrations of both editors and squatters on the proper management of sheep, and the cultivation and growth of wool; experience was sharpened by discussion; an immense impetus was given to the new-born industry, and sheep-farming became a public passion. The tenantless wilderness became enhanced in view of increasing flocks, and modest squatters owning, or rather utilizing hundreds of thousands of acres of the public property, quarreled about boundaries, and it was found necessary to appoint Crown Lands Commissioners to settle their disputes.

Convict labor—the only kind of labor in the Colony—was abundant, and could be obtained from Government on the easy terms of feeding and clothing it—terms, by the way, not always observed toward the unhappy convict, who had often to travel barefoot after his master's flock, and retire at night to supperless sleep, unless, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he had the recklessness to kill one of said master's lambs, for which "crime" he became liable to flogging, and sometimes to death. Labor, therefore, was no consideration, and every exertion was put forth to increase the percentage of flocks, and improve the quality of wool.

To this end, the squatter subdivided his run into several smaller ones; and to each such subdivision he allotted one thousand sheep, placed in charge of three men: which thousand was again divided into two flocks, and each of which was taken out every day, in different directions, by its respective shepherd, and in the evening given in charge of a watchman for the night. The watchman's duty was to count his charge into yards, which yards he should shift on clean ground every day, as well as cook for the shepherds.

The lambing season was then, as now, in September: that is to say, in spring, when grass was young and sweet, the weather warm, and water plentiful. The increase averaged from eighty to one hundred per cent.; lambs were cut when six weeks old, and ear-marked according to sex; they were weaned at the end of eight months, and the sexes separated.

Shearing began after the lambs had been cut; but, previous to shearing, the sheep were washed, and shearing was over before the grass-seeds ripened. This was necessary, as the seeds, or burrs, when ripe, stick in the fleece, work into the flesh, injure the animal's health, and make shearing very difficult. In short, all these details were managed much in the same way as in the present day.

Wash-pens were constructed in a running stream, and comprised three

compartments — designated, respectively, the *soaking-pen*, *wash-pen*, and *rinsing-pen* — each capable of holding about twenty sheep. From a yard, (or *corral*, as we say here) built on the brink of the stream, were thrown sheep into the soaking-pen; and here they swam about till the fleece was well saturated and soaked, when they were pushed through into the wash-pen, where they were soused and rubbed by men with long "crutches," the men standing on narrow stages, six inches above the water's surface. Then the sheep were pushed into the rinsing-pen, or "run," and let swim to the landing and walk on to the sward. The wool was now perfectly clean and white, and the animals were kept moving all day, and camped at night on clean ground, till the wool was dry and fit for clipping. So particular were the early squatters in washing their wool, that several experimentalists washed their flocks in warm water and soap; but, though a fleece of snowy whiteness was produced in the process, the grease, or "yoke," in the wool was all washed away—a circumstance which lessened its marketable value—and the practice was consequently discontinued.

The wool-sheds, though spacious and commodious, were inferior to those of these modern times, when flock-masters own from 50,000 to 250,000 sheep; and, by the way, I have known one flock-master, on the Edward's River, and he a man of but forty years of age, and who began life as an overseer on a salary of £40 a year, who was said to own a *million sheep!* The wool was sorted in the shed, as it came from the shears, into four different qualities, the work being done by the overseer, or some other hand on the station, or *rancho*, who had been accustomed to sheep. Wool-sorting is now, however, done in the shed by professional wool-sorters, and the fleece sorted into six or seven different qualities.

Matters were going on swimmingly in this manner till the accession of Sir G. Gibbs as Governor, in, I think, 1840. Sir George was a stern old man. The squatters were monopolizing the fat of the land, without paying a cent to the state for either land or labor, and he saw no reason in the world why they should not pay some small tax, in the way of a license-fee—say £8 a year—just to make bridges, and pay police, and to make them sensible, besides, that they were not independent, but simply tenants of the Crown. To establish this principle — the principle of crown-tenancy — he did propose the small impost, and ordained that each squatter should pay the sum of £8 annually into the colonial treasury. But the squatters, now a very powerful and wealthy body, made common cause and resisted, declaring it was an outrage, and, in fact, nothing short of "punishing men for their enterprise and perseverance in settling the country." Sir George replied, that, since they had had the free use of government land and government labor for twenty years, for the purpose of enriching themselves and families, they should rather prove their gratitude to the Crown by a cheerful compliance. Where argument is wanting anger takes its place, and, therefore, the squatters became furious, and the papers abused poor Sir George. The case was referred to Her Majesty's Privy Council, in London. Her Majesty's Privy Council sustained Sir George; the rent had to be paid, and the principle of crown-tenancy was established. Still, Sir George was not content. He held that £8 a year was not sufficient for occupying a hundred thousand acres of land, and he proposed a tax of one farthing per head on sheep, two-pence per head on cattle, and three-pence on horses. This was absolute tyranny! Sir George was worse than Tiberius; the papers declared the Colony was in uproar. The Privy Council was again

appealed to, and the Privy Council again sustained the Governor; but made a sort of compromise by stipulating that the squatter should have the pre-emptive right to a homestead of 640 acres, at £1 an acre, one year's lease of his run, and payment for his improvements. This was decisive.

In the meantime Australia Felix, on the other side of the Murray River, now the famous and splendid Colony of Victoria, was attracting attention. It was a country eminently calculated for pastoral pursuits; much more so, indeed, than New South Wales. Its vast plains, studded with clumps of trees, its rolling hills, creeks, rivers, and climate made it then, as it makes it now, the garden of the Australias and the Mesopotamia of the South.

Thither began to be draughted flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, depleted from the swollen flocks and herds of New South Wales. Here a new race of squatters began to appear. The fame of Australia, as a great wool-growing country, had been spread abroad, and young men, chiefly the sons of farmers and poor country gentlemen, went out to try their fortunes in the newly settled "district" of Australia Felix. The capital of these young men respectively rarely exceeded £300; but they rode boldly into the country, marked out runs, took out licenses, obtained sheep from the older settlers on terms, and also yearly supplies from merchants by giving liens on the growing fleece. By this means Australia Felix in seven years was fully occupied, and its lovely plains and beautiful hill-sides resounded with the bleating of sheep and lambs, and the barking of shepherds' dogs. Of all pastoral countries in the world there was none to equal it. It was the very abode of peace, prosperity, and hospitality. The masters and men lived in community, and in the greatest harmony. Of the convict element, which permeated and saturated New South Wales, there was here scarcely a vestige. The stranger was always welcome and pressed to partake of their rude hospitality, just as long as he pleased. There was scarcely any money in the country, but there was abundance of the necessaries and comforts of life. It was a country such as Virgil might well have celebrated in one of his eclogues. There was no sale for sheep, and, as in New South Wales, the squatters here resorted to the practice of boiling them down for tallow.

But a change was approaching, for hidden in the mound of earth, and spread on its bountiful surface, was untold treasure, which was destined soon to be the means of disturbing the slumbering solitude of hill and dale, of mountain, plain, and valley. The repose of ages, and the calm existence of the shepherd, would be soon dispelled, when the shepherd's crook should make way for the irrepressible miner's pick. The cry of *gold* was shouted from the mountain-tops, and its echoes were borne to the confines of the earth. Already was heard the rush of an approaching multitude. Thousands arrived, and like a mountain-torrent rushed over the country in wild, impatient, frantic search of gold. The gold was found, and in such masses and in such abundance as it never was found before; but the finders were hungry—they wanted meat. When, lo! the squatters' market was at their elbow, and the squatters proceeded to fill their money-bags. Sheep, at length, were valuable for their carcass as well as wool.

Now, too, came a change in the squatter's management of his flocks. The merino, as celebrated for the sweet flavor of its flesh as for the fine quality of its wool, had withal but a small body; and a carcass weighing scarcely fifty pounds would hardly pay the breeder as well as one weighing seventy, the price in both cases being the same. The merino therefore was improved by cross-

ing with larger-sized sheep, to such a standard that, while size of carcass was considerably increased, the quality of its wool was not a great deal deteriorated. This done, the squatter was on the high road to a princely fortune; and in a few years after the opening up of the gold-fields, all mortgages on squatter property were cleared away. Yet the squatters were but yearly tenants, after all, and therefore liable to be disturbed by the tide of rushing events at any moment. They therefore began to make extensive purchases of land, and to agitate for longer leases. The Colonies having recently obtained representative institutions, and squatters and merchants being the only representatives in the newly created Legislatures, it may be readily supposed that the members would take good care of themselves, and that the eight years' leases should be made law —and it was so. The squatter was now absolute lord of the soil. I have known several of them possessed of three hundred thousand acres of land; and landed estates of fifty thousand to seventy thousand acres are by no means rare occurrences. Having now secured vast territorial properties, they surveyed their domains with exultant pleasure; and then princely mansions began to arise, and floriculture and horticulture to adorn the natural landscape. Squatters appointed men to superintend their property, retiring themselves to their villas in the city, which now began to exhibit signs of elegance and taste, such as immense wealth never fails to command.

How gladly should I dwell on this picture of a fair and sunny land, which for more than twenty years had been my adopted country, if the background did not present such a dismal relief. For, though there are private estates larger than some European Principalities, and private wealth is plethoric to a degree seldom known in new countries, wealth and affluence are confined to the few. The great capitalists, secure in their squatting property, household property, banking property, and corporate property, are sluggards in enterprise; wealth dulls their energies, their money circulates in small cycles and in shallow rivulets, their public spirit is palled from satiety, the restlessness that characterizes mediocrity of means slumbers in the arms of their superfluous abundance: and the consequences are, that languor overpowers the moral life of the country, literature and art pine in neglect, the artisan and tradesman are pinched in circumstances, and the unfortunate laborer hungers in rags.

The reader will excuse this brief digression. Sheep-farming, now that the squatters have become great land-owners, begins to assume new aspects. Their vast runs are fenced all around; a flock of seventy thousand or a hundred thousand sheep roam within this great inclosure without any care-taker, save one or two horsemen who ride around to see to the fences. Mark the spirit of monopoly! In the shearing-season a few horsemen muster, and a few more men shear; the whole work is over in six weeks—and a third of the working hands are idle and begging half the year round. Such is monopoly! No manufactures, and very little of public works.

Of the diseases of flocks in Australia the California sheep-farmer would no doubt like to know something, as well as of the remedies that are generally applied for their cure. The principal diseases are the scab, the foot-rot, and the catarrh. Of these the scab is the worst and most ineradicable. It has become chronic in Australia Felix, while, most extraordinary to remark, in New South Wales, on the opposite side of the Murray River, it is scarcely ever found. The scab, if its virulence is not abated by the application of proper remedies, will destroy the wool by causing it to shed from the body; and, besides, it will in-

jure the animal's health and deteriorate the flesh.

Various remedies have been tried, by both chemists and others, who used to make "sheep-doctoring" a profession, but no effectual cure has ever been found. All that can be done is, by certain appliances to mitigate its virulence. This is done by examining the flocks periodically, and dressing those infected with a strong solution of tobacco and spirits of turpentine. Then, immediately after shearing, when the animal is denuded of its fleece, the flocks are all dipped in tobacco-water mixed with sulphur. For this purpose a dipping-pen is constructed, something after the fashion of the wash-pen already described. Here boilers and boiler-works are erected, and hundred-weights of coarse "sheep tobacco" are boiled and the liquid is let into the pen, into which the sheep are thrown as into the soaking-pen. Here they swim about for several minutes, and then are passed on to the landing. This treatment is not effectual, however; but it is the best that the experience of years has been able to discover.

The foot-rot is very troublesome. It is brought on by wet weather, or by feeding in low, damp flats, composed of greasy soil. The foot swells, the hoof becomes elongated, and the sole of the foot rots away. The animal can not walk to feed, becomes weak, and, if not attended to, will die of exhaustion. The cure for this is to dress the feet, pare the hoofs at least twice a year, and dress lightly with butter of antimony, or a solution of blue-stone. In a week the animal will be able to walk and feed.

The diagnosis of the catarrh is a swelling of the head and dripping from the nostrils. Its visitations are fortunately rare; but when it does make its appearance, like the cholera, it decimates flocks, and sometimes devastates whole pastoral districts. It is incurable. The catarrh is an epidemic, and I have never heard of a case being cured.

I shall conclude this paper by stating the rate of wages obtained on sheep-stations. For ordinary hands the wages are from £26 to £30 a year and found, in Victoria. In New South Wales, eighteen months ago, the wages for ordinary hands were from 5*s*. to 7*s*. a week and rations, the old villainous convict regulations still obtaining in that peculiar Colony. Shearers are paid from 12*s*. to 15*s*. per hundred sheep, with unlimited rations. Wool-pressers are paid from 15*s*. to 20*s*. per week; wool-sorters, from 30*s*. to £2 per week and found.

I may add, that sheep-farming in Australia retards the prosperity of the country, because it paralyzes energy by centralizing wealth, shuts out husbandry to make way for sheep, and deprives the working classes of their legitimate share of the public domain.

WAYSIDES OF NATURE.

NO. II.

AT the conclusion of the last paper the reader was left in the neighborhood of Lake Tulare. He is now invited to follow us from the mountains on its western boundary, about the 36th parallel, and along the south-east border of the plain. In consequence of the abrupt sides of the *cañons*, which make out toward the lake, it becomes necessary at times to seek a trail within the hills. It is now the middle of February, 1864; a year memorable throughout the State for the searing drought which pervaded alike the mountain regions and the plains. During the most favorable seasons but few springs are found along the line of the valley; but to-day we traveled for ten hours beneath a clear, burning sunshine, with neither wind to fan the brow, nor water to quench prolonged thirst. Now entering a *cañon*, in a few minutes we diverged to the left, into a rock-bound area, having a dry water-course along its centre, which we followed to its origin between a mass of rocks with perpendicular walls: here, after digging and scratching in tempered mud, we succeeded in coaxing to activity a small spring, which wandering cattle had tramped nearly out of existence. As fifteen miles intervened between this and the next watering-place, we concluded to camp, notwithstanding there was no grass for the animals.

The locality is known as "Painted Rock." The name is derived from the fact of there being some daubs of red pigment, made up of geometrical lines, angles and curves, upon one of the largest sandstone masses, which presents a perpendicular wall of seventy-five feet in height. These equivocal hieroglyphics have given the idea that this was formerly a place of Indian resort; it is not improbable, but as some of our Caucasian pioneers were as accomplished artists as any "Big Jim" of the aboriginals, and were prone to leave some mysterious hand-marks along their trail, it is not safe to give credit to the Indian for designing all the incomprehensible things which meet the eye in a new country. These rocks, looming out in an extensive formation, are of soft, conglomerate sandstone; studded with pebbles and bowlders — spheroid, ovoid, or compressed of the same material as the matrix, but coarser-grained and harder, and varying in size from two or three inches to ten feet in diameter. In general, those which were partially exposed have fallen from their bed, leaving innumerable holes, which swallows, crows, owls, hawks, and other birds, in immense numbers, appropriate to domestic purposes during the breeding season, without any conflict as to domiciliary title. Some of the larger cavities near the ground afford evidence of having been occasionally occupied as sleeping apartments by passing travelers.

It may here be remarked that this same kind of sandstone has been traced over a large section of the Coast Range. As far as 160 miles north-west of this spot, and in a line with Mount Diablo, it forms the crest of many of the mountains, and contains large numbers of fossil shells. Fifty miles distant, in the same direction, it flanks, in many places, the San Bonita Creek. Sixty miles directly west of "Painted Rock," near a

place called San Antonio, there is a massive block, more than thirty feet high, in the central portion of which is a cavern, sufficiently large to admit of a span of horses, with a wagon harnessed thereto. This was formerly the rendezvous of the celebrated outlaw, Jack Powers, who held also armed possession of a large tract of land surrounding his castle, which was so hedged in by natural barriers as to form an almost impenetrable covert for stolen horses and cattle.

From "Painted Rock" our course was sometimes within the foot-hills, sometimes without. Eighteen miles brought us into a valley opposite San Maria, through which a small stream of water sluggishly worked its way. A mile or two to the right an old house could be seen, which, it is reported, was the veritable residence of this holy personage. Heretofore the patron saints, over whose premises we have been traveling, have all been of the stern, misogynistic type. But now we occasionally come under the sweet influences of female angels, whose hoof-marked valley has no staple productions save jerked beef and *mesquite.* Eight miles farther is a place named Templore — probably a sheep-ranch translation of a Spanish earthquake — *temblor de tierra.* This is a small valley one hundred yards wide and a mile and a half long, surrounded on three sides by mountains: the east end faces the plain, which is seventy feet below. Along the entire length there flowed a small stream of pure water, which, affording the first copious supply we had met with for several days, induced us to camp; the animals were turned loose, and we commenced to prospect the surroundings.

About a mile farther on, and among the *cañons* which make out from many of the hills, are immense deposits of petroleum. This mineral escapes from numerous springs, thirteen of which we traced to their sources, neglecting many smaller ones, which were located on the same line. During the night, and especially in the winter season, but little escapes from the interior channels. But as summer heat warms the external crust, it slowly flows out, having the consistency of tar. In some cases the semi-liquid mass is now 150 feet from its fountain-head; and as the heat of the season increases the current will advance more rapidly, insomuch that by autumn the old beds, which now extend five or six hundred yards from the springs, will be covered by new deposits. Meantime, the drifting sand settles upon the surfaces, and the admixture thus forms a firm deposit. This process having been repeated year after year, since the time that the mineral made its first exit, has given rise to immense beds of petroleum, some of which are visibly twelve feet thick. In this condition the mineral forms a commercial article, and is used for roofing houses and paving streets. Now and then, some unlucky bird, or sky-larking salamander, lights on the treacherous surface, and becomes fatally involved.

A red, ocherous clay contributes to the formation of some of these foot-hills, though their general character is maintained, of being made up of washed and angular pebbles, of jasper, agate, several varieties of quartz, trachyte, and slate. In some places a hard, fine-grained, laminated sandstone crops out in considerable-sized strata, fragments of which mingle in the gravel below. A white, argillaceous, indurated clay also occurs in considerable quantity. Over these monotonous foot-hills, and along the valley, our comparatively slow and winding course was directed to the south-east. Here and there a bush of *chemisal,* or grease-wood, endeavored to soften the inhospitable barrenness of the mountain-side; while clumps of sage-brush spotted the plain below, in the vain effort to

hide the chronic sterility of the old domain of ocean. Forty miles to the north of east a long, blue line indicated the Sierras, in front of which an occasional wave of light, which penetrated the hazy atmosphere, showed the waters of Tulare: before and behind us the gray horizon mingled with the vanishing plain. It is wearisome thus to traverse, day after day, an expanse of sterile monotony, where every thing conveys the sensation of death. Not a straggling flower, nor a spear of grass, was there, to indicate that Nature was employed in her unceasingly marvelous work of transmuting invisible elements into ten thousand living forms: bringing the waxen petals of the tulip to mingle with the dazzling crimson of the cactus, and the snow-clad bells of the *yucca* to look down with loving sweetness on the sky-blue face of the nemophila. Not a bird is visible along the uncertain trail, to pour forth his warbling voice in the fullness of a happy hour, and to show that harmonious and beneficent arrangement of creative goodness, in which the unseen elements associated with life are made to vibrate in charming unison to the wants of intellectual existence. Every hill appears to have been formed after the same model; every bush fashioned after the same pattern. Just so many pebbles, and so many angular fragments of rock, lay within each square yard of surface; and the very arrangement of the different kinds seems as much a studied result, as though a Mosaic pattern had been adopted, and a nation of Chinamen employed to pave the entire valley, with their inflexible precision.

For ten miles, after leaving Templore, where we entered the valley, there is a gradual ascent; arriving at the summit, we see, fifteen miles ahead, the waters of Buena Vista and Kern lakes. This summit is a ridge bearing to the north-east, having on each side of it ranges of broken hills, conforming to each other in height, size, and composition. To the east they stretch out toward the lake, on the edge of which they vanish, reappear on the opposite side, whence they continue to the base of the Sierras, where, according to the estimates of Mr. Blake, they attain a height of one thousand five hundred or two thousand feet above tide-water. The great valley is thus divided along its transverse diameter.

Passing from this summit, on a gently descending grade, at four P. M. we reached the slough which joins the upper lakes with Tulare, at a point two miles north of Buena Vista. This slough is about forty miles long, and two hundred feet wide. The stream has a sluggish current to the north-west, and both of its banks, for nearly the whole distance, are covered with *tules;* some low hills are occasionally seen on the western side. In the absence of bridges, timber, boats, fords, and inhabitants, it may not be uninteresting to state the manner in which this slough was crossed. An impromptu method of making soundings was first adopted, which consisted in one of the party divesting himself of his clothes, and cautiously advancing into the water. Repeated experiments showed that, owing to the slowness of the current, the fine alluvium which the water held in suspension during times of flood was deposited in the bed as well as along the sides of the slough, and that any thing but a crane would rapidly sink into it, until a permanent sticking-point was attained; one narrow place, however, being exempt from this objection. But as the subsequent experiments of the diver soon demonstrated that ten or fifteen feet of water covered the middle of the bed, the conclusion was inevitable that it could not be forded with a buggy and its accompanying baggage, however readily the horses, mules, and jackasses might be able to swim it.

Captain Jewett then declared that we must make a raft to float across every thing but the animals, and that they should float themselves. All hands proceeded to cut down *tules*, which were secured together in bundles, like sheaves of wheat, having three withes to each bundle. The first bundle having a rope tied to each end, was launched, and successive ones laid side by side, until a width of about ten feet was obtained; the ropes were then lapped over so as to secure all together, then a second layer was placed transversely, and all were firmly bound in one mass. All ready, the buggy was pushed on to the raft, the baggage placed within it, and the Captain, with a picked crew of two men, went aboard. They were pushed off by those on shore, who paid out a tow-line, while a gentle westerly wind soon conveyed the novel craft to the opposite shore. After unloading, the vessel was pulled back, one man being left to catch the animals after they came over. The horses and mule swam across like swans; but the two asses stood like their famed ancestor, under the bludgeon strokes and curses of Balaam. They were petted and coaxed, whipped and pushed, and kicked, and they received all other sorts of persuasive arguments to convince them of the necessity of swimming over, but to no purpose. Then it was concluded to ferry them over. The eldest jackass was brought in front of the *tule* boat. Captain Jewett took charge of his head, which had a halter on for a handle. Jenkins and myself passed a rope round his hind-quarters, so as to raise that part upward and onward, while the Judge took hold of his tail, in order to swing the brute round in any desirable direction. Now John did not weigh over two hundred pounds, yet it was not without extraordinary exertion that we succeeded in lifting him upon the boat. At last, however, he stood, like a condensed Colossus, on the centre of the raft, with his head covered by canvas, while the Captain's arms firmly, yet affectionately, encircled his neck. "Let go the hawser," and the noble barge, with its precious freight, slowly floated across the tranquil water; as it struck the opposite shore, the canvas was taken from John's head, that he might realize the fact over which we were exulting, that men can always conquer asses. But John did not think so; for, giving a short bray of defiance, and turning suddenly round, he made a plunge, carrying the rope among his legs, and entirely disappearing beneath the water. For a few seconds nothing was visible but the rippled surface, then there slowly loomed up above the circling waves two long, rotating ears, which preceded, for some moments, the appearance of the head. An audible snort, and a stream of water, which caused one of our nautical friends to cry out, "There she blows!" indicated the vitality of the brute; and anon he struck out for his original starting-point, towing the barge and the disconsolate Captain, who vainly endeavored to port helm and make landing on the receding shore. In a few minutes John stood erect on the identical spot where he was lifted on the raft; and he gave his tail a knowing shake, which bore marvelous concord with the expression of his countenance, which seemed to tell us that men and asses were tolerably even balanced institutions!

Leaving John to recuperate, we directed attention to Yorick, and concluded to pack him, like a dressed hog, with hoofs directed toward the celestial regions. So he was carried on the raft, laid on his back under strong protestations, while his legs were secured together by coils of the rope, so that they could be easily freed in case he should get overboard. In this position, one person took charge of each pair of legs, one had a strong grip on his snout and one ear, while the fourth held on to his

tail. Thus we imagined that brute force had been entirely overcome. We pushed off, and slowly and quietly got more than half-way over. But Yorick seemed to comprehend our exultant looks, and began to squirm and twist. By virtue of some little irregularity in the surface of our deck, he succeeded in getting his head over the edge of the boat, and the legs of one of his guardians into the water. "Long time in even scales the battle hung." The brute made another spasmodic struggle, which brought his centre of gravity so near the edge of the boat that it became evident he must go overboard. He who held on to the head, not being ambitious to accompany the ass on such an uncertain journey, quietly loosed his hold and stepped back as Yorick turned a sommersault and disappeared. Fortunately, his head came up in the right direction; and forgetting his asinine disposition in the excitement of the moment, he made for the right shore and reached it in safety. Like proceedings were next instituted against John, which were successful in bringing him within our new lines.

We are now on the southern border of Buena Vista Lake — an oval body of fresh water, seven by five miles in diameter, the longer axis bearing to the southeast. Kern Lake is five miles from it, in the same direction — the two being united by a slough. Tulare receives the surplus water of both through the channel already noted. To the east are two rivers: the Upper and the Lower Kern, or Rio Bravo. The former rises below the thirty-fifth parallel, among mountains formed by the union of the Sierras and the Coast Range; it traverses a course of fifty miles north by west; crosses midway the slough between Buena Vista and Kern lakes, and finally enters the Lower Kern as it turns westerly and northerly to join Tulare Slough, fifteen miles from the lake. The island thus formed contains nearly three hundred square miles, all of which is so nearly on a level with the rivers that the greater portion of it is submerged when any unusual rise of water occurs. Considerable progress has been made in the reclamation of this land, and ranches that are under cultivation are irrigated by means of shallow ditches which communicate with the river. The soil being in great measure a fine alluvium, is marvelously productive, and adapted to an extensive variety of agricultural products and semi-tropical fruits. We stopped at a ranch, the proprietor of which told us that he gathered eighty bushels of corn to the acre, without any cultivation after it was first planted. A company employing Chinese laborers is now engaged in the experimental cultivation of cotton. From the great facility afforded of flooding large tracts of land, there is no doubt that rice can be successfully added to the staple crops.

Along the sloughs is a belt of *tules* (*scirpus lacustris*), which affords refuge and breeding localities for immense numbers of aquatic birds. The plant here attains a growth from eight to sixteen feet high, some of them having a diameter of three and a half inches near the root. The soil on which they flourish is so nearly on a level with the rivers and lakes as to be saturated with water, even during the driest portion of the year. It is so soft that the weight of an ordinary-sized man will displace it at the rate of about four inches per second in the absence of any counteracting force: such, at least, was the satisfactory result of eight seconds of personal experiment which my companions abruptly terminated by drawing out my pedal extremities on a more reliable foundation. Imbedded in the mud, along the sides and bottom of the slough, are incredible numbers of *anadonta*, and on the east bank, over a width of three hundred yards, the ground, in places, is literally covered with the washed fragments of

other bivalves. All of my specimens, including plants, were unfortunately lost on the return-trip: as the meek-eyed mule, after being duly packed, took advantage of a chance to stampede, during which frolic the contents of the saddle-bags were as completely reduced as though they had been passed through a Freiberg mill. This low belt is bounded by an abrupt embankment of three feet, which indicates the rise of water to be about five feet. Colonel Von Schmidt, who made a Government survey on the north and east side of Lake Tulare, is of the opinion that the extreme variation in the height of the water of the lake is from ten to twelve feet. After attaining this rise, it flows down the slough of King River, thus making continuity with the San Joaquin. Various efforts have been made, without success, to obtain legislative appropriation to make a permanent and navigable channel along this line: the latest utilitarian project is to furnish San Francisco with the surplus water of the lake. No better authority than the gentleman above named need be cited for the statement that this water is so alkaline during summer as to be very unpleasant to the taste, and that during the time his party camped in its vicinity, their animals, after drinking in the evening, could not rise to their feet in the morning without assistance.

Of the multitude of birds which frequent these waters, no satisfactory account can here be given. Pelicans, geese and ducks mingle their notes in singular jargon; while gulls, plovers and snipe abound in unlimited numbers. One evening, at sunset, I came suddenly on a large encampment of sand-hill cranes, which must have numbered nearly one thousand. With the exception of their flesh being dark, they have as tender and finely flavored meat as turkeys. In the neighborhood of these aquatic birds we observe some hawks making their stated gyrations, while a black-headed eagle sails majestically above, watching for his prey. The vulture is also there, and, scouting for that which nobler birds reject, he settles on the carcass of some unlucky steer whose life yielded to the pressure of the drought. After gorging himself with the luxurious repast, he again lazily wheels aloft to take that exercise and airing which some people consider so necessary after a hearty meal.

Receding from this locality, we enter a growth of low sage-brush, which occupies the plain for miles in extent. Now and then a lizard, alarmed at our intrusion on his solitude, crosses the trail. All animated creation seems to be in sympathy with the seared expression of Nature. Here and there is a straggling magpie, a disconsolate starling, or a pensive lark, which has not sufficient buoyancy of heart to disturb the arid repose of the air by his musical notes.

For fifteen miles nothing but the level plain is seen, as we travel in a halo of dusky atmosphere, whose leaden hue masks the limits of earth as it mingles with expanse of sky. A line of sycamore-trees presently indicates the border of the upper Kern River, on either side of which is a dense undergrowth of swamp-willows, which, forming a belt from one to three miles wide, is bounded by a low bluff, which introduces us on permanently higher ground, devoid of vegetation.

After crossing the narrow belt of low land to the east of Kern River, we enter the foot-hills of the Sierras, whose broad flanks are still twelve miles distant. These hills are complete counterparts of those on the western side of the valley: in fact, a connection may be distinctly traced in a north-westerly direction, crossing the great slough about fifteen miles south of Lake Tulare. As we proceed easterly, they become more elevated, presenting, with few exceptions, a nearly uniform height, and, in

places, expanding into extensive plains. Ultimately, they terminate by butting against the base of the Sierras, and overlying their granite bowlders, which have been detached from their precipitous sides. The barrenness of these hills is occasionally interrupted by a low species of cactus, with carmine-colored flowers. Along the course of the river the flora is more extensive. Though there is no reason to expect much display in the latter part of February, a beautiful variety of *calestegia* was adding grace to the leafy shrubs, and a magnificent *stramonium* adorned the little coves which absorbed moisture from the running water.

No means were at my disposal for determining the accurate elevation of these hills and that of the surrounding country. Mr. Blake's estimate, by barometrical measure, makes Kern Lake 398 feet above tide-water, and the valley at the base of the mountains from 1,500 to 2,000 feet. This would give a uniform descent of water from the lakes to the mouth of the San Joaquin of about twenty-two inches per mile: an amount insufficient to establish a regular current. From the same authority, it may be stated that the soil, in places, on the east side of the plains, is composed almost entirely of clay, and derived from river-courses. It is essentially the same as the *adobe* mud, which covers such extensive areas in different parts of the State. In summer it is very hard, and, in course of drying, the ground becomes so cracked as to exhibit reticulated fissures from one to three inches wide, and marking the surface, in many places, in irregular, hexagonal forms. The first heavy rain of winter closes these crevices, and leaves the soil in good condition for cultivation. It is almost incredibly productive, yielding, in favorable seasons, from fifty to eighty bushels of wheat or of barley to the acre. Some years ago I passed along a by-road in Alameda County, through one of these *adobe* fields, which had been sown with oats. The crop was in blossom; and, riding on horseback, the top of the grain had an average height somewhat exceeding the level of my eyesight. One stipe, which I pulled out by the roots, measured eight feet and a-half high. Almost every season such specimens are exhibited at our agricultural fairs. This enormous growth forms exceptional cases: the average height of grain crops varying from two to six feet, and being dependent on season and locality. In product, there is probably a greater difference than in any other agricultural section on the continent. A large proportion of the cultivated land is of that loose, gravelly texture, which, without a subsoil to hold water in reserve, offers favorable conditions for rapid evaporation and drainage. Consequently, to insure a good crop, the grain requires to be sown early, so as to have full advantage of the rainy season. Should the winter and spring rains be less than an average — which is from twenty-one to twenty-five inches of water—short crops must necessarily follow. The report of the Assessor of San Joaquin County shows that in 1864 — which was a year of general drought — the average yield of wheat and of barley was two bushels per acre; while in 1865, it was twenty-one and a-half bushels of wheat, and twenty-seven of barley. The average of wheat will sometimes reach thirty bushels per acre. The *adobe* soil, on being saturated with rain, possesses at once exceedingly adhesive, and very slight cohesive properties. I must apologize for referring so frequently to my friend, the aforementioned Professor; but it is sometimes more agreeable to quote, than to expose one's own experience. He informs us that, while crossing one of those treacherous deposits of alluvium, his horse sank to the shoulders. Had he stated that the animal there

spent the remainder of his days, it would not have been an unprecedented occurrence. The winter of 1852–3 was remarkable for its heavy rains. The roads across the plain, from Stockton to Knight's Ferry, are the routes of travel along which provisions are freighted to the southern mines. This is done in immense wagons, having a capacity of five or seven tons — smaller ones being substituted for winter use. From six to eight spans of horses, mules, or oxen, constitute their motive power. As provisions were scarce in the mines, freight rose to forty or fifty cents a pound: thus offering strong inducements to merchants to forward supplies. The roads were comparatively new, and for twelve or fourteen miles from Stockton so broken up, that many teams became inextricably involved in a sea of mud, so that, in several cases, the poor animals had to be killed on the spot, as a cruel alternative to a lingering death. This *adobe* soil is found in parts of the State outside of the great central valley. In the county of Santa Cruz it is largely diffused, and there is a *rancho*, adjoining a creek, both of which bear the same name, which was given by the natives with reference to the physical character of the alluvium —*Salsapeutos:* which means, *get out if you can.*

After traveling five days through an almost uninhabitable region, and being subjected to a daily temperature of at least 90° F., it was pleasant to receive a warm-hearted welcome from Mr. Jewett, the venerable father of one of our companions, as we approached his cabin, on the banks of the lower Kern. Here, we were almost in contact with the Sierras: all that intervened being an extensive plain, about thirty feet above our level, and two miles across. Eastward, from the borders of the Rio Bravo, or Kern River, two systems of plains prevail: an upper and a lower one. They are of variable extent, having a difference in elevation of from thirty to sixty feet, with precipitous sides, except on their eastern acclivities, where a more gentle slope is produced by the sand-drifts of summer. Both are entirely destitute of vegetation, and are composed of gravel, the lower level having a large proportion of sand intermixed with its pebbles.

The river here debouches from the Sierras, through an immense gap, or rent, nearly at right angles to the trend of the mountain, the extreme elevation of which is not less than three thousand feet. The sides of the chasm present rough, dark, and barren faces, at an angle of nearly sixty degrees; and the broken fall of the water, with its snowy spray and deafening roar, presents a scene of wild, desolate, and terrific grandeur, which has but few counterparts in the scenery of the Pacific. On reaching the base, it cuts through the foot-hills about sixty feet in depth, and takes two or three abrupt turns to effect a passage to the plains. The bed of the river is about two hundred feet wide, and is strewed with granite bowlders from eight feet in diameter to that of a four-pound cannon-ball. In places, where counter-currents have deposited sand and soil, willow and sycamore-trees have made successful efforts to attain a moderate growth. Occasionally may be seen one of the latter kind, two feet in diameter, laid up high and dry, showing that the sylvan world maintains itself by a very precarious tenure, at times when storms and floods give rapid increase to the volume of descending water.

I have now conducted the reader round two-thirds of this immense valley, which is inclosed between the Coast Range and the Sierra Mountains. From the mouth of the San Joaquin to the south-eastern extremity, it will be observed that sterility is its prominent characteristic, save in those portions contiguous to the river-courses. The cause of this is to be seen in the physical character and depth of

the coarse *débris* which covers the surface. Unlike some of the valleys beyond the eastern slope of the mountains, the ground is not impregnated with salts of potash and soda, though sulphur and chalybeate springs are quite common along its entire extent. The waters of its rivers and lakes are pure, with few exceptions, except during the rainy season. From what has been said it may be inferred, that while the valley has received large deposits of drift from the mountains on either side, subterranean action has also aided in its reclamation from the dominion of ocean. For the same species of shell are fossilized in sandstone of some of the foot-hills of Mount Diablo as are now living in the shoals of San Francisco Bay. The bones of the whale, the teeth of several species of shark, oysters, pectens, and other shells, are scattered over some of the Coast Range hill-tops from five hundred to three thousand feet high, along the entire length of the valley, and from forty to seventy miles from the ocean. Butting against the Sierras themselves, where Kern River debouches from the mountains, is a horizontal stratum, twelve feet in thickness, composed of huge oysters, *pinnæ*, and a multitude of smaller *genera*, reposing on the same soft sandstone which may be traced for hundreds of miles along the gulches of the Coast Range. It here lies beneath a stratum of large granite bowlders, which, in its turn, has been covered by ocean drift: as is shown by the number and variety of sharks' teeth which are scattered over the surface; the whole forming a perpendicular embankment of about forty feet above the level of the river, and from 700 to 800 feet above tide-water.

We are justified in the opinion that this disturbing process is now operating with great power, yet probably with results decreasing in magnitude in proportion as the elevation of the surface increases. Every severe earthquake must necessarily occasion some difference in the surface level over which it extends, although that change, in most cases, may not be appreciable. Of the hundreds of shocks recorded within the last twenty years, but few have been of a severe and startling character. During the last five years they have been more numerous and more violent. In 1861 I passed through Amador Valley, which is east of the second Coast Range, and about forty miles south-east of San Francisco, a few days after the shock of the 5th of July. There was a crack in the ground from two to four inches wide, which was traced for miles, and from which water flowed in several places. In 1864 I crossed the Coast Range 180 miles south-east of San Francisco, and observed the gap produced by the shock of 1854, which had been traced in a straight line, for two hundred miles, south-easterly, toward the Colorado. In places, one side of the crevice was two feet higher than the opposite wall, and the long, straight gulch, from one to three feet deep, and nearly as wide, could be seen for several miles, parallel to our course. After the unusually severe shock of October 7, 1865, which produced an eruption of smoke from Mount Hood, and which was felt to the southern extremity of this State, for one thousand miles or more, in linear measurement, many of the streams suddenly rose, and had a permanent increase in their volume of water. A like phenomenon followed the memorable event of October 21st, 1868, which may be said to have continued for six days, as over fifty severe shocks were noted within that time. Though we can not say that elevation of surface is produced in every instance, there are reasons for believing that the general results are cumulative and permanent, and that the greater portion of our coast continues to be subject to upheaval from subterranean causes.

AN ANSWER.

The wind was very sad among the branches,
The moon had hid its light;
I threw my window open to the darkness,
And looked out on the night,

And thought of all the dear old times together—
Days sweet for her sweet sake—
And all I lost in losing her, till, thinking,
My heart seemed like to break.

And O, I said, if I might have some token—
She *is*, and yet is mine—
Though but a wind-tossed leaf, my soul would take it,
And bless it, for the sign.

And lo! a little wind sighed through the branches,
The moon shone on the land,
And cool and moist with the night-dew, a leaflet
Fluttered against my hand!

POTTS, THE TROUBADOUR.

DID any of you ever chance to know him? He did something which he called working, at Mokelumne Hill, in the fall of 1849. He was at that time a genial young fellow of twenty-two, lively, good-natured, and generous-hearted. Every one liked him and laughed at him, for he had certain peculiarities which could not fail to draw a smile; and perhaps we took advantage of his pleasant disposition, and made rather more fun of him than we might have, had he been a big, surly brute, with a long, tangled, red beard, and a revolver in his belt. Potts carried a revolver, to be sure, but it was well known that he wore it for fashion's sake, and had never fired it in his life. Once, being waked up by a *coyote* looking into his tent, he pulled out the implement and—threw it, butt foremost, at the animal. The *coyote* retired unharmed, and the revolver exploding as it touched the ground, came near shooting Potts himself.

We called him the Troubadour, because he was of a poetic disposition, was fond of warbling old songs about Chloë and Stephen, and at night played upon a guitar. How he had managed to get the thing safely to California, and up to the mines on the back of a mule, was a mystery, occasionally giving rise to much disputation around camp-fires. Certain it is, however, that the instrument was not only in good order, but was a capital affair of the kind—inlaid with colored woods in arabesque pat-

tern—a bunch of violets carved in the centre—not a speck of polish dimmed: altogether as neat a guitar as you would find in any shop-window in Madrid. It was a sight to see him at evening, when the labors of the day were over, sitting near his tent-door, and strumming away at some old madrigal, until a little crowd would collect before him, and at last he would quite put out, so to speak, the neighboring fiddle of old Jumbo, the runaway cook of the *Tarolinta*.

Of course, being a Troubadour and fond of love-songs, Potts was simple-hearted and imaginative, and full of all sorts of queer, out-of-the-way theories and impulses; and, of course, he was all the while getting into scrapes. By this I do not mean serious, rioting scrapes, such as abounded among the miners, wherein drinking and fighting were mixed up in very nearly equal proportions; but calm, quiet, sentimental troubles, in which love-dreams were the basis upon which were built up the most wonderful castles in the air. These dreams seldom led to any decided action, but rather threw him into a melancholy, quiescent state, so that he would abandon work an hour or two earlier, and warble forth his most old-fashioned and impassioned ditties, and occasionally take to making a little poetry himself. Nor were the objects of his passion generally aware of the notice they had attracted, for Potts was particularly unobtrusive, and confined his admiration to the most furtive side-glances, and his conversation to whisperings with his own soul. It may be wondered, too, how he could find food for admiration in those wilds; but there are few portions of the world in which an ardent dreamer can not gain scope for his fancies, and at that time, even in the Mokelumne District, a few women began to penetrate. There was the Doctor's wife, for instance, cheerfully doing her own washing, at the fourth hut to the right—rather a pleasant little body, fine-featured, contented, and energetic; and while she washed away, all unconscious of the interest she had inspired, Potts would sit in the concealment of his canvas door-flaps, and watch her every motion, and wish that he had met her before the Doctor had, and wonder whether she could be induced to marry him if any one else were to kill the Doctor and make her a widow. There was one morning when a train of rough horsemen rode through to some other mine, and with them was a young girl, with large, dark eyes and good teeth. She chanced to look at Potts, as they passed, and, perhaps at something in his appearance, smiled. The smile went at once to his heart, and for days thereafter he dreamed about her. Whether those were her own relations, and she was going with them willingly; or whether they were freebooters and kidnappers, and she was a captive—and if the latter, whether he could not form a party to rescue her. Whether she might not now be thinking of him, and wondering why he did not appear to claim her. Whether Heaven had not destined that at some future day they would meet, and recognize each other at once. And whether Heaven would not prepare the way for that meeting by letting him dig out a fortune from a single pocket; at the same time keeping the young girl's father—supposing she had a father, and he was traveling with her, and the captive theory must be abandoned—under the influence of ill-luck, so that he should remain poor, and thereby more cordially welcome the proffered alliance of the wealthy young stranger. The party of horsemen had merely passed through Mokelumne Bar, not even stopping to eat or drink; nor had left their names, or told whether they were going one mile or a thousand; and, in fact, nothing was ever heard of them again. But out of that

trifling incident, and the pleasant smile, Potts wove quite a little romance, which lasted him for several days.

These paroxysms of fancy usually disappeared as suddenly as they arose. It seemed as though he had then shaken off some fever that oppressed him, or that, without any warning, a dark cloud had rolled away from his mind. He would retire for the night, lovelorn, desponding, suicidal in aspect and thought; he would awaken in the morning, bright, cheerful and happy: and our first intimation of his recovery would be the tinkle of his guitar, sounding forth a madrigal or waltz—the herald of his restoration to sanity. More than all this, in his abundant good-nature, he would be ready to bear any amount of inoffensively meant laughter, freely confessing his late folly, and apparently enjoying it as much as any of the confidants or spectators. Sometimes he would even make merry about it with the objects of his late adoration, were he put in the way of it; and, in particular, I remember that he had a pleasant time of it with the Doctor's pretty wife, who after awhile had amusedly become aware of his passion, and with the Doctor himself, who was a frank, warm-hearted man of the world, and bore no malice.

But there was one adventure about which the Troubadour would not laugh. The memory of it seemed to touch some unresponsive and different chord in his nature — I can scarcely tell how — and he never heard it alluded to without a blush and something very much like anger. I was wrong in having told of it at all, for, without my indiscretion, the matter could not well have got out at all; but I had not mentioned it except in the usual jesting way, supposing that he would not mind, and, of course, when the story had once begun to circulate and be enjoyed, the mischief was done, and it could not be withdrawn. Potts never could bear any allusion to it, and I believe that its currency throughout the neighborhood, and the many witticisms it originated at his expense, were among the reasons why he left the Mokelumne mines and went up the Yuba.

The affair happened in Chagres, on our way to California. We were making the journey together, for Potts had been put under my care by his uncle — and a very great responsibility it turned out for me. We had run down the coast in the *Empire City*, which, after rolling through the Caribbean Sea as no other steamer ever could roll, had at last anchored safely a few miles off the Isthmus coast, about where Aspinwall now stands. Thence the little *Orus* had taken us to Chagres, and discharged us at the mouth of the river—an exhilarant and enthusiastic lot of gold-diggers, indeed, and pretty generally destined to have the high expectations taken out of us in a very few short months.

We had landed early in the forenoon. Our first task, of course, was to deposit our baggage in the only hotel — a rough structure; our next, to engage passage up the river in the native dug-outs. This was soon effected — parties of six or eight clubbing for boats according to the size of them; but for some reason which I could not comprehend, it was impossible to prevail upon the boatmen to start before the next morning. This gave us the whole day to wander about; and first picking out a soft spot on the floor of the hotel for our resting-place during the coming night, for it was impossible that the hotel should furnish beds for a tithe of us, Potts and myself sallied forth to inspect the town.

The place was nothing to see, of course, to one coming from the other direction, with all the tropical glories of Acapulco and Panama fresh in his memory. But for us, newly emptied out of the civilization of the Atlantic

States, there was much of interest and amusement to be found. The low, swampy shore, with the long line of breakers dashing up against it; the rapid river, overhung with vine-clad trees; the native huts, more picturesque at a distance than when close at hand; the naked Indians spearing fish; the clumps of palms studding the landscape; the venders of paroquets and monkeys—all these were exquisite novelties to us, and for a time kept our attention well excited. Not greatly inferior to other objects of interest, moreover, were our own countrymen; for that very morning the boats had come down the river laden with homeward-bound passengers from the Pacific shore. These generally presented a marked contrast to ourselves — eschewing broadcloth, delighting in rough pea-jackets, Mexican *ponchos*, and wide-awakes; cultivating long, tangled beards, and walking about with a free, steady, self-possessed step, like men who had had experiences. They seemed to survey us with calm superiority, and favored us with some pretty startling stories about what was before us; and we looked upon them with envy, believing all the good they told and disbelieving the evil, and readily convincing ourselves that there was not one of them who had not his bag well stored with nuggets, and that probably those who spoke most discouragingly had the most money, and simply told their bitter tales for precaution against robbery.

Toward afternoon we took a canoe, and crossed to the other side of the river. Here was the largest portion of the native village, a thick cluster of huts lining the bank. A picturesque group, indeed, as seen with a palm or two interspersed, and the dark forest rising behind; but not so inviting when we came near and saw the inhabitants sunning themselves in front: here a woman lying half dead with some leprous complaint, there a man making the utmost possible display of his hideous elephantiasis, in hopes of extorting charity; yonder a knot of children, already inert and emaciated with their approaching doom of disease. There seemed none among them, in fact, who were not enveloped in the folds of some form of abject misery, and we were glad to turn away as speedily as possible. It was a relief, indeed, to climb up to the old fort upon the bluff. There we saw no one, and could sit among the crumbling stones and to our hearts' content muse upon the scenes it must have witnessed, and speculate why and when it was built, and how, in fact, in such a debilitating climate, it had ever happened to be built at all.

There we sat, pleasantly talking over our future plans, until the afternoon drew on apace. Then we descended. Our intention was to have returned at once to the hotel; but as we struck the path we found that it divided into two, one of which stretched away inland. By this time the air had become cooler, and the prospect before us was inviting. The path led in among what seemed almost like a cultivated park, the dense forest giving place to an open sward, dotted with clumps of palms, interlaced with flowering vines; and under the exhilarating temptation of novelty, we followed the winding of the path for nearly half a mile. Then, appearing to come to nothing different from that we had seen before, we were about to return, when suddenly, as we skirted the last clump of trees, we were startled with the unexpected display of a little Arcadia. An open patch of flowery sward at the side of a more beautiful cluster of palms than any we had seen before: at one side a pleasant little stream, merrily coursing along to the Chagres; through a broad break at one side, a view of the blue sea, with the old *Empire City* riding at her not very distant

anchorage. So much for the natural features of the place. Human art also had done something to make or mar it, as the reader may decide, for at the side of the stream, and just under the overreaching cover of the palms, stood a little native cabin.

Of course it was a poor affair as to comfort, but, after all, somewhat better than the usual run of the native huts. Like them, it was composed of four posts covered with a roof of thatch, but, unlike most of them, it had a second floor of split bamboo, with an ascent by means of a notched post. Upon the ground-floor sat a bent and wrinkled woman, who might have been of any age from forty to seventy, boiling some coffee in an iron pot, with two or three cocoa-nut shells alongside waiting to be filled; and clinging tightly to her scanty dress was a naked child of about three years. At our approach the old woman looked up in some surprise, nodding, however, a sort of welcome, and the child, tumbling to the ground in affright, rolled away and hid himself behind a banana bush. We returned a recognition of the old woman's greeting, and would have faced about and retreated. But at that moment the fumes of the coffee pleasantly reached our palates as she stirred up the pot, and I made up my mind to have some of it, despite the rough and slovenly style of cookery.

"*Buenos dias*," I said, in conciliatory tones, airing my sole Spanish phrase.

Probably the old woman did not understand me, for doubtless the Spanish of the Isthmus is very far from being true Castilian, and is freely mingled with all sorts of corruptions and native *patois*, but she smiled her satisfaction at being addressed in such a friendly manner. Her smile was not enlivening, for she exhibited a sad deficiency of teeth, none remaining except two great eye-teeth, stout and solid, and projecting up like polished light-houses on the borders of a cavernous Red Sea; but for all that her intentions seemed hospitable. Upon that I pointed to the coffee-pot and showed her a silver *real*. She understood the gesture, smiled renewed approbation, hurriedly filled two of the cocoa-nut cups, and we sat down upon a piece of bull's-hide and began to indulge.

Suddenly a new personage appeared upon the scene—a young girl of some sixteen years. Where she had come from I could not tell, so silently had she arrived and taken her place at our side. She may have emerged from the nearest thicket, or else descended from the upper story of the hut, the notched ascent to which was behind us. But almost at the very instant of her appearance I ceased speculating upon the manner of her advent, so dazzled and amazed was I with her romantic, rustic beauty. Even afterward, with my well-founded prejudices strong upon me, I could not but continue to admire her captivating grace. She was dark-skinned, of course, being made up of the usual diverse bloods of the Isthmus—Spanish, Indian, and Negro—mingled in such manner and through so many generations that the true proportion of each could not be ascertained with any approach to correctness. But in her case there seemed very little that was suggestive of the actual Negro. There was rather a predominance of the pleasanter and more refined tint of the Spanish settler or native Indian; and, in that climate, it was not to be expected that a dark skin should excite the same aversion with which at home we generally regard it. It seemed rather suitable than otherwise. Pure white would be so glaring as to suggest an unhealthy state of body; and I have seen Havana girls, even of genuine Castilian descent, who were much darker than this native of the Isthmus. So much for complexion:

and that matter being satisfactorily settled, there was really nothing else to which exception could be taken. A finely developed figure, none the less attractive because clad in a single white garment, that allowed the neck, and arms, and bare feet to appear; a pleasant smile; unexceptionable pearls, which it would be almost libelous to speak about as teeth; bright, swimming eyes, and hair falling down in thick, natural curls — these traits only partially fill out the picture. The mere description of them, indeed, can not complete it. No words can depict the native grace with which she stood or moved before us. What might not civilization do for such natural charms? was my first reflection. Why should they thus be wasted upon this lonely, fetid, plague-stricken corner of the world? Though, after all, would not civilization be as apt to mar the picture with incongruities as assist it? I could hardly tell, indeed. There were so many adornments which might improve her, and yet so many which would spoil her, with their artificial restraints. Never for a moment did it occur to me, indeed, that any thing of real refinement could be made out of the young girl. But with more elaborate and picturesque costume, and a gold cord to fasten up the thick cluster of curls, how wonderfully would she adorn the stage in ballet, or draw young votaries in crowds to the counter of a cigar-store!

Fresh wonders were to follow; for after a moment, in obedience to the old woman's nod, the girl took out of a corner a small guitar and sat down before us. How on earth had that guitar found its way into that remote wilderness, to be sure! Though, after all, it was perhaps not more wonderful than our occasional discovery of a piano in some Western cabin. A guitar seems to be the national instrument of Spain, the passion of Spanish blood, be it pure or mixed. This instrument may have been recently purchased by hard labor, or it may have descended as an heir-loom from past family grandeur. It was sufficient that it now existed, and that the girl sat down and strummed upon it, and in no unpleasant tone sang what might have been one of the songs of Old Spain. The whole scene combined to enrapture me with its romance. The vista of the distant sea, the neighboring palms, the beauty of the performer, the wild chant which she sang with an absent air, almost like an improvisation — what could be wanting to complete the entrancement? As for Potts, he was beside himself with enthusiasm — spell-bound and maddened.

"Let us go now," I said to him, at length, perceiving the necessity of breaking away. "See! the sun is setting, and already the night-mist is rising from the river. It is not good for us to be out so late."

"Another song, only one more, and I am with you," said Potts.

I assented, and the girl sang again. Meanwhile the old woman brought out some fruit to take with our coffee, and so the moments passed, and we lingered on. But at last I felt that I must make the struggle to go, even if I coerced my companion. Already the sun had set, and the black mist of the river was rising higher. It was positively dangerous to be out longer in that atmosphere, and we had almost a mile to go on our return.

"Come, Potts," I said, rising, "I entreat — I must command."

"Only one more song," he murmured, "and then — "

"Not another moment," I retorted; and I took him by the arm to assist his getting up. He made no more resistance, but his feet feebly moved under him as he tried to arise. I noticed that he seemed faint. Probably he had become cramped with sitting so long upon that infernal bull's-hide — so poor a sub-

stitute for a chair, I thought. But I saw that there was something strange and peculiar in the look he gave me—a pleading, half-wild expression, as of a man who tried to collect his faculties and could not. Then he partially arose, tottered a moment, and before I could put out my arm to support him, he reeled away, and sank to the ground.

I knew at once what was the matter. It was the dreaded Isthmus fever—a malady not always as sudden in its attacks, or appearing without greater predisposition or imprudence, but yet not seldom acting with cruel promptness and unwavering celerity upon an organization as nervous and unsettled as that of my companion. I read his fate in the despairing glance of his eye and the feverish throb of his pulse, as surely as though a council of the first physicians in the land had given me the diagnosis; and my whole soul shuddered as I proceeded to lift him from the floor. Was that, indeed, the end? Alas! how could I hope for any favorable issue of it? But it would not do to waste time in idle speculation. The first thing to be attended to was to claim the assistance of those about me, and that was freely accorded. The old woman and the girl, with equal alacrity and spirit of sympathy, both sprang to the rescue, themselves well knowing what was the matter, and in a moment we had the patient supported between us.

I pointed to the upper portion of the hut, and they nodded intelligence and approval. It was, in fact, the only thing to be done at first. There, at least, could be had relief from the natural dampness of the ground-floor; and, of course, we could not think of taking him at once back to the hotel. Partly dragging and partly lifting, we got him up the notched ladder into what might be called the upper-loft, and laid him upon a few hides and rags—the best substitute for a bed that could be afforded.

So, for the moment, my intention was to seize the earliest opportunity of hurrying back to the town, and summoning a physician, if one could there be found; but for hours it became impossible for me to move away. Almost at once my companion became delirious, yet not so far forgetful but that he could take note of my presence, and make upon my attention constant demands which it would be dangerous for him, in his present excited state, to have refused him or delegated to another; and, consequently, during the whole night there was not an instant in which I could venture to absent myself. How, indeed, could I insure for him proper treatment while I might be away? To be sure, the two women were unfailing in their efforts and sympathy; but could I be certain that if I left him they would not superstitiously practice some obeah rite, looking toward his recovery, indeed, but likely to frighten him to death before my return? In this fear I was wrong. They knew the case better than I did, and seemed to take hold of it sensibly, so that probably an experienced physician, unused to these cases, might not have been as available for a cure. But it took me some time to acquire this confidence in them, so that hours elapsed before I could venture to leave the patient. At last, however, he fell into a troubled sleep; and then, seeing that the dawn was breaking, I softly committed him to the charge of the women, and stealing away, flew back to Chagres.

The sun was just rising as I reached the place, and the whole river seemed alive. The little steamboat *Orus*, indeed, no longer lay at her wharf, and was at that moment paddling out toward the *Empire City*, bearing away a crowded freight of returning Californians with their several successes or disappointments. But in place of it were a dozen or two canoes, each capable of holding eight or ten men, and rapidly filling with

their passengers for the Pacific side. The hour for departure had already arrived. In every quarter were groups of men, hurrying down with rifles, blankets, and bags, or sitting impatiently in the boats, and chiding the delay of others. Three or four boat-loads were simultaneously swinging off with a cheer, as though starting for a picnic; and a little ways up, at the first bend of the river, a still earlier canoe was sweeping round out of sight.

"Is there a doctor here?" I inquired, running down to the gang of boats which had not yet started. No one answered for a moment; then a tall, thin man slowly lifted himself, and said:

"What's up?"

I told him what was the matter, and implored his immediate assistance. But he only shook his head.

"It can't be done, don't you see?" he responded. "If I wait here, I shall not only lose my passage up the other side, but will have to stay two weeks longer in this forsaken place. By that time, likely enough, some other man will be ill, and want me to remain, and so on. Now, you know, I didn't leave New York in order to settle down in Chagres, and yet that is what it would be coming to."

"But if you will only—"

"Besides, if I stayed here I could probably do but little good. Of course the man will die—they most always do with these things—and I know hardly any thing about the treatment except from books—not enough, in fact, to be worth any thing. Any relation of yours?" he continued, getting out of the boat and coming ashore, so as to talk more closely and confidentially with me.

"Merely a traveling friend."

"Ah! then I can speak more plainly. Thought it might be your brother, or such like. Well, the man's sure to die, I suppose. People do it all the time in comfortable beds, and, of course, he can not expect to get nursed well again in a Negro hut. And when you bury him, put him in high ground—where it is drier, you know—and place some stones over him to keep the wild animals away. For, you see, he may have friends at home who will want to send out for him."

"Rather hard advice, all that," I said, somewhat displeased with the apparent coolness of it.

"Hard, perhaps, but good for all that. At least I mean it for good. We doctors, sometimes, have to speak to the point, though it may seem a little rough. Well, not to take away from the poor fellow what small chance he has, suppose you try quinine. Give him these, also, with it."

Hereupon the doctor took a little package of medicines out of his pocket, sorted out a few kinds, wrapped them up, and wrote out some directions for their application, together with such ideas about diet, ventilation, and covering as most readily occurred to him. It was a hurried business for all that, as the whole bevy of passengers in the boat were impatiently waiting for him, all anxious to push off and be fairly started on their way. It was kindly done, too; for though at the moment I felt hurt that he did not remain and do more, my cooler reflection brought me right again. After all, indeed, as he had said, it was not to be expected that he should lose his passage and condemn himself to a fortnight's residence in that horrible place for the sake of one stranger, to whom, in all probability, he could be of no more than an imaginary assistance.

"And take good care of yourself, too," he said, "and the climate need not affect you."

With that he jumped into the boat; the native oarsmen pushed her out into the middle of the stream and began their alternate long and short pull up stream; one parting cheer flew down to the more laggard boats behind, the bend of the river soon intervened, and I returned to

my patient. I found that he was still in his deep sleep, and breathing perhaps a little more freely than before; and was glad to notice, also, that his skin was more moist and cool, and had a healthier glow. In fact, the fever seemed already somewhat broken, possibly not having been at the first of a very virulent character, and I began to have hopes of my companion after all.

It is a tedious affair to chronicle a sickness. Suffice it to say that, contrary to the prognostications of the doctor, my patient began to get well. This was partially owing to some comforts which I was able from time to time to procure for him from the hotel at Chagres, and partly to the good nursing which he obtained from the occupants of the hut. Was it not Mungo Park who immortalized an African woman for the tender care she bestowed upon him in his illness, and thereby recorded his sense of the charitable sympathy of woman of every age and clime? He would have found new encomiums to lavish upon that topic if he had been with me, for never was man more tenderly nursed than was my companion by that old woman and the young girl. Even the little boy seemed to have perceptions of an emergency to be met with quietness and repose, for he sucked his sugar-cane away off in a corner by himself, and never became intrusive, after the manner of most children of any color. Moreover, the women seemed to have some trick of making a medicinal preparation of limes and cocoa-milk, which probably did more real service than all the doctor's drugs. So, little by little, the patient recovered—having occasional relapses, but finding each of them less severe than the last; and gradually gained strength, until finally, pale and thin, but with a healthy tone, he seemed out of danger, and I moved him from his cockloft to the more cheerful light of the ground-floor.

By this time a fortnight had elapsed, and I began to urge a return to Chagres, there to await further means of transport. But when I proposed the thing to Potts, he objected, and said:

"I shall never leave this place, I think."

"Nonsense," I said; for at that moment I believed that he was still depressed with evil forebodings and the shadow of death. "You are as well now as I am. What further can happen to you?"

"See here, now," he rejoined; "I have been thinking a great deal during the last week, and I have settled in my mind that life may be not worth the trouble we take making ourselves comfortable in it. Why, after all, should I go away from this pleasant spot, to encounter the roughness and disappointments of toil and hardship? How few men there are who really succeed; and to those who do not, what compensation is there for their years of misery and rebuffs? Should not every one, therefore, be content with the pleasures that fall in his way, and not seek for any thing beyond? And then, this girl—she has nursed me out of death, I think—I owe her some regard for that—and—and—"

"Are you crazy? What does all this mean?" I cried; and little by little the whole scheme began to break in upon me. Whether the fellow's judgment had really been turned for the time by his illness, or whether it was merely some romantic fancy that had fastened like a greedy parasite upon his feeble brain, I know not. I only know that the ridiculous fact stood out in bold relief, that he contemplated abandoning his California career, taking the half-breed native girl for his wife, and settling down where he was for life.

"Paul and Virginia, eh?" I said, with a smile; for at the first I could not but believe that he was jesting. "Only it

happens that Virginia was something of a lady, and had gentle blood in her veins, and the Isle of France is a pleasant place to live in, for a quiet man, and is not a mere nest of fevers, snakes, and alligators. Even the good old Bernardin de St. Pierre saw the propriety of killing off his heroine, well knowing that the lovers would have become tired of each other in that vacuity of incident and excitement, and in six months, for lack of other occupation, would have fought like cat and dog."

"You may laugh," said Potts, bridling up with a flush. "But I believe I am my own master, and can do what I please."

"Why, good gracious, my dear fellow! You don't really mean it?" I exclaimed, amazed at the look of serious determination in his face; and one remark leading to another, gradually his whole scheme came out. Nothing in the world could have been more ridiculous, and yet the very absurdity of it gave it a sort of completeness of detail, and had apparently convinced his willing mind of its propriety. It was a regular Arcadia that he had contrived in his imagination. While we other poor devils were to go up to the mines, and there delve and wear out our strength, and become toil-bent and haggard in our profitless pursuit of the glittering metal, or, in case of the possible success of our efforts, find all our labor lead to no pleasant result, since our very riches would involve us in the entanglements of a vicious and artificial civilization, and bind all our wills and energies with the strong ties of custom, and thus render our lives a vain, unworthy show of weakness and failure, he would remain where he then was. He would marry his native flame, after whatever might be the custom of the country. The fruits of the ground would be their food, and the birds should sing around them. Together they would strum their guitars. He would teach her the melodies of his country, and she teach him the songs of Old Spain, or the metrical legends of her wild birthplace. In such an oasis of pleasant days their lives would gently glide along. It was something of the very picture which almost every man paints for himself, now and then, for a few moments, over a cigar; only the trouble here was, that Potts seemed to believe in it as an actual, serious, substantial fact, and meant to stick to it.

"And when you get tired of it all—as is sure to happen—what then?" I asked. "Or, when you become old, and desire a few comforts, such as your streams, and fruits, and Castilian songs can not furnish you — what then, again?"

But here he was prepared for me, with what might be called the only practical part of his plan, though even that was sufficiently ridiculous. Possibly — most probably, he thought — Chagres would some day become a large city. Then all the land around would be valuable — this little patch among the rest. Who knew but that, after all, he would some day discover that he had grown rich without labor, while I had been grubbing away and remained poor as ever? To hear him talk, one would think that he had already secured a quarter-section near a growing town, and saw the long avenues of commerce rapidly and surely stretching out toward him, and converting his noble farm into valuable city lots, with which to comfort his declining years.

"And your relations, Potts? What will they say to all this?"

Here, again, he was prepared for me. He had no relations, except an uncle, who had paid his passage to California to get rid of him, and who would not care whom he married, or what he did, so long as he kept away.

"Now look at me, Potts," I said, severely: "I have had enough of this nonsense. In one hour you shall leave this place with me, never to return."

"You can't make me. You have no claim over me," he almost shrieked.

"I will make you, or I will know the reason why," I exclaimed, bringing my fist down against the corner-post of the hut so violently as to disturb a whole colony of beetles. With that I arose, turned from him in indignation, and started off for Chagres. What particular plan I had I hardly knew. I felt, indeed, that I had no legal claim on him; but I also felt that, inasmuch as he was the victim of such a ridiculous fancy, it was my bounden duty to assume and maintain a right. Nor alone could I control him. My only hope lay in engaging some assistance from the town—finding some one willing to co-operate with me, and then, by any necessary exercise of force, drag Potts away, and coerce him for his good until his present frenzy might be past.

The town, which had been dull and deserted for the past two weeks, was now once more lively. Other steamers had arrived at each side of the Isthmus, from their respective Atlantic and Pacific ports, and again the two lines of passengers had met in their route. Boats coming down the river—boats preparing to go up the river—and in all respects apparently the same crowds that had been there before, so alike were they in their general attributes. From one side were men with shining hats and tolerably new clothes, either of the fashionable city cut or with a dandy affectation of roughness. From the other side were men with blanket-looking coats and soiled wide-awakes, and tangled, overgrown, red beards. The one party was elate, enthusiastic, and confident of the future; the other party was either satisfied or disappointed, but with all their former anticipations changed to realizations of good or bad luck, as the case might be. A concourse so similar, indeed, to the last, that I began to think that the events of the previous two weeks were a mere dream, and that I had myself just landed among these fresh passengers.

For awhile I wandered about, finding no acquaintances, nor seeing any one upon whom I felt that I could call for assistance. Then, with a sense of weariness and baffled energy, I gave up the pursuit for a moment and stretched my legs across the balcony of the hotel. Why, after all, should I search any further? And what business, indeed, was it of mine? Potts was nothing to me, except a sort of traveling companion. He was of age, and at liberty to do what he thought best. Were he desirous of contracting an alliance, even with an ape, was it any affair of mine, that I should get myself into a hobble by interfering? While, on the other hand, were he to carry out his cherished plan, was there any thing to prevent his running away, when he awoke out of his dream? and, in that case, would the deserted bride be likely to care, or the laws of his own country be disposed to recognize the validity of the alliance?

Such reflections came fast upon me, with considerable cogency. Suddenly, I saw a group of men huddled around a little, circular palisade by the river-bank. It was the civic cockpit, and it had happened that two of the natives were then and there staking their week's wages upon the bravery of their respective birds. Of course, I sauntered down to see the sport, prepared, if necessary, to keep up the excitement by betting a *real* or two myself upon red or white topknot.

Pretty soon, a large crowd had collected. Most of these were fellow-countrymen, but there was a fair sprinkling of the natives. One of the latter stood in front of me, so nearly blocking the view that I could not help taking notice of him. He was a strapping great Negro, broad and brawny, and with the most villainous cast of countenance that I had

ever seen. A twisted eye — a knife-cut across the cheek — a few teeth knocked out in some former row or cock-fight — a diabolical expression of low cunning, ferocity, and cruelty — it would puzzle one, indeed, to mention any distinguishing accessory or indication of brutish character which was not there displayed. A sharp knife hung at his side, ready for any emergency of domestic economy or murderous violence. He was evidently one of the men who carried baggage across from Cruces to Panama, and very likely, in his time, may have served the State in the mountain prisons. This man had staked three or four *reals* upon one of the birds, and, small as the sum was, had worked himself into a great state of excitement about the result.

It came — a loss to him; whereupon, he seemed disposed to refuse payment of his honorable obligations, indicating his intent to repudiate by a flourish of his drawn knife. Upon this, the rest of us prepared for a speedy retreat. It was nothing to us whether the man paid his stake or not. Let the winner look to that. So we spread out into a constantly increasing circle before him, and would soon have retired altogether, had he not commenced answering the demands of his adversary with an attempted stab. This looked too much like murder to be allowed, and suddenly the ruffian found himself clutched in the iron grasp of one of the newly arrived passengers from the East. There was a short struggle, a futile pass or two with the knife — and then the Negro found himself in the river. Perhaps he was a bully at heart, and had needed only that strong hand to subdue him; or perhaps the water cooled his natural ardor for the fight. However that might be, when he crawled out, it was upon the farther bank of the river; and he disappeared in the thicket, muttering low curses as he went.

Then, looking at the man who had done such sudden execution, I recognized, with delight, an old friend of mine, Tom Garrow. We had not met for years past; but I felt that I could not be mistaken in that athletic form, those heavy whiskers, that bright, piercing eye, and that determined mouth, full of an energy which never failed in any emergency.

"Don't you know me, Tom Garrow?" I said.

"It is — it must be — why, so it is!" he cried. "And how came you here?"

"Step one side, Tom," I said. "I want you badly." And taking him by the arm, I led him off, and told him all about Potts.

"I see," answered Garrow. "And, of course, something must be done about it. A very clever fellow is Potts, and we mustn't leave him alone in the matter. Too romantic — that's the trouble with him. Will get over this fancy after awhile, probably; but he must do so now. There's one hope. Potts has an inner sense of refinement, after all, and soon gets disgusted with any woman who shows low proclivities; and, of course, this half-breed girl must be low enough. But the trouble here is, that bananas, and palms, and guitars, and all that, have gilded the affair with a sort of romance. If we can only detect in her some trait which—— Does she eat with her knife?"

"She has no knife, or fork either. She eats with her fingers."

"And does it prettily, too, I suppose. Nature unadorned and pastoral simplicity, and all that. So there we are at fault. Does she chew tobacco?"

"She smokes — cigarettes," I said.

"Worse and worse. There is, after all, something enticing in the sight of a pretty girl delicately handling a neat, little cigarette. Looks piquant, *grisette*-like, and wicked. Well, we'll hit upon something, yet. Where is Potts' baggage? Still at the hotel? Then come with me."

We returned to the hotel, paid the charges upon the baggage, guitar and all, and Tom had it carried, with our own, down to a dug-out. Then we engaged the boatmen for the trip up the river to start in half an hour. It was all done in a moment, without any long haggling; for so earnest and self-possessed was Tom that every thing seemed to give way before him, and before many of the other passengers had even thought of selecting a boat, our work was done. Then we had ourselves rowed over to the other side of the river, left the boat at the bank to await our return, and started for Potts.

I now felt easier in my mind, for I had no doubt of the ultimate result. Knowing Tom as I did, I was well assured that he would tolerate no nonsense. Potts must come, and there was an end of it. Quietly, if he would; but if he proved refractory, Tom would make no bones of lifting him like a child, tying him, if necessary, and carrying him to the river. But I felt a little unpleasant, too, at the prospect of a disturbance. What if Potts absolutely refused to yield to our dictation? What if he afterward took action against us for assault? After all, we had no legal right to interfere; and it was not a pleasant thing to make an irruption upon a gay cavalier, drag him away from his flame, and carry him off yelling and discomfited. I pictured the whole scene. Potts sitting upon the bull's-hide, listening to the charmer who strummed the guitar before him—her little brother eating his sugar-cane on one side, in rustic simplicity of dress and manners; the old mother standing behind. Then suddenly we would appear, like felons as we were, kidnap the adorer and drag him forth, despite his curses and the frantic remonstrances of the whole family. What an uproar it would cause, to be sure!

I was a little wrong in my picturings. There was no happy family party to be found; no lascivious pleasing of a guitar. Instead thereof, before we had quite reached the spot, we heard a loud shout of anger and a call for help; and rushing swiftly forward, we found this picture: There was Potts standing, pale and trembling, against one of the corner-posts of the hut, and frantically endeavoring to shield himself with a cocoa-nut dipper; there was the little boy clinging to his legs in some instinctive perception of a crisis; there were the two women huddling together at one side; and last of all, and chief centre-figure of the group, there was the great evil-faced Negro, whom Tom had pitched into the river, now dry, and furious with passion, and wildly brandishing his knife.

We had probably come up just in time. A moment longer, and it would have been all over with Potts. But our arrival put a new face upon the matter. The Negro, conscious through all his rage that he had again met one who was his master, lowered his knife and stepped a little one side, and the women ceased their shrieking. Tom's first impulse was to interfere in the same summary way which he had adopted before; but, after all, he was a prudent man, and, except in sudden passion, averse to quarreling. So, now controlling himself, he addressed the Negro in Spanish, gradually drew him off a few paces, and after a minute or two it became evident that the conversation was becoming milder and more conciliatory. At length Tom's face took an exceedingly funny expression, and drawing a gold piece from his pocket, he handed it to the Negro, whose fingers readily closed upon it as a peace-offering.

"And now come with us, Potts," said Tom; and needing no further invitation, Potts accompanied us, not speaking a word until we reached the boat.

"And where now?" he said.

"Across the river, to the hotel," answered Tom.

We all took our seats; but instead of going across, Tom gave the orders to the native boatmen, and they at once turned the canoe up the river, toward Cruces. I expected that Potts might make some objection to this summary proceeding, but he said nothing. He had had too great a scare to interfere, and, moreover, our eyes were upon him too intently. So in silence we pushed our way upward, until a mile or two had been traversed, and the village was shut out from sight by the first bend. Then Tom's face lost something of its stolid look of official watchfulness, a rumbling laugh was heard under his chest, gradually increasing as it came nearer the surface, and at last, with an explosion of mirth, he addressed Potts:

"Are you aware, my good fellow, that there may be laws against bigamy in New Grenada, as well as in other places?"

"What do you mean by that, now?" growled Potts.

"Just think of the fellow!" cried Tom, turning to me. "See what a gay Lothario we have on board! He gets ill with fever; is nursed into health by a very pretty woman, and how does he reward the care? Why, all at once the black husband of the lady comes home and finds our friend making love to his wife!"

"His wife, Tom!"

"Yes; a little mistake in relationship—that's all. I investigated the matter pretty thoroughly, and found it all out. You see the pretty girl was the black baggage-carrier's wife—for girls are very apt to marry very young upon the Isthmus. And the little boy was not her brother, but her child. And the old woman was not her mother, but her sister, aged only thirty—a widow at present, her husband having been hung a few months ago. She looks wrinkled overmuch for thirty, I will confess; but people mature very early in the tropics. Oh, Potts! what a villain you have been to carry your tender attentions into the bosom of that peaceful family!"

And this is all the story; and, as I have before said, it was the only story about his love-affairs that the Troubadour never was inclined to laugh at. I have also said that it got out through my indiscretion, and that I was at one time sorry that I had told it. But not for long; for afterward I met the Troubadour in Broadway. He had returned home, married a tall, elderly woman, with a hook-nose and bony frame, who had captured him with energy, and kept a good lookout for him, and perhaps made him pretty comfortable, after a cold, morbid manner. He was living West, and had come in to purchase goods. All the romance of his disposition seemed driven out of him; and perhaps it was well for him, on the whole, that it had happened. But, for all that, he need not have pulled down his mouth so meanly and primly when I tried to have a merry chat with him about past days—or have put on airs of such great propriety; or, in the end, have absolutely denied any recollection of that pleasant little episode upon the Isthmus, and almost charged me with falsehood and evil imaginings when I would have recalled the circumstance to him. This, therefore, is why I not only afterward became no longer sorry that I had let out his adventure, but why I now so resolutely and minutely tell it again for the benefit of all the world.

CARAVANSARIES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR English neighbor, who has taken a run through America, and glanced at American institutions, is apt to say of the American hotels, that they only show the "beastly" gregarious instincts of the people, and the absence of that home instinct which Englishmen love so much in themselves, and admire so much in others. It is not extravagant to say that this is the opinion formed by nine out of ten foreign visitors who have participated in the enjoyments and disagreeabilities of American hotel-life. But of the exigencies of American society, that impel so many to reside in hotels, they are more or less ignorant. In San Francisco, there are five leading hotels, occupied by two thousand people, who, for about a thousand dollars a year each, enjoy handsome apartments, the use of a large number of servants, and the choice of an unsurpassed bill of fare. The fact is, that life "at home" in American cities is a nuisance: it is too expensive, and servants in America have no existence. Your English servant is, in America, a myth, whom we never shall see, under the existing condition of society. By adopting the system of co-operative housekeeping, such as hotel-life really is, this great and almost insuperable annoyance is altogether done away with. And then, again, it is so pleasant to have all one's bills aggregated into one: one's water-tax, gas bill, rent, washing, butcher's and grocer's bills, and all the other bills that flesh is heir to. Hotels were made for the man who would "take his ease in his inn;" and the effect of hotel-life upon such a one is of unmixed good. He enjoys an exemption from care and most worldly troubles that is very conducive to that serenity of mind in which the true enjoyment of life is to be found; and when he gives himself up to the enjoyment—a rather selfish one, to be sure—of hotel-life, he is adopting that which in the end will best repay him. Besides this, the average American is generally conceded to be unusually acute in the capture and retention of coin; and he has long since found out that one can live cheaper on the wholesale than on the retail plan.

A well-known lecturer and traveler, the Rev. W. H. Milburn, "the blind preacher," in a recent lecture delivered in San Francisco, said: "I have lived, at the hazard of my life, for the last twenty years, in hotels in different parts of the world, and in no city that I have visited have I found any equal to those of San Francisco—none better appointed, and certainly none in which the table would more than bear comparison." The genuine opinion of a conscientious man, whose experience and judgment entitle him to credit, is always valuable; and such a strong indorsement as the above of the respectable caravansaries of San Francisco is agreeable, and a shade flattering to the civic pride. San Francisco, since the completion of the last addition to the number of first-class establishments of this kind, stands far ahead of any other city in the United States, or indeed in Europe, in point of hotel accommodations.

One would hardly suppose that there is invested, in the five principal hotels of San Francisco, capital to the amount of $4,800,000, and that their annual income is nearly three millions of dollars. Yet this is perfectly true of the five hotels which are known as the Grand, Oc-

cidental, Cosmopolitan, Lick, and Russ; and they are about as dissimilar in their respective characteristics as they are in their titles.

The first mentioned of these is the one last constructed, and the one which has stepped with the celerity of all new and large hotels to the pinnacle of hotel fame in San Francisco, namely, "The Grand Hotel." It has become the home of the wealthier of the hotel-patronizing families of the community, and is the caravansary of the Eastern visitor in particular. Here this individual revels in the golden aspect of California; here he absorbs those wondrous impressions of California and Californians, which he disseminates with so much gusto on his return that he sends half a dozen other Eastern visitors out to verify them; here he meets the nabobs of the country, and is asked to dine at their rural establishments, or drive to a champagne breakfast at the Cliff; and here the natives flock to look at him, and speculate on the cut of his clothes. The families are an exclusive *coterie*, and are all those of rich men—men such as do business in the upper part of the Merchants' Exchange, where the bulls and bears are wont to congregate, owners of controlling interests at Washoe and White Pine, railroad directors, and that class of wealthy individuals who prefer the *dolce far niente* to be found in life at a hotel to the trouble of maintaining a home. Of such are the inmates of the Grand Hotel; and while the tastes of so large a class run in such channels, there will always be a Grand Hotel wherein they may find their gratification. It supplies a want which, previous to its construction, was divided among the Occidental, Lick, and Cosmopolitan, none of which were sufficiently distinctive in character to exactly meet the requirements of that particular patronage. The capital invested in the Grand is over $1,000,000, but is a paying investment, and is regarded with some little pride as a tolerably representative hotel. The Occidental Hotel has a large and excellent class of customers, and, previous to the building of the Cosmopolitan, secured the great bulk of the best foreign arrivals, including the then Eastern visitor, such as he then was—scarce, and, as compared with the present article, somewhat embryotic. The Cosmopolitan opened with wonderful advantages in the shape of a good set of permanent people, with a large and diffused acquaintance, that rapidly brought the hotel all it could attend to; but then travel increased to such an extent that they all had plenty to do, and ere long the necessity for a new and large hotel became so apparent that the Grand stepped in to fill the place. The Lick, which has always had less of the transient custom than any other, has been *par excellence* the family hotel of San Francisco, even as the Everett House was the family hotel of Boston. The "Lick House set" was as distinct a branch of society as it is well possible to imagine; and to it the "Occidental set" ran a lively opposition. But the Occidental and Lick House sets have disappeared: they have been scattered broadcast into many places, and the old rivalry is almost forgotten, and is fast fading into oblivion. The Lick maintains its family characteristics as much as ever, and with the exception of a few theatrical people, attracted thither by the former proclivities of its proprietor, it sees but little of the transient business. The Occidental has a steady family seasoning, in addition to its large Eastern business, and is capable of accommodating 550 persons, which it does most of the time. It yields an income of $600,000 per annum, and its rental is $96,000. It represents over $1,000,000 capital. Its hall is one of the features of Montgomery Street. At any time of the day that one passes it, one sees about twen-

ty-five or thirty pairs of Eastern boot-soles staring at him through the plate-glass windows, while the individuals to whom they are attached sit with chairs tilted back at alarming angles, and with faultless toilets, tooth-picks, and cigars, look out at the busy street, and ogle, as the Eastern tourist can, the fairer portion of the native population.

The Cosmopolitan Hotel is flavored, from garret to basement, with a thorough Washoe flavor. The Comstock built the Cosmopolitan; and all Nevada, when it comes to town, puts up at the Cosmopolitan. It opened under Washoe influences, when San Francisco talked of nothing but "feet;" and the name of Cosmopolitan is, and ever will be, inseparably associated with such familiar things as Savage, Chollar, Gould and Curry, Belcher, Norcross, and the host of other similar whirlpools of San Francisco capital that at that time spread their yawning mouths. The Army and Navy are among its best customers, and the page of its register is dotted all over with the cabalistic insignia, U. S. A. and U. S. N. The Washoe flavor has not all evaporated, though it is nothing like what it used to be. Still, one may often see two-thirds of a page on the register taken up with Virginia City, or Carson, Nevada. But the glory of Washoe has departed, and the Washoe "sharps," who discussed "feet" night after night in its halls and bar and billiard-rooms, are gone like the snow of last winter; and in their place are decorous and portly citizens, with clean, boiled linen every day in the week, and no work to do on the seventh day.

All four of these are fine hotels; and it may be said that they that go through the world in hotels get more value for their money in San Francisco than anywhere else in the world—even in cosmopolitan Paris.

The Russ House is essentially and distinctively transient in the character of its patronage, with just one or two families thrown in as a sort of moorings, or nucleus, for the more ephemeral portion. Here you meet your friend from the country, and it is his head-quarters, while he negotiates with capital for an advance on his fall crop, or purchases a stock of groceries for his store in some inland village. It has just enough of the city flavor to give him all the spice of novelty he wants, while the appointments, table, and general arrangements of the house are plain and subdued enough to make him feel at his ease. Put him in the gilded, *recherché* parlors of one of the other hotels, where hundreds of mirrors at every step reflect his awkward, unkempt person, clad in homely homespun, and he at once feels out of place. The very chairs are finer than he is, and he looks at the furniture with a sort of inward conviction forced upon him that each individual piece of it is regarding him with ineffable contempt. Then he feels conscious that the waiter smiles an unpleasant smile at him when he orders pork and beans, or calls for fried eggs instead of an *omelette;* and a hundred other little things conspire to annoy him and make him wish he was back in Tuolumne, or wherever he came from. At the Russ, though, he is at home. There are no mirrors to harass him by the contrast between his reflection and the reflecting medium, and the furniture is substantial and plain, more adapted for use than ornament, and apparently constructed with a view to its being able to resist the friction of boots as well as clothes. The table is as good as in the others; but one need not hesitate about asking for dishes in plain English; and as for the waiters, their superiority to the average guest is not too obtrusive. It must not be supposed, from these remarks, that the Russ is inferior as a hotel: on the contrary, it is just as good as any in the city, and differs from them only in the respect that it is conducted

on a plan calculated to meet the requirements of its peculiar class of customers. Country folks like the Russ; and the minute they land in the city they go to it at once. The hotel people know them at sight, and are on terms of intimate acquaintance with them, even if they have never been in the city before: they know all their friends, and when they were in town last; and, in short, are walking compilations of just that particular kind of information that country folks most want. Then, at the Russ, Squoggles and Brown are sure to meet any other Siskiyouan or San Diegoan who is in town, who left the week before they did, or who was to start next day. It is far pleasanter to spend their spare time in the city in company with each other; and the fact of one Siskiyouan seeing the city sights in company with another Siskiyouan greatly enhances his enjoyment of them. The Russ fronts 275 feet on Montgomery Street, and 180 on Pine and Bush. It contains 280 rooms, and has accommodated, at times, as many as 500 people. The land upon which it stands is worth about $400,000, and the building and its furniture $325,000. It is a good investment, and pays the owners one per cent. a month. The income of the hotel may be estimated at $400,000 per annum or thereabouts. The Russ has occasionally, as mentioned, accommodated 500 people, which implies that its country patrons have outrun its capacity, and called into existence the Brooklyn. This hotel is situated directly opposite the Cosmopolitan, on Bush Street, and is in every respect a second Russ House.

There is probably no hotel in the United States so unique in its individuality, or so historically identified with the town in which it is situated, as is the What Cheer House of San Francisco. Certainly no hotel in the United States is conducted on such peculiar principles; and it may be reasonably doubted if there be any that so completely and satisfactorily meets the requirements and tastes of one peculiar class of customers. What the Cosmopolitan used to be to the speculators in "Washoe," the What Cheer is to the "honest miner;" but inasmuch as the "honest miner" is not the creature of stocks or the ephemeral millionaire of the season whose existence depends on the uncertainties of 'Change, but a prominent and reliable individual, his caravansary has not had to seek new avenues of patronage and sources of revenue, but lives and thrives by him still. True, each boat from Sacramento does not crowd the establishment to its utmost capacity, as formerly; nor does one any longer hear in its hall or in the surrounding bar-rooms the chink of prodigally squandered twenties, but, nevertheless, it is a paying property, and year by year turns many ducats into the coffers of the proprietors. The individual so endeared to us all under the title of the "honest miner" is an anomalous character, and is well worthy of study and contemplation while undergoing the "What Cheer" phase of his existence. This "What Cheer" phase is an oasis in the life-time of the modern "honest miner." With some of them it occurs as often as twice a year, with others only once, and with many but once every two years; and the rational being who understands wherein its pleasures lie will readily concede that the measure of the real enjoyment that these men experience is small indeed. They toil and labor for six months or a year with pick and shovel, away up in some one of the inland mining districts of the Sierras; amass a few hundred dollars or so, and then spend it in a week. Miners come in numbers to the city every week, and at once betake themselves to the What Cheer House. They never think, as a general rule, of going anywhere else, and indeed would

have but little cause to, since the establishment is the only one really suited to them. All the fees they have to pay amount to two dollars per week for their room. This insures them a good, clean bed, in a room which is so clean for a hotel, that its short-comings are wholly unobservable by its average occupant, clean water, a towel, and a piece of soap — what more can an "honest miner" want?

All the patrons of the hotel, however, are not of this particular kind. There are numbers of farmers, and well-to-do *rancheros*, stock-drivers, farm-hands, and others, whose business brings them occasionally to the city, and who patronize the What Cheer House on account of its cheapness. There are also numbers of miners, who are steady in their habits and close with their money, who go to that hotel: some of them prospectors, who have made a strike in the shape of a rich ledge, and who are in town looking for a capitalist; and others, the owners of claims that they would like to sell. Miners from every district on the Pacific Coast are there; and morning, and noon, and night they may be seen in groups on the sidewalk in front of the hotel or in the office, talking over old times, the last rich strike on such and such a Flat, and comparing notes and prospects. Many a miner has come down to the What Cheer House with just money enough to pay his expenses for a few weeks, and has gone back, at the expiration of that time, estimating his wealth by thousands—having raised a Company on his claim, or sold out for hard cash. The distance from the What Cheer House to California Street — the Wall Street of San Francisco — is short, and many have availed themselves of it well.

The What Cheer takes no boarders, gives little or no credit—unless well secured by baggage—and loses very little by defaulting guests. In the basement there is a large restaurant, conducted on the cheapest plan, and giving daily about four thousand meals, at an average price of twenty cents per head. The food is good, but coarse and plain, with no particular grace or art displayed in the cooking, and is noticeable mainly for quantity. The notices to guests are suggestive and quaint, and on the bill of fare sundry cautions are appended, so that he may not outrun his exchequer and then simulate ignorance of the price. "Butter free, with two ten-cent dishes," "No bread with one fish-ball," and such similar interlineations, occur. It is, in the main, an excellent restaurant, and supplies the wants of a large class of people. If its table-cloths have been dyed with concentric circles in coffee-stains, being impressions derived from the bottoms of sundry cups; if grease-spots of undoubted age dot them over; if its knives resemble inferior saws, and its forks have many of them but one prong — nevertheless, it is a good restaurant; and so long as its four thousand hungry mouths are fed with good food, what matters it to them if the table-cloth's complexion be not immaculate, or the fork imperfect? The house has its library — a rather good one, by the way, and tolerably well patronized — its barber-shop, and its laundry. The latter, as might be suspected by the shrewd reader, does most of its business outside, and, beyond the washing of the house proper, depends on the former for support. On the whole, the What Cheer House pleases and suits its guests thoroughly, and consequently, as a hotel, it is a success. Its revenue is large, and its owners have through it attained great wealth, and may safely lay claim to owning the most peculiar hotel in the United States. It may be said to be the only hotel of its magnitude and pretensions that contains the announcement, "Guests will please not go to sleep on the stairs;" as well

as the only one from which the female sex are rigidly excluded.

It is thus, in the various ways above indicated, that the "homeless life" of San Francisco finds its requirements. Whether this peculiar social condition is as consistent with permanent prosperity as it is a product of high civilization, it is not our purpose to inquire. These conditions exist in San Francisco probably to a greater extent than in any other city; and they are also met with greater promptness and ingenuity than elsewhere. Independence is the great charm of hotel-life. Boarders have their apartments, into which no one is supposed to intrude, and they have all the advantages of a splendid *ménage;* but with all this, they are no better off than any one of the other two or three hundred who dwell in the same caravansary, unless, perhaps, that their purses enable them to live on the first floor, while some of the others live on the fourth. But then, even this latter advantage is lost through the agency of that institution peculiar to our large American hotels — the elevator — of which there are two in San Francisco: one at the Occidental, and another at the Cosmopolitan. This makes all men equal: the dweller in the attic, and the luxurious individual of one pair of stairs. Bachelors boast that there is no life like hotel-life; but then they do so inconsistently quit it on the slightest provocation that one of the other sex may offer them, that they can not be accepted as authority on the subject. But the social peculiarities of this kind of life require a deeper criticism than, perhaps, is consistent with this article.

FEMININE PHILANTHROPY.

IN the year 1863 the national female heart was enthusiastically working itself up into misshapen stockings and clumsily made flannel garments for the soldiers. On the broad piazza of a country hotel a busy group were thus employed, on an afternoon of one of the last days of summer. The place was singularly isolated, and, except for those coarse, but strong links which testified to a keen interest in their country, these people would have seemed quite disconnected with the world which *might* lie just beyond the encircling mountain-tops. But the place boasted of more than such a thin seclusion. From such outlooks other mountain-tops beckoned the traveler on, and blue flashes of the Delaware could be seen, now and then, at their bases.

This rough, mountainous country which marks the line of the Delaware River, is, in many places, still covered by the primeval forest; especially on those ridges lying so far in the interior that the water-course is not easily made available for floating rafts of lumber to market. Near the river occasional white towns, bristling with church-spires, mark the vicinity of some surrounding acres of fertile meadow-land. And here, too, the woodman's devastating axe has been busy for years in felling the forests, leaving in their places but a ghastly array of tree-stumps, or their blackened remains, where unsuccessful efforts have been made to burn them. But where the trees have been felled long enough, Nature kindly covers these unsightly places by a second growth of oak, ash, and maple, in the place of the pines and hemlocks; for the new forest, which springs like a Phœnix from the ashes of the old, is of an entirely

different character from the original. The "wood-slides" (straight paths cut in the most precipitous places from the mountain-top to the water's edge) are conspicuous features in this else unbroken wilderness, and remind one, in their undeviating and dizzy steepness, of those paths which are fabled to lead to the temple of learning and fame, but which in Nature are never meant for a nobler purpose than a "slide" for logs.

But on the second ridge of mountains the chagrined lumberman can only look at the towering pine-trees, and sigh to think that it will not pay to convert the forest into "saw-logs." Here the trees, year by year, transform the winter's snow and summer's rain into a healing and aromatic fragrance, which they fling out freely to the winds.

It was in this interior range of mountains, among the aromatic pines, that the country hotel known as the "Mansion House," at Clear Lake, was situated. Besides this hotel of pretentious title, a few cottages had been built in the vicinity. The nearest village was eight miles distant; and all sound from any great thoroughfare of travel or traffic was half a day's journey beyond that.

On the other side of the lake was a mountain, clothed half-way up with a low growth of bushes, or "brush," as it was called, but whose top was singularly bare. This was oddly enough not called Smith's Point, or Jones' Peak, but bore the somewhat suggestive title of "The Knob." Just beyond this a little river, the outlet of the lake, found its way through a long, deep ravine known as "The Den." About midway this widened into some acres of arable land; and here was situated a pretty cottage, in even greater isolation than the cluster of houses to which allusion has been already made. It had been built years ago, as an exponent of a wild mining project: for there had been also, in this same range of mountains, one or two places where lead mines were expensively and not altogether successfully worked; and some one had hit upon this spot, as the place where another chance for the feverish venture of growing richer or poorer might be indulged in. The project had, however, never progressed further than to remove a few cart-loads of soil, and to build the cottage. The "Company" had then sold their property to a Frenchman, who, after waiting several years in futile expectations of valuable returns, decided to investigate matters himself. But, "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose,*" as his wife, the pious Madame Landré, remarked; and on his death-bed he requested that she would personally see about this matter. So she had written to her agent of her purpose, and on this eventful summer the house had been fitted up to receive her. As yet she had delayed her coming, and the ladies at the hotel were speculating on this subject over their afternoon's work.

This theme formed a somewhat cheerful variety to the depressed interest with which they had been watching the indications of a fire which was burning on the opposite mountain-ridge. For a week it had been eagerly watched from this piazza. At first they had noticed but an insidious, hazy film of smoke; then the sky at night was lighted by a lurid glow; and now the sun looked weakly and desolately down, with a wan, shadowy splendor, as if the real sun had gone into infinite space, and left behind only a melancholy apparition to cheer the world. The strange glow gave a sort of a fantastic aspect, like the illusive phantasmagoria of a dream, to these busy workers. One could fancy that these delicate ladies might be the modern and modified Fates, knitting and stitching the thread of Destiny into the stockings and flannel—their gossipy murmur falling like a weird incantation upon the mournful sobbing of the wind

which came down from the burning forests. Near them a pair of idlers were playing backgammon, and indulging in a half-laughing quarrel over the perversity of the dice, which were declared to show favors only to feminine artifice, awarding to masculine skill a "run of bad luck."

The group of workers was presently joined by a young lady and a little girl, who came up from the lake through the wood-path, both looking somewhat heated and excited. An earnest conversation, in which this young lady appeared to bear the principal burden, ensued, which terminated in a somewhat animated discussion.

Maurice Kennedy, the masculine backgammon-player, had manifested an uneasy sort of interest in it from the first, and now ignominiously lost the game and joined the group.

"But do you think, Nora, that such a plan will be practicable?" remarked one of the ladies.

"Of course it will, Auntie," replied the young lady, with enthusiasm. "Every body will be interested in such a work of charity. And all of the gentlemen now expect to be victimized by a 'Fair' upon the slightest occasion."

"But it seems to me, as there are only just ourselves, as it were, that we might relieve these poor people in some better way than by the farce of getting up a Fair for their benefit," remonstrated her aunt, rather mildly.

Nora replied that "*her* poor people would certainly be furnished with something to eat and something to wear meanwhile." But during that season Fairs were a sort of epidemic, to which young ladies yielded spontaneously, and they now approved the plan — for they had instinctively sought the spot where this discussion was taking place. Certainly Nora's arguments in favor of them were pretty and graceful.

"I know," she said, "that we would all be willing to put our hands into our pockets, to relieve so much poverty; but after we had given our money, we would forget it. But we can all be doing some pleasant work during these long days, thinking all of the time of the good which we are accomplishing; and in the end, it's just as much charity as the bare money."

"But, tell us, Nora," said one of the young ladies, "how did you happen to discover this family?"

"It happened by the merest chance, or else it was Fate—I mean Providence."

Here Maurice Kennedy irreverently interrupted by asking the company whether "it was really Fate or Providence?"

He was immediately silenced by a chorus of ladies, who told him that "he ought to be ashamed of himself." He was further reproved by a reproachful glance from Miss Nora, which said, "that she was astonished he had not a more reverent memory of their former conversations."

The numerous interruptions and the digressions with which her story was told, it is not necessary to record. The chance—or providence—which had that morning directed her steps, was this:

She had gone out in her boat, with only little Ida Kennedy for a companion. The strange silence of the atmosphere, or, rather, the mournful sound of the wind, as it swept through the burning forest and sent its helpless wail far out over the lake, oppressed her. For awhile she rowed aimlessly about, and then remembered that she had heard that there were white water-lilies growing in the marshy, east end of the lake. And she felt well rewarded for the long pull across the lake, when she reached there. The two became quite merry over their treasures, and they crowned each other with the glistening, fragrant blossoms. They found the outlet of the lake, in rowing about, and decided to go upon a voyage of discovery. But these merry voyagers

had not proceeded far when they were enticed from the boat by a beautiful grove of chestnut-trees, with plume-like, maiden-hair ferns nodding beneath them. As they penetrated farther into their shade, they insensibly became more quiet. Suddenly, the silence was broken by a babble of children's voices; and advancing cautiously to the edge of some broken rocks, they saw the owners of these voices, deeply engrossed in their play. It was one of the occasions where human nature seems to caricature itself. These little wretches seemed merry and happy. Yet there could be nothing in their fortunes to make them so: indeed, as far as appearances went, there was a total absence of every thing which would have such effects upon civilized beings. Their clothing was of nondescript rags; and they were dirty, beyond the power of words to describe. One would say that they were like young animals, except that young animals never looked so degraded. There were three girls and a boy. The youngest, a girl, seemed sickly, and did not join in the rougher play. It seemed absurd to hear them talking as human beings, and Nora half wished they wouldn't. They should, at least, have been barbarians, and have spoken in an unknown tongue. But, instead, their voices were clear and almost sweet; and they spoke tolerably correct English. The two listeners stopped for a moment — first, curious to hear what they had to say, and then interested.

"Charley" was a horse who was dragging stones to build a fort for the protection of "our" soldiers. After this was accomplished, he was to resolve himself into the enemy and be badly whipped. The little things — the oldest could not have been more than ten years — went through various maneuvers with a droll display of skill, and a certain hardness of detail which belongs to childhood and came out in these undisciplined natures. With this intense realistic quality, they joined the peculiarly vivid imagination, also, of childhood — an imagination so strong that it seemed a part of this material characteristic. But Nora's blood ran cold at the total want of feeling displayed, when one of them proposed that the sickly "Em," because she looked so pale, should be "father in the army," whom the Rebel "Charley" would kill and carry off.

But whether sickness had sharpened and refined the child's sensibilities, and she saw in all this a subtile foreshadowing of the future which was awaiting her, or whether her poor little body was only worn out by the rough plays, it would, perhaps, be hard to tell; but she refused to join the others, and sat down upon the ground and cried — sobbed, rather — as if her own small person was the embodiment of weariness and wretchedness. It was then that the children showed themselves human. The oldest girl took her in her arms and put the small, pitiful face close to her coarse and healthful one; and the others entreated her not to cry.

Until now, Nora had dreaded these semi-barbarians; and it is a question, had they discovered her, which would have run away first or fastest. But the tears had humanized them, and she hurried forward to proffer her ready sympathy. Nora and her companion were so unlike themselves, so unlike any thing with which they came in contact, that these children, who would probably not have been frightened by the vilest beggar or most desperate villain, forgot their grief in their fright. Even "Em" ceased her sobbing, and ran a few steps with the others. She sank down then, and her oldest sister did not desert her.

I fancy that for a moment Nora's Sunday-school discipline, and well-conned lessons in charity, were of little avail to her: there was a ridiculous air of defiant individuality in the manner of the children. Language can only be

successfully used between beings who have something in common, and Nora was almost as much abashed at the presence of these wild children, as they were at her own; especially, as the first questions which she ventured to ask elicited no reply. The truer instincts of childhood which Ida followed, when she laid the still glistening water-lilies in "Em's" lap, awoke the first responsive glance of intelligence; and by and by, chiefly through the agency of these, and some gray wood-mosses, which Nora professed a great interest in and which the children helped her to find, they became acquainted. Afterward, the children took them to a miserable hovel, where their mother was.

"She's been sick—oh, forever," the oldest girl said, with a bold effort to measure time; and added, with a questioning trouble in her voice, "Every day she is worse."

Here they found the poor woman, who had been reduced by physical suffering to a state of mental and moral apathy. At first, she seemed indifferent to her visitors; but afterward, told them her story, with a plentiful supply of tears. Nora felt vexed with herself for feeling vexed at the woman's expressions of humility, and at the high and whining tone of her voice. She was ready to be pitiful and charitable; but she did not like to have her sensibilities, as to what was proper in such cases, rasped so unmercifully. The woman's story was pitiful enough; and her rags, and wan and emaciated countenance, detracted nothing from the misery of which she told. Her husband had been one of the "miners," and when the project was abandoned, had rented the little cottage at a merely nominal value. They had lived comfortably in this mountain solitude until the beginning of the war, when he had "volunteered," leaving her with the care of the little farm and the family. This was not a difficult task for her, with the aid of her oldest son, a boy of fourteen. But he, too, had become filled with the love of patriotism or the desire for glory, and had gone to the army, without waiting for her consent. Her husband was killed in one of the early battles, and after two or three letters from her son, she heard nothing from him. She had been sick, near to death; but the children—how could she leave *them!* Things had gone on from bad to worse; she had thanked God for getting through the winter, and had hoped to get work from the hotel in the summer. But in the spring, she had to leave the cottage, for the "Frenchwoman" was coming; she had sought this miserable hovel, had again been sick, and now—she did not know——

There was little to say in the presence of such abject poverty. Nora's eyes filled with tears when she promised to help her, and Ida drew from her pocket the bread which she had forgotten to feed to the fishes, and pushed it into "Em's" hand. The greedy eyes of the whole family devoured it, and poor Ida's heart was almost broken at the thought of such absolute hunger which she could not immediately relieve. On their way home she talked of the small economies which she would practice, and how generously she would spend her substance. And Nora, too, wondered that redundant affluence and abject poverty should grow up side by side. She would at least do what she could for the cause of charity by attracting attention to this one case.

And she did at least that part of it successfully. "Nora Thorne's Fair," as the project came to be called, promised well. In the busy days which succeeded its proposal, charity assumed many of those pleasant disguises with which feminine artifice clothes it. Some things were being prepared in the strictest seclusion, but many of them under the depressing influence of masculine criticism.

It is admittedly one of the objects of a Fair to supply the world with pincushions, which are popularly supposed to be the epitome of ornament and usefulness. From the deep interest taken in the preparation of these on this occasion, a superficial observer might have thought that the sorest and most immediate need of this poor family was a supply of pins. But such an observer does not understand the subtilty of the nineteenth-century benevolence, nor the superiority of true feminine philanthropy. I have often observed the faces of the buyers of these articles both at public and private Fairs, and have always been pleased to see that glimmer of satisfaction which steals out through the prevailing expression of martyrdom. This indirect benevolence which the purchaser of the pincushions practices is characterized by the divine, threefold interest: First, for intrinsic merit; second, for the sake of the maker; and, third, for holy charity's sake. I have fancied, too, that these things were pervaded by that same glamour with which holy relics were in the Middle Ages invested: a vague sense of the preciousness of the possession in accordance with the exorbitant price paid for it.

But in a community where the companionship is rather forced than chosen, there are few elements of concord; and disagreements, as bitter as if this bit of philanthropy had been an affair of state, added to the interest of its progress. A week passed, and the fire, it was said, had been at length extinguished, although a haze of smoke still pervaded the atmosphere. The mountains, and even the nearer forests, looked spectre-like through this unnatural medium, as Nora, glad to escape the discords which her enthusiasm had aroused, resolved to strengthen herself and restore her serenity for what she might have to encounter on the morrow, by her favorite walk among the pine-trees. The afternoon light was already waning when she returned, happy apparently, although the object had not been accomplished, as she had told herself it would be, by the serenity of the forests. Maurice Kennedy's companionship had perhaps only made the solitude more impressive and enjoyable. Fancies as Arcadian as Maud Muller's Judge dreamed "one summer's day," were dreamed over again, and Maurice Kennedy told how he had been idle, worthless—a veritable black sheep; of the vague longings he had to do better, and the cruel ill-treatment of the world: and Nora recognized her mission to inspire a lofty and pure ideal. Solitude is so charming an accompaniment to philanthropy that they vaguely resolved; but all of the trees in the forests are forever lamenting resolutions broken as soon as mankind strays beyond their influence. She brought her humble-minded pupil back to the hotel, confident that whatever her stronger-minded sisters might teach, she had been enjoying the most inalienable of woman's rights in inspiring individual reformation.

It was well she had this source of consolation, for the other project was not progressing favorably, and that evening there was but little work done in the parlors. There was, instead, an animated conversation in regard to the reported arrival of Madame Landré, and the proposed departure of two or three families who had at first been most enthusiastic in assisting Nora. As she passed through the hall she heard some *badinage* about "philanthropy," and Maurice Kennedy's voice at the same instant, proposing to join the gayest party at the lake, and who were to leave it the following morning.

When Nora reached her room, she threw her window open, remarking, with unnecessary energy:

"I am a fool."

"Yes, Nora," rejoined her aunt, "it is very foolish to leave the window open such an unusually damp night."

"I'll close it presently. You'd better go to sleep, Auntie;" with which recommendation "auntie" apparently complied. It was long after the lights were out, and every thing was quiet, that Nora's attention was attracted by a variety of singular noises which seemed to proceed from the lake. The sounds approached, and she could presently hear several voices at the boat-landing. There were sighings and lamentations mingled with encouraging expostulations. As they came up the path she heard, in a funny mixture of French and English, prayers and adjurations to the saints, and God, and heaven, broken by ejaculated assurances of safety in a rich Irish brogue. By the time they reached the hotel the alert landlord, who had been disturbed by the noise, had the door opened for them. It was not difficult for Nora to hit upon a partial explanation of this scene. The voices were in all probability those of Madame Landré, her maid, and the Irish servant who had the care of the place, although what could have occurred to bring them to the hotel in the middle of the night she could not imagine, and came quietly down the stairs to find out what was really the matter. In the hall she found the proprietor, to whom the Irishman was rather incoherently telling his story.

"Well, you see we got here safe, sir," said he.

"I see you did," said the landlord; "but what brought you?"

"You may well say that. It was just the old boat that Charley brought us — a leaky old thing she was. By my soul, I thought we'd go down in the middle of the lake."

Nora did not stop to hear more of this conversation, but went on into the parlor, where she found, as she supposed, Madame Landré and her maid.

The maid's volubility was silenced by a few words from Madame, who told her somewhat sharply that at present she was neither in danger of being burned nor drowned.

"Oh! the fire. I never thought of that," ejaculated Nora.

Madame Landré then told her how they had been awakened in the middle of the night by the intense light, and that the fire seemed so completely to encircle them that escape was impossible, until she heard a child's voice calling out, "Pat, Pat, this way; come quick," and then she was pulled, or torn, rather, over the rocks where the few bushes had been already burned off, and then they came down—heavens! such a precipice! — and found a little boy in an old boat waiting for them. The story was told with bitter animadversions on "this" wilderness, and America and the Americans in general, and her Irish servant and the small boy in particular. To think of taking her out upon the lake in a leaky boat! Such a thing had never been known in France.

Nora lent her a pair of slippers to replace her shoes, which had been torn by the rocks and soaked with water in the leaky boat. Madame gratefully pinched her feet into them, declaring that "*Mademoiselle* was the first American who had manifested the slightest delicate consideration for her since she had been in this horrible country."

Nora made her as comfortable as possible in her own room, and bade her good-night, fervently hoping that she would be more amiable in the morning.

For the next few days, Madame Landré attracted most of the attention to herself. Her agent arrived, and under his supervision, with a perseverance which was only exceeded by her ignorance, she complied with her husband's request. The property was decided to be entirely worthless. The burning of the cottage was the last effort of the fire, which had been effectually extinguished the next morning, materially aided by a heavy rain-storm. Madame

Landré seemed almost pleased at the result of her mission, and left the hotel quite cheerfully.

It was a few days after her departure, the day originally appointed for Nora's Fair, which enterprise had been abandoned by all its friends, and forsaken in despair by Nora herself. She was sitting in the parlor, with half a dozen friends, who were loudly indignant at the treatment which she and they had received. They were, however, making merry over the ruins of their project, and had collected their half-finished offerings and were having a mock sale. Nora was rather sadder over her failure than she appeared, for it meant more to her than she cared to acknowledge. But she *said* she had succeeded in accomplishing her real object. The poor woman had food and clothing, and she had obtained a comfortable home for her in the village, where she would have an opportunity of supporting herself, when she got well.

"I don't see that you need feel in the least disappointed," remarked her aunt.

"It was only that I hoped to interest these people," said the fair philanthropist, sighing a little over her spent dream.

"I hope, then, that you will *see* what I have been telling, that there is no use in attempting to do any thing in that way."

Just then the proprietor's son, a red-haired boy, put his head in at the window and announced, "A letter for Miss Thorne."

The handwriting was peculiar and unfamiliar. Nora scrutinized the long, scratchy-looking capitals with some curiosity, until her aunt reminded her that she had better open it.

The inside proved a somewhat unique composition, which required the aid of the whole company to decipher. And it was a question, afterward, whether or not it was worth the trouble. It was to the effect that Madame Landré gave her useless property to Nora's *protégées*, in grateful acknowledgment of Charley's services on that horrible night.

"If the woman's husband were living, or if her son were at home, it might be of some use; for I was there the other day, and as the house was built of stone, it was by no means entirely destroyed. But I doubt, even if it were repaired, if she would live there under the present circumstances," said Nora. A little brown face appeared just then at the window, and a pair of brown eyes looked into the room with almost owl-like gravity.

"Miss Nora, I couldn't run so fast as Jerry, but I've got the biggest letter," said Jerry's little sister, fairly out of breath with her importance. This second letter Nora went to the window to receive, and dropped it in her apron pocket with the unwritten side turned provokingly toward the inquisitive glances. She did not read this one until she went to her room, and there she spent a much longer time over it than even its extreme length seemed to warrant. In this letter the writer, Maurice Kennedy, told her how he had gone to the poor woman and learned from her the name of her son, and the regiment to which he belonged. He had written to the Colonel—who happened to be a personal friend of his own—and had heard in reply that "Jimmy" had suffered many of the vicissitudes of war: he had been wounded; had been a prisoner; indeed, he had just been exchanged, and as he was heartily sick of the army, and was under age, would be sent home to his friends if they desired it. The writer further said that he had been suddenly called to New York by a business emergency, and had remained a few days to receive this young soldier; and added that "if Miss Nora would receive two reprobates when the stage came in on the afternoon of her Fair, one of them

would at least try to prove to her that the philanthropy of a summer-time had not been thrown away on him."

When, a little later, her aunt asked her "if she were not at last thoroughly convinced that the world was entirely practical, and that all feeling of sentiment was thrown away upon it?"

Nora smiled and answered, "Not entirely convinced, Auntie;" and for no reason whatever she threw her arms around her aunt's neck and kissed her.

"Upon my word, I don't believe you are, after all, in the least disappointed," said her aunt, looking at her curiously.

Nora laughed, and ran out to meet the stage, which she heard rumbling over the winding mountain-road.

PENELOPE.

(SIMPSON'S BAR, 1858.)

So you've kem 'yer agen,
  And one answer won't do?
Well, of all the derned men
  That I've struck, it is you.
O Sal! 'yer's that derned fool from Simpson's, cavortin' round 'yer in the dew.

Kem in, ef you *will*.
  Thar—quit! Take a cheer.
Not that; you can't fill
  Them theer cushings this year—
For that cheer was my old man's, Joe Simpson, and they don't make such men about 'yer.

He was tall, was my Jack,
  And as strong as a tree.
Thar's his gun on the rack—
  Jest you heft it, and see.
And *you* come a courtin' his widder. Lord! where can that critter, Sal, be!

You'd fill my Jack's place?
  And a man of your size—
With no baird to his face,
  Nor a snap to his eyes—
And nary——. Sho! thar! I was foolin'—I was, Joe, for sartain—don't rise.

Sit down. Law! why, sho!
  I'm as weak as a gal.
Sal! Don't you go, Joe,
  Or I'll faint—sure, I shall.
Sit down—*anywheer*, where you like, Joe—in that cheer, if you choose—Lord, where's Sal!

ETC.

It would appear by the daily press, that lately, in the California State Board of Education, some objection was made to the admission of the Overland in the school libraries, on the ground that it was impossible to forecast what might appear in its pages. If this was offered as a peculiar grievance, some consolation might be adduced from the fact that its editor often experiences the like difficulty; if, however, it was offered as a hint that political surveillance by the California State Board of Education was necessary to its admission, the difficulty, it is feared, will continue to exist. On this point, its conductors are firm—even to the sacrifice, if necessary, of the half-dozen copies which might be ordered were the restriction removed! The dignity and independence of journalism must be maintained, and, painful as the spectacle can not but be in the eyes of the civilized world, the Overland must for the present occupy an ambiguous position in the eyes of the Board of Education of the State of California; and one inimical, if not actually hostile, to a large portion of Sonoma County.

A correspondent of the Overland offers the following reminiscence of foreign travel:

The night has come on the beautiful bay—"charméd bay," says Whittier; and well he may, for it is the siren of the Mediterranean. You can no longer see Capri with its olive groves, nor the mountains of Ischia, nor the bluest of all waves floating under a laughing sky, nor royal Naples sitting on her curving throne, with her five sentinel castles keeping watch and ward around her. No, but there is still, I think, something that we can see. At least so says Filippo. We will get into his boat, then, and the light breeze will carry us out on the moonlit waves. There is no such moonlight anywhere else in the world. "Ah! not there, Filippo; you row too near the witches' cave, and we are no good Catholics with amulets blessed by Mary that we dare face the enchantress of the gulf." Far in the purple darkness of the distance Vesuvius flares its red torch, that sheds a lurid glow on the ruined walls and temples of Pompeii. "Of what, then, are you thinking, serious Saxon with the constant eyes? A plague upon your nation, that carries its philosophic musings everywhere! Pray, remember that this is not Rome, with its crumbling piles, for antiquaries to pore over, but Napoli, gay, laughing girl of the South: see, here come her children." How the boats dance around us! They trouble themselves little, I assure you, those joyous groups that fill them, about those solemn ruins yonder. They are laughing merrily, drinking the wine that was offered you yesterday on the top of the mountain, as the veritable Lachrymæ Christi, but which you know, and I know, is but a base substitute for that famous wine. Now they are singing, and the full voices blend in a refrain which comes back to us on the wind as they float away into the shadow, "Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!" and the solitary oarsman in the little boat that shoots around the promontory throws out in "molten golden notes," "Santa Lucia." And now the handsome boy with dazzling teeth, who turns the helm with a careless, practiced hand, begins the same, and Filippo joins him in tones that are as soft as his hands are rugged. So it filters through our consciousness, translating itself into English verses. No love-song, but an invocation rather to the patron saint of all good mariners and fishermen is this

SONG OF THE NEAPOLITAN BOATMEN.

Stars on the gleaming sea
Soft light are throwing,
Waves calm and silvery,
Fair breezes blowing,
Come where the billows float
Swiftly my little boat.

Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

While thus the zephyrs bland
On the waves pillow,
Oh! fair it is to stand
Out on the billow,
On us who tempt the sea,
Breathe thy tranquillity,
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

Here under heaven's tent
Feasting and gladness!
Nights so serene were meant
To banish sadness;
Who would unwilling be!
Who would the banquet flee!
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

O, lovely Napoli!
Soil care-beguiling,
Where all that live would be
Evermore smiling—
Blest realm of harmony,
Melody dwells with thee!
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

Ah! why delayest thou?
Night opens brightly,
Fresh airs my bending prow
Urge onward lightly.
Come where the billows float
Swiftly my little boat.
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

Waves that so tranquil sleep,
Wind so caressing,
Far from the sailor keep
Sorrows oppressing.
Then softly calling go
In murmurs glad and low.
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

LOTHAIR. By Benj. Disraeli. New York: Harper & Bros.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By Charles Reade. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

That two novels as widely different in merit and style as *Put Yourself in His Place* and *Lothair* should be born in the same age, and become equally popular, is a literary event sufficiently noticeable to justify our present comparison of two things so dissimilar. Indeed, Disraeli's novel so evidently belongs to a Post-pliocene period of novel-writing—a kind of Paleozoic era, when the lack of human life was made up by a vast deal of rank and sloppy vegetation—that we hesitate to class it with Mr. Reade's modern Cosmos.

Perhaps it would be safe to say that *Lothair* is utterly artificial, from the central affectation that a politician's sensational hobbies are a proper subject for a novel, down to the more distant puppets through whom this affectation is conveyed to the reader's intelligence. But we regret to add that this artifice is by no means novel or original. Catholic proselytizing has long been the favorite sensation of narrow-chested and scant-brained curates; and, if we mistake not, most of Mr. Disraeli's facts have been discussed over weak tea, by impressible young women, of Low-Church proclivities, ere this. And the reader of Mr. Disraeli's *Coningsby* will remember the marvelous stories which the writer of that wonderful romance told about the various and secret ramifications of the Jewish polity, and believe that Protestant England is not so much in danger, after all.

So artificial and insincere is the style, that even such accepted facts as the Italian war and Garibaldi appear like fiction, and very poor fiction at that. There is an utter absence of dramatic effect—which might be pardoned, if there were no dramatic intent—and a paucity of sentiment, with a great deal of rhetoric in its place. Mr. Disraeli is certainly not bound to write dramatically—he may think it beneath him—but we contend that when he borrows his dramatic situations from the *New York Ledger*, the *Family Herald*, or the *London Journal*, and puts his highly gifted heroine in the battle-field, with the "banner of the republic" in one hand and a gleaming blade in the other, he really ought to adopt a style more stirring. There is, however, certainly something unconventional in the description of the death-bed of the heroine, who receives a random shot in the moment of victory, and who platonically expires in the arms of her lover, "Lothair," at the express invitation of her husband: "She wishes to see you, and alone. Come," says the Colonel, "in a low, hollow voice," and, introducing him to the death-bed, discreetly retires. "Adored being," says "Lothair," "there is no wish of yours that I will not fulfill." "Don't," substantially says the dying "Theodora," "have any thing to do with those horrid Catholics." "Lothair" endeavors to evade by a complimentary pressure of the hand. "But promise me," said "Theodora." "I promise," said "Lothair." "And now," she said, "embrace me, for I wish that your spirit should be upon me as mine departs." This is certainly an heroic method of saving a young man from embracing an obnoxious religion; and as even wealthy young noblemen like "Lothair" are mortal, it may be said to be efficacious. But we are somewhat surprised that Mr. Disraeli also evidently intends this scene to be pathetic.

The rhetoric is characterized by the same vulgar artifices which make the situations cheap and theatrical. There is a young person whose "fair cheek was sealed by the gracious approbation of majesty," who was "the cynosure of the Empyrean;" another

who had an "Olympian countenance with a Phidian face," and an eye by turns "Athenian" and "Hellenic;" there are others whose eyes "stream" on very small provocation. This is consistent with a writer who speaks of a lover "as having soothed and sustained the agitated frame of his sweetheart," and "sealed with an embrace her speechless form;" but it would hardly be permissible even in the critics, who, we learn from Mr. Disraeli, are "those who have failed in literature and art." The only part of the book in which the writer seems to be natural and sincere, is the description of a jeweler's shop. "Ropes of pearls," a "packet of diamonds" worth ten thousand pounds, a "*gigantic* sapphire in brilliants," are set before us with a shopman-like dexterity and something of a shopman's slang. Perhaps it is here only that the honorable author appears to assert any kinship with the great masters of fiction, and to transfuse his conception with his own vitality. It is not "Mr. Ruby" who speaks, but it is Mr. Disraeli, who, gracefully leaping behind the counter, expatiates upon the "stock." "Here is a black pearl, very rare, pear-shape, and set in Golconda diamonds—two thousand guineas—it might be suspended to a necklace, or worn in a locket." The reader will observe the business-like recurrence of the pecuniary statement in this extract, and the characteristic badinage in the last sentence of the following:

> "Pearls are troublesome property, my lord. They require great care; they want both air and exercise; they must be worn frequently; you can not lock them up. The Duchess of Havant has the finest pearls in this country, and I told her grace, 'Wear them whenever you can; wear them at breakfast,' and her grace follows my advice—she does wear them at breakfast. I go down to Havant Castle every year to see her grace's pearls, and I wipe every one of them myself, and let them lie on a sunny bank in the garden, in a westerly wind, for hours and days together. Their complexion would have been ruined had it not been for this treatment. Pearls are like girls, my lord—they require quite as much attention."

If, as it is said, these characters are all drawn from originals, "Mr. Ruby" and his shop will be easily recognized, and "Mr. Ruby" is certainly under obligations to the honorable gentleman for a first-rate notice.

We have dwelt with some emphasis upon this episode, because it is evident that Mr. Disraeli has carried "Mr. Ruby's" style into society, and has used his opulent materials very much after the fashion of a jeweler exhibiting his wares. "Muriel Towers," with its "five hundred horsemen in waiting," its "baronial halls," and its "alabaster tomb;" "Brentham," with its table equipage of "porcelain that had belonged to sovereigns," and other elegant *bric-à-brac;* "Mr. Phœbus'" "Aryan" island, with its "cream-colored Anatolian chargers with golden bells" for the ladies, its pavilion "in white arabesque," and its green-velvet-coated proprietor, are all brought out and displayed with the professional dexterity of "Mr. Ruby" himself. What Mr. Disraeli would have us believe is the easy habitude of aristocratic position and luxurious custom, is but the shopman's familiarity with his wares. The jeweler always keeps in mind the marketable value of his stock, and so does Mr. Disraeli. Like those eminent tailors, "Burgess & Co.," patronized by "Mr. Toots," we are, somehow, always made to understand that these things "are fashionable, but very dear."

But what shall be said of the *dramatis personæ*—if we can apply this epithet to the gorgeous, plush-clad supernumeraries who figure under aristocratic *aliases* in the book? What shall be said of the hero, "Lothair"—a young nobleman of resplendent wealth and position—who, on being left alone in a jeweler's shop, with some loose diamonds before him, becomes absolutely alarmed, because, "if any thing is missed hereafter, it will always be remembered that these jewels were in his possession, and he was alone?" Or what shall we say of that fine mercantile sagacity which prevented him from relinquishing his trust to a shop-boy, lest "he should take the next train to Liverpool?" Perhaps we had better say nothing, for the character of "Lothair" is undecided beyond speculation, and he might consistently do any thing. He might remember that he was only a weak fiction of the Hon. B. Disraeli, and that his real name was "Brown;" and so prig a diamond or two, on the sly. Yet there may be some American readers of this book, who are not religious noblemen, and have not "many palaces or castles," who may remember to have passed through many such ordeals, serene and unembarrassed, and with-

out even the consciousness of their being ordeals, and who may also be aware that this remarkable trust of the jeweler—of which Mr. Disraeli makes such a vulgar and snobbish point—is the common experience of most American tradesmen, with their ordinary customers. And remembering this, they may be somewhat astonished at this affecting view of the delicate honesty of a young British noble, as drawn by a Right Honorable—unless they also reflect that a Right Honorable may be an ex-snob, as well as an ex-Minister. With this faint indication of the hero and central figure, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to outline the other characters. They are generally vapid, and when the reader does not find them so, he may be pretty sure they are unreal. The dialogue bears the same relation to the characters, being either flat and ungrammatical, or extravagant and incomprehensible. The book has neither humor nor sentiment; the satire is that superficial impertinence which one sometimes meets in society, but which, perhaps, makes no greater moral impression than ordinary bad-breeding.

As we lay aside *Lothair* and take up its contemporaneous rival, *Put Yourself in His Place*, we forget and forgive Mr. Charles Reade many of his little faults and weaknesses. With eyes wearied with old-fashioned tinsel—a little tarnished at that—and the conventional blue fire, we may be pardoned if we see in Mr. Reade's later stage contrivances much that reminds us of honest sunshine. There is, at least, always the sincere attempt to simulate Nature. If, as we have suggested, *Lothair* represents the slowly decaying romance of the past, that dealt with conditions and accessories of men and women rather than with the men and women themselves—a romance of old clothes and furniture somewhat ravaged by the moths of Time—*Put Yourself in His Place* is an evidence of progress, as characteristic as the railroad or telegraph. It is not only that Charles Reade arrives at results with modern labor-saving rapidity; that he produces effects often by a single sentence where others require pages of rhetoric; nor is it merely that with a pamphlet on Trades Unions and the glow of a forge-fire he achieves a sensation which Mr. Disraeli, with Debrett's *Peerage* and the entire contents of "Mr. Ruby's" jewelry-shop, can not attain: but that he is always in perfect sympathy with his reader; that, to borrow his latest maxim, he "puts himself in their place," and that in his writing he is more often concerned about the public than about himself—a condition which is not always the mental habit of his Right Honorable rival.

"Put yourself in his place," certainly gives no indication of the story, and "Never say die," or "Hit him again," would satisfy Mr. Reade's well-known fondness for Saxon proverbs just as well, and perhaps the better describe his hero's trials and pertinacity, but, if we might venture to suggest, "Gone into Trade" should have been the title. For this was not only "Mr. Raby's" epigrammatic *fiat* against the youthful folly of the hero's mother, but it was at once the cause and subject of the hero's trials and triumphs.

Without attempting to indicate the plot of the story, we may briefly intimate that its interest centres on two favorite "situations" of the author, viz.: the gradual winning and awakening of a young girl's love under unfavorable circumstances, and the overcoming of systematic and repeated material obstacles by the hero, in so doing. These are, by no means, original ideas in romance, but we know of no other writer who has worked them as successfully and as admirably as Charles Reade. Their defects are that we often get an idea of Fate, when the author intends only the ordinary accidents of human life, and that the climax is apt to be reached sooner than the author intends in the winning of the heroine's heart, although we know that peace and security are still many pages in the future. In *Foul Play*, much of the interest culminated when "Robert Penfold" won "Helen Rollenston's" otherwise betrothed affections on the island; and in *Put Yourself in His Place*, the reader's enthusiasm begins to abate after "Henry Little" has unequivocally possessed himself of the heart of "Grace Carden."

In the present story, the hero's *impedimenta* are the persecutions of the Trades Unions; and by a skillful and accurate explication of facts concerning the tyranny of these secret societies, Mr. Reade has cleverly lifted

his story out of the mere domain of purposeless fiction, and given it a moral purpose. The hero, "Henry Little," is the offspring of an unequal social match — his mother being of an aristocratic family, and his father a tradesman, who commits suicide from business difficulties while the hero is yet a child. Poverty, and a natural mechanical genius, push young "Little" "into trade," against the aristocratic tastes of his uncle, "Mr. Raby," and his independence of spirit keeps him there. He becomes "a forger and cutler of carving-tools," with a strong taste for carving in wood. The first brings him to "Hillsborough," a manufacturing town then under the terrorism and sway of the tyrannical Trades Unions; the latter taste gains him the acquaintance of "Miss Grace Carden," a young gentlewoman to whom he gives lessons in carving. Persecution comes from his contact with the Trades, Love from his contact with "Miss Carden." To successfully resist the machinations of the Trades, and to overcome the shy, aristocratic instincts of the young gentlewoman, who has nothing in common with the hero but youth and a taste for carving, is the problem which Mr. Reade has to solve. As it is through the artistic and inimitable manner in which this is done that the story becomes a work of genius, a mere outline of the incidents would neither do Mr. Reade justice, nor satisfy the reader. There is, of course, an under-plot, and some complications in the love which "Jael Dence" — the companion of "Miss Carden" — conceives for the hero, and in the jealousy of "Mr. Coventry," the rival of "Henry Little" for the hand of "Grace Carden."

Imperfectly as we have here indicated the "situations" of Mr. Reade's latest romance, most of his admirers will detect in them the peculiarities of this writer, who now stands first among living English novelists. Some of these peculiarities are mannerisms, some of them defects. Like most dramatic writers, Mr. Reade has a tendency to exaggeration; but as it is confined to incident, and is never visible in his logic, his style, or his conclusions, it seldom really shocks us. We can stand much that is extravagant and marvelous in the action of our heroes, but we challenge at once any high-flown sentiment, or specious moralizing. Mr. Reade's heroes are, perhaps, a little larger than life — they sometimes have a readiness for the situation that suggests a cue, and some have a slight stage strut; but they are generally based on some common humanity, and are never entirely unreal. When "Henry Little" forges knives for his uninvited guests in the ruined church, we are apt to smile, even as we did at Robert Penfold's magical production of civilized luxuries on "Godsend Island," in *Foul Play;* but we feel that the dramatic interest is heightened by it, and make that concession to art, which is, perhaps, more obvious in Mr. Reade's writings than in novelists of inferior ability. Indeed, it may be said that with all his ingenuity, delicacy of touch, accuracy of detail, good taste, and sympathetic feeling, he can not entirely conceal his art; and that even when we are quite carried away by the result, we are still conscious of the process. That reader must be very material or very fastidious to whom this consciousness is unpleasant; many, we imagine, will find a double pleasure in the contemplation of the ingenuity that thrilled them; but it is still a revelation of the limitation of Mr. Reade's power.

Considered, then, as a work of art, quite free from that quality of genius that defies analysis, *Put Yourself in His Place* is an extraordinary production. If it lacks the exuberance of genius, it has at least no wasted power. Every incident tells. Even the poetry, which Charles Reade uses but sparingly, bears upon the plot; the mysteriously lighted windows of the old church, the legend of the Gabriel hounds, the "bad music" of the flawed grindstone, all prove to have a purpose beyond their intrinsic interest, and give us that double pleasure of which we have spoken before. It is only when the book is finished, that the reader really begins to appreciate the completeness of that skill which has held him often breathless over its pages. Yet, in speaking of Mr. Reade's art, we would not be understood as depreciating or overlooking the subtile touches of Nature and truthful perception which everywhere relieve it. "Jael Dence's" quick appreciation of "Grace Carden's" volubility and high spirits after her adventure in the snowstorm, conveyed in the single sentence, "You have seen *him*," is a felicitous perception of

the clairvoyance of love — as felicitously expressed.

Of Mr. Reade's style, we have once before spoken.* Direct, concise, epigrammatic more frequently than humorous, no single quotation can, however, give an adequate example. Yet we are tempted to make an extract from this later work, not as a specimen of his usual style, but rather as an unusual instance of sentiment, which we remember but rarely in his previous works. Speaking of the young lovers, he says:

"To them the world was Heaven this glorious afternoon. Time, strewing roses as he went, glided so sweetly and so swiftly, that they started with surprise when the horizontal beams glorified the windows, and told them the brightest day of their lives was drawing to its end.

"Ah, stay a little while longer for them, Western Sun. Stand still, not as in the cruel days of old, to glare upon poor, beaten, wounded, panting warriors, and rob them of their last chance, the shelter of the night; but to prolong these holy, rapturous hours of youth, and hope, and first love in bosoms unsullied by the world — the golden hours of life, that glow so warm, and shine so bright, and fleet so soon; and return in this world— Never more!"

* Vol. i, p. 96.

THE SEAT OF EMPIRE. By Charles Carleton Coffin ("Carleton"). Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The prophetic vision of "Carleton" locates the seat of empire at Minneapolis, Minnesota, and designates the Northern Pacific Railroad as the sceptre which shall sway the world. The fact that our author saw the country which he describes under the auspices of this railroad company, is painfully suggestive — not entirely of an intentional puff, although such a design is often obvious enough, but of a laudable desire to honor his entertainers. The fact that a minister, a physician, one or two Congressmen, and an ex-Governor, were of the party, seems to have completed his elation. The playful delight (attested by frequent points of exclamation) with which he describes the travels of these illustrious persons, arouses our interest in them, augmented by the pathetic manner in which the reverend gentleman gains a frontier appetite; and our interest rises to enthusiasm at the graphic picture of an ex-Governor — it is difficult to conceive him — toasting bacon at the camp-fire! Such things are beyond the wildest dreams of civilized fancy; and we are indebted to Mr. Coffin for the knowledge that people in position and power can unbend. This is, of course, an aside from the main purpose of the book, but so prominent a characteristic is it that it would be base for us to withhold the testimony of, or gratitude for, such information. In our ignorance we might have supposed them traveling through an uninhabited country, writing sermons, and making stump-speeches, sublimely indifferent to such trivial accidents of life as eating their dinner. But when this prophetic empire shall attain the zenith of its glory, the historian will proudly record, that one of the party who was instrumental in projecting the great railroad, toasted the bacon for his own supper on a fork!—which might offer a companion-piece to that affecting record of Alfred the Great baking cakes!

Like all new countries, this is emphatically stated to be "the finest in the world." "There is not, on the face of the globe, a country so richly endowed as this North-west," says "Carleton;" but he either does not know, or forgets, that this has been satisfactorily proved to be the case, from the original Atlantic States, successively through the interior country, until it has at last reached the Pacific. Without mentioning the great staples by which the agricultural character of the country was to be maintained, we might take the single item of fruit, which is supposed to indicate a fertile soil and genial climate. Even the early settlers of New England found that fruit grew upon that virgin soil in a perfection hardly conceivable to English minds. An inhabitant of New York State, who has reached middle life, has stories of the wanton profusion of fruit which once characterized that region. Ohio still tells her story, with just a perceptible diminution in its glory; and so the cry has gone westward, until it has at last settled in California. New England is not now, in any sense, a fruit-producing country; many parts of New York State scarcely so. What causes have combined to produce this change in the agricultural character of the country, it is not our purpose to inquire. We have only to suggest that a prophet attendant upon a Com-

pany projecting a great thoroughfare of travel and traffic through that country half a century ago, might have found very much the same materials for his vision which "Carleton" has used.

In his estimation, the future is to be produced by a simple rule of multiplication: so many bushels of wheat this year; in twenty years, twenty times as much, infinitely increased by a greater population and cultivation. There is no margin left for a possible failure of this great staple, and yet the grain-fields all over the world are subject to fluctuations in their capabilities by the uncontrollable incidents of drought, and even more permanently affected by the ravages of insects and disease. It has never yet been admitted that a country with but one staple is the most desirable, in an agricultural point of view. As this book purports to be written for those who are either thinking of emigration or ought to be doing so, and as "Carleton" is given, as often as the camp-fire is built, to "sit down and think of the future of this Paradise," we can not forbear to take this opportunity of remarking, that the immigrant who settles a new country does not find all of the pleasures of a picnic party. Perhaps some of the class of people (clerks in city stores, with their urban propensities fast upon them) whom the author urges to go to this new country, would eventually be better off by taking his advice; it is our impression, however, that habit has made frontiersmen, that the best people to settle a new country are those who are already at the outposts of civilization, and that citizens will fall naturally into the places which they leave. "Carleton" says: "If I were a young man, selling corsets and hoop-skirts to simpering young ladies, in a city store, I would give such a jump over the counter that my feet would touch ground in the centre of a great prairie!" Nine-tenths of such young men would find themselves in such a position utterly miserable, and would find, in spite of our great Western tourist, that roughness is not necessarily nobility. Any one who has traveled through a frontier country will scarcely describe the inhabitants as characterized by a happy or genial expression. The best one can hope to find is energy and patience: it is oftener despair and stolid indifference whenever the holiest of purposes, that of making a home, fails to support the sinking courage. At this very Minneapolis, which was rarely beautiful on the bright, sunny June days when we saw it, the traveler may see German and Norwegian peasants, pale, sad-eyed, and disenchanted with this "paradise" which they had come to seek. The immigrants whom this favored party met, we presume out of respect to the N. P. R. R., were merry, happy, and well-to-do.

The principal claim, however, for sovereignty which is assigned to this country, is what is technically termed "the make of the country," affording almost natural railroad grades, and good facilities for egress and ingress from all parts of the world. The large and well-executed map of the North-west, which accompanies this volume, plainly shows the advantages in respect to grades which this new project has over the Union Pacific. But who that remembers the radical changes effected in the mode of travel during the last quarter of a century will venture to predict, in the face of science and enterprise, that our present mode of travel will fix the seat of empire at the end of the next twenty-five years?

As we have had occasion to remark, the main purpose of the book is business; but that the author relapses now and then into sentiment, may be seen in the following quotation: "Sitting there upon the bank of the Red River, amid the tall, rank grasses, and watching the flowing streams, my thoughts went with its tide toward the Northern Sea. It has its rise a hundred miles or more north of us," etc. Not another word of sentiment, and we are left in a state of painful uncertainty as to whether this traveler has discovered the source of the Northern Sea, or only that of the Red River.

Whatever we may think of Mr. Coffin's sentiment, his facts clothe themselves in the vague expansiveness of the North-western prairies. The following beautifully expressed paragraph is, we fear, only approximately true in the early summer: "The eye rests only upon the magnificent carpet, bright with wild roses and petunias, lilies, and harebells, which Nature has unrolled upon the floor of this gorgeous palace." Mr. Coffin's journey was in midsummer, and his fancy

seems capable of taking as extended flights backward as forward. Happily for the immigrant, the foregoing colors are somewhat exaggerated, and he will not necessarily supply himself with green goggles, as a literal acceptation of the description would justify.

ESSAY ON DIVORCE, and Divorce Legislation; with special reference to the United States. By Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College.

This work contains a statement of divorce laws and usages among Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, before the Christian era, followed by an analysis of the New Testament doctrine of divorce, and a review of the changes in the divorce laws of the later Roman Empire, culminating in the Papal ecclesiastical law. Then we have a notice of the changes introduced by the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and the divorce legislation of Protestant Europe and America; statistics as to the number of divorces in different States, and a consideration of the attitude of the Church in relation to the subject. Various changes in civil law are proposed, aiming to bring the practice of the courts into conformity with the doctrines of the Church. The disposition to recede from the doctrines of the Reformers on this subject, and return to those of the Catholic Church, is the most noticeable feature of the work. The ceremony is spoken of as properly entitled to rank as a church sacrament, and the interference of the civil law, and the doctrine that it is a mere civil contract, are repeatedly denounced. The historical chapters seem to be fair in their statements. In reading the third, one is struck with the fact made evident that the enactments of the Christian Emperors regulating divorce became more and more stringent, precisely in proportion as ignorance, corruption, and priestly domination became supreme in the medieval Church. The chapter upon the New Testament doctrine of divorce is worthy of special attention, as being, perhaps, the ablest exposition of High-Church teaching and criticism upon the subject.

After citing the passages in the first three Gospels relating to divorce, and alluding to the discrepancy between the statements of St. Matthew and those of Mark and Luke, he says, page 52: "Matthew, in both his passages, adds a condition under which divorce is permissible, 'except on the ground of fornication,' 'but for fornication,' while Mark and Luke express a prohibition of divorce which is altogether absolute. It is easy to say, with Meyer, that the condition being understood, of course did not require to be expressed. But we ought to notice that St. Paul, also, when he refers to Christ's teaching, inserts no condition whatever. We have, then, three witnesses to the absence of the condition, against one for it. And the conjecture is not altogether improbable that it was added for the sake of greater clearness in Matthew rather than omitted out of brevity by the others, as being understood of itself." Again, page 54: "In Mark he gives out the principle of the indissolubility of marriage, and then in the house expounds the matter further to his disciples. Some critics see a mistake or inaccuracy here. If there were any, it must be laid at Matthew's door, for the words of Mark, 'and in the house his disciples asked him again of this matter,' give proof of fresh, clear recollection."

Having settled to his own satisfaction that Christ abrogates the Mosaic law of divorce, he proceeds to harmonize the otherwise ambiguous teachings of St. Paul. The passage applying to cases of desertion found in 1 Cor. vii: 15, is the one that gives him most trouble. The conclusion to which he comes seems rather singular. Though the Apostle declares the deserted party to be "not under bondage in such cases," he did not mean any such thing, but that the said party was still bound by an indissoluble marriage. But not to nullify entirely the words of the Apostle, he makes them to establish that abomination before God and man: Divorce *a mensâ et thoro*. He fortifies himself in this opinion by the concurrence of several Protestant theologians, such as Dean Stanley, Neander, and Tholuck. If the dissent of others could be of any weight in determining the point, venerable names might be given to sustain an opposite opinion. In truth, the learned President mystifies his subject with many pages of verbal criticism, making Christ to limit Paul, and Paul, in turn, to limit Christ, till we are back under medieval ecclesias-

tical law. He seems to have been aware that the great Protestant theologians of the sixteenth century held opinions on this subject entirely opposed to his own, but he takes no notice of their reasoning. He tells us "Milton's views are well known," and this is all the consideration he gives to the most masterly and exhaustive treatise upon the subject ever written. He does not even allude to any antagonism between his own views and those of the great poet and statesman of the Commonwealth of England. It was much easier for him to let the massive arguments of the past remain forgotten on the book-shelves than to bring them out and answer them.

In respect to the course of action recommended to the Church by President Woolsey, there is little to be said. Those who hold themselves amenable to Church authority and discipline, of course will submit to it, according to the dictates of their own conscience. But when he calls for civil legislation to enforce Church policy in this respect, we must remind him that the vast majority of Americans do not submit to any Church jurisdiction. There are Rationalists, including the great body of our German population; and Materialists, known to Churchmen by the uncanny name of Infidels, and numbering several millions; also Spiritualists, a vast and increasing body, counted by the million; and another body—probably larger than either—including those who have no positive belief in any system of religion, or its opposite. These all resist the claim of the Church to abridge the rights of conscience; and in the end they will surely prevail, so far as to secure the widest liberty for all, consistent with due protection to individual rights.

President Woolsey has been at the trouble of collecting the statistics of divorce from several States, showing, of course, a much larger ratio of divorces in the States where the laws permit them to be most easily obtained. From this, he infers a lower state of morals existing under such laws. "New York and Connecticut, contiguous States, differ vastly in their divorce legislation. Is there naturally any greater 'hardness of hearts' on this (Connecticut) side of Byram River to account for this difference, or is it due to the unwariness, or unskillfulness, of legislators?"

The writer apparently forgets that parties in New York often go out of their own State to procure a divorce, where the causes for which divorce is desired may not be sufficient by the laws of New York, but would be sufficient by the laws of Indiana, or Connecticut; and, sometimes, where the causes may be sufficient, but proceedings under the laws of New York would involve scandalous disclosures, which may be avoided by seeking relief in a State where the divorce laws are more liberal. For this reason, the statistics of divorce which he has given are of no account. Connecticut and Indiana are credited with many divorces which belong to other and less liberal States. The statistics, to show the effect of divorce legislation, must be based, not on the number of divorces, but on the number and grade of the crimes and outrages committed by husbands and wives against each other. These, and the statistics of suicide, adultery, desertion, elopement, bigamy, seduction, etc., are the true measure of the effect of divorce legislation.

Lifting the Veil. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Upon the whole, although *Lifting the Veil* comes to us in the perfection of elegance to which the craft of book-binding has attained, and is a marvel of typographical neatness, we prefer to take a view of the other world through *Gates Ajar*. This is at least our present decision. When some adventurous female shall offer us the spectacle through clean glass, through which we have before been permitted to see but darkly, *that* will undoubtedly be our choice. *Lifting the Veil* seemed at first a very thin and bewildering imitation of *Gates Ajar*, but it gradually swings around to the strictest orthodoxy. The book has a purpose—for it would be heretical to believe that whole pages of biblical quotations would be used in the form of conversations to no end—but so very mild are the arguments that at best they can only be said to *point* at theories which shall helplessly crush all heterodoxy. Without being able to discover anything to account for the prevalent tone of de

lectable satisfaction, we were much impressed by it. For this reason we feel ourselves possessed of a blind faith that some deep truth, whose subtilties have escaped our obtuse intellects, lies hidden in this ultra-homeopathic theology. It must be confessed such unmitigated mildness affects the mind by leaving it in a state of utter vacuity.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

ALASKA AND ITS RESOURCES. By Wm. H. Dall. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY-HOUSE, AND OTHER TALES. By Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris. Boston: Loring. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR. By Edward Mitchell. Boston: Loring. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY: from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century. By Thomas Warton. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

HONOR BRIGHT. New York: G. W. Carleton. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

MEMOIRS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN EVELYN, ESQ., F.R.S. Edited by Wm. Bray, Esq. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

MISS THACKERAY'S CORNHILL STORIES. Boston: Loring. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

NEW COOK BOOK. By Mrs. A. P. Hill. New York: G. W. Carleton. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

PASSAGES FROM THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Bros. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

RAMBLES IN CUBA. New York: G. W. Carleton. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

SANCTUM SANCTORUM. By Theodore Tilton. New York: Sheldon & Co. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT. By Geo. Sand. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

THE SEAT OF EMPIRE. By Charles Carleton Coffin ("Carleton"). Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

THE

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TWELVE DAYS' "ABSENCE WITHOUT LEAVE."

DURING the winter of 1863–64, there were confined, as prisoners of war, in the somewhat famous "Libby Prison," Richmond, Virginia, some twelve hundred Northern army-officers, of all ranks.

The sad accounts of the capture of these men, and their prison life, have been too often given to require repetition: my story relates entirely to the execution of a plan of escape, by which a party of three, afterward four, succeeded in gaining their liberty.

In the middle of one of the long nights in January, while wrapped in my blanket, soundly sleeping on the floor, I was suddenly aroused by the hoarse call of "Major," accompanied by the pressure of a hand upon my arm.

Awakened in an instant, I struggled into a sitting posture, to recognize the Hibernian accent of my whole-hearted, impulsive Irish friend, Tom Huggins, Lieutenant 82d New York Volunteers.

He spoke in whispers, as he undoubtedly thought, but to those great lungs a whisper was a kind of roar, and I could *feel* that my companions on either side were fully awake to this extraordinary proceeding, although hearing in unimposed confidence.

The conversation was carried on mostly by my friend of the Green Isle, in a rich brogue, which rendered the disclosure irresistibly droll.

"Major," said he, "there is the biggest kind of a lay going on down below."

Tom had been, in peaceful times, a New York City policeman, and his former calling was often indicated in his speech.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's a secret; you mustn't tell."

"Well, I won't tell."

"They are digging a tunnel across the yard, and it's half through. I've been down in it, and we'll all be out of this in a week."

Feeling the importance of shutting the ready mouth of my friend, who, while obeying the impulse of his kind heart, would have ruined the whole plan by his imprudence, (if there were any truth in it) I told him we would talk the mat-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by JOHN H. CARMANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of California.

ter over in the morning; and turned over to finish my interrupted nap.

The morning found Tom still excited and confident about the tunnel, although perfectly sober, with a suspicion of headache about him. He also informed Wallace Randolph, Lieutenant 5th United States Artillery, who, on being told that I was in the secret, came to me, and together we formed a plan for escape, when once through the tunnel.

We, of course, volunteered to assist in digging, which was being conducted with the utmost secrecy, and entirely unknown to all but about thirty officers; but our offer was declined, inasmuch as the work was so arranged, between fourteen of them, that it could be conducted without fear of observation from their neighbors, while our absence, at night, from our places on the floor, would soon excite remark, and lead to discovery. There was every reason for believing that there were spies in our midst, only recognized by us as brother officers, as other plans of escape had been discovered by our jailers, by means unaccountable to us: hence the necessity of great caution.

The plan proposed by Randolph and myself was to cross the canal running between the prison and James River, seize one of the abandoned skiffs to be seen lying on the beach, cross the river, strike across the country until we reached the river again below Drury's Bluff, seize another boat—or construct a raft, if no boat could be stolen—and float down, under cover of the darkness, to the picket-boats of our navy, which we knew were stationed not many miles below City Point.

About a week before the attempt was made, Colonel Tilden, 16th Maine Volunteers, communicated to us that he also meant to try the tunnel, and would like to accompany us.

Thus our party was formed, and we made our arrangements for the perilous business upon which we had entered.

Of clothing we had enough, thanks to kind friends at home, and the Sanitary and Christian Commissions of our army, who had promptly sent to us every thing we needed in that line, in response to our calls.

And in what did this outfit consist, which—to men who for months had been accustomed to exaggerating a double ration of corn-bread into a feast, and an extra fragment of filthy blanket into a luxurious couch—was all-sufficient for our great undertaking? Each man had an entire suit of clothes, a double suit of under-clothes, the pair of boots in which he stood on entering the prison, an overcoat, and a cap. In common, we possessed a coil of rope, a diminutive hatchet, one pint of brandy, half-pint of extract of Jamaica ginger, two days' scant rations of dried meats and hard bread, one pipe, and a bit of tobacco. Thus the plan was made, and each party of two, three, or more, probably made preparations as we did, but all in silence. No one asked his friend, or companion of the mess, "Are you one?" for the secret was as sacred and inviolate as the oath to our country.

When all was prepared, we had but to wait the announcement of the completion of the tunnel. Our friend Tom kept us well informed of the progress of the work, while his hearty confidence and enthusiasm, accompanied by significant winks and growls, served to keep doubt and misgiving in the background. He was to be included among the originators of the scheme, who were to take the first chance of escape.

For a description of the tunnel, I copy from Colonel Carada's interesting book, called "Libby Life"—written in the form of a journal, and describing, with perfect truth and clearness, the important incidents of our prison life:

"Early in January, Colonel Rose or-

ganized a working-party of fourteen officers, who were to relieve each other regularly in the work, one always remaining on guard near the excavation, to prevent a trap being set for the capture of the remainder of the party, in case of discovery by the prison officials. Having succeeded in lifting out the bottom of the fire-place, in the cook-room, they removed the bricks from the back of the flue, and penetrated between the floor-joists into the cellar, under the end room, used as a hospital. Passing through this aperture, they could with facility lower each other into the cellar. An opening was commenced in the wall, near the north-east corner of the cellar. This opening was about two feet by eighteen inches. It was found necessary to cut through the piles by which the building was supported; and this tedious labor was at length successfully completed, with no other tools than pocket-knives. As they penetrated into the earth, great difficulty was experienced on account of the candles, which refused to burn in the close air of the tunnel. One of the party was compelled to stand constantly at the opening, fanning air into it with his hat."

The tunnel was about fifty-three feet long, and so small in diameter that, in order to pass through, it was necessary to lie flat on one's face, propelling with one hand and the feet, the other hand being thrown over the back, to diminish the breadth of the shoulders, and carry, with greater facility, overcoat, rations, etc.

Early in the evening of the 9th of February, as I was seated at the card-table, deeply interested in the mysteries and uncertainties of short whist, Randolph tapped me on the shoulder. "The work is finished," he said; "the first party went through soon after dark; there's no time to lose;" and the hand at whist remains yet to be played.

Every one knew it then! We possessed only the advantage of being perfectly cool, and having a plan agreed upon. The excitement in the prison was of the wildest kind. Parties were formed, plans arranged, farewells exchanged, all in less time than one can describe.

After bidding numerous enthusiasts, who hadn't the faintest idea what we were about, "good-by," and "God-speed," we at last reached the kitchen. Affairs there did not look very propitious for us. At the least calculation, two hundred and fifty men were crowded together in the lower end of the room, each waiting his chance to descend into the cellar.

The Rebel sentinels were pacing up and down within a few yards of this narrow door of our deliverance, and had but to look through the unglazed windows to see it all: conversation was, therefore, carried on in whispers, and we were in total darkness. Here an unexpected incident occurred, which, while it for the moment appeared to blast every hope of escape, proved in the end to be our greatest help. A stampede took place. Some timid gentleman, becoming nervous, or perhaps frightened, succeeded in communicating in an instant his alarm to the whole body, and a simultaneous rush, with indescribable din, for the other end of the room and the stairs leading to the sleeping-rooms above, was the consequence.

Knocked down and separated, we three found ourselves at the lower end of the now almost deserted room. We listened. No sound of approaching guard. Perhaps no discovery had yet been made, and one of the party crept down to the window, just in time to hear a sentinel speak the memorable words, "I reckon somebody's coffee-pot's upset."

All was safe yet, for so accustomed had the guard become to our usual riotous proceedings, that even the noise of the stampede failed to awaken suspicions. Then was our time; and we im

proved it by dropping one by one into the cellar.

I remember well the instructions: "Feet first; back to the wall; get down on your knees; make a half-face to the right, and grasp the spike in the wall below with your right hand; lower yourself down; feel for the knotted rope below with your legs;" and one had but to drop in the loose straw shaken from hospital beds to be in the cellar.

To walk across that foul pit in the dark was no easy matter; but it was soon accomplished, and together we crouched at the entrance of the tunnel, waiting our turn. Only one at a time; and as about three minutes were consumed in effecting the passage, progress was quite slow.

Of our party, Randolph was the first to enter. "I'm going. Wait till I get through before you start," said he to me; and in he went.

It seemed that his long legs would never disappear; but a parting kick in the face, as he wriggled desperately in, quite re-assured me, and I took my station at the mouth of the hole, listening to my friend's subterranean scratching, and crawling, and hard breathing as he wormed along his difficult road. In the middle he stopped, and tried to tell me that he had not got through, but was *resting*—being attacked by severe palpitation of the heart; but his smothered speech was jargon to me, conveying only the idea that he was still *there*.

A moment, and he was again in motion, not to stop until the cool blast of air drawing through the tunnel gave the welcome assurance to me that the underground passage was clear. In I went. So well did the garment of earth fit, that I doubt if there was much windage, for at moments my movements corresponded somewhat to those of a bolt forcing its way through a rifled gun. Breath failed when about two-thirds through, and I stopped to pant.

A score or more of vigorous kicks brought me to earth's surface, where Randolph awaited my coming with sundry whispered instructions about getting out without making undue noise, and without breaking my skull against the bottom of a board-fence.

He then crept away toward the street, keeping in the shadow of a high brick wall, as the sentinels were in full view both over and through this dilapidated fence, leaving me to assist in turn and instruct the Colonel, who could now be heard thundering through the tunnel. Dirty, but jubilant, we were soon standing in the shadow of a low brick arch, outside of which a sentinel paced backward and forward, coming sometimes to within two yards of our position. Arranging a meeting on the corner of the second street below, one after the other stole out of the archway, the turning of the sentinel's back being the signal to creep noiselessly along by the house-wall.

All worked well. We met, as agreed, and arm in arm, whistling and singing, turned the corner and struck out, strong and hopeful, for home and liberty.

There, in the very heart of the enemy's stronghold, knowing well that every avenue leading to it was guarded, as a nation guards its threatened Capital; fully aware that but a few hours could elapse before cavalry, aided perhaps by dogs, would be on our track; with night our only protection, the North Star our only guide, and but a very general idea of the country, we declared the affair quite a success, and talked about hot baths in Baltimore, (of which we stood sorely in need) and luxurious dinners all the way from Washington to Boston.

A few days before leaving the prison, we took into consideration another plan of getting to the lines of our army.

Instead of *crossing* the James, it was proposed to keep the left bank of the river, strike into the country by a north-

east course, cross two rivers, and then, by turning to the east and south, gain the York River, where we might expect to find the picket-boats of our fleet. Failing this, we could cross to the peninsula, and enter the lines of the army at Williamsburg. This last plan was adopted.

The "prison" end of the city of Richmond being quite narrow, our rapid strides soon took us across into the vacant lots and straggling lanes of the outskirts. Half-past one o'clock, and not a soul to dispute our right of way. To be sure, every cur in the country yelped and barked as we passed along, but it was evidently no signal of alarm to their owners, for they did not trouble themselves as to the cause of the noise. In the fields, at last, north-east by the heavens, plowed land, rail-fences, ditches, and much mud by land.

We grew exceedingly bold, as if all obstacles had been conquered, but received a substantial warning at finding ourselves suddenly in the midst of some very extensive hospital-grounds, covered with the long, white buildings or wards, too well known throughout the whole country. The lesson was a good one, and we proceeded with more care afterward. An hour more, and the lights of the city had disappeared.

Every furlong that night was worth a mile the next, and a league the third: we went on, therefore, at a great pace. Suddenly there appeared, but a few rods in advance, and walking toward us, two men! Running was out of the question. Force must be met by cunning, for Nature's weapons were all we possessed. But when on the point of meeting, one of them broke for the woods, flying through the brambles like a madman. The other one met us, and, as he passed, one of the party recognized the huge mustache and flowing locks of C——, the Connecticut Captain.

On hearing his name called, he stopped, and mutual recognition followed. His companion, deaf to the repeated assurance that we were friends, continued to pursue his solitary journey through the underbrush, until the faint sound of his struggles made further effort on our part quite useless. It then appeared that the Captain had escaped, with a brother officer, through the tunnel, but they had lost their way, through mistaking the North Star.

After explaining the mysterious process by which the Polar Star may always be found in a clear night, we wished him good-night, and strode on. But, soon, rapid footsteps were heard behind, and, panting for want of breath, the Captain stood beside us. He could not find his companion. I do not remember that he said more; but his silence was an eloquent appeal to our sympathies. We took him into our party, remembering, with some bitterness, that each had left behind in the prison some one dear friend or companion; because, in justice to each other, we dared not increase our number.

Daylight came on so rapidly as to almost surprise us in the open country, and we hastily sought a hiding-place. Forcing our way into a thicket, we threw ourselves upon the ground, and were soon asleep; but only to wake again in a few moments, shaking with the cold. One swallow of brandy was here served to each man.

The rising sun looked in upon a miserable, shivering group of men, huddled closely together for such warmth as each one could spare his neighbor; but the blessed day had come at last, and we could make a fire.

Such a *little* fire it was—hardly more than a spark, with dry boughs and twigs enough at our feet for a barbecue—but we feared to use fuel too freely; and, grateful even for a little, crouched over the tiny flame, blackening our faces and hands with the smoke, which we gladly

welcomed, for the sake of the additional heat it gave. The day ended. We had seen but one man, (a Negro) and he at a great distance; had heard but very distant sounds of wagoners and laborers at their work; the night had closed in again: we were still free, strong, and hopeful. Emerging from the woods, the march was resumed on our north-east course.

When but fairly clear of the woods, there arose before our eyes, all horrible in the gloom, a line of earth-works. In the fancied security of our thicket, we had been lounging within pistol-shot of the fortifications of the city.

Turning back was absurd; to the right or left, equally so, as the forts and rifle-pits were of interminable extent; while to go on seemed madness: but we went on, trusting that Fortune would be kind. No click of musket-lock—no challenge of sentinel—and we gained the parapet, to find the works deserted and silent as the grave. Before us now stretched the open country, cleared, evidently, for military purposes; for, even in our haste, we could but admire the selection of ground for a defensive line, and congratulate ourselves that we had as yet been spared the unpleasant duty of assaulting works of such character.

In the distance, a belt of woods, but dimly seen, indicated the line of the Chickahominy River.

As it was deemed of the highest importance to place this stream between ourselves and our pursuers, we made all speed for the bank, giving a suspicious picket-fire a wide berth. Surely, it was a wild place. Countless freshets had left unsightly scars upon the face of Nature there. Parasites, like long beards, swung wildly from the bare and blasted branches of the trees. Vegetation seemed to be killed forever; and in its place was the slime of the river, clinging to the steep banks and decaying logs, rendering our footing any thing but sure. Add to this the weird light of a waning moon—the screeching of owls—the haunting memories of the army's disastrous campaign, a year or more before, upon the banks of the same river—bridging, fording, swimming it, in triumph and in defeat—our laudable desire to cross the black, sluggish water—and, worse than all, not even the ghost of a bridge—and some idea may be formed of our situation and condition of mind.

Matters were certainly not in the most hopeful state. This river, which had almost cost the nation an army, seemed now about to bring to naught the half-executed plans of a small party of four, when a subdued shout from the Captain announced a discovery of some kind.

Forgive me, O Captain! if in this short story you find recorded *some* of your failings. We took you in the night, under protest, and we kept you twelve long nights and longer days on the same terms. If we used you as a common safety-valve, through which all our wrath and disappointment were expended, you certainly took our ill-nature as a matter of course, and gained your liberty in consequence; and the service you rendered in the Chickahominy swamp shall never be forgotten.

Ferreting about on the bank of the stream, the Captain had found a bridge. Not wonderful for its architectural design; but a bridge that could bear us bravely and dry-shod over the current. It was a tree of mighty size, so felled, by some skilled hand, as to span the river. Once across, we plunged into the swamp beyond, to encounter new obstructions and trials—this time not actually discouraging, but decidedly painful. Fortunately, the footing was quite firm and dry, on account of both low water and cold weather; but the briers! the briers! they scratched our faces, lacerated our hands, and tore our clothes. When, breathless, stinging, but triumphant, the party gained the higher land, all report-

ed more or less damage to person and property; and the Major, who had entered the swamp clad in the dignified and respectable uniform of his rank in the infantry arm of the service, emerged transformed into a variety of Zouave. The outer covering of his legs had been partially removed, revealing a large extent of under-garment which was in color a brilliant red.

The strength of the party had been wonderful, but at this point utterly failed. Miserably cold and more than miserably weary, hope began to ooze away; not so much in despair, as in indifference. Crawling into a hay-cock for a little rest, we found that rest meant sleep.

Could this be the long, sweet sleep, out of which we should wake across another river, not bridged by mortal armies, when summoned for the final muster and inspection? If this were dying, why struggle to again enter the ranks of the living, when the bitter agony had passed, and the bright gates were opening?

At this quite serious juncture, the Colonel bravely ordered a forward movement. It saved us—although executed in a rather straggling and unmilitary style.

Staggering, not walking; dreaming, more than thinking, and decidedly more asleep than awake, we reached the forest. Randolph here ordered a halt, and insisted that we must have a fire, or he should freeze. He was, perhaps, the only man of us who dared suggest an idea so entirely at variance with the prescribed manner of making night-marches in an enemy's country; but it was his turn, in that eventful night, to save the expedition from disaster; and the fire was made—no one dissenting.

As the flames leaped in the still, cold air, a deep slumber fell upon the four overtasked mortals. The morning's sun aroused us to the knowledge that we were not much worse for the hard usage—a little stiff, and very hungry, without much provisions left.

A council was called, the map produced, and the concentrated strength of four minds brought to bear on "the situation." A distant reveille suggested Mechanicsville to our left and rear, a road near by guided us still farther, while for the rest we had merely a knowledge of our course, and an estimate of distance traveled.

Putting all these together, a decision was made that we were in a certain position, shown on the map. Now for proof, food, and assistance generally: for the first, we desired to form the acquaintance of some contraband; for the second, the same individual would do; and as for the third, we well knew that a whole race of the same complexion and *status* were at our service, and anxious to aid us. Randolph sprang to his feet at the adjournment of the meeting, as he was to play the part of scout and, if necessary, Virginian. Having provided himself, before leaving the prison, with a suit of citizen's clothes, and having studied with much assiduity for some weeks the peculiar dialect, or *patois*, of the Southerner, he was desirous of a little practice. Before many minutes had elapsed he was back again, having with him the desired individual, and who, hat in hand, stood waiting our pleasure.

To the first question—"Where are we?"—his answer was most satisfactory, proving our calculation to have been correct.

To be brief: the good fellow brought us food, told us that we might travel in safety on the direct road for ten miles before reaching a picket-post or guard, and would gladly have gone with us to the land of freedom, but the thought of his wife and children, and the threat that they should be sold into a worse slavery than they now suffered should he run away, held him more firmly than the fear of death or punishment to himself.

That night, with light hearts, we started, bowled off the ten miles very quickly, and, by the execution of a brilliant flank movement, avoided the picket-post. As the eastern sky grew gray, we sought a hiding-place. Finding an empty barn we crept into its loft, and were soon fast asleep.

At sunrise, Randolph (the citizen) sallied forth to reconnoitre. He captured a contraband, who, without a word or a question, hustled us out of our loft, leading the way in great haste to the "quarters" occupied by the slaves.

The reason for this maneuvre was that our secure hiding-place was within "a biscuit-toss" of the plantation mansion, whose hospitable doors were always open to the troopers and scouts of the enemy. We found ourselves, after this change, in the cock-loft of a slave's log hut: probably our first experience in such a habitation, and certainly the first time we had been the guests of any of the humble race, two fine specimens of which were now our host and hostess. The man, evidently a field-hand, was young, active, and intelligent. Not being bewildered by army correspondents, or driven into a maze of doubts by political discussions, he had a very clear idea of the character of the war and its probable results, and looked forward to the approaching day of his freedom with a confidence quite refreshing. The woman—his grandmother, probably—was still hale and strong. She was high authority for all that came under her roof; and many were curious enough to see the "live Yankee." They all paid the old "auntie" the greatest respect, and many of the young had good cause to retire, disconcerted by her sharp reproof or biting wit. She was the mother of twenty children, (she said) and they (her masters) had taken them all from her—not one left, in her old age. When, at night, we were taking our leave, some one gave the old woman one or two colored silk handkerchiefs, such as soldiers usually possess, and with which we were well supplied. The trifling gift recalled the memory of better days, and we received an additional blessing. Again the moon lighted us on our journey, but the air was much milder than we had before experienced.

In crossing a lane, two horsemen came upon us so suddenly that we could only throw ourselves upon the ground by way of concealment. One of these troopers, evidently in a happy mood, was softly singing a very familiar college song—one that should always be sung by many voices—although, it is needless to say, we were not disposed to join on this occasion. When just abreast of us, his voice faltered. "'O, stay!' the maiden—[it almost died away]—said, 'and—[the horse's pace was now checked to a walk]—rest.'"

No one dared to look, but each felt instinctively that the dreaded discovery had been made, and nerved himself for the moment when the shout to his comrade, and the rattle of the ready carbines, would call us to test our courage in a life-and-death encounter.

But whatever the nature of his discovery he kept it to himself, and, urging his horse forward, resumed the disjointed verse, "U-pi-dee—u-pi-dee." We listened in great glee until Longfellow's "Excelsior" grew faint in the distance.

Some hours before day the little company reached the banks of the Pamunkey River. The door of a hospitable cabin swung readily open for the reception of such as we, and, soon snugly stowed away in a loft, we slept soundly on a high pile of rags. Another long day of waiting and watching—would the night never come? When the long twilight deepened, the four started again, with a fresh guide. At the river bank, our contraband drew from under a clump of bushes a long "dug-out," or canoe; and, by means of this method of trans-

portation, one by one were silently ferried across, and delivered over to the care of a middle-aged, dignified Negro, who consented to render assistance to us for the coming twenty-four hours. But he could not proceed at once, on account of an important engagement. In fact, he was in full dress to attend a grand ball, to be given on a neighboring plantation.

Yet his charge must be disposed of, in some way; and the result was, that we also went to the ball. Not that we participated in the festivities of the evening, but in the deserted mansion of the plantation, (which we occupied for the time) we were quite near enough to hear the wild shouts, and music, not to mention shuffling and dancing.

Soon after the ball broke up, and Isaac (our guide) appeared, slightly warmed with good cheer, but sober enough for all practical purposes.

We were particularly entertained by his peculiar knowledge of the stars, that to him indicated the hours of the night. "Daylight," he said, "in three hours; for *that* star," pointing to one as he spoke, "is in such a position."

Isaac conducted us to the plantation, of which he was part of the live-stock and property, and bolted us into his sanctum—an old shed, used at once as chicken-house, lumber-room, tool-shop, and receptacle of properties in general.

In the centre of the apartment, there was an old, air-tight stove, without a sign of a chimney-pipe, in which, to our great astonishment, our deliverer proceeded to kindle a fire. "De smoke," he said, "would kinder go promiscus out ob de ruff, and nobody would notice it." We found the heat not uncomfortable, while through the gaping "ruff" the smoke found its way so readily that our heavy slumbers were not disturbed.

For matins, next morning, (being Sunday) we had a choral service from a dozen fowls, that had discovered us, and were, accordingly, in great tribulation Relieved, at last, of their company, the hours passed slowly away, their monotony being broken by the opportune arrival of Isaac, with breakfast.

On corn-meal cake (underdone) and fat bacon we fared sumptuously, composing ourselves subsequently to a dyspeptic nap, by way of killing time. In the afternoon, two men (White) approached the shed, and, seating themselves at one corner, held first an animated discussion as to whether the place was occupied or not.

Having decided, to our great relief, that it did not conceal any thing of the human kind, they gave us the benefit of a political wrangle, from a Southern point of view. The only notes taken were when the disputants left, at which we again drew ordinary breaths.

Down dropped the night, and in came our guide, in haste to rid himself of such dangerous friends. He led the way over the open country, and brought us, at midnight, without incident of any kind, to a plantation very like the one we had just left, and conducted us, as usual, to the "quarters." Ephraim—the foreman of the place—became our host, and we entered his modest cabin. He was quite a character in his way—very black, very neat, very oracular, and very pious. Although quite a young man, he was a widower, and lived alone. When he was at home, the bolt of his door was invariably drawn back, for (he proudly said) no one would dare enter without asking permission—not even the overseer himself.

We did not doubt his word, but preferred having the door at least—closed.

In the morning, after many solemn injunctions against making undue noise, kindling smoky fires, etc., Eph. left us for the field, having made an arrangement with an old "auntie" for supplying us with dinner. At noon-time, a very nervous rattling at the door (the

work of trembling fingers) apprised us of an interruption of our solitude, when the door flew open to admit the old woman, who, basket in hand, came in upon us like a thunderbolt.

She was a rare old specimen of her race, active yet, although her years must have been many.

What with joy, solicitude, anxiety, hope, and fear, her feelings were almost too much for her, and Eph.'s cabin too small, by far, for a proper physical demonstration of her emotions.

For fear that our fire would attract notice from without, on account of the smoke it made, down she tumbled before it, to extinguish the blaze with her apron and hands; and then, for fear that we should be cold, the same willing hands excited among the dry sticks such a flame as we had never thought of.

During the discussion of the inevitable bacon and hoe-cake she kept moderately quiet, giving expression to her feelings only in slight moans, but evidently relishing every mouthful that we took. The feast over, she gathered together the fragments, and, though her mission had been fulfilled, still lingered, her object in so doing not being apparent to us.

Slowly surveying the group, she singled out one, as a proper subject for her last demonstration. The Major, being small, was of the most convenient size for her purpose, while his after-dinner attitude, (stretched at full length upon Eph.'s couch of miscellaneous rags) put him at a hopeless disadvantage. With a little scream of affection, "auntie" pounced on the unsuspecting Major, clasped him in her long and not over-plump arms, and gave him a hug, which he yet feels in memory, saying, by way of parting salute:

"Lord bress you, children! Oh! my good Lord! my soul loves every one of you." The powerless and astonished Major fell back with a bump; once more the door rattled, and our good friend was gone.

Eph. returned early in the day, ostensibly to mend his chimney, actually to keep an eye on us, and to ward off any danger that might threaten.

At night we were on the march, in a blinding snow-storm, still strong and hopeful.

In the Pamunkey River is an island, inhabited by a small tribe of Indians, said to be descendants of Pocahontas. Independent, both in politics and religion, these few people have lived, for many years as a little nation by themselves—having no voice in the rule of the land, paying tax to neither State nor country, peaceable and prosperous. Their chiefs and leaders were shrewd enough, (or perhaps loyal) at the beginning of the war, to understand thoroughly the inevitable consequence of such a struggle, and, while they took no active part as a people, readily gave their sympathies, and, in individual cases, their valuable aid, to the cause of the North. The slaves, therefore, had no hesitation in conducting to Indian-town fugitives from Southern military prisons.

At midnight, the guide knocked at the door of a neat little house, and, without much delay, we stood upon the hearth of one of the chiefs of the tribe. If we did not expect to see scalps and antlers decorating the walls, we were a little disappointed at finding this "noble Red-skin" very like other mortals in appearance. He gave us a welcome, more in acts than words, bade us make ourselves comfortable, and left us, without ceremony, to find a hiding-place in which we should be more secure than under his roof.

He returned in about an hour, and led the way to a remote corner of the island, where, in a field, a corn-shuck rick offered a shelter not to be despised on such a night.

We were then left to ourselves, with

the promise that food would be brought us in the morning.

After the snow, there came from the north-west a cold blast, which, for two days, kept us fast in our place of concealment, as the combined forces of wind and frost interfered sadly with the plan we had agreed upon.

It had been deemed advisable to proceed from this point by water; and an agreement had been made for us by the chief, with two contrabands, whereby we should be taken down the river, in the night, by means of an oyster-boat. This boat ran the gauntlet of Northern gun-boats once every week, her venturesome pilots finding a ready sale for the shell-fish thus captured, in the somewhat scantily supplied market of Richmond. But the fierce wind had driven so much water to the sea, that our boat was high and dry on the flats, and the nipping frost had congealed all the water there was left.

It was the coldest weather of the winter, both north and south, as we found out when water in a bottle, placed one night in a haversack under the Colonel's head, was in the morning frozen solid—yet we escaped being frost-bitten.

The unlucky Major, while thawing out before a fire, the next night, (the party having been invited into an airy shed, that they might not perish) fell asleep, and was aroused from a dream of delicious warmth and happiness, by being dragged out of the fire, minus a coat-tail, which had been burned to a crisp.

The third night brought milder weather, which so encouraged the oystermen that with the help of the enemy's pickets, (who levied toll on the returning cargoes) the boat (an old-fashioned ship's long-boat) was successfully launched, and brought quite near the place of our concealment. At nine o'clock P.M. we were safely on board, assisting, with nervous energy, in the task of forcing the boat through the ice.

Below, on the river, some thirty miles away, was a neck of land called West Point, and we hoped by desperate exertions to get past this last picket-post, and well into the York River before light; but not a breath of air came to our assistance, and the broad day found us some distance above the Point.

We could no longer row, for fear of discovery, but curled ourselves in the bottom of the boat, while the now thoroughly frightened Negroes pulled away. The very idea of being caught in the act of helping runaway Yankees could not have caused very pleasant thoughts, as it was clearly a matter of life and death with them. But the sentinel allowed the boat to pass without even a hail; and, after being cramped in any thing but natural positions for above two hours, we peered cautiously over the gunwale to find that we might again venture to appear in public. A light breeze springing up, a rag of a sail was set, which helped wonderfully.

At nightfall we tried to effect a landing on the right bank of the river, but were prevented by the ice, which had been driven by the wind to that shore. The only alternative was to throw ourselves upon the hospitality of a free Negro, (a friend of our guides) who lived on the opposite bank. Late at night we landed, and found a resting-place in the one room of a small frame-house.

Too tired to examine closely into the details of our friend's housekeeping, we threw ourselves on the floor, in a semicircle, about the fire, until the active stirring of the family roused us to the consciousness of a new day. We then discovered that this one small room had sheltered, in addition to our own party, our host and his wife, three or four children, a young woman, (the wife's sister) a dog, two chickens, and a pet pig.

We received the gratifying intelligence that the entire country was overrun with the enemy's cavalry with the

composure acquired by long habit, and proceeded to pass the day in a loft with the usual dreary silence.

The night, which was to be the last of our wanderings, was mild and still. A light mist, token of the coming spring, gave us a feeling of additional security. We could almost believe that *this* was the "beginning of the end."

After taking leave of the faithful oystermen, to whom we gave a watch for the valuable service they had rendered, (we were parting with our dearest possessions now) we placed ourselves in the keeping of our new friend, who was to pilot us across and still farther down the river in his own boat, and put us ashore within a few miles of the town of Williamsburg (the outpost of our army). The fine, light yawl was amply supplied with oars, and, being well manned, made good speed.

In the stillness of the night we could hear the sound of the paddle-wheels of our steam fleet beating the water, eighteen miles distant, and proposed rowing directly to Yorktown, but yielded to the entreaties of our guide, who feared getting into difficulties should it be known that he favored either side.

Just before midnight, after a slight encounter with a belt of thin ice, we landed on a long pier, about which deserted barracks and warehouses indicated that the place had been used by the enemy as a *dépôt* of supplies during the siege of Yorktown, two years before.

We rewarded our pilot with a watch and chain, the last available bits of personal-property possessions of the Captain.

This silver watch had but one hand, and the works were detached from the case, but it could still be persuaded to tick a little, if carefully manipulated. The chain purported to be of gold, but the recipient doubted this, after a liberal application to his tongue. However, it was all we had to offer, and he couldn't very well take us back; so, after a bit of grumbling—for he had undoubtedly expected a gold chronometer, at least—he left us to our fate. In a desolate village of huts, we tried in vain to raise a human being. We succeeded at last in rousing a White Man from his bed, in a house more pretentious and apart from the rest; but he was in such an agony of terror at our appearance that we could get no information from him. At a gentle insinuation that we were Southerners, he was a good, though uncommunicative Rebel; but when, in despair, we proclaimed ourselves runaway Yankees, his speech became utterly unintelligible. In his attempts at conversation, we caught the words, "Free Nigger; house at the end of the lane; knows all about it:" which was quite sufficient, for if the Blacks were not particularly warlike as a race, they were fearless in their opinions, and no one doubted *their* political position.

A series of double-knocks on the door of the easily found cabin roused our last guide and his barking dogs. No cause for deception here on either side:

"We are Northern officers escaped from Richmond. How can we go safely to Williamsburg?" we asked in a breath.

"Straight ahead, on de main road," said he. "When you get two mile along, you will come to a branch (creek); on de other side you will see two chimneys—dar you'll find your pickets."

"Any Rebs about here; any conscript hunters?" we asked.

"Haven't seen one for more'n two weeks," he replied.

If we had been strong throughout all, we were giants of strength now. The very face of Nature was changed in the dim, hazy light, and the air seemed laden with the perfume of Northern orchards. Even the red, clayey soil lost its stickiness in this wondrous mental atmosphere of freedom. With our long, swinging strides the distance was as

nothing, and before long the "chimneys" and "branch," so accurately described, were in plain sight.

Throwing away our sticks, we descended the slight hill to the brook with cautious steps and open ranks, fearing that a timid sentinel might magnify the little band into an entire squadron of Rebel cavalry, and welcome us with a bullet.

When almost on the timbers of a partially dismantled bridge, the challenge came, ringing through the air like the blast of a bugle:

"Who comes there?"

"Friends! friends!" we screamed, rather than answered — wringing our hands, and almost dancing for joy — the thoughts of home and liberty dimming our eyes, and choking our hearts.

"Where from?" shouted the sentinel.

"Libby Prison, Richmond!" we cried.

"Come on." This last remark in a voice as excited as our own.

It was somewhat unmilitary to thus welcome strangers from the enemy's side in the middle of the night; and our worthy man of arms, remembering this, before we had time to act upon his invitation, ordered us peremptorily to "halt," and called for the "Corporal of the Guard."

From some distant guard-house a sleepy Corporal at length came, and, with the sentinel, marched slowly down to the narrow stream where, with "arms port," and ready for immediate use, he asked the questions which we constantly anticipated in our haste. When he had satisfied himself that it was all right, we were told to approach.

Disdaining the proffer of a few planks, we crossed on the bare timbers, and stood, grasping each other's hands, free at last.

Randolph had his triumph. "Didn't I tell you from the first that we should get through, when all you fellows were croaking *if* we get through, and *when* we get through?"

THE YUBA HYDRAULIC MINES.

No. II.—FROM WITHIN.

IN a previous paper, we spoke of the external and general character of these mines. We now propose to describe more particularly their internal economy and mechanical structure. In working them, no process is more costly than that of tunneling. It is also not unfrequently the most discouraging. This is especially true of those mines that can only be prospected by means of a tunnel, as was the case with the Blue Gravel Mine.

It requires no little pluck, and business enterprise, to meet the obstacles constantly recurring; and he who gets honor by the completion of such enterprises, generally gets far less than he deserves. When the first tunnel is completed, however, it forms a demonstration of the real nature of the mine, and, consequently, of all mines belonging to the district that have similar indications. Thus it happens that, in the district we are considering, success in mining is no longer a question of chance, but simply the result of persistent effort, in the sagacious use of means. Thus it is, also, that four large tunnels are rapidly being built through the hills north of the mines. These tunnels are the property of four respective Companies, and the fact that they have been commenced, is

a fair guarantee that they will be finished.

The tunnels, aforesaid, have the same relative size, grade, and manner of construction; the work being done by contract, and by men employed by the Company. The average grade of all is not far from six inches to every twelve feet, and size about six feet in height by seven feet in width. They are built, mainly, through a solid bed of coarse slate, called by the miners "blue granite," and in which seams of gypsum are not unfrequent. The rock does not prove to be equally hard, and consequently the progress of the tunnel is irregular, varying from three and a half or four feet per week, in the hardest rock, to six or seven feet in rock of a soft material. In all cases of soft rock, the tunnel must be heavily timbered, or the work will prove fruitless, from the frequent caves that take place.

When the work on the tunnels is let by contract—a method very popular in the district—it is often customary to do it by the means of sealed proposals; the party bidding what he thinks will enable him to make a fair margin of profit, and the Company frequently giving a premium for the completion of a hundred feet or more within a stated period.

In cases of contracting for tunnel-work in the district, the price ranges from $34 to $37 per foot, in hard rock; and as, in miners' language, "the rock is very uncertain," the men sometimes make a fair profit, and frequently nothing at all. With fair rock, they average $5 per day, board excluded; while men employed by the Company are paid an average of $3 per day, with board.

Each tunnel works from six to nine men, when there is but a single opening for work, who operate in alternate "shifts," sometimes two, but oftener three men to the "shift"—each party working eight hours to a "beat"—the former number prevailing when Giant Powder is used for blasting.

When shafts are sunk at different places on the line of the tunnel, men are worked according to the number of the same; each shaft affording two faces for working at the same time.

During the construction of a tunnel, the want of pure air for the workmen is often a most serious hindrance. Hour after hour, men are forced to breathe an atmosphere, never healthful, and frequently poisonous; and many a miner can point to-day to his work in the tunnel, as the reason of a disordered system, or, what is far worse, a ruined constitution. As a means of partially obviating this difficulty, when the tunnel is commenced from the bank, a shaft is sunk at a convenient distance from its mouth, and by means of communication with it brings about a circulation of pure air. The Companies also resort to different kinds of machinery, for forcing air into the tunnels; and among the most frequent, as well as the most efficient of any, is that called "the water-blast"—a very ingenious contrivance, in which a perpendicular fall of water is the motive-power, and the air is forced through a four-inch pipe up to the place of the miners' work.

During the existence of a mine, two tunnels, at least, may have to be built, in order to reach the lower level of the mine. Nor could this be obviated by running the first tunnel a given number of feet lower. In the first place, it would make the opening of the mine too difficult; and, in the second place, it would give a very high bank, which can be worked less profitably than one of a medium height.

Fluming, or sluicing, follows tunneling.

Each flume consists of a number of boxes, more or less, according to the length of the flume, each box being about twelve feet long.

Every box is made up of the following items: Four "sides," always used in the rough except where they join; two "bottoms," smoothly planed on the upper side and at place of jointure; two boards for capping the "sides," which are strongly nailed to the posts of the "standards;" four "standards," made of four-by-fours, and consisting of a cross-piece for the "bottoms," with two uprights for the "sides;" and numberless pine wedges, used in chinking, that the flume may not leak. The above items in place, and the box is fitted for the blocks and chinking.

The blocks used are made of the nut-pine of the foot-hills—it being the most durable wood in the vicinity for the purpose—and are simply cross-sections of the tree, partially squared, varying in diameter and thickness; ranging from sixteen to thirty-two inches for the former, and from six to ten inches for the latter.

Each box takes about six of the thirty-two-inch blocks, when the flume is a wide one, and a larger number when it is a narrow one, as all boxes have about the same length. It is evident that, when the blocks are placed in the box, as they are nearly circular, there will be many crevices unfilled. These openings are closely chinked with tunnel-rock, or broken slate bowlders. In doing the chinking, great care is taken that no block be left in a loose condition; for, were one to be left in this manner, the water would uproot the blocks, form a dam, and flood the banks; and, were it to happen in the tunnel, tear away the timbers, and endanger the lives of the miners who tend the same. The work of putting in the blocks and chinking is therefore done by men who are well fitted for it by thorough experience.

The blocks are changed three or four times a year, as they prove durable or otherwise; and are reversed in position at the times of the "clean-ups," as they are found to wear much faster on the side toward the head of the box—the head of the box meaning the point nearest the head of the flume, or upper end of it. As the result of this frequent changing, quite an extended block-business is supported in the surrounding country.

After being laid with blocks and chinking, every box is thoroughly lined with boards, for the purpose of keeping the blocks in their places; and, with the further addition of quicksilver, which is deposited in the crevices to absorb the gold, thereby forming amalgam, the flume is ready for use.

A flume completed throughout the tunnel, along the bed of the mine, and over the hills to the brink of the river, is a demand for water—the "open sesame" to the rich treasure of this deposit; and, as there is no water in the vicinity of the mines, it becomes necessary to build ditches, from a far-distant point in the mountains which furnish the supply. These ditches are rarely the exclusive property of the men owning the mines; but are owned by Companies, formed on a stock principle, and who furnish water to the different claims, at such prices as seem most wholesome to their interests. The Yuba River, far up in the mountains, is the source of the supply; and the Excelsior Canal Company the most prominent corporation who represent the business in this district.

Large reservoirs are made at convenient distances from the mines, in places having natural advantages, and that will give sufficient current. These are sometimes wholly, and sometimes in part only, the property of the different Companies they supply, and are built principally to furnish water during the long, dry months of summer and the early fall. It often happens, however, that even this precaution fails to meet the demand, since many of the claims are forced to work on half-rations, and not a few

obliged to suspend operations, in a measure, during the hot, sultry months of September and October—a fact which can hardly be otherwise than discouraging, and is always detrimental.

The water is let to the different Companies at a certain price per inch, the general average being about fifteen cents; and, as they use from five to seven hundred inches daily, it will readily be seen that the money for water, only, is no inconsiderable item in the annual budget of expenses.

The water is not brought into the mines by the ditches, but to a point on the hill above them. Here, a large sheet-iron pipe communicates with the ditch, and carries the water on to the bed of the excavation. The pipe in question varies in size from sixteen to twenty inches in diameter, and is laid on an air-line to the centre of the mine, in order to give the strongest possible pressure. At the centre of the excavation it discharges the water into a smaller pipe, and laid at right-angles with it. This smaller pipe again discharges the water through an apparatus, attached to either end, into the distributing pipes, for immediate usage upon the banks. The latter-named pipes are still smaller than the others, and are capped with nozzles, the mouths of which are about three inches in diameter. The nozzles are thus small, because larger ones would make the stream of water so large that it could not be thrown against the bank, and yet smaller ones would not furnish enough water for washing away the *débris.*

With the mines thus fitted for the workmen, we will now give a glimpse of a day's work in one of them.

Fifteen minutes to seven o'clock, and the sun looks over the eastern hills which overshadow the village. Some one says, "Fifteen minutes, boys;" and the foreman rises slowly, and steps off for the mine. One after another follows, until there is a file of men reaching from the boarding-house to the bank of the mine; and were it not for the clay pipes in their mouths, and their strange working dress, he could be forgiven who would sing a *requiem* to their motion. The mine reached, work begins, yet the same resolute resistance to any show of interest is manifest. There is no talking, no hurrying to and fro—nothing that indicates earnest labor. The pick rises in a slow, undecided manner, and falls of its own weight; the shovel drops into the flume, and is moved along by the simple force of the water; while the drill, the bar, and the sledge dare not or care not to encroach upon the established precedence of the pick and shovel. A San Franciscan might well be discomfited were he obliged to imitate these miners for a single week. And do they *work?* Look into the mine, note the changes, and you will not need to repeat the question for an affirmative. True, the motion is slow, very slow, slower perhaps than you have ever seen outside of the mines; yet, with this ponderous slowness, there is a precision and a regularity of movement which are most effectual—'tis the old story of the rain-drops and the rock. The huge blocks of cement crumble to pieces under the fall of the sledge and pick; the drill drops into the slate bowlders like magic; a dozen streams of water are shooting against the rocky bank, now at the base, now at the top, now at the centre—anywhere that the hand of the water-tender sends them; the bank bows again and again under the powerful influence of the water, and the flume is gorged a hundred times with the *débris* that the water feeds it. With the coming of noon, the miners have made an entire change in the part of the mine they have worked, however feebly they may seem to have acted; and, as the sound of the heavy dinner-bell is borne to them, all the work is stopped abruptly, and they move with

quickened pace across the mine, up the hill, into the boarding-house, and begin to eat.

Here, only, do you discover that the miner can hurry. But a half-hour is given for the heartiest of dinners, and he knows it, feels it, shows it in the railroad method of his eating. Here only, too, does the miner's boyhood come back to him. He eats as he ate at his father's table. He eats with delight, with conviction that he is doing the best thing he can do, and has but the shortest possible time to do it in. He becomes, in fact, an eating automaton.

Dinner over, the miner relapses into his work-time thought and movement, winds down into the mine, and repeats the operations of the forenoon: naught during the day but a blast, a dinner, or a case of emergency disturbs his imperturbable gravity.

Six o'clock, the bell rings, the tools of the miner drop abruptly, and the day's work is over.

Saturday is a counterpart of Monday in the nature and manner of the miner's work, and the last day of the month is a faithful photograph of the first. A "clean-up" only brings a change to him, which occurs about once in six weeks, and invariably tickles his fancy, whether its coming be in the balmy May or gloomy February, as he is then paid for his labor.

By a "clean-up" in one of these hydraulic mines is meant the work of taking the gold from the sluices, or rather the amalgam and quicksilver, and the processes of retorting and smelting.

The "clean-up" proper might, perhaps, include nothing but the removal of the amalgam from the sluices, but as the miners generally add the two latter processes, we shall also include them.

The first work to be done is to clear the sluices of the blocks and stones, and is done by separate parties of miners, who have a given division of the sluice assigned them; the simple clearing of the flumes in this manner taking from one and a half to two days, or longer, if the "clean-up" be a large one. This done, a number of riffles are placed at irregular intervals in the bottom of the flume—a riffle being a small, strong board, about ten inches wide, placed across the bottom of the flume to intercept the amalgam, quicksilver, and general *débris*. A few inches of water are now run into the flume, and a miner enters the head of a section, as formed by the given riffles, carefully sweeping its contents to the lower riffle of the section with a common broom. Immediately below the lower riffle, another man is stationed, who, with a heavy four or six-tined fork, removes the *débris* that is stopped by it, and which consists principally of pins, rusted nails, pieces of old iron, wood, and cobble-stones. This process thoroughly completed, the next step is the removal of the amalgam, quicksilver, and remaining *débris* into the pails on the bank of the flume, and is done with a small, iron hand-shovel. Here also is a large wooden tub filled with water, used in further freeing the amalgam from refuse matter. A small portion of the amalgam is then put into a pan closely resembling a common milk-pan, but differing from it in being made of iron, and with sides somewhat more flaring. The loose quicksilver is turned from it into the flasks near by, and the miner carefully washes it in the water of the tub, picking out with his fingers the iron pyrites and other *débris*—a process which is the only vestige we have of the old pan system everywhere common in the primitive history of California mining.

After a thorough washing in this manner, which effectually frees it from the coarser *débris*, it is taken to the place of retorting. Here it undergoes a second operation of cleaning. It is washed again, and then carefully passed between

the thumb and fingers of either hand; the pressure detecting any foreign substance. Every substance of this kind is closely examined before being placed with the lesser *débris*, the test employed being that of biting the article, and the miner usually telling instantly whether or not it be gold. Sometimes, however, he is cheated or unable to determine, and the *débris* of this second cleaning is kept for a still more complicated process.

Many very curious incrustations are common to the lesser *débris*, as dimes, quarters, and half-dollars that have lost all semblance of their moneyed relationship; pins and needles, buttons and buckles, of all sizes and shapes; shot, bullets, tacks, shingle-nails—a conglomerate, indeed, of such queer substances that a chemist alone can classify them.

Retorting—or the process to which the amalgam is next subjected, is that operation by which the quicksilver is separated from the gold by the application of heat to the amalgam, the heat being sufficiently powerful to vaporize the quicksilver.

The retort for this purpose is usually made of brick, having a small chamber and a fire-place under the same. In the centre of this chamber, a half-cylinder is placed in a horizontal position, running lengthwise of the chamber, made of iron, having a smooth inner surface, about four feet in length by three feet in diameter. Corresponding to this is an upper half, which serves as a cover after the amalgam has been placed in the lower one. A pipe from this passes through the wall of the retort to a condenser outside of it which receives the vapor—the condenser further communicating with an outside vessel fitted for the reception of the quicksilver.

The amalgam is now placed in a number of small half-cylinders about ten inches in length, each having a central partition running lengthwise of it, and all closely fitting into the lower half-cylinder of the chamber. With these cylinders in place, the cover securely fastened, and a fire built in the furnace below, retorting commences.

Great care is taken that the heat applied to the amalgam be regular, also of a low degree: otherwise there is danger of an explosion, usually destructive, and sometimes fatal in its results. A case in question is duly recorded in the annals of the Blue Gravel; but, further than opening the wall of the retort in several places, and routing the men from the room by the escaping vapor, it did no serious damage. This process generally takes about eight hours, and is one of the most disagreeable in the whole range of mining. No matter how great the precaution taken, some of the vapor escapes, and is breathed in by the workmen. Thus it is that salivation often occurs. Men are troubled, too, with throat or lung difficulties for weeks after the operation, and diseases may be contracted of mercurial origin, and therefore almost incurable.

When retorted, the gold is in small, porous loaves of a dull, metallic lustre, and very firmly cohesive—so much so that it can only be fitted for "smelting" by means of a cold-chisel, which, under the stroke of a heavy hammer, breaks and cuts it in pieces.

For the purpose of smelting, a furnace is sometimes arranged with two compartments, as is the case in the Blue Gravel Mine. This furnace is built of brick, with two cavities about eighteen inches in diameter by the same in depth, being separated from each other by a strong brick partition, and are circular in form, to give a more even heat, which is obtained from a coke-fire built in the bottom of the furnace.

The broken loaves are then placed in crucibles about ten inches in height and five inches in diameter, having the form of a common bowl, and made of black

sand. After being filled, borax is added, as the crevices permit, which frees the gold from impurities, and the crucibles are placed on the hot coke-fires of the furnaces. Additions of gold and borax are made to that in the crucibles at different times, until the smelter is satisfied that the bar will be of the usual size. Each crucible is also skimmed several times with a small, coiled wire that takes up the refuse matter which may rise to the top of the melted gold. An hour fits the gold for the mold, and nothing can be more beautiful than its appearance at this time. The color is not unlike that of a burning gas-jet, but it has a brilliancy far surpassing it. One who has seen it at this period need not wonder at the rise of that old Alchemy whose birth, and life, and death it proved to be. Poured into the mold, it instantly changes to a dull, lustreless color, covered with black specks, and full of ugly little holes that mar its beauty and injure its sale.

With the gold in bars, which have an average weight of 250 ounces, with a valuation of $19 per ounce, the "clean-up" is completed; and we notice, as the next and last important features of the mines, those of drifting and blasting.

By "drifting" is meant the work of running the small tunnels into the face of the bank. These are of different lengths, according to the amount of dirt intended to be loosened, and have a uniform size of four feet in height by three in width. Work is continued upon them day and night during all the week, except Sunday—one man working at a time, and he in a disagreeable manner, as he can have choice of but two positions: one, a seat on an empty powder-keg, and the other, on his knees. He generally takes both by way of variety.

When he has loosened a few wheelbarrows of dirt, he finds a temporary relief in wheeling the dirt out of the drift. After running a given number of feet, the main drift is capped by a shorter one, running at right-angles with it. When this is completed, the drift is ready for loading. This is generally done by the foreman of the claim, assisted by one or two of the men. The powder is brought in kegs from the powder-house, on a rack made for the purpose, which is thoroughly lined with zinc, to prevent the lodgment of grains of powder in the wood, thereby causing explosion. The rack will contain from six to eight kegs, and is carried to the drift by two men. About fifty kegs are used, to load a common-sized drift, or twelve hundred and fifty pounds. The powder is deposited keg by keg in the given drift, in a horizontal position, until the cap-drift, and a few feet of the main one, are filled. A keg is then opened, and the end of a quarter-inch fuse imbedded in the powder. This fuse is inclosed in boxes, six or eight feet in length, which serve to protect it, while the men are tamping. The fuse being thus inclosed, tamping commences. The dirt that came from the drift was first carefully packed around the boxes that protect the fuse, and then throughout the drift. Tamping finished, the fuse is lighted at leisure, and the blast goes off.

In most instances, a blast is successful, but occasionally one will blow out, leveling every thing that may stand in its way. A case of this kind happened in the Blue Gravel Mine, a few years since, ruining all of the buildings in the mine.

The largest blast ever put off in this mining district, was fired in the Randlin Claim sometime in May, of 1869. It consisted of 1,500 kegs of powder, or 37,500 pounds, and was the chief topic of interest in the village for months before the occurrence. All manner of predictions could be heard in relation to it, the most opposite and the most improbable: it must blow out; it could not upheave such an amount of dirt as it must loosen in order to be successful. The blast in question lay at the foot of

a mountain-ridge which formed the eastern boundary of the village. It had a fine command of the whole prospect; and if mischief were in it, there was no reason why it shouldn't show itself. So it grew into a fact, with some, that a day of disaster was not far distant. But the morning of the fatal day came. It was cloudy and hot, almost murky. The goats on the mountain-side were quietly standing about in the bunches of *chaparral;* the quails in the ravines below forgot to whistle; all the trees on the hill-side were motionless and noiseless, and nothing broke the silence but the sound of blasts in distant claims, or the hurried exclamations of the villagers, who awaited the calamity—some, with eager, fearful interest, but more, perhaps, with that dare-devil and care-for-nothing spirit, which so often comes to us in the time of impending danger.

Eight o'clock A.M., and a messenger is sent through the village, who states that the blast will be fired at eleven A.M. An hour later, and the time is extended to twelve M. At eleven, suspense begins to deepen. Those living near the blast find places of safety in the farther end of the village, or on the side of the mountain overlooking the town. The windows of the houses in Sucker Flat proper are whitened with human faces. They gather in groups on the side of the hill, below the store, and its large, back porch is jammed with men and boys. Wherever there is standing-room, giving a view of the mine, and thought to be reasonably safe, human forms may be seen, with eager, anxious faces, looking out to the base of the mountain. At half-past eleven, preparations commence in earnest. Three men go slowly up the hill, who seem to be fixing something along the bank. They are laying a wire from the blast to a position on the hill above it.

"A wire? and what for?" asks one.

"'Tis a 'lectricity thing," is answered.

"And how long does it take it to burn, mon?" he asks again, little dreaming that a current of the fluid has circled the earth a half-dozen times while he asks the question.

The answer ranks the question in intelligence: "Oh! about three minutes. I guess, mon."

The wire is laid. They have reached the battery, and are now working about it. "Fifteen minutes of twelve," sings out a lusty-throated fellow, who is keeping time for us. "Hold your hats, boys. I can feel the breath of the thing already." "Only five minutes," he shouts again, and, with this announcement, a general commotion is manifest. One man fixes to jump from the platform; another finds his friend a much better bulwark than base; a third steps into the store, daring to take but a one-eye peep at it: and each seems to find something about his position that is specially uncomfortable. "One minute"—a profound hush creeps over us. "*Twelve o'clock!*" The man at the battery is making a signal. 'Tis answered by a shrill cry from the whistle on our left. Hardly a minute passes, when the foot-hill of the mountain reaches up toward the top, then settles down as swiftly, o'ertoppling large trees, engulfing old cabins, destroying every thing about it.

And the anxious audience. "Bah!" says the time-keeper; "it didn't begin to equal a three-hundred-keg, Blue-Gravel sensation." Not a hat was lost—not a man was shaken. "The biggest cheat of the diggings," is written on nearly every countenance.

The blast, however, has been most successful—never better on record. It has shown, also, the safety and economy of firing with electric currents—a method that must supersede all others, when it is more fully appreciated

This article would be quite incomplete without some reference to the amount

produced since the opening of the mines; and we may say, too, that it can only be an approximate one, based upon the amount produced by the Blue Gravel Mine from the time of its opening up to date, or May, 1870.

This mine commenced operations in 1853, and during the nine succeeding years the amount taken from it was $315,000. This was prior to and during the building of the main tunnel, and was all used for current expenses. In 1864 the tunnel was completed, and the showing becomes more favorable; for, during the forty-three months that followed, the amount was $837,000, or an average of $19,465.51 per month. The net earnings during the same time were $627,000; the cost of operating the mine being $5,000 per month, with $61,000 used for improvements. From 1868 to 1870 and date, or about three years, the amount (given approximately) will hardly equal the former average. Taking $16,000 as the monthly product, which is probably a moderate estimate, we have $576,000. Granting this estimate, the gross product of the mine, from 1853 to 1870 and date, is $1,728,000.

The mines of Timbuctoo, a half-mile west of the Blue Gravel, have been worked for a longer period, and, though not now equally rich, if we include one or two intervening claims, have probably produced $2,000,000. And since the opening of the Blue Gravel, which proved the richness of the leads eastward, several claims have been started, and, though worked under discouraging circumstances, must have produced $260,000.

From all of which it will be seen that nearly $4,000,000 may be given as the product of the mines up to May, 1870.

Nor are the mines, as a whole, decreasing in value. The promise of the past is the promise of the future. If results *have* been encouraging, they *may* be fabulous. There are fields above and below unoccupied. It needs, simply, that capital, energy, and practical mining experience combine, to make this second to no hydraulic region in the State. The wealth is here, and it remains to be seen whether the forces that produce it are to bless with their coming and successful working. If they come—if the four tunnels already begun are completed—if new fields are opened, as they may be—a new era shall dawn upon all of those interested. And when that era dawns, Spirit of Aladdin! who shall say what then?

OUR SCOUT TO BLACK CAÑON.

ALL the American world is aware that the part California assumed, or rather endured, during the Rebellion, was comparatively of a passive character. No one who knows her history during that time but will give her credit for possessing and exhibiting fire, energy, fidelity, and liberality equally with any of her sister States; but she was not called upon for any of those huge sacrifices of life incidental to the immediate sections of the battle-grounds of the nation's life-and-death struggle, and has therefore to comfort and console herself by remembering that high authority has pronounced, "They also serve who only watch and wait."

But that this watching and waiting were often very wearying and irksome service, let those bear witness who remember the discontent of the California Volunteers kept in New Mexico for the sole duty of protecting the animated indolence of that Territory against the

Navajo and Apache Indians; and their petition, officers and men, to be allowed the privilege of paying their own expenses to the seat of actual war; anxious at any cost to be partakers in those thrilling events where the actors, making for themselves name and history, began the initial emblazonment of personal escutcheons.

The material composing our State troops was magnificent. Stalwart, big-bearded men, hardened and bronzed by habitual exposure to every vicissitude of a miner's and farmer's life, came forward in such crowds that it was impossible to receive all who applied. I well remember many such scenes at Camp Downey, near Oakland, in 1861, where companies recruited in the mountains, far above the regulation strength, marched up for inspection to that camp; and how grand they seemed to me in their simple, anxious, earnest looks, fearing they would not be wanted. Every man with a valise or carpet-bag; every one well dressed; every one bearing facial testimonials of men who could be trusted to take honest, hearty part in those patriotic services for which they now volunteered. And I also remember the lengthened visages of those rejected, necessarily, by the mustering officer, as being in excess of the company strength, and their strenuous efforts to get in somewhere, being determined not to be left out of the struggle. The testimony of old army-officers, men of the Mexican and Indian wars, is to this day that they were the best men, in every sense of that word, they had ever commanded; and they are even now so indorsed by such veterans as Carleton, Black, A. T. Smith, Sprague, and others.

In the spring of 1862 the California troops had got well forward, and were distributed at various points from Los Angeles to the Rio Grande. Their usefulness and necessity were now apparent in the gradual diminishing of those Indian attacks which, in consequence of the withdrawal of our former troops, had become of frequent occurrence. The Indians had become aware of the schism in the Pale-Face councils, and doubtless knew by experience what such schisms portended. They knew, none better, that a house divided against itself can not stand very long, and reaped a good harvest of plunder by the knowledge, taking the entire contents of several military posts in consequence of our schisms—of which they had a full understanding from their Confederate and Mexican allies.

To counteract this condition of affairs, the California troops were put in garrison at the old posts, and at several new ones. Among the latter was established Fort West, named after Colonel West, of the 1st California Infantry—an officer of great gallantry and some experience. The post was located in the vicinity of the Palo Alto and Santa Rita copper mines; near also to the site of old Fort McLane, and the present Fort Bayard, and about twenty-five miles west of the Mimbres River.

The Gila River—one of those spasmodic streams which, as in all highly porous countries, is one day a rivulet, the next a torrent—takes its rise from the confluence of several streams in the mountains north and east of Fort West. Issuing directly from the Sierra Diablo—a far more diabolical *sierra* than its namesake, whose daily glooms at Benicia only provoke admiration—it takes a sympathetic westward course, to mingle, ultimately, in sweet dalliance with the red, rough, and rugged Colorado, telling that old traveler of all the wonders it has seen, and contributing its samples in admiring tribute. But before it nears the post, there interposes a longitudinal spur of the black, basaltic mountain range from which the river had issued, and "diabolously" is the poor stream thrust on one side, and forced to take a direct dip to the south, until its

persecutor, tired of the contest, bows him down in gradual humility; and then our Gila, curving around in triumphant rush, with accelerated impetus, seeks his normal course, first by the due north, then westing gradually—thus making and leaving a large tract of fertile land, inclosed by its own banks on three sides. The large tongue of land thus formed has been made very productive by the river's meanderings and overflowings; and here one of those speculations, of doubtful use and beneficence—an Apache reservation—has been located.

The location of the post was wisely taken, and in accordance with the views of former military men who had operated in this country: being well placed for easy communication with the many valuable mining-camps of the region—a region in which the tradition of the Red Man and experience of the White have concurred, even to the present day, to describe as unsurpassed in mineral wealth.

It was also well adapted for the recruiting of animals, broken down by service in this sterile country—having good and abundant grass, so that cavalry could be effectively maintained, and ready for instant service against the Apaches, whose favorite country this was. It was here, too, that the warrior, so well known and dreaded—Mangas Colorado, or Red-Sleeve, a name significant of his bloody renown—rode his fierce raids of plunder and death; and here, but a short time after the establishment of the post, and previous to that scout forming the heading of this paper, that he of the red-sleeve met his fate from the bullet of a cavalry Sergeant; not such as such a warrior might be expected to meet, but while drunk, and a prisoner in the guard-house. A wonderful man was Mangas: a mind of steel in a body of iron; a giant, mentally and physically, with all the devilish propensities that giants in all ages have been accredited with.

Six feet four inches in his moccasins; square of shoulder; broad of chest; long of limb; bright of eye; quick of movement—all these told concord with the square, massive jaw, always indicative of immovable resolution.

You should have heard him laugh. No pleasant risibility, like that which used, in Florida, to make Billy Bowlegs' audible smiles the heartiest and merriest noise in our camp, was his: it was a guttural, short bark, of great depth and volume, as though there was much savage oxygen in the caverns whence those portentous sounds issued. Was it that even in a jocular mood, the *animus* of his race mingled with the softer emotions, and thus he laughed as one who "scorned himself that he could laugh;" or that he had a presentiment of evil, even from the hospitality of the White Man, and his laugh was a protest and warning from the spirit-land? Be that as it may, he died here an ignoble death, and he died thus: The white flag had hung amicably from the garrison, visible to a great distance, for several days, before any of the Indians came into camp, from their hiding-places in the surrounding mountains. A squaw came in first—came with great trepidation; she was well-treated, and told to bring others in; next day came men, women, and children; they were fed, and given small presents; but at last came him for whom all the display had been made, the planet of these lesser lights—Mangas, the great.

A few interviews wore off the shyness and suspicion which our visitors habitually indulged in; and they no longer seemed like wild beasts furtively glancing at every movement of our people. Yet neither they nor we relaxed proper vigilance, and it needed no twice telling them to leave camp at sunset. Every morning they would return, eat all they could get, squat on the ground, smoke continually, take all your presents with

that stolid indifference which everywhere prevails among them; watch all your movements, and leave at night as before; neither putting faith in the other, yet behaving decently as in armed truce: and so affairs seemed progressing favorably toward one of those burlesque Indian treaties, whose name is legion and whose nature is as the *mirage* of the desert, being, like them, substantial or unsubstantial, according to the distance preserved. A temporary treaty was, however, desirable to us for several reasons; and as it seemed equally agreeable to Mangas, we managed to keep up amicable appearances for some time.

But Mangas had a weakness for whisky, and *aguardiente* was his Delilah. This article was not as scarce in camp then as it afterward became, when, from our isolation, even food was nearly exhausted; and our visitors took readily all they could get. One day it occurred that Mangas being unusually social, toddies of considerable strength and frequency were wasted on him, at least they seemed to be wasted on his granite brain, until toward evening he, surreptitiously obtaining a bottle full of liquor, swallowed a large portion of it, to the detriment of his locomotive powers, which began to describe curves instead of straight lines.

As he now began to get noisy, and might be troublesome, and as his people had left camp, it was deemed advisable to put him in charge of the guard, who were instructed to take care that in his present condition he did not leave until daylight. Mangas was somewhat indignant, and disposed to resist when the guard led him off: his resistance, however, was maudlin and undecided. Like many others, "protesting he would ne'er consent, consented," he was led off quietly, soon falling into a deep slumber.

The night had far advanced to morning before Mangas awoke, and, as he did so, all his faculties took the alarm. Here he was in the prison and custody of his enemies — men with whom he never kept nor expected faith. In an instant he was on his feet, his eye was on the door; but at that moment the Sergeant of the Guard, loaded carbine at shoulder, stood fronting him. Who shall tell what host of memories crowding their avenging claims upon the soldier's brain stood also in front? Who shall tell what pictures of woe and desolation, for the future as in the past, in which the Apache Chief was the principal figure, moved before the soldier's vision, and nerved his hand and heart to send a bullet surely into the Apache's brain, speeding out of this world a being who equaled in atrocity any of the most pitiless heroes of war? And thus died the red-sleeved Chief. This statement of facts connected with his death will be received with feelings dependent upon the prior education of the reader. If he be an admirer or apologist of the Indian for the part taken by him in his intercourse with our race, and ready to class all or most of his actions as justifiable retaliations, it will receive the usual condemnation accorded to summary dealings with the Indians by our race; but if he or his friends have suffered in person or property by one of their characteristic raids, made, as usual, indiscriminately upon any Pale Face they meet, he most likely will conclude Mangas met a fate well deserved, and was checked by tactics of his own institution or adoption. The Indian well understands the *lex talionis:* so the men of the post often wondered why he should trust himself in their hands after his conduct to them at Apache Pass, now Fort Bowie, in April, 1862. They well remembered the death of their three comrades—Maloney and two others—treacherously slain there while filling their canteens at the spring on the hill, by a portion of this very band, while the others, about two hundred yards distant, were collected for a peace treaty, shak-

ing hands and receiving presents from Captain Fritz, who, with his Company B, 1st California Cavalry, had halted there, *en route* to the Rio Grande. And the sight of those poor fellows lying there dead, frightfully mutilated, stuck full of arrows, scalped, with cheeks torn off by the whiskers, being ever before their view, must not be forgotten when the matter of Mangas' death is under consideration.

Of course after this no more Apaches came near, and life at this post was monotonous as usual, diversified only by careful scrutiny for Indian signs of retaliation, which we daily expected, and by the interest taken in the skeleton of Mangas, as prepared by the Post Surgeon. It was the wonder of all who saw it, and was described by the Surgeon as a marvel of size, symmetry, and closeness of bone texture. The skull was particularly noticeable from the breadth of forehead and jaw, and from possessing two complete sets of teeth in each jaw—a fact said to be almost without parallel. So wide was the lower jaw that nearly any man at the post could put his face inside it without contact.

Opposite our camp, about one mile distant, was a very fertile meadow, on which, guarded by eight men, grazed about four hundred horses and mules, mostly broken-down animals left here to recruit their strength after toiling over the sterile deserts; they also included most of the cavalry horses pertaining to the force at the post. This meadow was in our full view; and the monotony was varied by seeing, one June afternoon, about two o'clock, a party of Indians, not more than twelve, suddenly descend upon the herd, drive in the unthinking guard, who were probably taking a *siesta*, lulled into security, as the Indians intended, by the time elapsing since Mangas' death, successfully stampede, and drive off the entire band of animals.

Imagine our commotion—the running, shouting, and swearing that sprung up, sudden and violent as one of those tall, slender, corkscrew dust-columns, seen here every day in the hot weather, but not like them subsiding ineffectually as they rose.

The first excitement over, the blood cooled down, and military judgment and experience began to show their value; for we had as Post Commander an officer possessing those qualities in an eminent degree. Captain McCleave, of the 1st California Cavalry, was in command; and as his experience in the army included ten years of campaigning in New Mexico, Arizona, and adjoining Indian countries, the present raid upon our stock was one of those events with whose character and consequences, as well as mode of treatment, he was well acquainted. There was, consequently, no flurry in manner or excitement of face to be seen as he walked across the parade-ground, and, meeting Lieutenant French, gave the order to mount soon as possible one hundred men, with five days' rations, for a scout. But those who knew our Commandant well remarked, "There's a devilish look in Mac's eye that foretells stiff work for us: he will have those horses again, or give good reason why."

Nearly all of the required one hundred horses were with the stampeded herd, but several of the old and well-trained animals proved refractory, and the Indians were unable to prevent them returning; these leading others back, sufficient were obtained to mount the command. It was, however, near three hours before we were ready to start, and the delay was most irritating to us all, that the robbers should get so much ahead of us. We all knew "a stern chase is a long chase," and particularly so when a gain of twenty miles would enable the flying foe to enter one of those formidable *cañons* abounding in the country to which they were hastening. But the

delay was unavoidable, for it included catching horses and packing mules with rations; and as it invariably happens that excited teamsters and packers communicate their excitement to the animals, great difficulty was experienced in catching some of the indispensable mules. Neither are American cavalry soldiers like Mexican *vaqueros*, ready at all times for travel with only a few yards of *carne seca* and a bag of *pinole* slung to the saddle-bow; the Mexican is also without those numerous little horse-equipments which the American, having had them issued to him, can not lose, as he would be sure to find them again—on his pay-rolls—as army wags say. At last we were ready, and our strength was: Captain McCleave, Lieutenants French and Latimer, with one hundred men and five days' rations of hard-tack and uncooked salt-pork—the food on pack-mules. Each man had carbine, pistols, and sabre; also, forty rounds of ammunition. Three-fourths of us were badly mounted; but we set off in good spirits, followed by the good wishes and regrets of those who were left behind that they could not also go. At five P.M. we left camp—our course nearly due west toward that far-distant range of mountains bounding our horizon, in some one of whose many *cañons* it was surmised we might find what we sought. Onward we went; our quick walk was soon changed into a trot. The guide, Juan—a Mexican, many years prisoner with the Apaches in these regions—rode at the head in company with McCleave.

The trail was fresh, and very plain; our spirits and blood were warm, not only with the hopes of recovering our losses, but with confidence in our leader; and so for all that night and for three successive days and nights, we rode on without sleep or other food than the packed rations of hard biscuit and raw pork. But we kept on, and not a man fell back, although at least sixty horses, as was expected from their condition at the start, fell down on the way. It seemed almost impossible to traverse a worse road than that which the Indians had, no doubt purposely, chosen to drive the stolen stock. It is a favorite policy with them to choose bad roads in such cases, experience having taught them that the pursuers, both man and beast, easily lose considerable of their initial energy when the pursuit offers continual and increasing difficulty. Thus calculating on the White Man's love of comfort, and the inability of his large and usually fat horses to stand the sudden fatigue, they hasten the spoil forward, killing those who lag behind, and content with getting even one-half of the stolen stock to their strongholds. In this way I have known them to drive a band of ten thousand sheep, stolen in New Mexico, over sixty miles daily, several days in succession, until the route was easily tracked by the dead carcasses. They had evidently adopted this policy on the present occasion, and in following their trail we had to pass over sharp, black, volcanic rocks, half buried in sand-drifts; ascending and descending continually hills so steep that nothing but the imperative necessity of keeping the trail could induce. On our third day of travel many of the horses began to fail. With animals an exhibition of fatigue seems to have a contagious character; and on the present occasion, when the disease was becoming pretty extensive, our Commandant, halting the troop, ordered a detail with instructions to kill all horses unable to keep up with the rest, and to break up the saddles; the riders to accompany us as foot-soldiers. This was promptly done, and before the night of the fourth day's march seventy horses had been thus treated, and there seemed little likelihood that more than ten of the remainder could sustain another day's march. But we all trudged

on, well as we were able, not one stayed behind; and in our greatest fatigue from first to last on the scout, I did not hear a murmur of discontent.

The evening of the fourth day approached, and the road we now entered on was of an improved character, though still broken and stony; but the trail was plain, and our spirits were well up by the reports of our guide, who confidently predicted we should find the Indians in a village well known to him, at the far end of Black River Cañon, whose entrance he indicated by the deeper shades visible in the nearing mountain range. We reached the *cañon's* mouth by sunset; and now, camping near a small stream, enjoyed our first ration of sleep since starting, taking it with great appetite. In the meantime the guide, who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, returned, bringing with him a horse branded "U.S.:" it was at once recognized as one of the stolen stock, and gave good proof of the close proximity of the enemy. The command were allowed four hours' sleep; they were then aroused, and being paraded, were addressed by their leader, who informed them that he was about to find the Indians, who could not be far off; that he should take one-half of the command with him, concluding thus: "Boys, do you want me to tell you how to whip these d—— Indians? 'Tis this: never show them your backs."

If the reader has felt sufficient interest in this sketch to follow up the details of our ride from the fort to this, our camping-ground, at the entrance of the *cañon*, he will remember that our sole sustenance, four days and nights, had been hard bread and raw pork, with but four hours' sleep during that time; that out of the one hundred horses with which we started, but thirty remained alive; and of these but fifteen were capable of further service; and that most of the men had performed two days' journey on foot, with all their accoutrements. And if he seeks to find adequate cause for the spirit and endurance which were so wonderfully exhibited by them under these depressing circumstances, I know of no other solution than that they were personally attached to their leader, and felt not only that he would wisely do all that a man could do, but that he would lead and share freely in the most venturous exploits; and it was this that made and kept every man patient, cheerful, and courageous.

I am speaking of one personally known to thousands of soldiers on this coast; endeared to them by acts brave, kind, and considerate as ever distinguished any soldier, in any age; one who possessed a strong personal magnetism, to influence for good all around him, and whose name is still, in the army which he honors with his services, a synonym for all that is brave, good, and kind. The disposition of our force having been made, we, fifty in number, fifteen of whom were mounted, went forward, led by McCleave and the guide. We had confidently expected to reach, in about five miles of travel, some place overlooking the Indian camp, where we, concealed from view, could remain until daylight, getting vigor into our tired bodies, and be ready for the attack at dawn; but no such good-fortune awaited us. On we trudged, that tedious night, over rocks and hills, mile after mile, until twenty such were passed before the halt was called; when, wet to the skin, for it had rained the entire march, and cold and hungry, we sank down, near the top of a hill whose ever-ascending peaks in our front made us think this one of that kind the poet speaks of as "moving its summit from the tired man's view." Here we rested, and our condition was so deplorable, with wet, fatigue, and hunger, that our leader gave reluctant permission to light a fire, which was soon done, and we

gained strength and comfort from its genial influence. Day was near breaking at this time, and, as the rain had ceased, the morning star was seen to rise in a glory which none can realize but he who has seen it above the clear aurora of an Arizona morning. To observe it better, and to see if the daylight would give us signs of the enemy, some of the men went to the top of the hill—one of them climbing a tall, isolated rock, for the purpose. He was there but a minute; the next, descending, he hastened to McCleave, and revealed the fact of the village being in a valley at the foot of the mountain. Immediately the fires were extinguished, silence was observed, and every man made himself ready for an instant attack. We descended the mountain in a circuitous route, those on foot leading, and the dawning light showed us that our great speed and privation of travel were likely to have a merited reward, for the Indians, not calculating on such rapidity of pursuit, which, in their experience, must have been utterly unparalleled, or, perhaps, expecting no pursuit, were utterly without watch or guard. Most, probably all, of them were asleep in their huts; one or two light smokes, seemingly from fires smoldering through the night—an Indian custom—were issuing lazily from huts, but not a human being could be seen; while, at various points, in easy distance, three distinct bands of horses could be seen, grazing contentedly on the rich herbage of the valley.

Onward we went, silent as our fifteen horses' feet would let us, picking our way around the loose rocks of the path, and scattered so that no measured tramp should defeat our hopes of getting near them unperceived; until, when within about twenty yards of them, a yell was given from their huts, and in an instant all was war. Dark forms, armed with rifles and bows, yelling like wolves, rushed to the hill-sides for safety; but they were quickly met, and paid in their own coin for their late aggressions. Our men had their blood up: hunger, thirst, and fatigue, all vanished with the first ring of the carbine, seconded by the clear trumpet-tones of McCleave's voice, as he led the attack. So we took every chance; but we had surprised the enemy in our turn, our carbines were close and well aimed, and the foe went down before the attacks of our horsemen and foot as snow falls before the sun's heat. Many a personal duel occurred, but in no case were the Indians victorious; and in fifteen minutes we remained sole masters of the field, the Indians who could having fled to the hills above.

Guards were now posted, and, upon a review of the field, about forty bodies of the enemy were counted; while we had not even a wounded man—so violent, sudden, and successful had been our attack. After resting a few minutes, some were sent to bring in the horses we had recovered; while others gathered the spoils of the camp into a heap, and, lighting a fire, made them all into cinders. There were consumed over two tons of dried beef, as much of prepared *mescal*-root, and a quantity of saddles, bridles, blankets, muskets, bows and arrows, and cooking utensils—nearly all of these the product of former robberies. The horses, over three hundred in number, and found to be all of our stock that had not died on the road; many branded cavalry horses, stolen from others, and a small lot of Indian ponies, were collected together and driven in front of us, as we proceeded to retrace our victorious steps. But we had not done with the enemy yet: they had no intention of letting us off without another struggle for victory; and as the herders were passing a wooded *arroyo*, a shower of bullets was poured in at them, resulting in the wounding of private Hall and the death of two horses. It was certainly

owing to the excellent discipline observed that they did not do much more mischief. They had, of course, intended to follow up their fire by a rush to stampede the herd; but this possibility had been foreseen, and the *arroyo* guarded; and though they had lain down in the bushes, and it was not possible to see or prevent their fire, they found such a volley of lead poured among them, and such a fierce rush for their hiding-places, that they again placed safe distance between themselves and us. No further interruption took place, and we returned before evening to the rear-guard left at the entrance of the *cañon*, exhibiting triumphantly the results of our adventure, amidst the hearty congratulations and loudly expressed envy of our luck on the part of those left behind, whose remarks seemed like sweet music, compensating us for the extra fatigue and danger incurred. Our guard were well on the alert that night; but no alarm occurred, and we who had been in the fray were able to get a refreshing night's sleep, previous to starting next morning on the return trip. We took a new route, following the guide, who asserted that by going again up the *cañon* about seven miles, and ascending a hill, we should enter upon a level country, leading directly to camp, and saving two days' travel as well. This was most acceptable news, for we were utterly without food, except a little dried beef, secured from the flames after the fight, by some who were thoughtful for the future. As we advanced up the *cañon*, beyond where our detachment in their night-march had left it, it became evident that we were entering a place requiring all our caution against surprise. An advance-guard, therefore, went cautiously forward, followed—at about one hundred yards' distance—by the main body; then came the herd and a rear-guard. The scenery of the *cañon* was remarkably attractive and romantic; and, at some time when we were not tired, hungry, or expecting an attack, would have awakened all our admiration for its beauties. But now, in its cedar-garnished, high, almost perpendicular walls, jutting out at intervals to meet corresponding depressions of its opposite sides; and in the gloom of its closely approximating heights, which, often not more than twenty-five yards apart, gave delightful coolness to the clear stream at its base, and fed the sweet grass on its banks, we unappreciating soldiers could only see additional reasons and facility for a farewell, hostile attack from our old foe. A heavy storm, too, was threatening us; clouds, dark almost as midnight, having that yellow glare along their edges which sojourners in Arizona know to mean torrents of rain, with thunder and lightning of the heaviest calibre, were gathering and concentrating on the cool air-current of the *cañon;* and soon it came—not, however, as violent in our vicinity as we expected—but, treating us to a few large drops, which fell heavy as incipient ice upon the leaves around, telling us what it could do if it would, it passed on swiftly without further parleying. But not so its electrical train: right over our heads flashed the most vivid lightning, and bellowed the most deafening thunder; then came that well-known succeeding pause, or blank, as though the quivering atmosphere hung in doubtful action, and then—presto!—a volley of fire-arms, aimed at our rear-guard by the Indians, who, crowning the *cañon's* heights, had been, by this most friendly cloud-storm, prevented from noticing that our force had passed, and, not perceiving their error, had fired on our rear-guard.

Again came the tug of war; but this time it was we who were surprised, and in a tight place enough, for the Indians were above us, securely posted behind rocks and trees, and could pick us off at leisure. "Mount the rocks,

boys, and drive those skulkers from their holes, and the rest of you protect them while they climb," shouted McCleave's voice, well heard above all the din: it was done quickly and safely by several, although the climbing was hard, affording but little foot-hold for men with carbines; but they got up somehow, and soon their ringing shots and triumphant shouts told of complete success. Four more Apache warriors paid their last tribute, and the rest of them fled in great haste, giving us up as impracticable, I suppose, for we saw no more Indians during the rest of the journey. One incident of the last fight, seen by all the company, is worth telling: A man named Collins was among the climbers to the top of the rocks; upon getting there, he at once took post behind a rock, and carefully scrutinized around, but for some time without success. He was, however, in good view of his comrades in the *cañon*, who motioned to him that an Indian lay secreted in a certain place. Collins, now stepping partially out from his rock, raised his carbine to his shoulder, shuffled with his feet, and coughed. In an instant, the Indian raised himself to fire, but, as he did so, Collins shot him through the head. Loading quickly, he crept cautiously forward, but soon saw there was no necessity for further hostilities; he therefore contented himself with lifting the body, and crying out, "Stand from under, boys," threw it, amid loud cheers, to his comrades below. I will finish about Collins, by relating that some time afterward, at Fort West, McCleave issued an order, creating Collins a Corporal for his conspicuous bravery on that occasion. Now the duties and honors of a non-commissioned officer, to which he was thus suddenly exalted, had a most appalling prospective effect upon the gallant fellow, who regarded it as any thing but desirable; so, when congratulated on his promotion, he only knitted his brows, and ground his teeth together, swearing, in irrepressible disgust: "I'll be d—— if I kill another Indian as long as I am in the service." The results of this fight were, two horses killed, and Lieutenant French wounded in the thigh. It was, though severe, fortunately only a flesh-wound, and he was not incapacitated for slow riding on horseback. After the skirmish, our guide, leaving the *cañon*, led us up a hill-side, ending in a somewhat level, gently sloping plain; then over rolling hills, covered with cedar and juniper, for about fifteen miles, when we were much pleased to behold, in the distance, the long belt of bright-green cottonwood foliage that marks the course of the Gila in its wanderings, as at a short way beyond its banks lay Camp West, and it was anticipated that, by a little extra exertion, we might get there that night. So we went on cheerfully, despite the situation, and eyes brightened, tongues loosened, and the hoarded "last bit of tobacco," kept for emergency, was brought out and passed liberally around, under the cheering prospect of many well-known, prominent landmarks, indicating our proximity to home. But there came a sudden halt in front; something was evidently wrong; the guide seemed astonished and confounded, the Commandant indignant and disgusted; and, upon riding up, the melancholy truth came out, that our guide, in his eagerness to develop a new and short route, not having made due allowance for probable topographical difficulties, had brought us, by gradual ascent, to the edge of a precipice, skirting north and south, for many miles, the valley in our front, which, though it lay smiling and inviting, was yet impossible of attainment, unless we could safely jump five hundred feet of perpendicular descent.

If ever a body of men were justifiably disgusted with a guide, it was that body; and if ever a set of men were so satu-

rated with disgust as to consider mere words an utterly inadequate way of expressing the fullness of their souls, those returning soldiers were that set; and I presume the angel whose duty it was to put the curses, "not loud, but very, *very* deep," then and there developed, on record, will balance against them the many extenuating circumstances of our condition. But there was no remedy to be found in words of any kind; and, as the geography of our position became fully understood, it was evident to all that our only course was to retrace our entire day's march back to the *cañon* from whence we had that morning started, and from thence take the shortest road to Camp West. A night-camp here, however unfavorable the position, was inevitable; so our horses were all placed in an inclosure, formed by encircling pickets of three men each, in which duty all were detailed, and sleep prohibited. It being a tongue of land, with deep ravines on two sides, the animals were easily kept from straying. A horse was killed for food, and we passed the night cheerfully, though without water, or that great solace of a soldier, tobacco; finding our pleasures in chewing burnt horse-flesh and fighting our battles over again.

The march was resumed next day; we passed safely through the *cañon*, and took our old road on the home-stretch, meeting, on the second day, an escort from the camp with provisions, an ambulance, and medical help. Two days of similar travel brought us into camp, to receive the warm welcome and congratulations of our comrades; and they were so hearty and unmeasured as to compensate for all we had endured.

Lieutenant French soon recovered from his wound; but Hall died in two days after his arrival in camp. His knee was badly shattered by the bullet, and mortification came on rapidly; the difficulty of his position, having to be carried in a litter made of blankets fastened to poles, had made life a burden to him. We gave him a soldier's funeral, moistening his grave with our tears, and decorating it with our regrets.

AT THE HACIENDA.

I know not whom thou may'st be,
Carven on this olive-tree,
"Manuela Della Torre."
For around on broken walls
Summer sun and spring rain falls,
And in vain the low wind calls,
"Manuela Della Torre."

Of thy song no words remain
But the musical refrain,
"Manuela Della Torre."
Yet at night, when winds are still,
Tinkles on the distant hill
A guitar, and words that thrill
Tell to me the old, old story—
Old when first thy charms were sung,
Old when these old walls were young—
Manuela Della Torre.

A DAY ON THE WESER.

TOURISTS who pass through Europe in the old, beaten track, consider Germany sufficiently "done" when the Rhine has been navigated, and the larger cities — Berlin, Dresden, Munich — visited. Of the lovely scenery, lying a little apart from the highway of common travel, nothing is seen or said; and there are spots on the less well-known Weser River, that possess all the beauty and all the charm of romance and tradition, for which the river Rhine is so highly vaunted.

I have in my mind the territory lying on either side of the Weser River, from Nienburg upward to the pass of Porta Westphalica — an enormous cleft in the Weser Mountains, made there, centuries ago, by the water of the Weser breaking through the rocks, and pouring its volumes through this forced channel into the lower-lying land. Just below the pass is the ancient city of Minden, one of the strongest fortresses of modern times, and said to have been the residence of Wittekind, the old Saxon Chief, in the days of the dim, gray Past.

But of Wittekind and Minden, more anon: it is to an old, half-ruined, half-modernized castle, on the banks of the Weser, that I wish to take you at present. Situated on the right of the river, as you come up from Nienburg, it is not more than six or eight miles from here to Minden. Jutting out into the stream, its vaults and dungeons built partly under the water, it is further encompassed by a moat, several hundred feet wide, on the north side, which still extends quite a distance beyond the present limits of the court-yard proper, ere it makes a sharp curve, and loses itself in the fields, which have been formed by filling in the moat, during our "utilitarian" century On the south side, the place was protected by immense walls, which, partly leveled years ago, have been transformed into terraced gardens, where the fragrant lilac, the gaudy tulip, and the sweet-breathed hyacinth nod, and wave, and dream, just above the loop-holes in the walls, that once echoed to the shout of the mailed vassal, or the moan of the shackled prisoner; but now peacefully hold the stores of grain, and garden-fruit, the rich acres bear to the present tenant of the old stronghold.

A passing glimpse that I caught of the round tower, at the north-west corner of the building, had shown me the figures "1549," in splendid Gothic characters, over the low-browed entrance-door; and this date alone, I thought, would warrant my attempt at a description of the place. A prince-bishop's seat originally, it was built at a time when the highest power of the state was in the hands of the prelates — the strength of this now ruined fortress, and the breadth and extent of the domains formerly under contribution to it, proving how mighty this, of all bishoprics, must have been. It is said that, at times, when the walls of Minden were not considered strong enough to withstand storm and attack of the enemy, to *this* place were brought the prisoners and treasures the Lord-bishop was most anxious to hold. Under the terraces, that now give so picturesque an appearance to the south side of the castle, were the casemates, the magazines, and the stables for those mighty war-horses which we look upon with such delight, in the pictures still to be seen in the building. The loop-holes that I have already noticed ap-

pear in two different tiers, upon two sides of the building: under the terraces and around the corner, above the river, from where the brazen tongues of the cannon could leap out across the water, where still more territory was to be protected from the enemies of the prelate reigning within the walls. A specimen of what these walls were, is still to be seen at the end of the building forming the corner where the river flows into the moat. It is colossal, and would furnish ample material for full five miles of sea-wall around Fort Point.

In Luther's time, the town, with the castle of Petershagen, was a place of much greater size than at present; and, next to the bishopric of Bremen, it played a most important part in the religious wars; as, indeed, at all times previous to the dismantling of the fortifications, the fastness must have been a terror to the besieging host. Let us go to the upper terrace, in front of the main entrance (of the present day). It is said that all the land in sight, from this point, on this side of the river and that, at one time belonged to the lord of the castle; and the peasants farming it were in duty bound to deliver their tithes into his granary. Highly favored were these peasants, when, by paying, in money and fruits, their tithes for ten years in advance, at one time, they were afterward at liberty to keep for themselves what they had raised by the sweat of their brow. Not only every tenth sheaf of grain in the field was claimed from the peasant, I am told, but a certain number of eggs from the hens in his barnyard, and sausages and hams from the "porker" he had fatted and killed; and, besides this, he must leave his own ground unplowed and unsown, till "his lordship's" farms and gardens had been put in order by the peasant and his work-cattle. Jurisdiction and law-making were also in the hands of these little kings, who judged and sentenced their subjects before the courts established on their domains. Only since 1848 has this oppression been done away with; long after the time of the prince-bishops, every civil officer under the King who occupied the castle still claimed a certain amount of tithes, and unpaid labor, from the peasants living within a certain distance of the castle.

I almost hated the old, stubborn-looking thing, while listening to the stories of wrongs and cruelties practiced here, under the cloak of religion and cover of the Bishop's hat. And still a flood of sunshine streams into my heart with the memory of a bright, June morning, spent under the linden-trees on the upper terrace. Three hundred years old were these trees, and fastened with iron chains to the walls beyond, so that the wind should not tear them from their time-honored places. Heine says that the *Linden* should be the emblematical tree of the Germans, for every leaf of the foliage is heart-shaped. Not the foliage of these hoary giants alone made them dear to me, though it was very, very beautiful to see the shadow of each leaf, as it moved in the soft wind, falling on, and playing hide-and-seek with, the gray, moss-covered statues, that stood in the niches of the wall.

The ivy clung fast to the wall, and around the pedestal of the stone figures; and the shadow of the linden-leaves flaked the deep niches, and the forms of the gods and nymphs, who had watched, with their sightless eyes, the growth of the once slim striplings, now pelting them with green leaves and snowy blossoms. Not the foliage alone attracted me toward the linden-trees; but the soft, vibrating music of an Æolian harp, hidden among the branches.

Like a new revelation seemed the poetry of Uhland, Wolfgang Müller, Mosen, Arentschild, as I stood under the linden-trees on the terrace, and my eye roamed

"Weit hin über's sonnige Land,"

and well I understood the passionate grief, the bitter *heimweh*, that has dug an early grave for so many a German exiled from his native land.

Directly before me, as I stand with my back toward the river, is a long flight of stone steps leading from the upper terrace to the garden below, from whence we can reach the dusty highway. A row of Italian poplars borders the road on either side, forming a magnificent avenue from the castle to the town. Instead of stepping out on the highway, we will turn to the left, which brings us in view of the moat. Alas for romance! The moat, where not filled in, has been turned into a harbor, which fishermen now utilize in their calling. And here we are before the round tower with the Gothic inscription, "1549," above the entrance. Before we ascend the stairs, let us turn a moment, to look at the old stone-trough by the pump in the court-yard. The pump is an innovation—quite a recent affair, in fact, not more than fifty years old; but the well itself was dug when the castle was first built, and is so deep (I quote tradition) that "if you let yourself down to the water's surface, you can see the stars in the noon-sky." (Now I don't vouch for the truth of this, or any other thing that was told me; but if any one doubt it, he had better go to the spot and try the experiment—the place is not hard to find.) This square court-yard was once the parade-ground: on two sides it is inclosed by the building; the third side looks toward the harbor; and the fourth, looking toward the highway now, was formerly likewise protected by a moat. When on the upper terrace, awhile ago, I thought the building was but two stories above the vaults and cellars; here I count four stories above me. The mystery is solved thus: The terraces themselves form the roof of the casemates and magazines that extend so far out on the south side. Originally the main building had been five stories high; but the upper story was destroyed by fire two hundred years ago, and the subjects of the bishopric, attempting a revolution about the same time, refused to rebuild it in its former style; then later, in the present century, the old roof became so dilapidated that it was found necessary to remove it—a roof of modern red tiles taking its place, and detracting greatly from the antique appearance of the castle. Two of the largest halls are each forty feet wide by one hundred feet long, and twenty-four feet high. In the uppermost hall were held the assemblages of the people belonging to the bishopric, and owing tithes to it. Viewing the lofty hall, I could not help thinking how much I should have liked to witness a gathering of all these peasants, artificers, and tradesmen. Abject as the slavery of that class of people looks to us at this distant time, they must have possessed not only strength and integrity of character, but a certain sturdy independence; for did not Luther spring from this stock and race?

Schloss Petershagen was built when stone-cutting, stone-masonry, and architecture in general, were flourishing: this (north) side of the building exhibits traces of great, but fast-decaying beauty. The long, balustraded galleries and heavy, carved cornices seem to frown darkly on the crowd of plebeian children at play on the green brink, near their father's fishing-nets; and the old tower above looks as though it felt deeply the humiliation of having been "taken down a peg," and brought under the same roof with the rest of the building, in 1828. If we enter the lower story here, we will find the old kitchen, spacious in dimensions, and paved, of course, with flags; next to it was the brewery, and, across the court-yard, the chapel, the granary, and the wine-vaults on the same floor. To judge from the size and capacity of these different institutions, I should say that the garrison might have

held out a good long siege, when vats and bins were well filled, which, I feel sure, the gentlemen who wore the mail-coat over the priestly robe took good care of. Near the kitchen is a heavy, well-secured door: the entrance to the dungeons and cellars underground. Only the upper tier of these cellars is now in use: they are remarkably well finished and well preserved; but the entrance to the dungeons below has been closed, to prevent accidents, since the stairs leading down have crumbled away, and there is no safe passage to reach them. Standing where one of these had formerly existed, a stone thrown below will raise a ghostly clatter among the chains and other remnants of a barbarous past. I am assured in all sincerity that the good Bishops once seated here had a humane trick of bringing their prisoners into these dungeons, fettering them to the chains fastened in the walls for this purpose, and leaving them there to die the easiest way they could. Here, also, is the entrance to a subterranean passage extending from here all the way under the river to a monastery—Lokkum—some two miles away on the other side. When hard besieged, this passage, the entrance to which was not generally known, afforded the Bishops safe retreat to their faithful allies across the stream.

"That was the romantic age," I said to myself as I emerged from the lower world, and my eye passed along the two wings of the house, and rested on the "year of our Lord 1549." But the thing looked grand, it is not to be denied: huge blocks of stone, piled smoothly over each other, and graceful devices in cornice and balustrade, hewn out of the same imperishable material, weather-stained and often dismantled, but glorious still amid the dust of the past and the irreverent light of the new, realistic day. Fallen greatness! Departed glory! I can not help drawing a little sigh as I begin to mount the stone-steps (deeply scooped out, every one, from the "tramp of ages") of the round tower; and I hang my head a little as I think of the white-haired lady, once the mistress of these echoing halls and broad corridors, who has long since found a home on our own shore, and had charged me, particularly, to visit her old *heimath* in the *Vaterland*. I drop my eyes, partly because it makes me sad to think of all the changes that have passed over her venerable head, partly because I had been told that this particular tower was the habitation of one particular ghost, often seen on the narrow gallery running around the tower above, by people who had the hardihood to look up while mounting the winding staircase. A wide gallery connected the tower with large, old-fashioned rooms in the upper, inhabitable story of the castle, with windows looking out on the Weser. I was conducted to the best room, and invited to a seat on the divan, *in the window-sill.* If this sounds like a "traveler's story," I must remind the reader that the walls of the castle were the width of any ordinary-sized room, and a little table and two chairs found room there, besides the divan I occupied. My kindly entertainers always took their after-dinner coffee here; and as they dispose of dinner early in this country, we had still a long, pleasant afternoon before us, and I prepared to listen with eager attention to all that was told me about Petershagen and the surrounding country.

There was at least one tie between me and these people: the love for the gray-haired lady whose home this had been. It was her brother, by the way, who at the breaking out of the last German war was Adjutant-General to the Elector of Hesse; and, loyal to his Prince, was taken prisoner with him and held captive in the Fortress of Minden, only an hour's drive from here. And it was her father who, in 1809, when

the little band of patriots under Schill fought that desperate fight for Germany's liberation, and were defeated, captured, court-martialed, and sentenced to death at Braunschweig, saved the youngest of the number by assisting him to escape. The Baron, I must explain, was a *French* officer at this time, by virtue of the Captain's commission he held from Napoleon's brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia; and these men were rebels against the existing Government, so that he risked his own life in saving that of Schill's youngest officer. Bitterly he must have felt the French yoke, when Schill's men, sentenced to death by a court-martial of their own countrymen, who wore the French uniform, were led forth to execution; and in honor to his memory and his ashes, be it said that, according to the printed records I have read, he, and he alone of all the German officers forced to serve under the usurper, had the courage to withhold his consent from the murder of these men.

And yet farther back into the past we traveled, while the sunshine was dancing on the stream gliding by below, and the tones of the wind-harp came sweeping around the heavy walls and into the open window. Across the Weser all was beauty and repose: green meadows covered with peacefully grazing cattle; clumps of trees dotting the valleys and the banks of the stream; hills in the hazy distance, and the picturesque ruins of what had once been the residence of the steward of the Petershagen domains (the Koppel) in the immediate foreground. The air was balmy; the thin, white clouds floating in the sky threw light shadows on the beautiful German earth; and, when I think back of the land so far behind me now, I break out into Heine's pathetic lament:

> "O Deutschland — meine ferne Liebe!
> Gedenk' ich deiner, wein' ich fast."

But when the ice of the cold, German winter melts under the first soft breath of spring, the scene is altogether different. Then the angry river, throwing off its winter fetters, covers the banks with its muddy waves, and climbs impatiently up to the broad windows of the upper story of the castle; and at such a time it was, long ago, after this domain had passed from the ecclesiastical grasp into the hands of profane rulers, that the lord of the castle had committed the wife of his bosom to the cold embraces of the roaring flood, thus furnishing the round tower with the ghost to which every old tower in this country is entitled. The reason assigned for this ungallant conduct on the part of the "stalwart Knight" was his overweening affection for some other fair one; but tradition says that the spirit of the wife so summarily dispatched gave him little leisure to dream of his new charmer — the spirit having contracted the unpleasant habit of cowering at the foot of his bed every night he attempted to pass in the castle after his "dark deed."

I leaned far out of the window, to see how deep below me was the Weser; and was told that the present height of the castle was 140 feet. Under the window I again saw the two tiers of loop-holes that ran around two sides of the building, and formerly, in continuation, for a mile or two down the stream, in walls and fortifications long since crumbled into dust. Below these loop-holes were other openings through which a spare light was admitted into some of the upper dungeons; in the lower there was eternal night. During the Seven Years' War and the Thirty Years' War, Petershagen held its own; and there is not a foot of ground for miles around to which there is not some historical interest attached: the very ground still yielding to the plowman at labor in the field its hidden treasures of stone-axes and other war implements used by the native Saxons against the Roman invaders. Iron was not known in this Northern Germany — called Saxony then — at that time;

and the swords used by Charlemagne and his warriors were of Roman workmanship. Above Minden, the place is still seen where Wittekind, after his conversion to Christianity, and his own baptism, drove his hordes of pagans—men, women, and children—into the Weser, anxious that they, too, should enjoy the blessing forced upon him at the point of the sword. And when, in turn, other hordes of unbelievers persecuted him and his Christianized people, and he was hard beset, and famishing with thirst on the mountain high above the Weser, his charger, pawing the ground impatiently, struck a spring of clear water that gushed out of the rock, and is still to be seen close by the Wittekind Chapel, on the Margerethen Cluse, at the present day.

Somewhere about this period—750–800—three of the churches to be seen here, and within sight of each other—all three built on rising ground above the river, placed in a triangle, an equal distance between them, equal in height and dimensions, their altar to the south and the steeple to the north—are said to have been built by Charlemagne and Pepin the Short, his father. Indeed, all churches up to the sixteenth century were built so as to front in this manner; and until very lately, the Germans held to the custom of burying their dead with the face turned south—toward Palestine. Still one step can we go backward, while on this ground. There are burial-mounds found here, and all through Lower Saxony, Thuringia, and toward the Netherlands, built by the Huns, always containing a set number of graves—the largest invariably facing the North Star. But these graves do not hold hideous skeletons: only urns with ashes, and sometimes a few little pieces of bone. The bodies were all burned, and the ashes consigned to earthenware urns, which vary in size according to the rank the person held in life.

Retracing our steps to more modern times, we find that some of the most decisive battles were fought on this ground in 1762, during the Seven Years' War. The enemy was defeated here, and the whole French artillery driven, or rather decoyed, into a deep bog, where every man and horse of the outfit perished. The feat is said to have been accomplished in this manner: Native German guides were pressed into service by the enemy, to stretch ropes through a dangerous, swampy territory, by which the vanguard could find the narrow path by night: the intention of the French being to occupy a certain point with their artillery, from where they could surprise the German troops by their fire in the morning. But the guides found means to communicate with some German peasants, and these changed the direction the ropes indicated, so that one gun after another, and horseman after horseman, found a silent grave in the treacherous swamp. Sometime later, Swedes, Prussians, and their English allies fought a battle on the Haller Haide, near Petershagen, and lay encamped in the neighborhood a full season. Up to the present time old flint-lock muskets, horseshoes, and cannon-balls are found on this ground, where the former site of the trenches and breastworks is now to be plainly traced, and even old coins and golden trinkets, finger-rings, and so forth, occasionally fall into the hands of the more fortunate.

Nor has Petershagen been bare of the light which a royal countenance sheds over every thing in a monarchy like this. It is well known, and still the boast of this once important town, that King Frederic the First held Court here, once a year, in the ancient manor-house lying at the other extreme end of the town—a stately place called Bessel's Hof—not so old as Schloss Petershagen, but with a larger number of old paintings, and better-preserved works of art than the other can boast of. Formerly it was the seat of a Prussian Landgrave.

ROAD-MAKING IN THE TROPICS.

NO. I.

ONE of the strangest gaps in modern geographical science is the little knowledge which, after nearly four centuries of explorations and discovery, we possess of the comparatively narrow strip of land that separates the waters of the Pacific from those of the Caribbean. More than three hundred and fifty years ago, Vasco Balboa de Nuñez led his Spaniards across the mountains of Veragua to the discovery of the mighty ocean whose waters cover nearly half the globe, and, a decade later, the conqueror of Mexico himself penetrated to the heart of Honduras, from the north, and Hernandez planted the standard of Spain by the waters of the Lake of Nicaragua; but the explorations thus commenced by the greatest of the *conquistadores* have since found few to continue them, and most of the territory of Central America still remains untrodden by the foot of the White Man. The settled Indian tribes of the Plains, and the Pacific Coast, were indeed reduced to submission to the Spanish Monarchy by the sword of Alvarado and the persuasions of Las Casas, and stately cities sprang up by the Lakes of Managua and Nicaragua, and in the Plains of Guatemala, nearly a century before the *Mayflower* crossed the Atlantic with the Pilgrim Fathers of New England; but neither the wealthy communities that dwelt in those cities, nor the bold adventurers that flocked to the New World in quest of wealth and renown, have made any important addition to our stock of knowledge respecting the wilder parts of the country, which are still almost as little known to us as they were to the followers of Cortez.

The importance of finding or making a direct communication between the Caribbean and the South Sea—as the Pacific continued to be styled down to the days of Cook and Bligh—did not escape the notice of the Spanish Court; and Herrara, the historiographer of Charles the Fifth, pointed out four routes, by which it might be attained, as far back as 1527; but, although those routes have ever since been before the eyes of the world, the question of the practicability of any one of them has never yet been solved, and even the actual existence of a water-communication between the two oceans is still an open question. Considering the limited extent of the territory between Tehuantepec and Panama, the proximity to the ocean of every part of it, and the importance of its position in the highway of commerce for over three hundred years, there seems, at first sight, something inexplicable in the fact of its surface being so little known. Generation after generation of civilized men has grown up, and lived, and passed away, in the flourishing cities of Nicaragua and Guatemala; commerce and learning have lent their aid to their development; the golden treasure of the mines has poured wealth upon them; the war-vessels and merchant-galleons of Spain have sailed up and down the San Juan, and over the waters of the great lake, for century after century, and still the foot of the explorer has scarcely penetrated into the narrow strip of country that separates that lake from the Atlantic. For ages has the wealth of Peru been laboriously carried across the few leagues that divide the Gulf of Panama from the Caribbean, and still

the possibility of spanning those few leagues by a canal is among the unsolved problems of modern science. Every motive that could whet the cupidity, or excite the curiosity of explorers, has tempted the traveler's research—tales of Indian cities buried in the depths of the forests; of natural canals, along which the native *bongos* passed from sea to sea; the known mineral wealth of the country, and the desire of the most powerful monarchs of Europe for its exploration—but all have failed to make us acquainted with the interior of Central America. The Spanish *conquistadores*, the bold buccaneers who made their haunts among the creeks and lagoons of the Mosquito Coast, from the days of Drake and Hawkins down to those of Lafitte, and the restless Yankees themselves, who, for the last twenty-one years, have been seeking a shorter passage between California and the Atlantic than the long voyage around the Horn—all have been, so far, baffled by this mystery-covered land; and now, three hundred and sixty years after De Nuñez bore the standard of Castile into the tide of the Pacific, and claimed its shores and islands as the heritage of his sovereign, we are anxiously waiting the result of the Darien Survey, to know whether the narrow isthmus offers any insurmountable obstacle to "the meeting of the waters" of the two oceans. Since then, the world has been circumnavigated, for the first time in history; Australia, New Zealand, and the countless groups of the Pacific have been discovered; the Nile has revealed its sources to the courage of a Speke; the long-hidden Niger has been traced to its mouth by Park and Lander; Ross has explored the shores of the Antarctic Continent, and McClure solved the problem of the North-west Passage; but still the few hundred square miles of the Isthmus of Darien remain a *terra incognita* to modern science.

A brief experience in the exploration of the Central American forests, however, soon removes any astonishment that one may feel at the little progress that has been hitherto made in ascertaining the conformation of the country. The difficulties thrown in the way of the explorer, by the arid deserts of Africa or Australia, dwindle to insignificance in comparison with those presented by the inexhaustible fertility of Nature in the gorgeous lands of tropical America. Buffon has remarked that while animal life displays its greatest variety and vigor in the Old World, it is in the New that Nature puts forth her greatest wealth of vegetation; and no one who has ever had occasion to force his way through the forests of Central America will feel disposed to question the accuracy of the last part of the assertion, at least. The rank luxuriance of vegetable life, unless constantly checked, obliterates the works of human industry as surely, and almost as rapidly, as the tide sweeps away impressions on the sands of the shore; and under the enervating influence of the climate, and without the stimulus to exertion which a more barren soil, and the fear of want, supply in less-favored lands, man feels little disposed to maintain the contest with Nature. Locating a road, or making a survey in the jungles of Central America, is a very different thing from running the boundary lines of a Government Survey on a Western prairie. The thickness of the underwood and matted creepers, through which it is impossible for even an Indian to force his way without the aid of his *machete;* the wonderful vigor of vegetable growth, which, in the rainy season, seems to put forth a new forest almost as fast as the old is cut away; the slowness with which the most energetic efforts advance under the influence of a tropical climate; the total separation from men involved by a journey of even a few miles into the primeval forest,

where no sign of human habitation or footsteps is to be found, and where a league on foot is a laborious day's journey; the difficulty of conveying provisions; the chances of becoming inextricably involved in marshes, or stricken down by some of the pestilential fevers common in the country; and, finally, the dangers of attack from the jaguars, pumas, or alligators that swarm throughout the wilderness, or of being bitten by some of the venomous reptiles that infest the underwood—all these make even a preliminary survey, or exploration, a very serious undertaking in the uninhabited districts of Central America, and amply account for the little knowledge that has hitherto been obtained of its surface. Nor are the risk and toil involved in making such a survey the only or chief obstacles to the proper exploration of the country; but the amount of information derived from it when made is incomparably less than that furnished by similar works in more temperate regions. The density of the forests renders the cutting of a track through them a mere groping in the dark for the best route; and one may make a dozen such in the width of a league or two, without striking the most practical grade for any proposed work. Neither do previous explorations give much aid to subsequent surveys, as a rainy season or two suffices to cover all traces of them with a fresh growth of jungle, which soon becomes undistinguishable from the rest of the forest. Thus the military roads, made through Nicaragua by the contending parties during Walker's occupation of the country, have now completely disappeared; and even cuttings made in 1865 had been almost obliterated two years afterward, when work was resumed upon them. In such a country, it is natural to expect that any engineering works, even the smallest, can only be carried out at a large expenditure of capital and labor, and those that are actually undertaken are proportionately few: so a sketch of the proceedings of one, taken from the diary of one of the engineers engaged on it, may not be devoid of interest.

The cessation of the murderous civil wars which had so long desolated Central America, and the establishment of something like a settled Government in its various States, gave birth, a few years ago, to several schemes for establishing new communications between the Pacific and the Caribbean. Honduras, Costa Rica, and Nicaragua—the three States which possessed ports on both seas—were all anxious to divert a part of the traffic that was then flowing across the Panama Railroad, to their own territory, and each of them organized canal or railroad projects to attain that object. Nicaragua, thanks to the facilities offered by the San Juan for traveling by water through her territory, had always enjoyed a share in the California travel; and as the silting up of that river threatened to deprive her of the advantage she had hitherto enjoyed over her neighbors, the Nicaraguan Government was peculiarly anxious for the construction of a railroad between the Lake of Nicaragua and the Atlantic shore. The distance to be crossed scarcely exceeds a hundred miles; but the nature of the country was utterly unknown, and, indeed, with the exception of a few independent tribes of Indians along the banks of the rivers, it is entirely uninhabited by man. The whole civilized population of the republic, both White and Indian, is collected on the Pacific slope of the country, Greytown being the only settlement of any size on the Caribbean Coast, which, in the days of Spanish rule, was the favorite haunt of the English, Dutch, and French buccaneers; and, subsequently to the establishment of independence, was claimed by England in the name of the mock monarch of Mosquito. An exploration

of this wilderness was therefore necessary, as a first step, before any project of a railroad through it could command the attention of capitalists; and attempts were made by English and American surveyors to cut a passage through it, in 1863 and 1865, but in both cases without success, the surveying parties being driven back by want of provisions before they could complete their work. The importance of ascertaining the nature of the country was, however, too great to allow of the scheme being readily let drop, and, in 1867, Captain Pim, a retired officer of the English Navy, having obtained a valuable railroad concession from Nicaragua, and money support from Mr. Webb and other New York capitalists, determined to make another attempt to accomplish the survey. The banks of the Rio Rama, which falls into the sea about thirty-five miles north of Greytown, had been already surveyed for some distance, and it was believed that the distance between the upper part of the course and the shores of the lake could not exceed fifty miles, a survey of which, if no unforeseen obstacles existed, might be accomplished by a strong party in a few months. Mr. Collinson, an English engineer of high professional standing, who had been already employed on the survey of the Rama in 1863, undertook to cut a track from San Miguelito, on the shores of the lake, to the Rama; and the work was commenced at the former village, toward the end of February, 1867.

San Miguelito itself is a mere collection of Indian huts; but its proximity to San Carlos, the head of the San Juan, rendered it suitable for a provision station. The party was what would have been considered a strong one in another climate—consisting of about a dozen native laborers, besides the two engineers, Collinson and Deering, the latter of whom took charge of the actual work of surveying, while the former attended to the supplying of provisions and men, and exercised a general supervision. Nevertheless, it was subsequently found necessary to materially increase its numbers, in order to finish the work before the commencement of the rainy season, which there commences about the beginning of June, and which renders it almost impossible to continue any work in the woods during its continuance. About one-half of the natives employed were Caribs, from the Honduras Coast, who make excellent woodmen, and, in strength and activity, are fully equal to the best White lumbermen. They are the remnant of the formidable nation which once occupied most of the smaller West Indian Islands, and who, after long wars, were removed to this coast by the Spanish Government. They are entirely distinct from the Mosquitoes, who are a mixture of the Negroes brought there by the buccaneers and the native tribes. The rest of the party were the ordinary Indian or half-breed laborers, of Nicaragua—who, though inferior to the Caribs in physical strength, proved industrious and easily managed workmen—with a black cook from Jamaica. The latter, after a short experience of the nature of his duties, was never weary of bemoaning his hard luck in having to serve a parcel of Indians; and the Caribs, it must be confessed, showed themselves decidedly fastidious in their culinary tastes: the most refined Parisian epicure could hardly criticise his cook's performances more severely than those half-naked children of the forest did theirs; and, in fact, they looked upon the style of eating of the White Men with a strong feeling of disgust. Moreover, their criticisms were not confined to words alone, but were occasionally enforced by the weight of their fists and sticks; and the leaders had more than once to rescue the unlucky *chef* from the merciless pommelings bestowed on him, in requital for his failure to please

Carib palates. With the exception of this curious development of the irrepressible conflict between Negro and Indian tastes, however, there was no cause to complain of disputes among the party; and, by dint of coaxing and promises, Watson, the Negro, was easily induced to forget his bruises, and continue to render his services until the end of the survey.

The first part of the proposed road lay through the savannas which fringe the edge of the lake, and occasionally extend several miles inland; and as the obstacles to be overcome on them consisted mainly of the long grass, which rises to a height of eight or ten feet, with a few clumps of trees scattered through it, the work advanced with considerable rapidity. The sun-baked nature of the soil, the burning heat, and, above all, the want of water, however, made the work very severe and painful, especially to the White engineers. For two or three days a supply was brought from the lake, but as the distance from San Miguelito became greater, the party was obliged to depend on the few stagnant pools they met with, and which were the chosen haunt of the tapirs, or *dantas*. This liquid, in which the brutes had been wallowing a few hours previously, had to be used for washing, cooking, and drinking, and its ill effects soon began to tell upon the health of one of the engineers. *Garrapatas*, or ticks, hornets, ants, jiggers, and all the other insect pests of the tropics, swarmed in those savannas, and waged unceasing war upon the invaders of their domain. Whites and Indians alike suffered from their attacks, and so painful were the stings of some of the insects that it was not uncommon to see the stoutest Indians howling and writhing in agony from their effects. The large, black ants were especially troublesome, and even clothing was an inadequate defense against their bites. It was, therefore, with feelings of satisfaction that the party, on the eighth day after leaving San Miguelito, entered the forest which stretches thence down to the shores of the Caribbean, and in which they had at least less to suffer from their insect foes. The heat, too, was less insupportable under the shade of the lofty trees than it had been in the savannas; and with the help of mosquito-bars, which form an indispensable adjunct to "camping-out" life in those regions, it was generally possible to enjoy sleep of nights. Mosquito-bars, be it added, were a portion of civilization fully appreciated by the epicurean Caribs, who, indeed, displayed in general a regard for their own creature comforts fully as strong as that of the most egoistic of the superior race; and it was necessary to furnish each of them with an adequate supply of those luxuries, much to the disgust of Collinson, who regarded such aspirations on their part as a piece of insufferable impudence.

When the party had fairly entered the forest, the nature of their work and its difficulties underwent a material change. The progress of the cutting party through the tangled mass of vegetation — vines, *bejucos*, prickly-pear, and other parasitical plants that cover the soil so thickly that it is generally impossible to advance a yard without the aid of the *machete* — became extremely slow, especially, as in order to preserve the line of the route exactly, it was constantly necessary to fell heavy forest-trees that barred the way. For some days after entering the forest the trees were chiefly various kinds of palms and other endogens; but as they advanced up the mountain chain that forms the water-shed between the lake and the Caribbean, numerous timber trees began to appear. Half a mile was often as much as could be accomplished in a day by the assiduous labor of all hands; and the slowness with which the work advanced naturally caused considerable anxiety about the possibility of

finishing it before the rains, if the same character of vegetation should continue all through. However, in spite of these obstacles, the shade afforded by the trees — which were so thick as completely to exclude the sun's rays — and the greater abundance of water, made the work in the forest less disagreeable than it had been in the savannas. It was some days before the party met with any running streams or springs; but the *bejuco*-vine, when freshly cut, yields a moderate supply of cool liquid from its stem, which enabled the party to satisfy their thirst tolerably well. Snakes, which had been a cause of some apprehension, owing to the peculiarly deadly character of some of the species found in those woods, gave but little trouble—incomparably less than would have been the case in an Asiatic or Australian jungle; and the deadly coral-snake, whose bite is certain death within an hour, only crossed their path two or three times during the three months they were engaged in the forest.

Indeed, in the depth of the forest there was a remarkable absence of animal life in any of its forms higher than insects; and for the first three weeks of the expedition, scarcely any quadrupeds or birds were seen, except a few wild turkeys. The natives accounted for this scarcity of game by a terrific tornado which had swept over the country two years before, destroying the animals along with the forests that sheltered them; but from whatever cause arising, the scarcity certainly existed, and added considerably to the difficulty of subsisting the party during the survey.

The plain bordering the lake does not extend far inland, and about twelve miles from San Miguelito the route began to cross various spurs of the dividing range, and at the same time the forest underwent a considerable modification in its character. India-rubber-trees, cedars, lance-wood, and mahoganies now formed a considerable part of it, and the hardness of most of the woods offered immense labor to the cutters. The Nicaraguan *machete* is in shape something like a very long hunting-knife, and, in the hands of those accustomed to its use, is a most effective instrument for cutting down brush or saplings, though inferior to an axe for felling large timber. Two of the Caribs, however, were provided with American axes for the latter purpose, and used them with the skill given by long practice in the mahogany cuttings, so that the advance was fully as rapid as could be made by any White laborers. Nevertheless, a month after leaving San Miguelito, it was found that the rate of progress altogether had been less than three-quarters of a mile daily, even including the progress made in crossing the savannas. The steepness of the hills, and the hardness of the trees in the woods through which they were now passing, would have made a considerable diminution in this rate had it not been for the arrival of several fresh laborers, both Caribs and Nicaraguans, who reached the camp just as they commenced to ascend the dividing range. With this reinforcement, a rate of over half a mile a day was steadily maintained up to the end of March, when the party had advanced about twenty-two miles from their starting-point at San Miguelito.

MEXICAN BANDITS.

ABOUT seventy miles south-west of the city of Puebla, there lies a pretty little town, rejoicing in the rather difficult name (to Anglo-Saxons) of San Juan Iscaquixtla. Pleasantly situated at the foot of a broken range of hills rising off the table-land, its climate is delicious — never too warm, nor too cold; and, as the traveler approaches it from Puebla, he passes through extensive fields of maize, varied here and there by an occasional patch of *frijoles*, or beans. The hills themselves present rather a dreary and monotonous aspect, as they are chiefly covered by the stunted palm— very useful to the Indians for the manufacture of *petates*, or mats, but not very beautiful, taken from a picturesque point of view; here and there the tall and solitary *organo* raises its slender head above a few thorny shrubs, which afford pasture to various herds of goats and sheep. One would imagine that these animals would have been allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of those bleak ranges; but they had for companions far more dangerous creatures than either wild-cats or wolves — Mexican bandits. For these, the very loneliness and broken nature of the range possess a charm: they know every path, every gully, every nook, in these convenient hiding-places; and woe betide the unfortunate who, having fallen in with a band of these freebooters, thinks to escape by taking across country. He suddenly finds himself on the brink of a deep *barranca*, or gully, whose perpendicular sides render the descent impossible, except at certain places, well known to the *ladrones*, but not to the unlucky wretch, who would give half his fortune to find one. These hills were, toward the close of last year, the scene of a fearful tragedy, which I will endeavor to relate in as few words as possible, simply remarking that this is no imaginary tale, as several of the actors were personally known to the writer.

About eight miles from San Juan lies the *rancho* of "Barragan," belonging, at the time of which I write, to a very hard-working and greatly respected old Indian, named Cirilo Gil. This old man, who could neither read nor write, had been *mayordomo*, or manager, of a small goat-run, and had, while in that position, managed to scrape together a few thousand dollars — thanks to untiring industry and perseverance. With this money he rented a small cattle-run, was very fortunate in all his ventures, and soon found himself in possession of such capital that he was enabled to purchase Barragan. A new life was now opened to the self-made proprietor: he experienced all the pleasure of a child with a new toy in being from daylight to sunset in *his* fields, in the midst of his *peones*, as the Indian laborers are termed; and, under his vigilant superintendence, and animated by his untiring zeal and example, these *peones* soon had the satisfaction of hearing that praise so dear to the true husbandman; for Barragan was spoken of as one of the finest and most prosperous *ranchos* in the district. Fortune, though proverbially so fickle, stuck firm to old Gil, and he soon proved himself to be no unworthy object of her favors. The wretched little *sacate* hut was replaced by one of those plain, but solid *adobe* houses familiar to all who have traveled in Mexico—a large, square, one-story building, in the centre of which is the *patio*, or court-yard, into which

open all the rooms, the only entrance to the whole being the *zaguan*, a pair of huge, massive, wooden doors; on either side being the chief rooms—the *sala* and the office. According to the custom of the country, the farm-hands ought, also, to have moved their dwellings; but it was not done, and they continued to live on at the old place, *rancho viejo*—a great mistake, as the sequel will show.

Years rolled on, and Gil found himself the father of no less than twenty children. Like a true *ranchero*, he had a wholesome horror of the corrupt state of large towns, and, consequently, his sons received but little education—no more, in fact, than was to be had in San Juan; but, on the other hand, they grew to be daring and splendid riders—took a pride in owning the finest horses, and the best fighting-cocks, in the district—and would sit for hours over the gaming-table, watching and speculating on the chances of *monte*—that fascinating, but dangerous game, so dear to the Mexicans. Perfectly satisfied with their father's able management of the estate, none of them cared to interfere, and so it was by a rare chance they ever assembled at home: some would be off to a Fair with cattle; others would be in attendance at some *fiesta*—no matter how far away—and supremely happy in the bull-ring, leaving only two or three with their father. The sisters had all married, and a cook and her aid were the only female inmates of Barragan. But the fame of their wealth—enormously exaggerated, of course—soon began to be spoken of; and many were the friendly warnings given to Don Cirilo, not to continue his solitary life on the *rancho:* he was strongly advised to live even in San Juan, or anywhere where danger from the *plagiarios* (kidnapers) was less imminent; but he turned a deaf ear to all these wholesome counsels—contenting himself with investing in a few rifles, and having a man constantly stationed on the *azotea*, or roof, as lookout.

The year 1869 was fast drawing to its close; and what was the condition of the State of Puebla? In the Sierra, a strong force of Indians had pronounced against the Government, and, headed by one Juan Francisco Lucas, a brave, but unprincipled chief, kept the division of General Alatorre fully employed. On the other side, toward Matamoras Izucar, numerous bands of banditti kept the rural guards on the *qui vive*, but these were but few in number—quite inadequate to face the situation—and traveling had become a matter of great danger, owing to the roads not being sufficiently guarded. Among those who kept the road from Puebla to San Juan, and all the adjacent country, in terror, were two bold Captains of bands—one of them named Manuel Villa, the other Camilo Bravo. These, at the head of some thirty men each, levied black-mail on all passers; and if any thing fell in their way, such as a well-to-do *ranchero*, they carried him off to the hills and there detained him till a ransom was paid. The absence of the troops allowed them to act almost with impunity, and soon they cast their longing eyes on Gil and the *rancho* of Barragan. Gil was supposed at this time to be worth from $250,000 to $300,000, and would therefore be a great prize; but how to get at him? He never left his *rancho;* at night a guard was mounted, and the *zaguan* was thick, well locked, and barred. Villa and Bravo put their heads together, resolving to unite their bands to make success doubly sure; but these two worthies could not agree as to the best means of effecting their purpose: each wanted to be leader, and as neither would give way, Villa at last retired in disgust, leaving Bravo to his own resources. But the latter was not to be so easily balked of a good prey: he soon found a man named Paulino Noriega, who fell readily

into his views, allured by so tempting a booty, and forthwith active preparations were made to insure a successful issue. To Bravo was intrusted the management of every thing; and this wily bandit, to throw a better blind over his intentions, removed a long distance with all his band; lulling the inhabitants of San Juan and the adjacent *ranchos* into a false sense of security; fondly imagining that Bravo, convinced that the terror of his name had caused the roads in that neighborhood to be deserted, had gone in search of more lucrative thoroughfares. In the meanwhile, our plotters were not idle: they recruited men, and their spies penetrated into the very house at Barragan, so that the manners and customs of the Gil family were perfectly well known to them. All was ready, and they only waited now for an opportunity. It soon presented itself.

Early in the month of December, the *rancho* was left almost alone. The young men, as well as most of the *peones*, had gone off to attend a *fiesta* at some distance, leaving Don Cirilo, his eldest son Pepe (José), and the youngest at home. The old man was rather unwell. He was now over eighty, and age, added to sickness, had somewhat soured his once even temper. Pepe wished to retain a guard of picked men in the house, understanding the danger they would be exposed to in being left thus solitary, but his father would not hear of such a thing. "Who," said he, peevishly, "is likely to come and harm us? Have I ever done ill to any one? Do I ever refuse hospitality to strangers, or aid to my *peones?* Who, then, would attack *me?*" All was done according to the old man's wish, and away went a large and merry troop, bent on enjoyment; little thinking they were never again to behold — these, their father; those, their master, alive or dead.

That very night was the one chosen by Bravo and Noriega for their expedition; and silently they wended their way over the hills and through the *barrancas*, generally so peaceful, now alive with so many scoundrels of the worst kind.

Between eighty and ninety men assembled at last, at about ten P. M., close to the house, and a careful survey was made. Every thing was quiet: the few inmates were at rest, and the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night were the gentle lowing of the cattle in an adjacent *corral*, the occasional distant howl of the *coyote*, the almost unearthly screech of the owl — answered by the barking of the dogs. Cautiously was the advance made, and at last every thing was ready: a chain was formed all around the house, and a small picket thrown out to prevent any chance of assistance from the side where lay the cluster of houses of the farm-hands. The only danger now lay in being seen by the sentry on the roof as they scaled the wall; but here again the demon of Evil had befriended them. The usual guardian was ill, and Gil's youngest son, a boy some fifteen years old, (whose name I forget, but whom we will call Juan) had been put on the lookout. Poor Juan, unaccustomed to such lonely work, had soon fallen asleep; and, with his rifle in his lap, was peacefully dreaming of the great things that *he* would do, later on, in the bull-ring, when he was suddenly awakened by a pair of rough hands grasping him by the throat. Overcome by terror, he was unable to utter a cry; and in a few seconds he was gagged, blindfolded, and tied so as to render any chance of assistance from him hopeless; they then took his rifle, and, in a few moments, several dark forms were on the roof. The light ladder by which they had mounted served them for the descent to the *patio;* and thus a picked body, headed by Noriega, were safely in the heart of the enemy's stronghold — Bravo having taken upon himself the duty of cutting off the retreat, and preventing the

arrival of assistance. The dogs — of which there are always plenty in a Mexican farm-house — gave the first alarm, their shrill barking breaking inharmoniously on the still night; but it was too late. To rush to the *zaguan*, overcome and knife the porter, possess themselves of his keys, and open wide the gates to their comrades, was, for these bandits, the work of an instant; and then, but not till then, were the doomed inmates aroused to a sense of their danger. Pepe was the first to spring from bed, and a glance showed him what had happened. He rushed to his weapons, but at that moment his door yielded to the ponderous blows dealt on it by the invaders; and in they poured, overpowering and making him secure in an instant. All attempt at concealment being now thrown off, most of the ruffians dispersed over the house, bent on pillage, and yelling and shouting like demons. Noriega himself and his men looking only for *the* prize, Don Cirilo, they brutally asked Pepe, "Where is your father?" "Not in the house," was his answer, he hoping to gain time to let his father hide; but one of his captors roared out, "*Mentira!*" ("You lie!") and, striking him a heavy blow with the butt-end of a pistol, laid him senseless on the floor. Two or three grooms, who had remained to attend on the *amos* (masters), had now turned out armed; and, with the devotion of Mexican servants toward their employers, had generously resolved to defend Don Cirilo to their utmost. Sallying forth with a Henry rifle each, they fired, and two of the invaders bit the dust; again they fired, and two more foes fell, but that was all: in an instant they were surrounded and separated, and then ensued a horrible scene of confusion. Owing to the darkness, it was hard to tell friends from foes, and several of the bandits fell wounded by the shots of their own party; but there could be no mistake about the faithful *mozos*, who were fighting desperately. Odds told finally, and they were literally hacked to pieces — struggling to the last. Don Cirilo had slept on till the first shots were exchanged: these woke him, and, starting up, he cried out, "Pepe! Pepe!" but received for answer the shouts and shots of the struggle in the *patio*, and the tramping of the horses passing in and out of the *zaguan*. He at once guessed the truth, and, seeing no hope of escape, resolved to sell his life dearly. Seizing a rifle, he quietly left his room, and entered the *sala*: his appearance was greeted by a yell of triumph, as a freshly lighted torch lit up the place, and the voice of Noriega was heard above the din, exclaiming, "Alive! take him alive!" But that was not the old man's idea: the first man that moved received a bullet, and the same fate befell another. Enraged, one of the bandits cocked a pistol and fired: the ball struck Gil on the head, and he fell, but only to be caught up immediately, carried outside, and thrown across a horse, as if he had been a mere bundle. Once made fast, the order was given to march, for the alarm had now been given in the neighboring huts, and a *vaquero* had galloped off in all haste to San Juan. It would have required the pencil of a Rembrandt to give a faithful idea of the awful scene the *patio* now presented. A few torches shed their lurid and fitful light over this place of horrors. Here, a few bodies, still warm and with a spark of life, uncared for, lay like shadows; but the dark pools of blood only too clearly explained; there, the bandits in the hurry of departure. Imagine, peaceful reader, some fifty or sixty fiends in human form, a black crape veil covering the lower part of their faces — increasing their similarity to the agents of his Satanic Majesty — the broad-brimmed *sombrero* shadowing the upper part, that the uncertain light of the torches would otherwise have revealed; clothed in ev-

ery variety of costume—from the richly embroidered tiger-skin *chaparreras* (leggings) of the chiefs to the simple *calzoneras* (leather trowsers) of their followers; some armed with rifles, others with carbines of every shape and make—most of them with a heavy-dragoon Colt on their belts—and others again with the formidable *machete* hanging to their saddle-heads; mounted on every class of horse, from the proud *campero* to the humble pacer. And this heterogeneous mob had to be assembled and put into some sort of order! No easy matter did it prove; as, on falling in, many riderless horses were yet plunging in the *patio.* Where were their masters? The fate of some few has been told; but many, who only received a certain sum for the expedition, irrespective of results, were engaged in ransacking the various rooms, and appeared at last decked out—some in handsome jackets, others with richly embroidered *sombreros*, and others again with rich, silver-mounted saddles, which were hastily made fast to their own, to be changed at some more convenient hour—but all bent on making the most of the expedition. The wounded were hastily tied to their seats, the order given to march, and this scene of desolation—one short hour ago so quiet and peaceful—was left behind. And yet one poor creature had escaped with life, unnoticed and uncared for—forgotten by all. Poor little Juan had managed, after a few desperate struggles—the first fright over—to free himself from his bonds, badly tied in the excitement of scaling the walls; and he, poor child! had been a horror-struck spectator of the conflict. It had been his lot to see his father (dead as *he* thought) tied to a horse and borne off, and his eldest brother, Pepe, had shared the same fate; he had seen the *mozos*—his companions and play-fellows—shot while trying to aid their masters, and had witnessed the departure of the band. What could *he* do? The pet at home—young, weak, and timid—his only resource was tears; and such was the terror with which the events of this black night had inspired him, that he never even ventured to descend from the roof, but was found there—having cried himself to sleep—when the neighbors from San Juan came to inspect the place.

Once out of the house, no light was needed to guide the party through the hills; but they were not allowed to go altogether unmolested. The *vaquero* had reached San Juan, and had given the alarm; but, unfortunately, most of the men had gone to the same *fiesta* as the sons of Don Cirilo. However, a party of thirty was formed, and hastily arming themselves with such weapons as were most at hand, away they went to the rescue. An hour's ride brought them in sight of the party returning from Barragan; and then took place one of those night-skirmishes, almost fantastical, but fruitless. The townsmen, well mounted, hovered about the retreating band, exchanging pistol-shots incessantly; but soon the robbers struck a path of their own, and thus checked the advance of their pursuers. To amuse them, Bravo detached a small party to cover his retreat, and set off with the main body and his captives in another direction. The ruse—thanks to the darkness—succeeded; and, hearing the galloping of horses on all sides, the San Juan party thought they, in their turn, were to be attacked, and retired in confusion to avoid, as they thought, falling into a trap—not feeling at home in these intricate and dangerous roads. A few parting shots were exchanged, and the bandits, always triumphant, went deeper and deeper into the hills. The unfortunate Don Cirilo had suffered fearfully: the by-way his captors had chosen was but a mere sheep-walk, and the thorn-bushes and branches scratched and tore his face and legs pitilessly. He wished

in vain for death to deliver him from his agony; but he had yet to endure more, though not for long. Toward daylight the party came to a halt among the precipitous and stony *barrancas* of Huehuetlan, a small Indian village; here, it was decided, would be a safe hiding-place for the captives.

When Don Cirilo recovered consciousness, he found himself on a rude camp-bed in a wretched hovel, at the entrance of which stood a sentry—masked, but armed to the teeth. By degrees the captive realized his position, and made an effort to rise; but his utter inability to move told him how severely wounded he must be, and again he sighed for death. Slight though his movement had been, it had not escaped the eye of the sentry, who at once communicated with his chief. Bravo then appeared, and asked the old man how he felt; no answer. Same question, same result. Chafing inwardly, the Captain then asked if his prisoner wished for any thing; but still met with the same stubborn silence. On a sign, a cup of *atole* gruel was brought in; but Gil had fainted, and lay, to all appearance, dead. Alarmed lest Death should rob them of their prize, the robbers now held a council of war, the result of which was the sending off to Matamoras for a doctor, who was quietly kidnaped and brought to Huehuetlan. On examining the patient, it was found that the ball which struck him had passed so close to the brain, that it seemed a miracle it had not touched it; add to this the hideous night-ride and mental agony, what wonder that brain-fever seemed imminent, and most likely would prove fatal? Such was the Doctor's view of the case; and not being in accordance with the wishes of the *señores plagiarios*, it was greeted by curses and threats of death. Tremblingly, the poor man offered to do his best, and was allowed to dress the wounds; but the men were not satisfied—he was sent off and another brought, also by force, to try his skill. He gave precisely the same opinion as his predecessor—that the prisoner would die—but Bravo was not a man to be trifled with. He wished Gil to live; so, coolly taking out his pistol and cocking it, he asked the Doctor to reconsider his opinion. Terrified at seeing his life thus suddenly threatened, the quaking *medico* said that, with proper treatment, medicines, food, etc., Gil *might* recover. "You shall have all your patient needs," was Bravo's answer; "you have but to ask:" and sure enough, the prescriptions were taken to Matamoras and made up, while broths and dainties were prepared for the prisoner; but he could not be prevailed upon to take them, and was evidently sinking, slowly but surely. In this extremity, Noriega thought of a cunning plan, which he was not slow in communicating to his comrades, and which was adopted after much stormy discussion. Pepe was brought before a council of the chiefs, (the reader may remember he had been but stunned) and the following proposition was made to him: he was to start for home at once, and bring back immediately a sum of $50,000, as ransom for his father and himself—any delay to be the signal for the old man's death. Pepe argued long, and with true Mexican obstinacy: he maintained that his family did not possess that amount of money, and that it would take long to borrow piecemeal from friends. No, the bandits *must* have $50,000, or he and his father should die. "*Está bueno*," ("It is well") was the quiet answer, and he was led back to the hole which served as his prison. It was hoped that a few days would make him alter his determination, but he remained firm; and, finally, by Noriega's influence, a fresh plan was decided on. Pepe was asked what he would give; he answered that he could not pledge himself to get more than $20,000—which sum the brigands,

after much debating, agreed to take. They had not intended allowing an interview between the father and son; but Pepe protesting he did not know where the money was hidden, he was conducted to his father's presence, and a most heart-rending meeting took place: Don Cirilo had fondly imagined that Pepe had escaped, and Pepe had no idea that he was to find his father on the brink of the grave. A few moments only were allowed them, but Don Cirilo found time to say: "Pepe, go home; you are now the head of the family. I intrust it to your care, but mark one thing: I know I am dying; so do not bring these scoundrels a single *centavo*, or you will incur your old father's dying malediction, instead of his blessing. Promise." It was a hard struggle—leaving an honored father in the hands of these men, who knew not what was mercy or pity—but so it had to be: Pepe promised, kissed the old man tenderly a last time, and departed.

Two days after, Don Cirilo died, and was buried like a dog on the hill-side; and then the bandits saw the mistake they had made in letting Pepe get out of their clutches. Hoping against hope, they waited a few days, but only heard the unwelcome news that large parties were scouring the country in search of them in all directions; and it became necessary to separate. But ere breaking up, discord had crept into the camp. It was evident the men had lost faith in their leaders: two prizes—*such* prizes!—and no booty! Bravo saw the coming storm; and to keep up his own popularity, he began openly to upbraid Noriega for having proposed to send Pepe Gil away. The match thus lit, the train quickly fired. The men jumped at the idea of having somebody on whom to wreak their vengeance; and a court-martial was held, with Bravo as President. This mockery of a court declared Paulino Noriega a traitor. He was condemned and shot, and buried alongside of poor Gil, whom he had helped to kill. Such are the decrees of Destiny!

Bravo and his band were actively followed up; and when last heard of, this daring chief, with eight or ten followers only, was still skulking in the hills, hunted down like a wild beast, and being reduced to great extremities. By this time, let us hope, he has met his deserts. The body of poor Gil, though searched for, had not been found, but his sons did not despair of success. They hoped to have at least the melancholy satisfaction of giving Christian burial to the remains of an excellent father and—strange qualities in one of pure Indian blood—an honest, hard-working *ranchero*, who was esteemed by all who knew him.

CONFESSION OF CRIME—ITS VALUE.

IN 1812 there resided in Manchester, Vermont, Barney Boorn, an old man, Stephen and Jesse, his two sons, and Sarah, his only daughter, who was the wife of Russell Colvin. They were poor, ignorant, and in bad reputation for honesty. Colvin was half-witted and half-crazy. Two miserable hovels adjoining each other, and a few acres of pine-barrens, constituted all their possessions. They raised a few potatoes and garden vegetables, but eked out their scant livelihood by days'-work for the neighboring farmers.

In May, 1812, Russell Colvin was missing. This, however, occasioned but little surprise. He had always been of uncertain habits, was incompetent to manage his family, moved about in an idle, wandering way, and was frequently absent from home for days together. As weeks grew into months, inquiries began to be made in town about the absent man. There are no tongues for gossip like those that wag in a Yankee village. The excitement grew. Like contagion, the wonder spread. Neighboring townships caught the infection; and rumors passed from lip to lip until suspicion, like a hungry leech, fastened upon the Boorns. It was known that there had long existed a feud between them and Colvin; it was in proof, that the last time the missing man was seen, he was at work with the Boorns clearing stones from a field, and that a dispute was going on between them; and Lewis Colvin, the son of Russell, had stated that his father struck his uncle Stephen, the latter returned the blow, and that then he, the boy, being frightened, ran away. A Mr. Baldwin had heard Stephen Boorn say, in answer to the inquiry as to where Colvin was, that he had "gone to h——;" and his wife had heard Jesse Boorn declare that "Colvin had gone where potatoes would not freeze." For seven years, every house in Bennington County was haunted with the ghost of Colvin. There was no proof of the guilt of the Boorns, but every body believed it. A button and jackknife were found, which Mrs. Colvin believed had belonged to her husband. Dreams, thrice repeated, had led to unsuccessful searches for Colvin's body. A thousand stories, with no shadow of truthful fabric, were in circulation. Every body treated the Boorns as guilty; and it is a marvel how they escaped being lynched without trial. In such miserable society as remained to them, with the mark of Cain upon their brows, ostracized even from the kitchens of their well-to-do neighbors, more fiercely struggling, year after year, with beggary that bordered on starvation, exposed to constant, unsparing allusions and vulgar interrogatories, it is no wonder that they said rash things, and returned unflinching replies.

Five years after the missing of Colvin, Stephen Boorn removed to Denmark, New York, and there married; Jesse remained at home. There had been no appearance of concealment on their part, during all this time. Stephen had gone away openly, and it was well known where he was. Neither of the wretched men, upon any occasion, had ever attempted flight.

Seven years had elapsed, when a discovery was made which seemed to confirm the worst suspicions. A lad, walking near the Boorns' hovel, was attracted by the barking of a dog at the stump of a large tree. Coming up, he examined

the stump, found it hollow, and, upon search, discovered the cavity to be partly filled with bones. The tidings ran. Murder will find a tongue: Manchester found thousands. The village was on fire. Young men and maidens, old men and children, came forth to gaze upon the bones of the murdered Colvin, and to praise the Lord for this providential discovery. It was suggested, indeed, that they were not human bones. A medical man pronounced positively against them. Wanting a skeleton, the faculty supplied its place by digging up the leg of Mr. Salisbury, which had been amputated and buried four years before, and, upon comparing its bones with the alleged remains of Colvin, it was universally determined that the latter were not human. It did no good. The doctors were in conspiracy. Their scruples were out of place. "Two finger-nails among the remains had been identified as human." This gave universal satisfaction. The bones *were* the bones of Colvin; and Jesse Boorn was instantly taken into custody.

The examination took place in the meeting-house, Tuesday, May 27, 1819, and continued until the following Saturday. All the testimony, when sifted, was found worthless. The bones were, beyond question, not human. Nothing, by forced construction, could be racked out of the prisoner's words, into the semblance even of a confession of guilt; and Jesse was about being released, when Truman Hill came forward, with the following statement, made under oath:

"When the knife was presented by me to Jesse Boorn, and also when the hat was presented to him, his feelings were such as to oblige him to take hold of the pew to steady himself. He appeared to be much agitated. I asked him what was the matter. He answered, there was matter enough. I asked him to state. He said he feared Stephen had killed Colvin; that he never believed so till the spring or winter, when he went into a shop where were Stephen and another, at which time he gained a knowledge of the manner of Colvin's death; and that he thought he knew, within a few rods, where Colvin was buried."

This statement altered the phase of the affair, as it was considered tantamount to a confession. The tide of public sentiment was turned, and Jesse Boorn was remanded back to prison. Here the jailer tormented him with questions. The jailer's wife experimented upon the poor man's fears with womanly adroitness. Neighbors were let in. The parson, and 'Squire, and Lady Bountiful of each neighboring village were accorded admission to Jesse's cell. Children came to take warning from example, and young girls whispered and wept as they stared at the prisoner through the grated door. There seems to have been no limit to the poor man's inquisition. Ministers prayed with him; pious, earnest Christian folks sent him appropriate tracts; and godly housewives, desirous of saving the soul while they ministered to the body, secreted searching texts of Scripture in the frosting of the cakes they baked for him, or the crust of the pies. What wonder that the poor creature confessed, or was alleged by his fellow-prisoner to have confessed his guilt, when, in addition to this pious persecution, he was asked why he did not turn State's evidence—was told that nobody doubted that Stephen killed Colvin—and was assured again and again that it would be better for him to confess the whole?

In June, old Boorn visited his sons in jail. They were confined in separate cells. Under a requisition from the Governor, Stephen had been arrested, dragged from his home in Denmark, New York, manacled, brought back to Manchester, and imprisoned. The brothers had not met. After his father left, Jesse appeared afflicted. Having gone to bed

shortly afterward, he fell asleep; but was awakened in a fright, roused a fellow-prisoner, said he had seen a vision, and proceeded to make an oral confession, which will shortly be given.

Sept. 3d, 1819, the Grand Jury found a bill of indictment against Stephen and Jesse Boorn, for the murder of Russell Colvin on May 10th, 1812—charging the former as principal, and the latter as accessory.

The facts proved upon the trial, and duly certified to by Judge Dudley Chace to the General Assembly, Nov. 11th, 1819, are as follows:

I. Before the time of the alleged murder Stephen had said that Colvin was a burden to the family—that he would prevent this multiplication of children for his old father to support—that he wished Russell and Sal were both dead, and that he would kick them into h—— if he burnt his legs off.

II. Four years after the alleged murder Stephen said that Colvin went off strangely; that the last he saw of him (Colvin) he was going toward the woods; that Lewis Colvin, returning with some rum, asked for his father, and that Stephen replied "he had gone to h——;" to which Jesse added that they "had put him where potatoes would not freeze."

III. Lewis Colvin, now seventeen, testified that seven years before, on a day when his father, his two uncles, (the prisoners) and himself were at work in a field, a quarrel arose, and Colvin struck Stephen; that Stephen then returned the blow with a club, felling Colvin; that the latter rose and again struck Stephen, who thereupon again felled Colvin to the ground, and that he (Lewis) being frightened, then ran away. He was afterward told by Stephen that he (Stephen) would kill him if he ever told what had happened.

IV. About four years after Colvin's disappearance an old, moldy hat was discovered where the quarrel had taken place; and this hat was identified as Colvin's.

V. Silas Merrill, a prisoner, in jail on a charge of perjury, testified "that when Jesse returned to prison, after his examination, he told Merrill that he had been encouraged to confess; that the following night, Jesse awoke frightened; said he had had a horrible dream, and made the following disclosure, viz.: that the second time Stephen felled Colvin he broke his skull; that Stephen's father came up and asked if Colvin were dead; that he repeated the question three times; that all three of them carried Colvin—not then dead—to an old cellar, where the old man cut Colvin's throat with a penknife; that they buried him in a cellar; and that, when Stephen proposed to put on Colvin's shoes, Jesse told him it would lead to a discovery." Merrill further swore that when Stephen came first into jail, Merrill told him Jesse had confessed, and that Stephen replied, "I did not take the main life of Colvin."

VI. Stephen Boorn's written confession, being shown to have been made under fear of death and hope of pardon, was excluded.

VII. William Farnsworth was then produced, to prove an oral confession of Stephen; and, though objected to on the same ground, was permitted to proceed. The written confession was excluded because it was shown to have been induced by fear and hope. The oral statement, made *two weeks afterward* to a William Farnsworth, was, to the mockery of all justice, nevertheless received. Mr. Farnsworth testified that, about a fortnight after the date of the written confession, Stephen confessed that he killed Russell Colvin, hid him in the bushes, buried the body, dug it up, buried it again under a barn that was subsequently burned, threw the unburnt bones into the river, scraped up some few remains and hid them in a stump; and that the finger-nails alleged to have

been found he knew to be those of Russell Colvin.

Upon this evidence, after an hour's absence, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against both prisoners, and they were sentenced to be hung on January 28th, 1820.

From this period, both Stephen and Jesse constantly asserted their innocence. They said they had confessed as their last hope. Compassion began to be felt for their fate. Doubts of the justice of their sentence were suggested. A petition for their pardon was presented to the General Court. The evidence was reviewed. Strong appeals for pardon were made. But beyond the commutation of Jesse's sentence to imprisonment for life, nothing was obtained. Ninety-seven noes to forty-two ayes left Stephen to the fate of a malefactor.

On the 26th of November, 1819, the following notice appeared in the Rutland *Herald:*

"Murder! Printers of newspapers throughout the United States are desired to publish that Stephen Boorn, of Manchester, in Vermont, is sentenced to be executed for the murder of Russell Colvin, who has been absent about seven years. Any person who can give information of said Colvin, may save the life of the innocent by making immediate communication. Colvin is about five feet five inches high, light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and about forty years old. Manchester, Vt., Nov. 26, 1819."

Let the reader now turn to another chapter of this strange history.

In April, 1813, there lived in Dover, Monmouth County, N. J., a Mr. James Polhamus, a farmer in moderate circumstances, better known for charitable deeds than hard bargains. During that month a wayfarer, begging food, stopped at his door. His hunger being appeased, he asked leave to stay all night, which was granted. The next morning, without request, he turned into the field with the farm-hands, and held the plow. Being shifty at work, good-natured, ready to help the women-folk, quiet and obedient, apparently homeless, poor and weak in intellect, Mr. Polhamus encouraged him to stay. Here the poor vagrant had lived for seven years, and had been called by the name he had given, Russell Colvin.

Not far from Dover lies the town of Shrewsbury, a quiet hamlet, now invaded by cottages and villas of Long Branch pleasure-seekers, but at that time scarcely known out of its county. In Shrewsbury lived Taber Chadwick, brother-in-law of Polhamus, and intimate in his family. Accidentally reading, one day, the New York *Evening Post*, he met, not with the notice of the Rutland *Herald*, but with an account of the trial of the Boorns. Convinced that the Russell Colvin, alleged to have been murdered, was the very man then living with Mr. Polhamus, he wrote the following letter, which two days afterward appeared in the same newspaper:

"Shrewsbury, Monmouth Co., N. J.,
December 6, 1819.

"*To the Editor of the New York Evening Post:*

Sir—Having read in your paper of November 26th, last, of the conviction and sentence of Stephen and Jesse Boorn, of Manchester, Vt., charged with the murder of Russell Colvin, and from facts which have fallen within my own knowledge, and not knowing what facts may have been disclosed on their trial, and wishing to serve the cause of humanity, I would state as follows, which may be relied on: Some years past, (I think between five and ten) a stranger made his appearance in this county; and, upon being inquired of, said his name was Russell Colvin, (which name he answers to at this time) and that he came from Manchester, Vt. He appeared to be in a state of mental derangement, but at times gave considerable account of himself. Among his relations, he mentions the Boorns. He is a man rather small in stature, round-favored, speaks fast, and has scars on his head. He appears to be between thirty-five and forty years of age. There is no doubt that he came from Vermont. If you think proper to give this a place in your columns, it may save the lives of innocent men.

"Taber Chadwick."

Upon the arrival of the *Evening Post* containing this letter, little commotion

was excited in Manchester. It was believed to be a fraud. The best people of Bennington County had long believed the Boorns to be guilty. An upright Judge had made solemn charge that evidence of the crime had been conclusive against the prisoners. An intelligent jury had found them guilty. The General Court of the State, sitting to review appeals, had sanctioned the finding. There did not exist a doubt, and therefore no benefit of a doubt had been given by counsel or jury, Chief-Justice or Supreme Court.

Mr. Chadwick's letter was, nevertheless, taken to the cell. The Rev. Lemuel Haynes, who was present, says: "The news was so overwhelming that, to use his own language, 'nature could scarcely sustain the shock;' but, as there was some doubt as to the truth of the report, it tended to prevent immediate dissolution. But he was very faint, and had to be recovered by dashes of cold water."

Soon intelligence came from a Mr. Whelpley, of New York, formerly of Manchester, that he had himself been to New Jersey, and seen Russell Colvin alive. Doubts began to disappear. Mr. Whelpley's word was undoubted. He had known Colvin from boyhood. No man was less likely to be the victim of an imposition. Members of the jury, however, hesitated to accept any thing short of Russell Colvin's presence, and Judge Chace pointed to Stephen Boorn's confession.

The next day another letter was received, in which Mr. Whelpley wrote, "I have Russell Colvin with me." This was accompanied by a sworn statement from John Rempton, who also was a native of Manchester, saying, "I personally know Russell Colvin, and he is now before me." The New York newspapers told and retold the story. Affidavits were filed by Mr. Polhamus. These were fortified by affidavits of neighbors. All would not do in Manchester. Pride of opinion is stubborn. Doubt dies hard Even bets were taken at considerable odds that the coming man was not the Simon-Pure Russell Colvin.

However, Colvin or Colvin's double, the lion was on his way. He passed through Poughkeepsie, where the streets were thronged to see him. The wonder grew as he advanced. His story was told at every fireside. At Hudson a cannon was fired from the wharf; in Albany was erected a high platform, whence he could be seen by the people; and all over Troy, as he entered the town, bands of music were playing and flags flaunting from housetops and steeples. Some men become famous from being murdered. Russell Colvin became famous because he was not.

Toward evening of December 22, 1819, the snow covering the ground, the cold severest of the season, a double sleigh, before which a pair of horses were driven furiously, passed down the street of Manchester. The occupants were Whelpley and Rempton, Polhamus and Taber Chadwick, and, not the least object of interest, bewildered Russell Colvin. "It is he! It is Russell Colvin!" shouted the crowd, when the frightened man had been conducted from the sleigh to the piazza of the tavern. There was no doubt of it. He knew the minister, recognized and embraced his children, called his old neighbors by name, and started by himself for the jail. His wife he would not suffer to approach him. Perhaps he had been told that she had not waited for his coming with the fidelity of Penelope. But in every other way in which identity could be established, the poor, demented creature, who had been brought back from New Jersey, proved himself to be Russell Colvin.

Mr. Haynes describes the meeting at the jail: "The prison door was unbolted and the news proclaimed to Stephen that Colvin had come. He was intro-

duced. Colvin gazed upon the chains, and asked, 'What is that for?' Stephen answered, 'Because they say I murdered you.' 'You never hurt me,' replied Colvin."

The sequel is quickly told. The chains of Stephen Boorn were stricken off, and he became a free man. Jesse Boorn was liberated from prison. Russell Colvin returned to his friend, Mr. Polhamus, in New Jersey. But Judge Chace, who suffered an innocent man to be convicted of murder by the admission of extra-judicial confessions—the jury who deliberated but one hour before uttering a verdict of guilty upon evidence that should not hang a dog—the deacons, church-members, pious women, and dolorous devotees who were preaching repentance and urging confession of a crime upon a man innocent as themselves—and the ninety-seven members of the Legislature, sitting as a Court of Appeals, who refused rehearing of evidence and reversal of sentence upon grounds that would have disgraced the Westminster Hall decisions in the reign of the second James—what became of them?

Lord Mansfield laid down the rule of confessions as follows: "A free and voluntary confession is deserving of the highest credit, because it is presumed to flow from the strongest sense of guilt, and therefore it is admitted as proof of the crime to which it refers; but a confession forced from the mind by the flattery of hope or the torture of fear comes in so questionable a shape when it is to be considered the evidence of guilt that no credit ought to be given to it."

Apply this rule to the confession forced by what a Vermont Calvinistic preacher called "Hell's terrors on the naked conscience" out of Jesse Boorn. Apply it to that wheedled out of Stephen Boorn. Apply it to the confessions of witchcraft made in the seventeenth century by respectable citizens of Massachusetts, as given by Cotton Mather in the "Magnolia;" to those extorted by the rack and thumb-screw in the days of Queen Mary; to the hideously inconsistent statements of the victims of *auto da fé*, and to the scared utterances of personal guilt, mingled with petitions for mercy, of the miserable victims of Lynch Law!

WITH A WREATH OF LAUREL.

O winds, that ripple the long grass,
  O winds, that kiss the jeweled sea,
Grow still and lingering as you pass
  About this laurel-tree!

The mountain knew you in the cloud
  That turbans his dark brow; the sweet,
Cool rivers; and the woods that bowed
  Before your pinions fleet.

With meadow-scents your breath is rife;
  With cedar-odors, and with pine:
Now pause, and thrill with twofold life
  Each spicy leaf I twine.

The laurel grows upon the hill
  That looks across the western sea.
O winds, within the boughs be still;
  O sun, shine tenderly;

And bird, sing soft about your nest:
  I twine a wreath for other lands—
A grave!—nor wife nor child hath blest
  With touch of loving hands

Where eyes are closed divine and young,
  Dusked in a night no morn may break;
And stilled the poet-lips that sung,
  In sleep no touch may wake;

While falls the venomed arrow-thrust,
  And lips that hate hiss foul disgrace
And the sad heart is dust, and dust
  The beautiful, sad face!

For him I pluck the laurel crown:
  It ripened in the western breeze,
Where hills throw giant shadows down
  Upon the golden seas;

And sunlight lingered in its leaves
  From dawn to darkness—till the sky
Grew white with sudden stars; and waves
  Sang to it constantly.

I weave, and strive to weave a tone,
  A touch—that, somehow, when it lies
Upon his sacred dust, alone,
  Beneath the English skies,

The sunlight of the arch it knew,
  The calm that wrapt its native hill,
The love that wreathed its glossy hue,
  May breathe around it still!

IXOTLE.

During a sojourn in Tepic of some six weeks, for the purpose of making collections of Ornithology, I went into the almost impenetrable mountains of San Juan Guaya, and came to the old Mission of San Luis.

The little village was ensconced among the mountains, with bold and magnificent scenery. Cultivation of maize and beans in small patches abounded everywhere. The village consisted of some *adobe* houses, and numerous *jacals;* the population, of half-civilized Indians. In the centre of the village was a very ancient, but small church, built of stone. The roof and its rough walls were overgrown with plants, giving it an air of age and decay. In the adjoining building I was shown the venerable *Cura*, whose form, that had been once tall, seemed to be as ancient as the dilapidated building that sheltered him. Though age told upon him, as his gray hairs and care-worn visage fully attested, he yet possessed that vigor of mind and keen memory we often find in the persons of those enthusiastic ecclesiastical recluses who have wandered into the very depth of the wilderness, to subdue the savage to Christianity and civilization.

The old man had dwelt in this spot for forty-eight years, endeavoring to tame these wild Indians, and induce them to adopt that partial civilization and Christianity to which most of the native Mexicans have been brought, but in vain; they still retained their ancient customs to a considerable degree, and were known as Sozado's wild Indians, who scorned to associate with their neighbors of the lowlands. They venerated the old *Cura*, and many attended his church on Sundays; but they cared very little for Christianity, and nothing for civilization.

I found the *Cura* to be a very intelligent man, and a Spaniard by birth. He appeared to take much interest in my collections of Natural History, upon which subject I found him better informed than most people in that region. He told me of the different species I would find in those mountains: of birds of resplendent plumage—of birds that sang, and those without song—and he knew all their Indian names. At length he said: "You ought to visit the islands of the Tres Marias. There you will find the forest full of birds, and so tame as to be taken by the hand." I replied that I had already been there, and what he said was true; for I had discovered some rare birds, and made a fine collection.

After some conversation upon these islands, of which he had heard much, but had never seen, I at length asked him why so beautiful a spot should have never been populated, either by native aborigines or modern Mexicans? In reply he then told me the following tradition, which was related to him by an old *Cacique* of the tribe that once inhabited these mountains, but long since dead:

"*Señor*," said he, "these islands were held sacred by the ancient Mexicans of the west, or coast region, and dedicated as a place of worship to the God of the Storms of the Sea, Tlaxicoltetl: here he dwelt, and here he governed the whirlwind and the storm.

"One human victim—a virgin or youth—was offered as a sacrifice upon the rough-hewn coral altar annually, on St. John's day, the 24th of June, which is

about the commencement of the stormy, or rainy season. This offering was made to appease the wrath of Tlaxicoltetl and supplicate protection to the fishing canoes that supplied the vast interior with fish and pearls, *camarones* and oysters, of which the coast tribe held independent possession. The pearls obtained in various localities of the Gulf of California, together with other beautiful shells for ornaments, were carried even to the great Aztec city of the lakes, Mexico. This was long before the White Man was known. Many well-trodden foot-paths penetrated to the interior from the seashores in the vicinity of Tepic; and where San Blas now stands (then called Jualtelotepec)—where is a precipitous cliff, which now forms the background of San Blas, and where once stood the old Spanish town and fortifications—was the principal rendezvous of the fishermen. From this locality a large, well-beaten trail extended through Tepic on to where Guadalajara now stands, and where then stood a large city, which was called Chapala.

"The lake near Guadalajara is still known by that name; and the Indians found near its borders, who yet live in a semi-barbarous state, are called to this day Chapalo Indians, and are a very degraded, thieving race. But previous to the conquest, they were a numerous and industrious people—well skilled in the manufacture of articles of utility. Cotton cloths, both coarse and fine, were largely manufactured by them, as also various kinds of pottery; and their dressed deer-skins were of a superior quality. These kinds of goods were bartered with the Tepic Indians for fish, pearls, etc.

"Their principal town was where the beautiful city of Guadalajara now lifts its numerous church-spires proudly over the once heathen temples of human sacrifice. It was then a large city, and continues to be second only to the Capital.

"Just before the coming of the White Man, or *conquistador*, there lived in this city a beautiful young girl of sixteen. She was called Ixotle ('the drooping flower'). She was remarkable for her intelligence, and the sad and melancholy expression of her face; and was chosen by the idolatrous priests as one of the sacred virgins of the many to assist at the disgusting *fêtes* of human sacrifice. But when the time came for her attendance, together with her sister virgins, upon one of these cruel displays of human depravity, she refused: no persuasions or threats could induce her to join the others in ceremonies over the torments and sufferings of her fellow-creatures. But she was forced by the priests to follow in their procession, and go through the performances around the altar allotted to them. She was looked upon as strange for refusing so high an honor; but she felt the disgrace, wrong, and dark religion of her people, whose ritual of polytheism and their revolting worship would sooner or later be avenged by the great and true God. On her part, she went through the performance with the other virgins, with a saddened heart and dejected mien, until the priest, with gory hands, had pronounced it finished.

"She then stepped forth from the platform near the bloody altar, and with her hand raised toward heaven, said, in a tender, but distinct voice, 'Behold, O thou priest of this hated temple! The Great God and Father of all looks with anger upon these bloody sacrifices, and the worship of these ugly stones which ye call gods. O, ye priests and worshipers! I warn ye: let this be the last of your bloody sacrifices; for toward the rising sun a people with white faces and long, red beards are coming—they are already on the march. They carry in their hands the lightning and the thunder, with which they will demolish your great temples. They are sent by the true God. Not a stone will be left; and

on their sites will be erected white temples—the pure temples of the true and only God. Beware, then, and let this be the last of human sacrifice!'

"It may be imagined," said the *Cura*, "with what awe these wicked priests gazed upon that divine figure who dared make such prophecy even in presence of their stony gods. She was regarded as a false prophetess, or witch, and sold to the Tepic nation, to be sacrificed upon the burning altar of Tlaxicoltetl, the God of Storms.

"The day at length arrived for the voyage to the islands. It was the 20th of June: on the 24th of that month the sacrificial offering was to take place.

"Twenty large canoes, ornamented with pearls and other beautiful shells of the gulf, contained the priests and virgins: they were the sacred canoes, and in one of these sat the beautiful Ixotle, gorgeously dressed in native costume, and adorned with the brightest of pearls. A drooping flower indeed, but with the look of an angel amid her rough attendants! As the sun disappeared below the calm and glistening sea, these canoes departed in the direction where the sun had gone down, followed by a numerous assemblage of other canoes. At the expiration of two nights and one day they reached the place of the temple dedicated to their storm-god. It was in a secluded little cove upon the eastern portion of the most northerly island, now called Maria Madre.

"The temple, or altar, was of rude construction, pyramidical in form; upon which stood the idol, huge and uncouth, in the shape of a human being. It was hollowed out, in order that the flames kindled within might give a more hideous expression to the face, by lighting up the round holes for the eyes and open mouth.

"It was a gloomy-looking spot, overshadowed by the large trees that abound on these islands. Darkness had closed the day, and the silence of the hour was only broken by the dull moaning of the sea and distant murmuring of thunder.

"The time had come for the sacrifice. Torches were lit around the altar, and, as the dull light of the idol grew into flames of fire, the victim was led to the top of the altar, in front of the idol, where she was permitted to stand, that all might gaze for the last time upon her lovely form.

"While thus standing, she turned to the audience, and again related her prophecy of the coming of the White Man, and reiterated her belief in the true and only God of all. She deprecated the foul and disgusting worship of her people, and said the time was near at hand when the Great Creator would terminate this evil practice. When she had finished, there was a deep silence—nothing was heard but the roar of the sea and the approaching tornado. Suddenly, it burst upon the spot with a terrific crash of thunder and lightning, accompanied with furious rain, while the overpowering wind caused the great trees to bend and sway like reeds, the very earth to tremble, and the forest to howl.

"The lights were soon extinguished by the wind and rain, all save that within the hollow idol, which, shining through the eye-holes and distended mouth, gave to the scene an indescribably weird aspect. Ixotle, still standing upon the altar, turned her face up to the mountain, where she beheld a singular apparition of vapory light, amid which the lightnings played and the thunder deafened—and thought she saw the figures of pale-faced men with long beards. Turning to the people, at the same time pointing in that direction, she cried aloud, 'Behold! there they are! they have already come!' At that instant, a flash of lightning struck the tree near which stood the idol, shivering tree and idol into atoms. The girl bounded from the al tar, and fled into the dark forest.

"The priests and panic-stricken wor-

shipers took to their canoes, amid the raging storm and angry sea. After they had departed from the shore, they looked back upon the island. The mountain seemed to be lit up in a blaze of ghastly, unearthly light; those vapory clouds presenting to their affrighted minds a strange phantasmagoria as of men and beasts, among which they thought they saw the form of their victim, 'the drooping flower.'

"The storm raged all night; but two of the canoes reached the main-land, the occupants having undergone for several days much suffering. After their rescue they related what had happened, and heard with amazement that the girl's prophecy had already come to pass! The White Man had arrived in Mexico. From that time forth no more sacrificial offerings were attempted on the island: 'the God of the Sea-Storm' was destroyed. Henceforth, according to the tradition of the locality, these attractive shores bore the ominous appellation of 'the Haunted Isles,' and were ever after shunned by every Indian with superstitious dread.

"The vapory, or phosphorescent, light which so frightened the idolaters from their intended sacrificial offering of the unhappy virgin, still makes its appearance when the first storms after the long, dry season moisten the earth and exuberant, decaying vegetation, in which, according to Indian superstition, the spirit of Ixotle still dwells."

Such was the strange legend, deeply dyed with romance, as told me by the aged *Padre* of the Mission of San Luis. It may have been much exaggerated through its long repetition, but at the same time there would appear to be some foundation for its truthfulness.

I have myself seen the phosphorescent vapors. On returning from my first visit to the Socorro Island, in the month of June, three years before, we passed between the two main islands, and during the night of the 24th were overtaken by a *chubasco*, or tornado, which threatened our destruction. We were drenched with the rain and spray, and the ocean was white with foam, the wind furious, and the lightning awfully vivid. We could not carry sail, yet we were driven before the wind like a feather—our little craft plunging madly through the surge. I was holding the light, and the compass on my lap, down in the little cabin, and calling out the course to the Captain, that he might know how to steer. He suddenly called to me, and said the island was in a blaze of light. I looked out, and saw the strange phenomenon. It appeared in many places as if enshrouded in a pale, ghastly light of mist, which, swayed and moved by the wind, produced curious and fantastic figures of unearthly appearance. The storm was of short duration. The sea became again quiet, and the clouds less lowering, but the vapors still hovered over the island.

LESS RECENT MINNESOTA.

IN a country so new as Minnesota, the interest generally attaches either to the travels of the first discoverers and early settlers, or else to the very latest news in regard to the advancement of the country. From the very nature of the case, but few happen upon the first requisite. Yet to some a blue sky is as infinitely beautiful as if, each morning, they had newly discovered a work of Nature; and a river is as grand as if none but themselves stood by its brink. To be sure, we regret to miss the personal aggrandizement and vanity, but console ourselves that in other respects we are as fortunate as a first-comer. For myself, I confess to a fondness for such trifling appliances of modern civilization as steamboats and railroad cars. On the other hand, in the newest there is much that is frothy and evanescent. So I turn back to my travels midway of these extremes with a pleasant and mellow sort of an interest in the pictures of memory.

The spring of 1867 was an eventful one to lady travelers, for a reason that masculine readers would not be apt to remember. No; it was not that the war being ended, the "woman question" took the field, and all eyes were directed to her importance, for the first time in history. The cause was more subtile and universal. Omnipotent Fashion had decreed that traveling dresses should be short. The news went like the wind through the length and breadth of the land, and a thousand pairs of scissors hacked into a time-honored custom. As the result of the labors of one pair, I stood, miserable and dejected, on the platform of one of the cars, as the train was about to leave one of our Atlantic cities.

"Well, what is it?" asked my traveling companion, noticing my air of perplexity.

"O, father!" I replied; "I am sure I have forgotten something of the greatest importance. I never in my life felt so incomplete."

It was not until some days had elapsed that I knew it was the train of my dress that I missed, and found out how to use my hands for other purposes than holding it up.

We reached Prairie la Crosse on the 1st of June. The town was so named by the French, from the Indians formerly resorting to it to play a game with racket-sticks. It sits down on the edge of a marsh in a slovenly and half-desolate manner, as is the habit of towns in such uncongenial localities. The marsh is about two miles wide, and the "Father of Waters" perversely flows on the opposite side of it. Across the marsh is a long wharf, connecting the town with the river, and at certain, or rather uncertain, times of the day and night there is an appearance of chronic excitement among omnibus-drivers and expressmen, who mercilessly seize the wayfarers and their belongings, assuming an appearance of superior knowledge and power. The traveler yields himself to them with a kind of vague belief that they have, from some inexplicable source, become possessed of his secret designs, and it will be all right in the end. It was midnight when we found ourselves among a crowd of other passengers, who had been conveyed from the cars to the end of the wharf, and who were to take the steamer up the Mississippi. The red glare from the pine-knots, contained in the wicker braziers, fell upon a motley

assemblage that night. The respectable travelers and tourists were making their first rush northward. There were, besides these, a full complement of immigrants, upon whose stolid countenances anticipation found no place, and to whom the means of travel were only forms assumed by an inscrutable Providence, to which they blindly acceded; and Government, too, happened at this time to be putting in force a recent benevolent impulse in regard to the aborigines, and was conveying a large party of them to a reservation, west of the Mississippi. They were dirty beyond belief, and seemed to add to the damp river air another portion of miasma. The missionary enterprise which shall establish a soap manufactory in their midst will perhaps succeed in converting them into moral and responsible beings. But such as we were, the steamer voraciously received its prey, gave a series of unearthly shrieks, and swung round with the current of the river. For the few remaining hours before daybreak, our steamer seemed to be constantly meeting and signaling her sister steamers coming down the river. These high-pressure steam-whistles found a nerve in my body which had hitherto remained dormant, and fairly indicated to what an unimagined and supreme degree a human being may be capable of being tortured. I was also haunted by the romantic desire of seeing the great river for the first time by sunrise. But as the sun took occasion to rise during the only ten minutes that I lost consciousness, it was shining with glittering and cheerful effulgence by the time that I reached the deck; and with, I could not help but fancy, an extra sparkle of amazement and good-humor, to find that the clouds, whose gray mistiness it had been unable to penetrate for two days previous, had metamorphosed a winter into a summer landscape.

Summer comes like a miracle to this peculiar region. The deciduous trees, which remain entirely bare during April, and the entire or greater part of May, suddenly clothe themselves with a luxuriance of foliage. The bluffs which I now saw on either side of the river were high, and heavily-wooded. The foliage was of a tender, delicate green color, and imparted to the trees a sort of misty indistinctness, at strange variance with the clear air and sparkling sunshine. So uninterrupted were these bluffs, that the river seemed to be flowing between walls of hazy green, through which familiar forest forms could be faintly traced. We left the boat at Winona, which we reached about eight o'clock in the morning. The town, in spite of its newness, was rather pretty, and even interesting. It is situated high enough above the current of the Mississippi to keep itself clean from its muddy washings. The bluffs in the background have a protecting aspect, and undoubtedly shelter this embryo city from the violence of the north-west winds. Winona is not without the marked characteristic of new and rapidly growing towns—an air of conscious importance. The hotel bade defiance to criticism, because ten years before the traveler would only have found a wilderness, or an Indian wigwam, in its place. And the Doric pillars which support the roof of its piazza, and testify that a classic architecture has already reached this frontier, stand out like bristling exclamation points, to confront the traveler with such an assurance. The church-spires, a court-house, and school-houses, all add their testimony that the wilderness is beginning to "bloom and blossom," according to the usages of modern civilization. Even the people seem never to be rid of the vague consciousness that they are natural phenomena, from the mere fact of living in a town of such precocious growth. Half a dozen years before, most of the inhabitants were scattered

miscellaneously through the country, and the hope of bettering their condition has been the magnet which has drawn them to this centre; yet they are thoroughly imbued with the belief that such an act was pre-eminently magnanimous and noble. It can not be denied that there is a peculiar charm—rather poetic than practical, however—in living in a new and unsettled country. The very thought of being dependent upon one's own exertions and prudence, and being, at the same time, beyond the pale of recognized social customs, gives at least a marked individuality, and *sometimes* begets real kindness for others, and always thoughtful prudence for one's self. A thin veneering of civilization, however, dissipates this charm, and we see that vices are more easily cultivated than virtues, even on a virgin soil.

The sun was shining gloriously the morning that we left Winona. The rounded outlines of bluffs on the opposite side of the river were clearly, yet softly defined; the Mississippi rolled southward in the shimmer of a million scintillating sparkles, and the little town itself seemed to have a fresher impetus and energy than ever before. The shrill scream of the locomotive which bore our train westward, seemed quite in unison with the spirit of the place, and an appropriate way of bidding it an energetic "good-by." The three-miles' breadth of prairie was soon passed, and we found ourselves whizzing over a high trestle-work above a deep and broad ravine, or rather series of ravines, among the bluffs. Far below us the tree-tops nodded and swayed to their clear reflections in the streams. The shadow of our own train as it passed, with its attendant train of hazy smoke, seemed like some cloud-phantom weirdly traversing the fresh, verdant fields beneath us. At times we touched against the side of a bluff, and then again branched off across the valleys. As we left the river, the bluffs became more singular in character—the detached ones often bearing a quaint resemblance to the ruins of a fortified castle—and not unfrequently one more striking than the rest would be designated by the title of "Castle Rock." In one place, the cars wound for half a mile around a bluff whose sides seemed a colonnade, in *bas relief* of pale-yellow sandstone. I have never seen in Nature a closer approximation to the artificial. Although it was not difficult to detect the natural causes which had acted upon the soft sandstone, the effect was as if a Titan colony had fashioned this as a pattern for mortals to copy. Enthusiastic students of Nature have always asserted that Nature furnishes us patterns for every thing, and it is according as we accept or deviate from the model that we fail or succeed. Hugh Miller tells us that it has been proved by statistics from English print-factories that the pattern which has met with the greatest and most lasting success is almost a *facsimile* of the veins of a coral in the Old Red Sandstone.

On the road between Winona and Owatanna, a point fifty miles directly west, there were, in 1867, but few towns. Owatanna itself was at that time but little more than a railroad station. There were perhaps a dozen houses besides. The elegance of white paint was very sparingly introduced. We only stopped at this town for dinner, and it was gratifying to know that all of the inhabitants assembled to see us eat. A few were walking up and down the platform outside, and occasionally lolling over the window-sill for a nearer inspection; others crowded into the dining-room, and occasionally asked a question of a good-natured-looking traveler, or volunteered information in regard to the growth and prospects of their city. Pauses in the conversation were filled up by the American pastime of expectoration. During my journey, I had been enraptured with the

clear water of the streams of Minnesota; but I here saw no evidences that it could be made useful for ablutions; and here, as elsewhere, I found "Nature's noblemen" were apt to be superior to the exigencies of clean linen.

A lady among the lookers-on chanced to find a former acquaintance in one of my fellow-travelers, and sat down near me to recount her experience of frontier life. She was pretty, or would have been so but for an expression of discontent and habitual ill-humor on her countenance. Her dress, of some cheap material, was supernaturally fashionable, even in the minutest particular. I was tormented by a vague suggestion that I had seen her somewhere before; but, after watching her for a few moments, I found there was nothing in her conversation or manner to justify the feeling. I gathered from her conversation that Owatanna was a free-and-easy place, which was soon to be a city. Already there was an astonishingly polite and intelligent society—bright, smart, go-ahead business men, and gallant withal. Her business, which was in the millinery line, was at that season of the year dull; but when the farmers came in from the back-country with their crops, it would be more flourishing. In the meantime—with a conscious look—she always kept up with the fashions. But the conversation could not be prolonged beyond our allotted "twenty minutes for dinner." As the train started, I saw the pretty milliner apparently playing an approved *rôle* of the coquette with two devoted cavaliers in soiled linen. Two or three hours afterward, as I was listlessly turning over the pages of a magazine, which the "paper-boy" had persistently left in my seat at intervals of an hour and a half during the day, my attention was arrested by a gorgeously colored fashion-plate, which purported to be the correct "morning costume for a watering-place." The recognition this time was instantaneous—the Owatanna milliner was a faultless, but cheap imitation of this pattern. The modern traveler unweariedly chants the praises of the march of progress: the locomotive is the first great civilizer; the woodman's axe, or the farmer's plow, are the next to assail the wilderness or prairie; but when fashion takes the field, civilization is secure and triumphant.

The direction of the railroad from Owatanna to St. Paul is northward, with a slight inclination toward the east. The scene was a charming one. The smooth, green, slightly rolling prairie, across which we were riding, had for its eastern horizon the broken bluffs, and, toward the west, gently sloping, wooded eminences. The towns, too, grew more frequent, and were better built. Indeed, the towns of Minnesota differed in this respect from new towns generally throughout the West. Perhaps this was due as much to climatic influences as to the character of the settlers. To be sure, the country bears a strong impress of New England; for New Englanders form a good proportion of the population; but even they, in a milder climate, grow lax and careless. In a country characterized by extremes of climate, the things of to-day can not be put off until to-morrow. The houses must not only be well built, but kept in constant repair, to secure the occupant against actual suffering, or even death, from the intense cold. And what he does for himself he is also obliged to do for his cattle, and even for the productions of the soil; in consequence, we see the house of the Minnesota farmer surrounded by well-built barns and many of the appointments of a New England farm, and every thing characterized by the same neatness and thrift. There was hard work evinced in it all—work with the brains, as well as with the hands; a forethought required, in the necessity of preparing in one season for

the emergencies of another. This had already developed well-built villages, with a certain primness and practicality about them. Perhaps they were exponents of the people.

Everywhere the evidences of skilled labor were visible. Great fields of growing wheat stretched away on either side, in faint, dimpled indentations. Men were at work in their fields and gardens; and occasionally a stout Norwegian woman shared their labors. At one time, we passed a wayside school-house, at the auspicious moment of "girls' recess." Eight or ten stout-limbed, chubby little creatures had climbed to the topmost rail of the fence, and sat there as we passed — some gazing gravely at us, others chattering together like young magpies. Whether it was a gala-day, or whether the Minnesota mothers had been studying economy by purchasing calico by the wholesale, I do not know; but all of these young damsels were arrayed in pink calico. They shone out brilliantly from their background of vivid green, like new and wonderful flowers of the prairie.

As we again neared the Mississippi, the bluffs became bolder, often standing in singular isolation upon the level plain. Before reaching the Minnesota River, the train was divided, a part of it going to St. Paul, and the remainder continuing up the banks of the Mississippi to Minneapolis. Having decided to first visit the latter place, I watched, from our high embankment, the cars descending, in curious, zigzag contortions, to the plains below. We crossed the Minnesota near its mouth, opposite Fort Snelling, and then hugged the rocks for a circling mile, midway between the sombre fort above us and the dark Mississippi beneath. Soon, however, we passed the rocky borders, came to the high, level prairie on which Minneapolis is situated, and reached that brightest little city of the North-west in mid-afternoon.

At the east, the great Falls of St. Anthony thundered in our ears; toward the south, the broken bluffs indicated the course of the Mississippi, and toward the north and west, long stretches of grain-covered prairies, varied here and there by clumps and zones of trees, met the horizon. The city itself is substantially built, and has no external appearance of its rapid growth. Public buildings are usually either of pale-yellow brick, or buff-stone from quarries near the city; the factories, which are numerous — supplied by the immense water-power of the falls — are built of the bluish-gray limestone from the bluffs.

Above all of the sounds of city life I heard the heavy throbbing of the cataract, and about sunset walked out to see it. The Falls of St. Anthony, I had been told, were little more than rapids, and in comparison with other American cataracts were of but little interest. But when I saw the vast volume of water pouring over the curved outline of rocks, and dashing against a huge pinnacle which some flood had imbedded in its current, and thence scattering the spray far back upon its course, I knew for the first time the sublimity of power. At first this impression held and overpowered me; but gradually I came to see that there was also great beauty of detail: huge masses of white or tawny foam advanced, receded, and changed at every moment, with an infinite variety of play that dazzled and bewildered the mind. Even the fragment of the densely wooded island which interrupts the line of the cascade, affords in its sombre stillness a pleasing contrast to the incessant motion of the water. And yet the perpendicular fall is of only about sixteen feet. Father Hennepin, who traveled untrammeled by actual measurements, assigned to them a height of from fifty to sixty feet. But this traveler went through America royally, unhampered by tape-line or quadrant. He

stated the Falls of Niagara to be six hundred feet high; and one can not help thinking a little curiously of what would have been the effects of the wonders of California upon such an imagination. How delicious, too, must have been the travels of that ambitious Yankee, Jonathan Carver, in 1766, who could indulge in a perfect *abandon* of inaccurate numerical values without the fear of a moral flagellation by an Argus-eyed press! At such a time all things might be measured sublimely by a comparative guess. For instance, I should say that yonder rock was as big as the village meeting-house, and that patch of corn just showing tiny forks of green above the brown soil was as large as Mr. Jones' farm. In that forest across the river, beyond and through which the village of St. Anthony peers, hundreds of trees might bear the palm from the stately Northampton elms. So one might have traveled a hundred years ago—an artist fostering a love of the picturesque, and filling the galleries of the mind with a thousand pictures awakened by a natural sequence. One travels to-day a mathematical automaton, a slave to the moral rectitude of numbers, which happily in my own case usually vanish with the first profound sleep, leaving me the option of utter vacuity or some out-of-date comparative measurement. Yet I acknowledge the necessity of public accuracy, and can only wonder if other travelers have in such a submission lost sight of individuality. While I was watching the infinite force and varied play of the rushing water, I did not for a moment lose consciousness that a water-fall must have an altitude expressed by at least three numerals to justify a thrill, although I have experienced the opposite sensation from being thousands of feet above the sea upon level land. In the one case the numbers limited the imagination, and in the other unduly excited it. I have reproved or incited my feelings by something like the following considerations: This water-fall, which has awakened new ideas of sublimity and power, is not the proper subject for admiration, because others are higher. Or in a country whose monotony is only broken here and there by slight elevations, I have said to myself, "Think of being six thousand feet above the level of the sea!" In your cozy library you read the gigantic figures with a thrill; but often these numerical values have no visible meaning, and from the top of a respectable hill in New England, not only an infinitely greater variety of country might be seen, but often of a greater extent. The opaline sky glowed pale and pure above and beneath the wire suspension-bridge, which hung across the river above the falls, connecting Minneapolis with a large island near the opposite shore. The bridge was a pretty work of art, uniting great strength with extreme delicacy of appearance. As I gazed a moment before at the surging waters, it seemed that power could only through them find a fitting expression. But here art was also triumphant, and the science of numbers looked proudly down from properly adjusted angles and curves.

The next day we took a carriage-ride to some of the celebrated places in the vicinity. The placarded lists, which were distributed through the hotel for the convenience of strangers, showed a large proportion of *Minnes* (the Sioux term for water). This was used as a prefix, while the remainder of the word was descriptive, and suggested that the aboriginal mind had vexed itself in order to vary the characteristics. Even then there was a chain of lakes left to be honored by poetry, politics, and early settlers: Lake of the Isles, Lake Calhoun, and Lake Harriet; the last being named for Mrs. Snelling, the wife of the first Commandant of the old frontier fort. Whether or not Indian ingenuity succeeded in diversifying the characters

of these lakes, I do not know; they were certainly all alike, pellucid and bright, and the shores of each were often a mosaic of the most brilliant pebbles. They find an outlet in the calmest and clearest of creeks, which wanders about the prairie between its level banks, and at last surprises itself by plunging over a precipice sixty feet high. There is a kind of Jack Horner exultation in its merriment as it touches bottom, as if such an act of bravery was unprecedented in the annals of streams.

The Falls of Minnehaha is an ideal to the lovers of the romantic, who find an indefinable charm in the light, musical plashing of its waters. And in spite of what philologists, superfluously learned in the Sioux language, may say in regard to the popular misinterpretation, it will still continue to be a favorite goal of bridal parties, and of enthusiastic ladies of a poetic temperament. A favorite goal, I might say, to any one who could enjoy the *dolce far niente* of a summer afternoon, and recklessly dream it out to the accompaniment of such a light, fantastic measure. One is inclined to laugh, too, when one thinks how the contagion of its merriment and fantasy has led civilized humanity. A year before a romantic couple, from New England, came and stood beneath the spray while the marriage ceremony was being performed. During the previous winter a merry party, from St. Paul, had burning pine-knots placed on the rocks behind the frozen cascade, which shone out into the stilly chill of the winter night with a weirdly magnificent brilliancy. So potent is the influence of the place, that one hears innumerable anecdotes of hilarious merriment, into which the visitors are betrayed. Indeed, Minnehaha seemed a sort of *spirituelle* embodiment of the pagan myth of Silenus marching at the head of his troup of merry-makers, and infecting them all with his own caprices.

I remember the visit to old Fort Snelling with a peculiar interest. It is about a two-hours' drive from Minneapolis, past the Falls of Minnehaha, and about six miles beyond them. There was a mild, decaying, disused air about even the exterior; and when we entered the quadrangle, the one solitary sentinel paced his dreary rounds with an air of melancholy resignation that quite went to my heart. A frontier fort, hemmed in on every side by a peaceable and thrifty community, had need to look dejected. It seemed like a great chief-mourner, who had come by mistake to the rejoicings of a baptismal service, and found the dignity of its funereal trappings quite lost amid its gayer surroundings; and so it had turned introspective, and quietly lived upon its own memories. The nine square miles which it once held as a military reserve, had dwindled down to a few hundred acres, and cities and towns had sprung up within its former limits. There was little to interest one now in the interior of the fort; and soon I found my way through a passage cut through the buildings on one side of the quadrangle, and thence up two or three short flights of stairs to an observatory, overhanging the river.

From here one sees mountain-tops, rivers, and prairies. The sombre outline of bluffs on the east cut the edge of the shining, blue sky into grotesque shapes; the Mississippi, stretching in a nearly direct line north and south, throbs beneath your feet; toward the west the Minnesota extends its sinuous length over the level plain, and the prairie itself, in great green reaches, meets and mingles with the pale sky at the far-western horizon. A couple of bright-eyed children, daughters of an officer at the fort, had converted the observatory into a play-room, and a gigantic doll had her face turned toward the proper angle, and was mildly contemplating the scene. A hospital of maimed and wounded in-

fantry reposed softly beneath one of the seats. The gay prattle of the children, who, after the first few moments, were oblivious to our presence, broke in singularly, but not unpleasantly, with the solemn stillness of the surroundings. We yielded to the fascinations of the spot, and lingered there for hours. Shortly after our arrival, a gentleman in civil costume, but with an unmistakable military air, joined us. There was something about him which reminded me of the old fort itself: perhaps as much as any thing the absence of hurry and the air of calm introspection. A half-hour of silent sympathy made us all acquainted. I can not tell who began the conversation, or how it was introduced; but we soon found that our new friend had been one of the military command who had built the fort—not the present one, but one of logs—nearly half a century before. As he related incident and anecdote, I forgot the steamers snorting up and down the river, and the cars thundering beneath our feet, and went back to the scenes which he described so vividly, and with just a touch of that pleasant sadness which belongs to the past. Their nearest White neighbors were at the military post at Prairie du Chien, four hundred miles distant; and their only excitement the arrival of the mail, once a month.

The celebrated Keokuk was sometimes the mail-carrier; and his infinite versatility a great source of amusement to the soldiers. He was swift, agile, a natural gymnast, a wonderful imitator, and, withal, possessed of a retentive memory. He delighted to watch the drill of the soldiers, and on one occasion surprised them by floating past the fort erect in his bark-canoe, and going through an exact manual exercise. He always presented the letters to the persons to whom they were addressed, apparently reading the address from the envelope. This, however, was a mere act of memory, as he insisted upon hearing the address of each one before receiving it.

The winters were bitter-cold, and they often suffered from insufficient supplies. On one occasion, they abandoned the fort entirely, and walked down the river on the ice to Prairie du Chien. There were days and nights of suffering, and they at last arrived at their destination nearly perished with cold and hunger. "Ah!" said the narrator, turning to me, "the telling of these things seems only a summer's-day romance; but, my dear young lady, the actual experience takes much of the romance from frontier life." We bade him a pleasant "Good-by," and left him gazing out upon the river and plain, filled with memories whereof the pain had gone and what was pleasant remained, undimmed by time.

Here and there, above the purple haze of the violet-covered prairie over which we rode, the stately cone-flowers lifted their golden heads, like glowing suns. This is as it was years ago. Far beyond, the sun sank beneath the horizon, leaving a joy which civilization neither will give nor take away.

SALT LAKE CITY.

"ONCE upon a time" there dwelt in Nauvoo a man whose name was Brigham Young. Tribulations numberless surrounded him and his Saints: the chosen and peculiar people of our latter days. They were in the midst of a generation which knew not Joseph Smith. And it then came to pass that Brigham had a vision. He had wandered far away into an inhospitable wilderness—a region of mountains and deserts, of savages and alkali. Suddenly before him rose a majestic peak—a peak of singular conformation, its summit rounded and leaning forward like the full crest of an ocean wave. As the dreamer surveyed the scene, the heavens above the mountain were opened, and a mighty Star-Spangled Banner appeared; it floated through the air with stately grace until it alighted on the mountain-top, when a voice from heaven spoke in our dear Anglo-Saxon tongue: "Build your city at the foot of this mountain, and you shall have prosperity and rest."

The trials and perturbations of the Saints became too mighty to be borne. They were driven from their homes across the Missouri River, marking their route from Nauvoo to Council Bluffs with the graves of those whom famine and exposure had caused to perish by the way. Then it was that Brigham Young, the undismayed leader of the straggling host, announced his reception of the heavenly vision. Said he to his well-nigh disheartened followers: "Somewhere in the unknown and undiscovered West; somewhere in the bosom of the far-off mountains of Mexico, there remaineth prosperity and a rest for the people of God."

He put himself at the head of 143 stalwart men, with a few women to cook, and nurse the sick, and set forth to the unknown occident to search for the mountain of his dream. For months they continued their weary journey: fording unknown rivers, pulling their wagons with ropes through well-nigh impassable *cañons*, until they had traveled twelve hundred miles from Council Bluffs. Through a narrow defile in the Wahsatch Mountains they entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and immediately beside them rose a mountain which Brigham at once designated as the scene of his prophetic dream. In remembrance of the flag which had descended upon it, it was christened "Ensign Peak," which name it bears to the present day. The work of building the city was commenced on the very day of their arrival, July 24th, 1847, and the sacred mountain to-day looks kindly down upon a city of 20,000 people nestling at its foot.

Such, O reader! is the tale which you would hear from Brigham Young or any of his principal subordinates to-day, were you to interrogate them as to the cause of their location in their Happy Valley. But it will be difficult for you, if you are not also a professional writer for the press, to realize the relish and gusto with which we have penned this legend. "We live," in the touching words of another, "in a practical age." Commerce is King. The past has its abounding wealth of legendary lore, from which are built the poems, and prophecies, and romances of to-day. Trade and its necessities dictate where shall be built the commercial centres of the world. It need not be demonstrated that all the great cities of our day owe their importance to some base worldly advan-

tage, visible to the eyes of uninspired men, and are liable to lose their position and power in the world by any trivial circumstance. Not so, however, with the city whose career we chronicle. Founded by inspiration, Salt Lake City must be eternal. It despises the factitious aids by which other cities attain to greatness. For it Nature has done nothing except in the raw material for essence of sage-brush, or oil of greasewood. Without a harbor, its capacious tabernacle is the pharos from whence radiates the light which godly Saints believe alone shines for the vivifying and illuminating of all the world.

The tourist who shall hereafter visit Salt Lake City will survey this Mecca with far other feelings and emotions than his more adventurous predecessor. Luxuriantly ensconced in the palace-cars of the ubiquitous Pullman, after a delightful ride of three or four days, he alights at the City of the Saints. Of the country passed over for a thousand miles before reaching it, he knows almost nothing. He has looked from his window occasionally to survey a herd of antelopes, or a picturesque mountain landscape. He compares the mountain town with the cities of the East or West, where time, and taste, and wealth, and a Nature less niggardly of her favors have combined to create and develop artistic beauties: and his verdict is that Salt Lake is but a dull and prosaic village. Before the advent of the Railroad, however, the traveler prepared himself by a dreary experience to value the beauties of the desert-circled town. A weary journey for weeks or months over apparently endless plains, fearful in their unvarying monotony; over sage-brush deserts, parched and gray; over alkaline marshes, whitened with the bones of poisoned herds, and through mountain ranges, grand indeed, but with the grandeur of blackness and total desolation, prepared the tourist to appreciate the welcome sight of human habitations, of well-tilled gardens and thrifty farms. A few weeks' diet of rusty bacon and doubtful beans, familiarly known to travelers as "Ben Holladay's chickens," made doubly succulent and delicious the fruits and vegetables of the Mormon gardens. And above all, the pilgrim saw and spied out in full the horrible barrenness of the land, and knew the cost of its redemption from its first estate.

The pioneers of the Great Basin will never again receive full credit for their toils and sacrifices. The transcontinental railroad is a great enchanter—a steam Merlin. The tourist reads up for his journey from ocean to ocean of the cares and toils of the California immigrants and the Mormon pioneers; of Bitter Creek and the Stinking Water; of Humboldt Desert and Rattlesnake Pass. He stops at Bitter Creek Station, firmly resolved to drink none of the poisoned water, but sits down at a table well supplied with venison from the Platte Basin, cranberries from Alaska, and Sonoma grapes. He passes Rattlesnake Gulch unconsciously while enjoying his cigar in the smoking-car, and as he prepares for a comfortable sleep across the Humboldt Desert, placidly compares himself with Fremont, or Lewis and Clarke, or the Mormon pioneers, and decides that their accounts of the fatigues and dangers of an exploration across the continent were highly colored, for that he did the like without the loss of a night's repose, and without grievous dietetic hardship.

The great basin in which Salt Lake City is situated is nearly circular, and not far from five hundred miles in diameter. This basin has, as is well known, no visible outlet to the sea. In it are many considerable rivers, all of which sink, or flow, into lakes having no outlets. The Carson and Humboldt Rivers, in Nevada, and the Sevier River, in southern Utah, lose themselves in

marshy lakes. The waters of these lakes are fresh, thus indicating the possibility of subterranean outlets. The saltness of the waters of Great Salt Lake, however, indicates that no such outlet exists. Four large rivers — the Jordan, Weber, Ogden, and Bear—pour their contents into this reservoir. The soil of Utah contains everywhere a slight proportion of salt, which impregnates, in an almost imperceptible degree, the waters of all these rivers. The evaporation, for ages, of the water of the lake concentrates the salt, and explains its saline character without the necessity of the theories of salt mountains, or springs, in its hidden depths. This lake was, in former times, of much greater extent than at present, covering a large proportion of the Great Basin, as is shown by the pebbly lines marking its former beach, more than seven hundred feet above its present level, and which stretch for hundreds of miles unbroken along the bases of the mountains. Mr. Clarence King, in his explorations during the year 1869, discovered and traced the former outlet of this vast inland sea, which was through the Snake, or Shoshone River, to the Pacific Ocean.

Few places can vie with Salt Lake City in natural beauty of location. It is at the north-east corner of a valley nearly elliptical in form, about twenty-five miles in length and fifteen miles in breadth. Immediately behind the city, on the north and east, rise the lofty peaks of the Wahsatch range of mountains. This range extends southward, forming the eastern boundary of the valley, its highest peaks — within an easy day's ride of the city — being covered with perpetual snow. On the west, the Oquirrh range of mountains extends southerly, for some distance nearly parallel with the Wahsatch, but the two ranges, at the southern terminus of the valley, are only separated by the narrow *cañon* through which the Jordan River enters the valley. The Great Salt Lake forms the north-western boundary of the valley. Several large island mountains rise abruptly from the surface of the lake. From its great density — nearly one-fourth its weight being pure salt — the waters of this lake, viewed from a distance, are of a much deeper blue than any waters elsewhere found. The Jordan River flows from the south through the valley, the city being situated upon its eastern bank, and reaches the lake about ten miles northerly from the city. The Wahsatch Range, at several points near the city, is pierced by vast and rugged *cañons*, from which, fed by the snows upon the summits, flow the streams of water used in irrigating the land. The scenery in these *cañons* is of unsurpassed grandeur. A visit to any one of the half-dozen accessible from the city by a ride of a single day, will furnish an experience never to be forgotten by the student of Nature.

In the northern portion of the city is a warm, saline, sulphur spring, possessing valuable medicinal virtues. The temperature of the water is 102° Fahrenheit. Comfortable bathing-houses have been erected by the city, and the baths are much frequented by residents and visitors. The waters seem highly efficacious for the treatment of rheumatism in its various forms, and for nearly all diseases arising from vitiated blood. The spring discharges a large volume of water, and, with increasing facilities for travel, will doubtless become a place of great resort.

The streets of the city, crossing each other at right angles, are 132 feet wide; the blocks, forty rods square, and containing ten acres each, are divided into eight lots, each containing one and one-fourth acres. In the business portions of the town, these large lots have been, of course, subdivided; but nearly all the citizens own a full lot for a residence, which enables them to produce an am-

ple supply of fruit and vegetables for family use, from their own gardens. Rented property is extremely rare; in no city of the world do so large a proportion of the people own the houses in which they live. The size of the lots causes the city to cover an area probably ten times as great as an ordinary city of the same population.

In a country where, for half the year, rain is nearly unknown, a most delightful feature is the abundant supply of water in every part of the city. On each side of every street flows a stream of pure, crystal water, fresh from the melting snows of the mountains. The canals, for the distribution of the water, were first constructed by a general tax. The water is furnished to all without charge, except an annual tax of about $1 per lot, which is usually paid in labor by the parties immediately interested in the water supply, and is solely for the purpose of keeping the canals and ditches in repair.

The city presents the appearance of a vast garden, the scattered houses being embowered in luxuriant forests of fruit-trees—principally the peach and apple. Ornamental trees are planted along both sides of the streets, beside the water-courses. Outside the city plat, several thousand acres are laid out into five and ten-acre farms, owned and cultivated by people residing in the city.

Salt Lake City, as has already been stated, was founded on the 24th day of July, 1847. Utah was then a portion of the Mexican Empire. The pioneers made their first camp on a slight eminence near the present residence of Brigham Young, and, within a few hours after their arrival, had unloaded their plows, tools, and seed-grain, and were plowing the land for the first crop ever raised in the Great Basin. A small piece of wheat—about two acres—was sowed, near the present site of the theatre, on the following day. The seed-grain and potatoes, brought in the wagons from Council Bluffs, were soon in the ground, and the erection of a fort was commenced. This was for protection against the Indians, and was formed by building a considerable number of small *adobe* houses around a square, within which the cattle and horses of the people were secured.

Late in the autumn of the same year, several thousand people followed the pioneers into the valley. They were further reinforced by the arrival of the "Mormon Battalion," a body of some five hundred soldiers, serving in the army during the Mexican war, who had been mustered out of the service in southern California, at the cessation of hostilities, and marched thence to the Salt Lake Valley. The ensuing winter and spring were seasons of great and often terrible privation: the entire community were put upon light rations, and the utmost effort on the part of the authorities was required to prevent the starving people from devouring their supplies of seed-grain, upon the preservation of which hinged their future prosperity. Many people lived for weeks upon wild roots and the hides of animals. A supply of seed-grain was thus saved, and a considerable area of land sown in the spring of 1848. Their crops were soon attacked by myriads of large crickets, which swarmed from the mountains. The entire population rallied and fought, in every manner, these hungry invaders, but with only moderate success, until they were reinforced by a vast army of sea-gulls, which, tempted by the prospect of a feast of such delicacy and abundance, came from the islands of the Great Salt Lake. More by the efforts of the gulls than by those of the people was the cricket army defeated, which result all loyal and devout Mormons attribute to a direct interposition of Providence in their behalf. The settlers were farmers from the Eastern States,

and unfamiliar with the processes of irrigation, by which it was necessary to grow their crops: which fact, together with the ravages of the crickets, resulted in but a moderate harvest for 1848. In 1849, the benefits of a larger experience were felt: the crops were abundant, and for the first time the prospect of starvation ceased to haunt the hardy pioneers.

From that time, although the crops have several times been in large part destroyed by the grasshoppers, an ample supply for their own wants, and for furnishing the markets of the adjoining Territories, has always rewarded the labors of the Utah farmers. With the excitement consequent upon the discovery of gold in California, sprang up a large migration across the continent. The worn and weary seekers for the new El Dorado found, at the City of the Saints, reasonable supplies of what they especially required. Their thin and footsore cattle were exchanged for fresh animals, and vegetables in abundance, with fresh meat, recruited the health of the future millionaires. California is to-day richer by thousands of its most valued and cherished lives, from the existence of this half-way house upon the desert.

The moderate abundance of this world's goods acquired by the Saints, has been gained by the hardest and most persistent labor. It is the triumph of Muscle over the hostile powers of Nature. Few are aware of the vast labor necessary to reclaim the stubborn wastes of the Great Basin. Water is carried for miles to reach a small tract, possessing a soil of sufficient strength to mature a crop. The surface must be brought to a uniform grade, to make practicable the flow of water over its entire area, and the crop must be watered at intervals of one or two weeks during the season. It is not too much to say that had it not been for the religious fanaticism, which assembled and banded together the Mormon people in this locality, the country would have remained a desert for generations. Even since the advent of the Railroad, and the consequent opening of the country, there is not, so far as we are aware, a single Gentile farmer in the Territory. The fertile lands of our North-western States, and of California and Oregon, are as yet too cheap and abundant to warrant our settlers in seeking a home in the parched and barren wastes of Utah. The average size of a Utah farm will not exceed ten acres, and upon this it is necessary to expend as much labor as would be required to thoroughly cultivate fifty acres in California or Illinois.

The Mormons reached Salt Lake Valley in an utterly impoverished condition. The cash capital of the entire community would not probably have exceeded $1,000. The California migration furnished them a market for their surplus products; but, as they had but small use for money, they preferred taking of the miners instead something which they could either eat, drink, or wear, and not procurable at home. As they increased in numbers and means, merchants established themselves among them, thus enabling them to use their small stores of money in the purchase of needed supplies. Their great distance from market, and the small proportion of their crops which would bear transportation, have, however, at all times made money extremely scarce, and have led to the perpetration of a complicated and often amusing system of barter. Hundreds of farmers, living in reasonably comfortable circumstances, and having large families to clothe and educate, will not see a dollar in money for years. Such a farmer wishes to purchase a pair of shoes for his wife. He consults the shoemaker, who avers his willingness to furnish the same for one load of wood. He has no wood, but sells a calf for a quantity of *adobes*, the *adobes* for an order on the merchant payable in goods, and

the order for a load of wood, and straightway the matron is shod. Seven watermelons purchase a ticket of admission to the theatre. He pays for the tuition of his children seventy-five cabbages per quarter. The dressmaker receives for her services four squashes per day. He settles his Church dues in sorghum molasses. Two loads of pumpkins pay his annual subscription to the newspaper. He buys a "Treatise on Celestial Marriage" for a load of gravel, and a bottle of soothing-syrup for the baby with a bushel of string-beans. In this primitive method, until the advent of the Railroad, was nine-tenths of the business of the Territory conducted. And even now, in the more remote settlements, a majority of all transactions are of this character. The merchants, purchasing their goods in New York or San Francisco, must, of course, have money to pay for the same; but they sell their goods for cattle, flour, and dairy products, which are then marketed for cash in the adjoining mining Territories.

A sketch of the business of any other of our representative cities, which was composed principally of details of farming, would be an anomaly; but Salt Lake is rather an aggregation of small farmers than a city, in the ordinary acceptation of the word — nearly all its inhabitants being farmers. Its merchants and mechanics have small farms, and endeavor, at least, to raise their own breadstuffs. Their daily conversation is of the prospect of crops — of the probable demand for their surplus products. Being farmers—and very small farmers—their gains have been, of course, but moderate. The average wealth of the people of Salt Lake City is probably much less than in any other city of the same population in the Union. There is, however, but little abject poverty. They have neither poverty nor riches — all have an abundance of the necessaries of life—few have wealth. The sterility of the land, their distance from markets, the high price they have been heretofore obliged to pay for whatever articles of use were not raised in their own Territory, sufficiently account for the smallness of their average gains.

The difficulties of the settlement and upbuilding of Salt Lake City would not, however, entitle it to a place among the representative cities of our continent. Other citizens have endured equal or greater hardships in developing nearly every portion of our common country. From the days of John Smith, the Holland pilgrims, or the heroic La Salle, the lot of all pioneers who have preceded the westward course of empire has been, in many features, grievous to be borne. But, aside from the struggles, toils, and experiments of its founders, Salt Lake is, in many important features, a city entirely unique in the history of our colonization. It is a city founded and built from an adherence to a peculiar religious idea, and it owes whatever measure of prosperity it possesses to the iron will and dogged persistency of a single man.

There is no person in any degree familiar with the Mormon people but will give them the credit of being, *from their stand-point*, the most religious people of the continent. Without reference to the question whether their faith be founded in truth or be a pure delusion, it is undeniable that for it, such as it is, they have endured toils and privations and welcomed sacrifices and sufferings such as have fallen, for the same cause, to the lot of no other religious community of our generation. While, however, Salt Lake may with propriety be deemed a city founded on a religious creed, it is based more upon the Old Testament ideas and formulas than upon the New. The Master, whose kingdom was not of this world, but in the inmost hearts of men, here gives place, and Moses comes forth as the interpreter of the will of God. As in the days of the Hebraic theoc-

racy, religion permeates and governs in all the concerns of life. Nothing is above its dictation — nothing too trivial for its watchful care. The laws of Moses were far more minute, both as regards questions of morals and matters of commercial law, and the every-day affairs of life, than the statutes of any of our States; and all this legislation was a portion of the Jewish religious faith.

In like manner, to-day, the President of the Church of the Latter-day Saints, and his elders, preach to their followers, not only upon questions of ethics, but upon almost all the concerns of our daily life. In the great Tabernacle, one will hear sermons upon the culture of sorghum; upon infant baptism; upon the best manure for cabbages; upon the perseverance of the Saints; upon the wickedness of skimming milk before its sale; upon the best method of cleaning water-ditches; upon bed-bug poison; upon the price of real estate; upon teething in children; upon the martyrdom of Joseph Smith; upon olive-oil as a cure for the measles; upon the ordination of the priesthood; upon the character of Melchisedec; upon worms in dried peaches; upon abstinence from plug tobacco; upon the crime of fœticide; upon *chignons* and the Grecian Bend. While civil laws are recognized and enforced, this is virtually considered as in deference to public opinion, in consequence of the presence among and around them of unbelievers, and because of the present imperfection of their own faith and lives. So soon as the world shall be converted to the true faith, and religious theory and practice made to accord, the necessity of civil laws and judicial tribunals will cease — the world will be one great brotherhood, and the laws of God as expounded by the priesthood will be the only needed rules of life and morals.

Religion, and a deference to its dictates, being thus the recognized standard whereby all the occupations of life are measured, many peculiar results have followed. All amusements are conducted with a singular mingling of frolic and devotion. "Dancing," say the Saints, "is a diversion for which all men and women have a native fondness." So dancing-parties, during the winter months especially, are numerous, and are usually under the care and supervision of some of the church dignitaries. Round dances are ostracized, as involving too large an amount of miscellaneous hugging. When the frolickers are assembled, some one calls them to order and opens the exercises with a fervent prayer. The fiddles then strike up; cotillions and old-fashioned square dances have the floor. The Mormons are opposed to all asceticism in religious life: the most religious man, having best fulfilled the object of his existence, is, therefore, entitled to the greatest percentage of fun in the world; and one of the Twelve Apostles, or a President of the Quorum of Seventies, will dance oftener, and with greater unction and relish, than a man of lesser sanctity. When the party is about to break up, order is again restored, and the dancers dismissed with a benediction. So of theatrical performances. "As all people have a fondness for dramatic representations," say the Saints, "it is well to so regulate and govern such exhibitions, that they may be instructive and purifying in their tendencies. If the best people absent themselves, the worst will dictate the character of the exercises." So, in the elegant theatre at Salt Lake City, may be seen at all performances many of the leading officers of the church; many of the actresses are their wives and daughters, against whose purity no one has breathed a whisper; and the plays presented are uniformly of a character to instruct and amuse, but not to demoralize the taste. The founders of Mormonism were all from Puritan New England; and it would be an interesting

subject of inquiry to trace to what extent their theories regarding recreations were based upon a revolt — a protest against the rigid Calvinism which regarded a smile as sinful; condemned a dancer to languish in outer darkness, and a theatre-goer to endless wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was a man of far inferior powers, as an organizer and leader, to his successor, Brigham Young. During the life-time of Smith, some of his followers were in almost perpetual revolt: numerous schisms appeared, threatening often to entirely destroy the infant community. The Mormon converts have not, as a class, been made up from the ranks of irreligious men, but rather from the dissatisfied membership of the various orthodox churches: men whose ideas upon predestination, baptism, future punishment, prophecy, or some of the numerous doctrines pertaining to their original faiths, were too broad, or too peculiar, to permit them to remain in the fold. A community of zealous religionists, possessing nearly as many hobbies as individuals, would necessarily be difficult to harmonize: yet such has been the task imposed upon Brigham Young for the past twenty-five years, and in its prosecution he has attained to a remarkable degree of success. He is one of the exceptional instances, to be occasionally met in history, where a profound knowledge of men, rare executive ability, an inflexible will, a quick and ready insight into all commercial and business transactions, and a remarkable aptitude therefor, are combined with a capacity for the most extreme fanaticism in religious matters. In every thing pertaining to the Mormon religion he is thoroughly sincere. This fact has sometimes been questioned, but not by any person possessing sufficient acquaintance to make his opinion of value. No hypocrite could have stood for a moment the test to which he has been subjected for twenty-five years. By dint of superior zeal he has ruled unquestioned a whole community of zealots. His faith is evidenced by his labors to bring the Mormon community into contact with the outside world, having constructed hundreds of miles of railroad and telegraph lines for that purpose, when it has been evident to intelligent observers that such contact must result in the disappearance from the Mormon faith of its most cherished and peculiar doctrines and practices. His control over the Mormon people has been almost absolute; and this power has been exerted, as a rule, to promote the healthy development of the resources of the Territory; to stimulate the multitudes who, discouraged by the barrenness of the land, were desirous to abandon it for more fertile localities, and to secure an orderly and economical management of all Territorial affairs. Salt Lake City is by far the most quiet, orderly, and peaceable city west of New England. Drunkenness among its people is almost unknown. Deeds of violence occur at rare intervals. Burglaries and robberies are almost unheard of, and, when taking place, are usually traceable to some demoralized sporting-man from the mining Territories. Gambling-houses are strictly forbidden; the observance of the Sabbath almost universal. The taxes in Utah are much lighter than elsewhere on the Pacific Coast; and Salt Lake City, as well as all the counties, and the Territory itself, are entirely free from debt.

The most noticeable peculiarity relative to Salt Lake City, and the one which, more than all others combined, has given to it a world-wide notoriety, is its revival, in an Anglo-Saxon commonwealth, of a marriage system utterly at variance with our modern civilization.

It may with safety be assumed that the polygamic theory of marriage is contrary to human nature. Were men and

women entirely free from jealousy and selfishness, such a parceling out of the affections might be endured; but so long as Nature is unchanged, it must result in suffering and sorrow to the wife. It is believed to be a relic of the age of Force —of the semi-barbaric days when Might was the sole arbiter of Right, and when man, by reason of his superior, selfish strength and a supposed proprietorship, crushed and repressed all the nobler aspirations of woman, and made her, as feeling or passion dictated, a petted or a neglected slave. It should be remembered that the monogamous system of marriage is the growth of modern civilization, and is not the direct result of any system of religious teaching. Four-fifths of the human race to-day believe in polygamy; and in the days of the Jewish prophets, through whom we derive our religious faith, polygamy was the universal belief, practiced, as they believed, by the absolute sanction and command of God. Christ made no direct assault upon a marriage system which, in his day, was universal. But he taught, as never had been taught before, the sacredness of individual rights; the greatness and equality of our humanity; the priceless value of each human soul. Through long ages the leaven worked: His teachings, even yet, have not reached full fruition; but one of their noblest results is the substantial recognition of the equality of woman in right and before the law. We have learned, after ages of misconception and suffering, that the relations between the sexes are so intimate and vital, that woman must be elevated and ennobled, to ennoble man; that if her affections are dwarfed and crushed, and her legitimate field of labor and of influence curtailed—if, in aught, the full development of her powers be hampered—man, as well as woman, incurs the penalty of such abuse. In importance to the progress of our humanity, their fields of labor are equal, but diverse. These results are the legitimate fruits of the Christian doctrines in their fuller development. Polygamy can not be co-existent with the observance of the Golden Rule.

The Mormon people, both men and women, are unquestionably sincere in the belief that polygamy is an essential portion of their religious faith, and that it is right. Upon no other theory can we account for the long submission of their women to its practice, and their earnest advocacy of the rightfulness of the doctrine. It is one of the supposed revelations to Joseph Smith; is, in their eyes, the will of God; and religious sentiment and enthusiasm enable them, uncomplainingly, to bear this great and grievous cross.

The days of the system are, however, rapidly drawing to a close. Its strength heretofore has been in the isolation of their community. They have been for twenty years almost as separate from our social system as if they had been residents of another planet. In that period half their population has been born in Salt Lake Valley; and these have never had, before the coming of the Railroad, an opportunity to contrast their social life with any other. But all is now changed. Thousands of the outside world yearly visit Salt Lake with their families. The Mormon women feel for the first time their doubtful social position: their self-respect is wounded. A formidable breach has already appeared in the hitherto unbroken ranks of the believers. For the past year scarcely any new polygamous marriages have occurred. Although the system is still theoretically defended, its practice will be quietly abandoned; and hundreds of young girls and women are now open in their avowals that they will marry no man who is a believer in polygamy. The advocates of the Government subsidy to the Pacific Railroad predicted that its construction would, among other things,

settle the Mormon question; and their prophecies are in course of rapid fulfillment.

While the railroad and the intercourse consequent to its completion have thus inaugurated a revolution soon to be complete in public sentiment among the Mormons, they have likewise made them more widely and favorably known. The public, while none the less vigorous in its condemnation of their social system, begins to give to them the honor which is their due for their persistent energy, industry, economy, temperance, and order. The people of the Pacific Coast, especially of our newer mining districts, have always been ready in their admissions of the vast national value of the Utah agricultural settlements at their very doors. This cheap source of supply to the miners of the necessaries of life has enabled them early to develop large districts, and add vastly to the common wealth. It is something for which we may all justly congratulate ourselves that during the last session of Congress, when a bill was pending relative to the forcible suppression of the Mormon marriage system — a bill so cruel, unjust, and vindictive in its provisions that it should condemn its authors to endless infamy — every member of the Pacific Coast delegation, to whom alone the subject was in anywise familiar, was found in the ranks of the opposition. We may hope that the day for an armed crusade against any form of religious belief has forever passed. Cutting throats, however valuable an exercise for the discipline of an army, can scarcely be deemed a missionary work.

The solution of the Mormon problem is simple; in fact, if let alone, it will speedily solve itself. Unjust persecution has no other result than to strengthen religious fanaticism. The murder of Smith, the Mormon Prophet, gave a new lease of life to his tottering church. Their subsequent persecutions were a perpetual advertisement, drawing to their ranks great numbers of fanatical people who considered that whom the Lord loved He chastened, and whose sympathies were intuitively with the weaker side.

As we have already illustrated, our own marriage system is the fruit of our modern civilization and a truer appreciation of the Christian doctrine. Religious persecutions and wars have ever moved backward upon the dial-plate the hands which mark the onward progress of the race. Mormon polygamy, its evils and its cure, are questions in morals outside the field of political action. It is the department of the missionary rather than of the jurist, statesman, or soldier. Our clergy, and not our Congressmen, should take this evil in hand. Already several eminent divines have taken this position, and warned us that this is not the age when Catholics can broil Protestants, Protestants grill Catholics, or Presbyterians hang Quakers for the glory of God. The faith of the forty millions of American Christians is not endangered by the presence among them of one hundred thousand people heretical upon the marriage question. It should rather be quickened into zealous action that these *quasi*-heathens are at their doors. And although the transfer of this great debate from Congress to the pulpits of the land may destroy the entire capital of a considerable number of obscure politicians, otherwise unknown, and thus perchance still forever the plash and babble of these several fountains of dish-water, yet even then have we faith to believe that the Republic and Salt Lake City shall live.

ROUGH TIMES IN IDAHO.

LEWISTON, built of boards and canvas, looking sickly and discouraged, stood shivering in the wind of October, 1862, and wincing under volleys of pebbles that struck the sounding houses with such force you might have thought an unseen army was bombarding them. The town looked as if it had started down from the mines in the mountains above, ragged and discouraged, and, getting to where it then was, had sat down in the forks of the river to wait for the ferry. The town looked as if it ought to go on—as if it wanted to go on—as if it really would go on, if the wind kept blowing and the unseen army kept up the cannonade.

On your left, as you looked down the course of the Columbia, sixty miles away, the Snake River came tumbling down, as if glad to get away from the clouds of dust, sage-brush, and savages. On the other hand, the Clear Water came on peacefully from the woody region of Pen d'Oreille, and joined company for the Columbia. Up this stream a little way stood the old *adobe* wintering quarters of Lewis and Clarke, exploring here under President Jefferson, in 1803; and a few rods beyond, the broad camp of the Nez Perces Indians flapped and fluttered in the wind—while the sombre lock of a Blackfoot warrior streamed from the war-chief's tent.

There is something insufferably mean in a windy day in the northern Territories. The whole country is a cloud of alkali dust—you are half-suffocated and wholly blinded—you shut your eyes and compress your lips—you hold your hat with both hands, lean resolutely against the wind, and bravely wait for it to go by. But it will not go by; it increases in fierceness; it fills your hair and your nostrils with dust; it discharges volleys of little pebbles, flints, and quartz into your face till it smarts and bleeds, and then, all suddenly, goes down with the setting sun.

The mines thus far found in the north had proved of but little account; and the miners were pouring back, as from a Waterloo. I had run a fierce opposition to Wells, Fargo & Co.; and as a result, sat alone in my office, trying to think, calmly as I could, how many of the best years of my life it would take to settle the costs, when the most ragged and wretched-looking individual I ever beheld, looking back stealthily over his shoulder, entered, and took a seat silently in the farther corner. He had a round, heavy head, covered with a shaggy coat of half-gray hair, which an Indian the least expert could have lifted without the trouble of removing his patched apology for a hat. He had an enormous chin, that looked like a deformity. He seemed to sit behind it and look at me there, as you would sit behind a redoubt in a rifle-pit, watching an enemy. His right hand stuck stubbornly to his pocket, while his left clutched the bowl of his pipe, which he smoked furiously, driving the smoke fiercely through his nostrils like steam through twin-valves. I think his tattered duck-pants were stuck in the tops of his boots; but after the lapse of nearly eight years I do not remember distinctly. However, this is not so important. He looked up at me, pulled busily at his pipe, then dropped his head and deliberately fired a double-barreled volley of smoke at his toes, that looked up wistfully from the gable-ends of his boots. Then he arose, glanced at the

door, and being sure that we were alone, shuffled up to the counter, and drew out a purse from his right pocket, half the length of my arm.

"Ned," he cried, in a harsh, cracked voice, "don't you know me? That's gold; and I know where there's bushels of it."

"What! Baboon?—beg pardon, Mr. Bablaine."

"No! Baboon. Old Baboon; that's my name. Old Baboon."

As this man was the real finder of that vast gold-field, including Salmon, Warren's, Boise, Owyhee, and Blackfoot, it is but right that the world should have a brief of his history, as well as his photograph.

Peter Bablaine, Esq., of Easton, Northampton County, Pennsylvania, reached San Francisco in 1849, as refined and intelligent a gentleman as could be found. A few weeks of luckless ventures, however, left him unable to respond to his landlady's bill. She said, fiercely, "You are no gentleman." He answered, quietly, "Neither are you, Mrs. Flanagan;" and quietly left the house. He felt that he had lost or left something behind him. He had. The "Esq." had been knocked from his name as easily as you would wish to kick a hat from the pavement on the first day of April.

Another week of wandering about the town in dirty linen, and his acquaintances treated the tail-end of his Christian name as Alcibiades did the celebrated dog of Athens. He was now simply "Pete Bablaine," and thus set out for the mines. A few months of hard usage, and he found the whole front of his name ripped off and lost. "Bablaine" was all that was left.

Ten years now passed. Ten terrible years, in which this brave and resolute man had dared more than Cæsar, had endured more than Ney; and he found that the entire end of his father's name had been, somewhere in the Sierras, worn or torn away, and hid or covered up forever in the tailings. He was now nothing but "Bab." Here, while ground-sluicing one night on Big Humbug, and possibly wondering what other deduction could be made and not leave him nameless, he was caught in a cave, sluiced out, and carried head-first through the flume. This last venture wore him down to about the condition of an old quarter-coin, where neither date, name, nor nationality can be deciphered. His jaws were crushed, and limbs broken, till they lay in every direction, like the claws of a sea-crab. They took him to the County Hospital, and there they called him "Old Bab." It was a year before he got about; and then he came leaning on a staff, with a frightful face. He had lost all spirit. He sat moodily about the hospital, and sometimes said bitter things. One day he said of Grasshopper Jim, who was a great talker: "That man must necessarily lie. There is not truth enough in the United States to keep his tongue going forever as it does." One evening a young candidate told him he was going to make a speech, and very patronizingly asked him to come out and hear him. Old Bab looked straight at the wall, as if counting the stripes on the paper, then said, half to himself, "The fact of Balaam's ass making a speech has had a more demoralizing influence than any other event told in the Holy Bible; for ever since that time, every lineal descendant seems determined to follow his example." His face was never relieved by a smile, and his chin stuck out fearfully; so that one day, when Snapping Andy, who was licensed by the miners to be the champion growler of the camp, called him "Old Baboon," it was as complete as a baptismal, and he was known by no other name.

"The sorrowful know the sorrowful." I was then a helpless, sensitive, white-headed boy, and so found refuge and re-

lief in the irony of Old Baboon, and, like the Captain, "made a note of it."

Some women visited him one evening: fallen angels—women with the trail of the serpent all over them—women that at that day lived their fierce, swift lives through in a single lustrum, and at the same time did deeds of mercy that put their purer sisters to the blush. They gave him gifts and money, and, above all, words of encouragement and kindness. He received it all in silence; but I saw when they had gone that the coldness of his face had tempered down, like a wintry hill-side under a day of sun. He moodily filled the meerschaum they had brought him, and after driving a volume of smoke through his nose, looked quietly at me and said: "Society is wrong. These women are not bad women. For my part, I begin to find so much that is evil in that which the world calls good, and so much that is good in what the world calls evil, that I refuse to draw a distinction where God has not." Then he fired a double-barreled volley at society through his nose, and throwing out volume after volume of smoke as a sort of redoubt between himself and the world he hated, drifted silently into a tropical, golden land of dreams.

This was the man who now stood before me with gold enough to buy the town.

"There are nine of us," he went on, "all sworn not to tell. Of course, being sworn, they have all taken the first opportunity to tell their friends and send word to their relatives. Therefore, I will tell you."

This is briefly his account of the discovery. When it reached California that gold had been found in the great watershed of the Columbia River, the miners waited for none of the details as to the wealth of the mines, their extent, or the dangers and hardships to be endured. They poured over the northern mountain-walls of Nevada-California, dreaming the dreams of '49. He fretted to go, and being able to travel, the fallen angels again fluttered around the friendless man, and his outfit was as complete as the camp could afford. Arrived north, the mines were found a failure, and a party of prospectors attempted to reach the Shoshone Falls through the densely timbered mountains from Elk City. He was of the number. They made but little headway; and the party of forty, in a few weeks, was reduced to nine. Then some became worn-out and discouraged, and being reduced to half-rations, attempted to return by what they thought a shorter route. After nine days' struggle through dense undergrowth and fallen timber, they came out on a little prairie. Here they found signs of game, and being entirely out of provisions, they determined to turn out their horses on the grass and replenish with their rifles. Baboon was left to keep camp. Their blankets were spread by a little spring stream that hugged a dense growth of tamarack at the edge of the prairie. The prairie lay near the centre of an immense, snow-crested, horseshoe opening to the south, of about thirty miles in diameter. A farm on the Ohio could have produced as many "indications" to the California gold-hunter as the site of this camp; but as the day wore on and the hunters delayed return, Baboon, to kill time, took up a pan, stepped to where a fallen tamarack had thrown up the earth, filled it, and carelessly washed it out. Marshall, in the mill-race, could not have been more astonished. Half a handful of gold—rough, rugged little specimens, about the size of wheat-grains, and of very poor quality, as it afterward proved, being worth but $11 an ounce—lay in the pan; and the great gold belt, which embraced Salmon, Warren's, Boise, Owyhee, and Blackfoot, was found!

I said, "Thank you, Mr. Bablaine."

He looked at me with blended pride and pain, and deliberately firing a double-barreled volley of smoke at my breast, told me to make the best use of the discovery, gave me a written direction of the course and locality, and went out. In less than a week I was in the new mines with a cargo that sold for a dollar a pound before it was unpacked. This was I-da-hoe: the Indian name for this vast basin, or horseshoe, with its snowy crest, which interpreted, means "Gem of the Mountains."

Baboon Gulch — a little indention of not more than a hundred yards in length, dipping down the prairie to a larger gulch — was perhaps the richest spot of earth ever found. The gold lay beneath a thin turf, or peat, on a soft, granite bed-rock in a stratum of but one or two inches thick, and but a few inches wide. This stratum was often half gold. The oath of Baboon could be had to-day, showing that the lightest day's yield was fourteen pounds of gold dust.

Having been the butt of the party, and having but little love or respect for his companions, when he left me at Lewiston he went into the streets, and, depending entirely on his interpretation of faces, made up a party of his own — all poor men — and before sunrise was on his return. I found, when I entered the camp, that he had one evening laid off a town and given it the name of the writer; but the next morning, those who had not procured lots, not feeling disposed to pay from $1,000 to $5,000 when there was so much vacant ground adjoining, went a few hundred yards farther on, and there, under the direction of Dr. Furber, formerly of Cincinnati, and author of "Twelve Months a Volunteer," laid off a town and named it Florence, after the Doctor's oldest daughter. The town laid out by my friend never received the distinction of a single building. However, with a singular tenacity, it retained its place in the maps of Idaho, and there, at least, is as large and flourishing as its rival.

On the 3d day of December, in the fierce storm we read the prophecy of the fearful winter of 1862-3. Thousands of homeless and helpless men began to pour out over the horseshoe in the direction of Lewiston. Going into the camp late one night with the express, I met Baboon and his party quietly making their way over the mountain. Each man had a horse loaded with gold. Promising to return and overtake them, I rode on, and soon met a party headed by the notorious Dave English and Nelse Scott. They were all well-known robbers, and down on the books of the Expressmen as the worst of men; but, as there was not a shadow of civil law, and Vigilantes had not yet asserted themselves, these men moved about as freely as the best in camp. Only a few days before had occurred an incident which gave rise to a new and still popular name for their Order. Scott and English had reached a station on the road with their horses badly jaded. They were unknown to the keeper of the station, who had the Express-horses in charge; and not wishing to do violence to get a change of horses, resorted to strategy. They talked loudly to each other concerning the merits of their stock, and quietly telling the keeper they were connected with the Express, and were stocking the road — acting as road agents — ordered him to saddle the two best horses at the station, and take the best possible care of theirs till their return. He did so, and when the Express arrived that night for its relays, the innocent keeper told the rider the "road agents" had taken them.

English was a thick-set, powerful man, with black beard and commanding manner. One of his gray eyes appeared to be askew, but, other than that, he was a fine-looking man. He was usually good-natured; but when roused, was terrible.

Scott was tall, slim, brown-haired, and had a face fine and delicate as a woman's. Both men, as well as their four followers — one of whom was once well known to circus-goers of California as Billy Peoples — were young.

Knowing their object, I asked them if Old Baboon had left camp.

They answered, "Yes, they thought he had." They then halted, and I rode by uninterruptedly. I reached camp, got a fresh horse, returned, and before dawn overtook Baboon and party. Six days, or rather nights, of travel, and we reached Lewiston, now a sea of canvas. The next day English and party also entered. The river was full of ice, and the steamers tied up for the winter. Even the ferry was impassable for thirteen days. It was a little over one hundred miles to Walla Walla, and the snow deep and still falling. We had hardly got over the ferry, when English and party followed. But as we had been joined by three resolute men, and were now nine, while they were but six, we kept on. We knew their business, and when they passed us soon, chatting gayly, they must have felt, from our compact manner of travel and silence, that they were understood. I observed that they were splendidly mounted and armed.

It was twenty-four miles to Petalia — the nearest station. The days were short, and the snow deep. With the best of fortune, we did not expect to make it till night. At noon we left the Alpowa, and rode to a vast plateau without stone, stake, or sign to point the way to Petalia, twelve miles distant. Here the snow was deeper, more difficult; besides, a furious wind had set in, which blinded and discouraged our horses. It was intensely cold. We had not been an hour on this high plain before each man's face was a mass of ice, and our horses white with frost. The sun, which all day had been but dim, now faded in the storm like a star of morning drowned in a flood of dawn, and I began to experience grave fears. Still English and party kept on — not so cheerful, not so fast as before, it is true — but still kept on as if they felt secure. Once I saw them stop, consult, look back, and then in a little while silently move on. I managed to turn my head a moment in the terrible storm, and saw that our trail was obliterated the moment we passed. Return was impossible — even had it been possible to recross the river, if we had reached it. Again they halted, huddled together, looked back, then slowly struggled on again: sometimes Scott, sometimes English, and then Wabash or Peoples in the lead; but most of the time that iron-man English silently and stubbornly kept ahead. I did not speak to Baboon — it was almost impossible to be heard; besides, it was useless. I now knew we were in deadly peril — not from the robbers, but from the storm. Again they halted; again grouped together, gesticulating in the storm, shielding their faces against the sheets of ice. Our trail had closed like a grave behind us, and our horses were now floundering helplessly in the snow. Again English struggled on; but at three in the evening, standing up to the waist in the snow beside his prostrate horse, he shouted for us to approach. We did so, but could scarcely see each other's faces as we pushed against the storm. We held our heads bowed and necks bent, as you have seen cattle at such times in a barnyard.

"H——'s to pay, boys! I tell you, h——'s to pay; and if we don't keep our heads level, we'll go up the flume like a spring salmon. Which way do you think is the station?" said English.

Most of the party did not answer, but of those who did, scarcely two agreed. It was deplorable — pitiful. To add to our consternation, the three men who had joined us at Lewiston did not come up. We called, but no answer. We

never saw them again. In the spring following some Indians brought in a notebook, which is now in my possession, with this writing: "Lost in the snow, December 19th, 1862, James A. Keel, of Macoupin County, Ill.; Wesley Dean, of St. Louis; Ed. Parker, of Boston." They, at the same time, brought in a pair of boots containing bones of human feet. The citizens went out and found the remains of three men, and also a large sum of money.

English stopped, studied a moment, and then, as if resolving to take all into his own hands, said:

"We must stick together; stick together, and follow me. I will shoot the first man who don't obey, and send him to hell a-fluking."

Again he led on. We struggled after in silence—benumbed, spiritless, helpless, half-dead. Baboon was moody, as of old. Scott seemed like a child. It grew dark soon, the most fearful darkness I ever saw. I heard English call and curse like a madman. "There is but one chance," he said; "come up here with your horses, and cut off your saddles." He got the horses together as close as possible, and shot them down—throwing away his pistols as he emptied them. Throwing the saddles on the heap, he had each man wrap his blankets around him, and all huddle together on the mass.

"No nodding, now! I'll shoot the first man who don't answer when I call him."

I truly believe he would have done so. Every man seemed to have given up all hope, save this fierce man of iron. He moved as if in his element. He made a track in the snow around us, and kept constantly moving and shouting. In less than an hour we saw the good effects of his action: the animal heat from the horses warmed us as it rose.

Suddenly English ceased to shout, and uttered an oath of surprise. The storm had lifted like a curtain; and away in the north, as it seemed to us, the full, stately moon moved on toward the east. That moon to us was as the sea to the Ten Thousand. We felt that we were saved. For as the moon seemed going in the wrong direction for the station, we, of course, were in the right, and could not be far from help.

When the morning sun came out, our leader bade us up and follow. It was almost impossible to rise. Baboon fell, rose, fell, and finally stood on his feet. But one of his party—a small German, named Ross—could not be roused. English returned, cursed, kicked, and rolled him over the frozen horses, and into the snow, but it was useless. I think he was already dead; at least he had not moved from the position we left him in, when found by the returning party.

At eleven in the morning English, who still resolutely led the party, gave a shout of joy, as he stood on the edge of a basaltic cliff, and looked down on the *parterre*. A long, straight pillar of white smoke rose from the station, like a column of marble supporting the blue dome above.

The dead man and money were brought in, and in a few days the trail broken.

Baboon stood leaning on the neck of his horse, and firing double-barreled discharges of smoke across it, as over a barricade. Then he called Scott and English to him; told them he knew their calling; still he liked them; that he believed a brave robber better than many legal thieves who infested the land; and offered them, or any of their band, a fair start in life, to leave the mountains and go with him. Scott laughed gayly—it flattered his vanity; but English was for a moment very thoughtful. Then he threw it off, and spoke a moment to Wabash—a quiet, half-melancholy young man, born in the papaw woods of Indiana.

"Wabash has been wanting to quit and go home," said English to Baboon.

"Take him—he is braver than Lucifer—and not a hair of your head shall be hurt."

Wabash then solemnly shook hands with his old companions, and rode on. English and his remaining comrades returned to Lewiston.

We reached Walla Walla safely, and I never saw Wabash or Baboon again. But a letter lies before me as I write, postmarked Easton, Northampton County, Pennsylvania, and signed "Old Bàboon." This letter contains the following paragraph:

"The house stands in this wood of elms. We have two California grizzlies, and a pair of bull-dogs. Wabash keeps the dogs chained, but I let the grizzlies go free. We are not troubled with visitors."

Scott, English, and Peoples were arrested, some months later, for highway robbery, and, heavily ironed, were placed under guard, in a log-house, as a temporary jail. That night was born the first Vigilance Committee of the north. It consisted of but six men, mostly Expressmen. About midnight, under pretense of furnishing the guard with refreshments, they got hold of their arms, and told the prisoners they must die. Scott asked time to pray; English swore furiously, but Peoples was silent. Soon one of the Vigilantes approached Scott, where he was kneeling, and was about to place a noose over his head.

"Hang me first," cried English, "and let him pray."

The wonderful courage of the man appealed strongly to the Vigilantes, but they had gone too far to falter now. They had but one rope, and proceeded to execute them, one at a time. When the rope was around the neck of English, he was respectfully asked by his executioners to invoke his God. He held down his head a moment, muttered something, then straightened himself up, and turning to Scott, said:

"Nelse, pray for me a little, can't you, while I hang? D—— if I can pray."

He looked over to where Peoples sat, still as a stone, and continued, "D—— if I can pray, Billy; can you?"

Peoples died without a word or struggle. When they came to Scott, and put the rope about his neck, he was still praying most devoutly. He offered, for his life, large sums of money, which he said he had buried; but they told him he must die. Finding there was no escape, he took off his watch and rings, kissed them tenderly, and handing them to one of the Vigilantes, said, "Send these to my poor Armina," and quietly submitted. At dawn the three men, eyes aglare, lay side by side, in their irons, on the floor, rigid in death.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

(TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.)

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;

And he rose with a sigh,
  And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
  And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
  I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
  Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
  In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
  He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
  Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
  What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
  And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
  Which the same I am free to maintain.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

While those who honestly admired the living Hawthorne have, perhaps, been emboldened to emphasize their admiration more strongly since his death, it is quite probable that he has made but few new friends. It is to be feared that a generation, accustomed to look upon Irving and Cooper as representative American writers, and which has purchased so many editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, must pass away before he will become the fashion. Popular opinion, which has a generous belief in "neglected genius," and is only too apt to canonize right and left on the mere provocation of mortality, would perhaps assent that much of Hawthorne's reputation is posthumous. Every one who loved Hawthorne will, of course, deny this; yet they will be thankful for that present popularity, which has lately brought forward these posthumous *Note-Books;* which has helped them to a nearer knowledge of that subtile spirit, of whose individuality even *they* knew but little; which has shown them, in the chips gathered from his literary workshop, how honestly this man worked and how exquisite was his finish; how great was his performance, and how vast his possibilities.

In the preface to the *English Note-Books*, Mrs. Hawthorne suggests that the materials for a biography of her late husband may be found in those pages. She meets the objections which some have urged against this apparent intrusion upon the sanctity of his intellectual solitude, gracefully, if not altogether logically. It might be fairly doubted if a man of Hawthorne's habitual reserve would be apt to make his half-literary diary the best witness of his private, personal character, while, on the other hand, if he had done so, it is equally questionable whether it should have been offered to the public eye. Although we do not believe that he has here revealed any thing more of himself than those peculiar mental habits with which we are already familiar, there are some memoranda which were evidently intended for future revision; and we can not help thinking that his artistic fastidiousness, visible even in the composition of these confidences, should have been more respected.

The *English Note-Books* cover three years of Mr. Hawthorne's Liverpool Consulship, from which he extracted more profit — albeit of quite another kind — than most of his predecessors, even in the most lucrative days of that office. It is made up of studies of English life, character, and scenery — some of which have been rewritten and extended in *Our Old Home.* Being in the form of a diary, they rarely attempt more than a record of the superficial and external aspect of things that interested the author, and the occasional moral or analysis is due rather to the writer's mental habit than a deliberate attitude of criticism. Mr. Hawthorne evidently intended to revise these first impressions in after-years — some of them have been already revised in *Our Old Home* — but yet they are, on the whole, remarkably felicitous, truthful, and complete. It does not seem possible for the author to better either the style or wisdom of some of these reflections *en passant.* And when the reader observes how sparingly Mr. Hawthorne has drawn upon these materials for the finished sketches he has already given us, and how much is still left to be given, he will learn to appreciate the loss which literature sustained when his hand "let fall the pen and left the tale half-told." No lesser artist than the diarist could avail himself of the diary.

England would have undoubtedly fascinated Mr. Hawthorne, if his critical and introspective faculty had not, as usual, sat in judgment on his taste. As it was, he brought

to it the educated American's reverence, without the educated American's secret distrust of himself and his own country; and the independent American's thought, without the independent American's intolerance of other people's thought. A child of the English Puritans, he moved about among the homes of his ancestors with much of his ancestors' sympathy and appreciation, and perhaps much of that feeling and instinct which made his ancestors exiles. It might shock the sensitive shade of "Mr. Justice Hathorne" to know that "Cathedrals are almost the only things that have quite filled out" his descendant's "ideal here in this old world;" but Nathaniel Hawthorne's "ideal" of a cathedral was purely poetical, and by no means dangerous to his Puritan equanimity. He enjoyed the repose of English rural scenery. Among the lakes and mountains of Wales he felt, after the fashion of his countrymen, the superior measurements of his own native land; but, unlike many of his own countrymen, the comparison did not prejudice his æsthetic sense. If in fancy he heard the American Eagle scream contemptuously over Snowdon, Skiddaw, and Ben Lomond, his ears were not closed against "the sweeter music of the hills." He seems to have been at home in English society, perhaps more so than he would have been in the same level of American society; but the most violent democrat would, we hardly think, accuse him of toadyism. Like Irving, his romantic taste took unaffected delight in the half-feudal breadth and easy opulence of the social surroundings of the English higher classes; but he does not describe them with Irving's English and wholly material unctuousness. If in one instance he records that he walked away from an American who put his hat on his head in St. Paul's, and on another occasion he felt—perhaps more fastidiously than was becoming a guest—the smallness of the entrance-hall, and the humble surroundings of a house to which he had been invited, we find an explanation rather in the man's sensitive organization than in the effect of any ulterior influences; and the simplicity with which he tells the incident is charming. It was quite impossible for such a nature as Hawthorne's to have had a genuine snobbish impulse; but it was not impossible for such a nature to morbidly examine itself for any evidence of that quality. It was this fastidiousness which caused him to anxiously compare the representative Americans whom he met with the average Englishmen, although his judgment almost always leaned toward his countrymen. Most of his comments and criticisms, whether exhaustive or superficial, are all characterized by that simplicity which seems to be an unfailing indication of a great nature.

The record of his interviews with some of his famous literary contemporaries has a peculiar value now that most of these men have passed away, to say nothing of the frequent felicity of his comments. He managed to get a very clear idea of Douglas Jerrold's susceptibility to criticism, albeit in a way that must have been embarrassing to both parties. He also met Reade, Taylor, Lever, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Howitt, and Mr. Tupper. The meeting with the latter was, however, more characteristic of Hawthorne than Tupper. "Soon entered Mr. Tupper," says the *Note-Book*, "and without seeing me, exchanged warm greetings with the white-haired gentleman. 'I suppose,' began Mr. Tupper, 'you have come to meet ——.' Now, conscious that my name was going to be spoken, and not knowing but the excellent Mr. Tupper might say something which he would not quite like me to overhear, I advanced at once with outstretched hand and saluted him." It may be remarked here that Mr. Hawthorne was quite a lion in London, and that he records the fact with a simplicity and unaffectedness that is utterly free from even the suspicion of egotism.

The office that Mr. Hawthorne held at Liverpool was then one of no inconsiderable profit and emolument. In offering it to his life-long friend, President Pierce undoubtedly had in view the advantage which a handsome income that was quite independent of literary effort had upon the purely literary character. It placed Mr. Hawthorne independent of that immediate popularity which is often so fatal to literary excellence. It surrounded him with the conditions most favorable to the development of his genius. But that the practical duties of the Consulate were of a nature that was unsympathetic, there can be little doubt. There is something pathetically amusing in his account of

his trials and tribulations in his half-judicial mediation between reckless sailors and tyrannical ship-masters. His countrymen were often brought face to face with him in the most unpleasant aspects of their national character. That he performed his official functions with integrity and intelligence, there can be little doubt; but it is perhaps no reflection on his successor to know that the office has never been filled before nor since by so great a man.

MAN AND WIFE. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Bros.

If the novel-readers of the last ten years could have safely counted upon any one for fiction, pure and simple, without the suggestion of any extrinsic purpose, moral or instructive, that one would have been Wilkie Collins. In all the fascinating intricacies of his wonderful plots, they felt that nothing was expected of them more than their breathless attention; that their sympathies, political or social, were not to be called upon, and that with the last evolution of the plot, and disclosure of the mystery, their responsibility to the novelist ended. He had fulfilled his duty by interesting them—a work requiring no little effort and talent; they had fulfilled theirs by being interested—a work requiring absolutely no talent or effort whatever.

The reader can imagine the concern with which Mr. Collins' admirers will now learn that Mr. Collins has joined the goodly fellowship of the social reformers; that he now has a fell moral purpose, and that, to use an expressive Californianism, he is at present "going for" the Marriage Laws of Great Britain. Mr. Reade's Trades Union outrages, Mr. Disraeli's Catholic tempest in a Protestant tea-pot, are as nothing to this. That household criticism of the popular novel, which used to content itself with the mere application of such adjectives as "nice" or "horrid" to the several characters; which never carried its speculations beyond wondering "how it would end," or "what was the secret"—all this must now be changed. *Paterfamilias* must be ready to explain the Parliamentary Acts to his family circle; young gentlemen must, among their other accomplishments, study up decisions of Scotch and Irish Judges, for the edification of their fair friends. "For you men know all about these things," will be the unanswerable logic of these feminine critics; some of whom will find, doubtless, a convincing argument in favor of female suffrage.

Thus forewarned and prepared, Mr. Collins' friends may receive him on his old footing. For his ulterior social object does not hurt his story; even the legal quotations which are necessary for his purpose are not so technical but that they may be understood by the most careless reader. The following statement of the central fact in the "Prologue" is an instance of this perspicuity:

"Mr. Delamayn stated the law, as that law still stands—to the disgrace of the English Legislature and the English Nation.

"'By the Irish Statute of George the Second,' he said, 'every marriage celebrated by a Popish priest between two Protestants, or between a Papist and any person who has been a Protestant within twelve months before the marriage, is declared null and void. And by two other Acts of the same reign such a celebration of marriage is made a felony on the part of the priest. The clergy in Ireland of other religious denominations have been relieved from this law. But it still remains in force so far as the Roman Catholic priesthood is concerned.'

"'Is such a state of things possible in the age we live in!' exclaimed Mr. Kendrew.

"Mr. Delamayn smiled. He had outgrown the customary illusions as to the age we live in.

"'There are other instances in which the Irish marriage-law presents some curious anomalies of its own,' he went on. 'It is felony, as I have just told you, for a Roman Catholic priest to celebrate a marriage which may be lawfully celebrated by a parochial clergyman, a Presbyterian minister, and a Non-conformist minister. It is also felony (by another law) on the part of a parochial clergyman to celebrate a marriage that may be lawfully celebrated by a Roman Catholic priest. And it is again felony (by yet another law) for a Presbyterian minister and a Non-conformist minister to celebrate a marriage which may be lawfully celebrated by a clergyman of the Established Church.'"

With these facts the reader will readily understand that Mr. Collins has the conditions for any number of unhappy marriages, and any amount of domestic unhappiness. But he is sparing of his material. The above illustration of the "Irish marriage," in which a husband takes advantage of the law to discard and displace a faithful wife, to make room for a later choice, is only an introduction, or prologue, to the real story, which is about a Scottish marriage, in which the

daughter of the previous victim suffers from what would seem to be the hereditary matrimonial ill-luck. Mr. Collins evidently entertains a theory that accidents of this kind run in families, based possibly on the same statistics by which some ingenious individual proved that being struck by lightning was an idiosyncrasy of his own kin. We can stand a pedigree of bad husbands and unfaithful lovers; but when Mr. Collins attempts to show us that the condition of the wife descends to the daughter; that the female issue of an abused and deserted wife is bound to become, in turn, an abused and deserted wife, we respectfully raise our voice in protest. Even if we were prepared to go back to Adam and Eve to find the secret of the present unhappiness of some married couples, it is not probable that the Divorce courts would admit the testimony, and it is doubtful if legislation ever yet has done much to remove hereditary traits. The moral of which would seem to be that the daughter of an unhappy couple should remain single—which, we may safely assume, she won't.

Dismissing the prologue, then, as immaterial to the issue of the real story, we find in the heroine, "Anne Silvester," a young woman whom we think we have frequently met in the company of Wilkie Collins. She is, we might say, not entirely abnormal, but unnecessarily mysterious, and has that slight suspicion of insanity, without which Mr. Collins seems to find it impossible to express originality. She has "a nervous uncertainty in the eye," and "a nervous contraction of one corner of the mouth"—all of which are, however, fascinating to mankind, and are particularly dangerous qualities in a governess. To these charms "Miss Silvester" has added great strength of mind and character, which do not, however, prevent her from becoming the victim of "Geoffrey Delamayn"—an athletic young brute, physically perfect, but with neither mind nor character. She urges him to redeem his promise, and secretly marry her, and appoints a clandestine meeting at an old inn at "Craig Fernie." "Geoffrey," who begins to find his amour burdensome, takes "Arnold Brinkworth" into his confidence, and prevails upon him to go to "Craig Fernie," at the appointed hour, with an excuse. "Arnold Brinkworth," whose simple and honorable nature offers an opportunity for one of those contrasts in which most novelists delight, accepts the delicate mission, and, to save the reputation of "Anne," *personates the character of her expectant husband before the inn people.* This is, of course, the pivot of the plot. Need we say that the villainous "Geoffrey" avails himself of this most infelicitous kindness to attempt to shift the matrimonial burden of "Miss Silvester" upon his friend; who, being engaged to "Miss Silvester's" dear friend "Blanche," is naturally embarrassed? We need not say so; the situation being palpably provided for that purpose. But it is here where the Scotch marriage-law, with its delightful uncertainty, enters into the plot. Viewed in the clear, impartial light of Scotch judicial decisions, it would appear that the parties are legally married or not, just as they may choose to elect. To save her friend "Blanche," who has been since married to "Arnold Brinkworth," "Anne Silvester" elects that "Mr. Brinkworth" is not her husband, but on the same evidence which is insufficient to establish a marriage with him, claims the athletic "Geoffrey"—whom she now despises. We do not know that we have made this clear to the reader; we do not know that it is entirely clear to ourself: but we are happy to state that this legal obscurity does not prevent "Miss Silvester" from establishing her marriage with "Geoffrey," and acquitting her friend's husband of unintentional and disinterested bigamy. "Geoffrey," who is disappointed in securing the hand and fortune of "Mrs. Glenarm," contingent upon his success in freeing himself from the claims of "Anne Silvester," accepts the situation, with the mentally reserved right of murdering his wife when he shall have an opportunity. He makes the attempt, and is frustrated by "Hester Dethridge," a darkly mysterious, deaf woman, who seems to have once done a little husband-killing on her own account; is overtaken by one of those providential epileptic strokes which follow villainy about and is apt to unpleasantly interfere with its consummation, and dies. At which point Happiness and a New Husband dawn upon the long-suffering "Anne."

So much for the inconvenience and un-

pleasantness—to put it in no stronger terms—which may result from the present uncertain and indefinite—to put it with equal mildness—Marriage Laws of Great Britain and Ireland. But Wilkie Collins has discovered another "evil," which he shows up as deftly—the sin of popular "muscularity." "Geoffrey" is the University "stroke oar"—a trained animal, with no ideas beyond his muscular triumphs and developments, and no literature beyond his betting-book. The delineation of his career is not only a clever moral satire upon the ultra Muscular School, and Animal Young England generally, but is a very judicious and scientific study of the physical evils of this excessive cultivation of the Physical. He shows us that the strong man does not last—that the trained animal is unreliable with all his training—and that muscle and sinew may be cultivated at the expense of vitality. "Geoffrey" breaks down physically—or, to use the graphic language of his class, "goes stale."

How far those arguments which Mr. Collins puts in the mouth of "the Doctor" are borne out by medical experience, we can not say; but we most heartily welcome any thing which looks like a reaction to the muscular extremes of "Guy Livingstone" and Henry Kingsley. We have become somewhat tired of the sinewy arms and mighty fists of these gentle academicians; we are a little hoarse from throwing up our caps over the winning Oxford or Cambridge crew; we would like to contemplate victorious Manhood on some other field than a "cricket-ground," or some other place than a spring-board, and from some surer eminence than a tight-rope or a flying-trapeze. It is quite possible that the Muscular Novel has "gone stale," as the Muscular Hero would seem to be likely to, and we only hope that Mr. Wilkie Collins has "knocked it out of time."

There is much honest writing in this book, and some that is very fine. We have in mind the chapter on the owls in the summer-house, which, as a playful political satire, we think is quite unsurpassed in its way—a very Dickens-like way—by any but Charles Dickens. Yet, with the exception of the character of "Geoffrey," the *dramatis personæ* are in the hands of the regular Wilkie Collins stock-company, and we recognize the old actors under their new costumes. That very clever artist who once made a happy hit as the *Woman in White*, reappears as "Hester" with poor success; and in "Anne Silvester" we have only the usual walking-lady.

THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN. By J. Macgregor, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The *Rob Roy* has gained a certain reputation as a traveler, and is popularly known as a canoe that has traversed the waters of many of the rivers and lakes of the several continents. It is in reality a sort of Phœnix, a new boat for every cruise, still retaining the old name. In the present volume we are told how the author carried the *Rob Roy*, and had it carried, through the lands of Egypt and Syria, and how, occasionally, under peculiarly favorable circumstances, the *Rob Roy* carried the author "on the ancient rivers, lakes, and seas in Bible lands."

There is about such a cruise, superficially considered, a suggestion of trickery, an apparent attempt to gain *éclat* by doing an ordinary thing in an unusual way. We have no wish to quarrel with this harmless vanity. If any one wishes to go round the world on a wheelbarrow, he has our best wishes for his success, and the enjoyment of his journey; at the same time, we are unwilling to admit that he has done any thing peculiarly heroic or praiseworthy. In the present instance, however, we are at once relieved from even the suspicion of such a thing, for the author says, in the opening chapter: "It was novel, indeed, to paddle an English canoe upon the Red Sea and the Nile, but what was seen there could be met with in other modes of travel. When, however, the *Rob Roy* essayed the Syrian lakes, and rivers and seas of Palestine, she entered on scenes never opened before to the traveler's gaze, and which were entirely inaccessible, except in a canoe."

Such sentiments are not only proper, but inspiring; and the reader resignedly wades through the mass of colorless and uninteresting detail, until the author enters upon the real business. And then, in spite of his own testimony to the contrary, it is difficult to believe that other modes of traveling would not

have been more effectual for his purpose. This purpose is to find the real source of the Jordan. He not only succeeds in finding several real sources, but settles the fact incontrovertibly. We wish we had not the moral certainty that the next traveler thirsting for renown will exhaust the water of these fountains and smite the rocks for others — but we are used to new sources of rivers, and accept that inevitable portion of useless knowledge uncomplainingly ; but when our author finds, also, a "new mouth," we revolt: it is simply more than our limited intelligence can comprehend. Besides, this is an innovation which, if admitted, may lead to very disastrous results in regard to the authenticity of former travelers, until some one, more adventurous than the rest, shall declare that the Jordan is not the Jordan at all, and our associations be thus remorselessly swept away. It is difficult to say what is the real value of the accumulation of such facts as are here given. It does not, as far as we could ascertain, establish any new or interesting principle in Geology, or discovery in Geography. But in such a journey one naturally expects rather a sentimental than a scientific interest. And here it fails signally. The reflections are of the most commonplace orthodoxy, without the slightest tinge of individuality.

There is, however, a vein of marked individuality in the book, and this is the author's loyalty to the Commodore of the Canoe Club, His Royal Highness, and also his intense appreciation of his countrymen. He tells us that the Orientals, although they hate all other Europeans and especially the French, love every Englishman ; and that the magic words "I am an Englishman" will cower a marauding band of Arabs. In fact, it is the only talisman needed for a safe and pleasant journey among these unscrupulous people.

There is, of course, the usual fling at traveling Americans, to which we only object because the picture is drawn too mildly. Can any American, acquainted with his species, imagine an unappreciative fellow-countryman, describing the Dead Sea with no stronger expression of disapprobation than merely, "It is only a dull-like place." If any of that large class of English people — the uneducated masses — ever went beyond the smell of their own peat-fires, they would, undoubtedly, use such an expression. The difference between American and English travelers is, perhaps, that there is only one class of English, while there are two classes of Americans, who travel. Let us hope that our uneducated traveling countrymen, if they have gained for us a reputation for being ignorant and unrefined, have gained for themselves a greater breadth of thought, and more freedom of ideas, than the corresponding class of the older and more enlightened countries have yet attained.

The Writings of Anne Isabella Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

They who have already had the good fortune to meet an occasional story of Miss Thackeray's will welcome the present volume of her complete works. It is even possible that they will find the enjoyment which they had promised themselves, for every story exceeds their anticipations. The stories are of such equal merit in regard to quality, and yet diverse in regard to kind, that, after the first impulsive criticism of considering the last one read as the very best, it will depend upon individual taste and sympathies to elect permanent favorites. For we believe that those who enjoy Miss Thackeray's writings at all will at once assign them a place in that miscellaneous class which Emerson calls "favorites," and which we regard not altogether critically, but with a sort of personal friendship and sympathy.

The most considerable story, in regard to length, is "The Village on the Cliff." This may be said to aspire to a plot, although the interest rather centres upon the development of the characters of the two "Catharines," and is maintained by the quiet and continuous movement. The character of the impulsive Normandy woman, "Reine," relieves the somewhat colorless goodness of the English heroines. Not that we apprehend that this patient heroism is less heroic with a quiet sublimity and real pathos, but the dash of bright coloring adds a certain vivacity to the picture, like the gleaming of the red cloak of the peasant against the gray walls of some medieval town.

But it is the "Five Old Friends"—the old

fairy stories of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," "Cinderella," "Beauty and the Beast," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Jack the Giant-Killer"—in which we think Miss Thackeray is happiest. The historic figures of the doughty and somewhat Quixotic "Jack;" the faithful, trusty, ugly "Beast;" charming little "Cinderella," and all of the rest of them, Miss Thackeray shows us are masquerading before us, as every-day acquaintances. Only, we have been too busy or too dull to recognize them. But in these pages we have come to the house of the "Interpreter," and the dullest of "Pilgrims," who shall say "What means this?" shall receive such a vivid and glowing explanation that he will continue his pilgrimage, happier and stronger, because he has looked on the pictures. Perhaps no better idea can be gained of her writings than is contained in this quotation from the story "Sola:" "What does it take to make a tragedy? Youth, summer days, beauty, kind hearts, a garden to stroll in; on one side an impulsive word, perhaps a look in which unconscious truth shines out of steadfast eyes, perhaps a pang of jealousy in a tender heart; and then a pause or two, a word, a rose off a tree—that is material enough for a tragedy."

To be sure the people who usually get into a novel would decline an engagement with such meagre stage accessories. There would have to be, at least, a pistol for the hero to shoot his rival with, a light-gray powder for somebody to put into a glass of wine, and the revelation of some fearful mystery in the closing chapter. But Miss Thackeray's characters are as simple and natural as the circumstances by which they are surrounded. If she has a theory to delineate by character, it is that of self-abnegation. We sometimes wish that her characters would consider their own personal inclinations, instead of consulting the wishes of aunts, uncles, and cousins, and betraying a tender concern for the feelings of all their estimable kith and kin. But we do not apprehend that this fault of self-abnegation will become epidemic. The good people who already practice it will find encouragement in these pages, and the selfish ones models which it will not harm them to contemplate.

The paper entitled "Little Scholars" is charming in its way. It is a description of public charities for children in London. The sympathy and appreciation for children which it evinces are rarer than the love for them. One is conscious, in reading these accounts, that the authoress has been admitted into that odd Free Masonry, and that she is still acquainted with all of those quaint secrets which most of us have outgrown. How deftly she uses the pass-words which admit her to their confidences, but which are as impossible for the uninitiated to pronounce as the ancient "Shibboleth" was to any but the elect. And once more, to let her speak for herself, after describing, with equal sympathy, the charities of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, she says: "And so, I suppose, people of all nations and religions love and tend their little ones, and watch and yearn over them. . . . Who has not seen and noted these things, and blessed, with a thankful, humble heart, that fatherly Providence which has sent this pure and tender religion of little children to all creeds and to all the world?"

Queen Hortense: A Life-Picture of the Napoleonic Era. An Historical Novel. By L. Muhlbach. Translated from the German by Chapman Coleman. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Muhlbach novels, which were so popular when they first appeared, two or three years ago, are already a drug in the market, even voracious circulating libraries receiving them with apathy. So much delectable gossip, although whispered in high places, at length palls upon the public appetite. In fact, is not the American novel-reading public *already* acquainted with every scandalous tidbit concerning "Joseph II and his Court?" Has rumor said any thing of Marie Antoinette which this same public does not know? Or were there any intrigues of crowned heads which are not already as familiar as household words? But if the American public is flattering itself that it has exhausted all of the sources of information in regard to these topics, the persistent appearance of the Muhlbach novels successfully demonstrates that this belief is no more than a pleasant delusion, and that there are yet secret things to be made plain. *Queen Hortense* is, we be-

lieve, the latest volume in which these shreds of refuse, misnamed history, have been rescued from oblivion. It contains all the faults of her previous performances: history diluted until it loses all significance; things which might be effectively told in a paragraph eked out with ejaculations of admiration, or mild disapproval; characters which a certain class of minds fail to recognize as human beings, under the guise of "Your Majesty," or "Your Royal Highness." The details which are given in *Queen Hortense* are not only often tiresome and insipid, but are related upon the hypothesis that mere incidental contact with greatness is of the most intense interest. Ancient wisdom, which often comes to us in the form of epigrams, has declared that "No man is a hero to his own valet." But ancient wisdom is refuted in these pages; for the authoress, although evincing that intimate knowledge so readily obtained by a valet or waiting-maid, never exhibits her personages in unheroic attitudes.

Such books are at best merely the relic-gatherer's collection, into which a good many *pseudo* articles may easily creep. These things, besides having the effect of bringing what might be really worthy of veneration or respect into disrepute, are also frequently so ill-selected as to entirely misrepresent character. De Quincy called historical novels "illegitimate biography." The term "historical novel" is, in fact, so paradoxical that in its hydra-headed aspect it eludes criticism. It is incomprehensible, except by faith; and as it has not yet been recorded that any man's faith has been able to remove mountains, we have reason to suppose that that quality of the human mind is limited. But any one who can conceive of an historical novel may hope, in time, to attain the great test. These works, in reality, purport to be history, with the glamour of romance which we usually, but not necessarily, yield to fiction, thrown over them.

If we regard *Queen Hortense* as history, history loses its significance as an ennobling science. It has nothing of the spirit, character, or influence of the era which it attempts to represent. It is true, historical characters are thrust before us with a certain recklessness, which the authoress may innocently suppose will pass for reality. But the manikins have so often a self-conscious air of being patted on the head for making a pretty speech, or being propped from the background to maintain a royal attitude, that in spite of their "good clothes" we can not fail to recognize them as puppets. Such things are supposed to satisfy the claims of history, and we can never more plead ignorance of the manner in which Royalty royally demeans itself under the most discouraging of circumstances.

But as we are supposed to be amused as well as instructed, such works may be at least a partial success, if they are very entertaining. The chief merit in a work of fiction—skill, or even cleverness in the development of plot—is of course out of the reach of this class of novelists; development of character is hardly more within their grasp—or only to the most patient, clear-sighted, and skillful—for we necessarily come upon scenes and characters with which we are at least partly familiar, and while historic interest demands external truth, the fictitious interest also demands a certain verisimilitude to what we might conceive to be the actual experience of characters endowed with given qualities. But compensation, in a certain degree, might be attained by felicity of style or vigorous thoughts, as well as by presenting skillfully collated facts: thus forming out of what often seems chaos a sharp and decisive picture. There is, however, no compensation to be found in Muhlbach, who has, we believe, already produced quite a library of these novels—no doubt to the great advancement of glib popular information. But we should be sorry to have the coming scholar—boy or girl—draw knowledge from such shallow sources. The reader may gather some idea of their reliability as pictures of men and manners from the following somewhat astonishing zoological fact: "His glance again quailed, as the lion recoils from the angry glance of a pure, innocent woman." We suspect that this knowledge is at least hypothetical, and receive it as one of the instances where history yields to the superior demands of fiction.

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SEAL ISLANDS OF ALASKA.

IN the southern portion of Behring's Sea lie the islands of St. Paul and St. George, as well as two rocks, known to the Russians as *Bob-ro-vy Ost-rov* (Sea-Otter Island), and the other, *Mor-sho-vy Ost-rov* (Walrus Island). The four comprise the Pribloff Group, which are now familiarly termed the Seal Islands of Alaska. The last two mentioned were once the favorite haunts of the sea-otter, and the morse, or walrus. At the present time the huge beasts bask upon the shores of that one which bears their name, and also a herd of sea-lions, whose constant howling, which may be heard at some distance, gives warning to the befogged mariner of the danger he may be approaching. Sea-Otter Island, however, is no longer frequented by those richest of fur-bearing animals; but it is the periodical abode of thousands of fur-seals, as are the two islands first named. St. George was discovered by Pribloff, a Captain in the Russian Navy, in 1785—that officer being at the time employed by the Russian-American Company. The indefatigable Captain gave it the name of his vessel, the *St. George*, and after landing a few Aleutes, he set sail and returned to Ounalaska by the way of Atka Island, hoping in so doing to disguise the fact of his discovery until he could profit by it pecuniarily. One clear day, during his absence, the natives on St. George saw an unknown island to the north-westward, which was named St. Paul—it having been discovered on "St. Paul's day." In this manner the largest island of the Pribloff Group was found; and every anniversary of the discovery since has been celebrated by the natives in a general frolic.

St. Paul is about fifteen miles long, four broad, and of moderate height; its shores are shallow, but somewhat broken. The interior is irregular, and near the centre of the island rises an extinct volcano to the elevation of a thousand feet. In summer, when approaching, it presents a green appearance; and on landing one finds a luxuriant growth of grass waving over hill and valley, intermixed with field flowers in full bloom. Here

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and there the barren soil, or broken, rocky cliffs, are destitute of verdure, but they are adorned with variegated lichens of every hue.

The native inhabitants of the island number 250. Their village is situated on the south-east side, upon a gentle slope, with terraces facing the north-east, commanding a pleasing view of inland scenery, and the Sea of Behring, on either hand. About forty houses, composed of whale-bones, drift-wood, and turf, built half under ground, serve them as dwellings. A wooden church, erected by the Russians, with red roof surmounted with white crosses, stands on the highest terrace; two store-houses, called "magazines," a salt-house, a barn that shelters three cows, seven sheep, and three goats, and two large board structures occupied by American traders and officers, comprise the whole settlement, which presents a picturesque and pleasing aspect. A small lake, a mile distant, fed by the melting snows of winter, and with no visible outlet, furnishes an abundant supply of excellent water that is brought in wooden canteens by the women and children to the village for cooking and drinking purposes. On washing-days, which come once a week, the soiled linen is taken to the "Sweet-water," to be made clean. In the morning, one sees women, old and young, accompanied by the children, packing off to the lake with loads of clothing, or with canteens for water, not forgetting the *sam-o-var* for making tea while the washed articles are drying. During the time of waiting, the favorite urn is laid under contribution, which, in the hands of a Russian lady or a woman of the Aleutian Isles, affords an unlimited supply of fragrant tea, which is sipped from glass tumblers, with a lump of sugar in hand to nibble when not quaffing the steaming liquid.

The men of the Aleutians employ their time in hunting the sea-otter about the various islands, sometimes going hundreds of miles from their villages in the light skin-boats to pursue their game; or they will remain at home to join in killing and flaying the fur-seals, or else give chase to the whales that gambol about the rugged shores.

The extreme conscientiousness which governs their varied domestic vocations is without a parallel. The sea-otter hunters have their favorite grounds, where the animals are found in greater numbers than at others. These are taken in turn from time to time, in order that every one shall have an equal opportunity to profit by the chase in the favorite resorts of the animals which are so highly prized. When the annual season comes round (which is in the summer months), the hunters make up their several parties—not less than six *baidarkas* to each—and all gather at the beach, where they receive the blessing of the priest. The reverend Father also blesses the water, and prays for the success of each party wherever it may go; then all embark, making the sign of the cross, and launch through the surf, dashing off with their double-blade paddles to the islands, or the shores of the peninsula, amid glaring calms, dense fogs, and rough seas, to ply their trade. All the members of one party join in the pursuit, and when an otter is captured, two of the oldest men examine it, and the hunter whose spear is found nearest the animal's eye is awarded the prize; but when the lucky owner disposes of his treasure, he does not forget to give something of value to each of his comrades, and the old people and widows of the village are remembered when he returns home. The whalemen put out from the shore whenever a favorable time offers, while the old men and children watch intently from the hills for the lance to be hurled into some vital part of the animal, when all who are able hasten in their boats to assist in towing it to shore.

This having been done, the *Tyone*, who is elected by the villagers as their Chief, attends to the division of the spoil. The man who makes the capture gets the choice pieces, which are the flukes, lips, and heart, and the rest is distributed among the people of the whole settlement.

To be an expert sea-otter hunter is regarded among Aleute-men as the highest accomplishment. To this end the *strel-ko** is put into the hands of the boys as soon as they have attained a suitable degree of strength and activity, that they may become perfect in its use when arriving at the age of manhood.

Next in importance is fur-sealing; in fact, at St. Paul and St. George, the fur-seals constitute the great source of wealth, as well as furnishing the staple article of food. Otter-hunting is chiefly carried on from the islands of the Aleutian Archipelago; so that the men of the seal islands strive to become proficient in all that pertains to the mysteries of fur-sealing. Really, a man's social standing, at these primitive, isolated places, depends, in a great measure, upon his knowledge and judgment in selecting the seals to be killed, from the immense "rookeries," killing and skinning them, and salting the skins. Men of the first class must be good sealers, and of good moral character; those of the second class are of less experience, and of less capacity; the third class are those who are accepted as careless and idle; the fourth are boys who are beginning to learn their hereditary calling, which can only be acquired by industry and observation, from year to year, as the amphibious creatures come and go.

A few full-grown male seals make their appearance on the island about the end of April or the beginning of May, in order to secure possession of the best beaches, where the females and young males assemble about the last of the same month, or the first of June. By the middle of June the whole herd arrive, the females begin to bring forth their young, and the killing commences. The sealing parties cautiously manage to get between the water and the herd, and drive the animals near the salt-houses, which are six miles distant. This is done to save the labor of transporting the skins by hand. Great care is exercised when driving, that the animals do not get overheated; for should they become so, the skin would be worthless—the fur falling off. None but the males, under six years old, are taken, the rest of the drove being allowed to escape. Those killed are laid out in rows of a hundred or more, and a little apart, so that the "skinners" may have room to pass between them. After the required number for the day's work are slain, all the available hands in the village join in the work of flensing them. This part of the labor is done under the supervision of the *Tyone* and his associates, who also attend to salting the skins. These are first placed in large vats, the fur side down, and the flesh side plentifully sprinkled with salt, where they are allowed to remain for forty days; after which, they are taken out and shaken; then another light coating of salt is put on, when they are booked up in folds, and are ready for shipment. An expert hand will sometimes skin a hundred seals in one day, but the average would not exceed forty. Thus the business goes on from Monday morning till midday on Saturday, when all work is laid aside, every one going to the bath-house to perform his or her ablutions; when, dressing in their best, they repair to the church, at four o'clock, for evening worship. The bell tolls the hour, and as each person enters the sanctuary they bow, making the sign of the cross—the males turning and standing to the right, and the females to the left. When all are assembled, the offi-

* *Strel-ko* is the sea-otter or seal spear.

ciating priest reads the service of the Greek Church, and the choir chant the responses; after which he places the image of the Saviour on the cross in front of the shrine, when all the males in turn approach the holy emblem, kneeling and bowing to the floor three times in quick succession; then rising and kissing the image, they retire backward, again making the sign of the cross upon their breasts. The females do likewise; the mothers lifting their toddling children up, that they may emulate the example of their parents. After which the services are closed with a benediction, and all return to their homes. On Sunday, the church bell rings at half-past ten, when all assemble again to worship. The Sabbath afternoon is passed in strolling about the country, some gathering wild-flowers, others going to the "Sweetwater Lake," where often a party is made up to have a bout of tea-making and tea-drinking.

It was to us a novel and pleasing spectacle, to see these simple-hearted and good people observe, with so much reverence and apparent satisfaction, their religious creeds. Both males and females were cleanly and decently dressed in European garb, and many of the young women displayed a fondness for bright and showy colors in their habiliments, which contrasted prettily with their swarthy complexions. Thus is their season of toil and animal harvest passed from week to week, until about the end of November, when a few seals are killed, and prepared, by freezing, for their winter's store of food; adding, as luxuries, bread, flour, tea, and sugar, procured from the traders.

The cold, dreary months, when long, frosty nights prevail, are a time of rest and pleasure with these happy Islanders. Their evenings are often passed in dancing to the music of the accordeon and banjo—sometimes only a drum—and by way of entertainment, they indulge in flowing draughts of home-brewed stimulants, made from flour, sugar, and dried fruits, together with the root of an herb that grows plentifully upon the uplands Now and then the men sally forth, hunting about the shores to shoot the hair-seals that occasionally appear, or they stroll over the island in chase of the blue foxes, which are quite numerous; but the greater part of the Aleute's time is whiled away in his semi-subterranean hut, taking snuff, sleeping, or chatting around the smoldering fire of seal-blubber.

St. George Island is thirty-five miles south-eastward from St. Paul, and is higher, more bold and barren. It is inhabited by 150 men, women, and children—who are more purely Aleutian than their neighbors—but their mode of life is the same, except that their huts are built all above-ground. They are clustered together on the north shore, where it makes a slight curve—too open to be called a bay. Three wooden buildings, occupied by traders and Government officials, are seen at considerable distance from the sea, which are good landmarks for the anchorage, besides indicating the site of the village, whose turf-covered, native domiciles are as green with vegetation as the rank sward about them.

Formerly, passages were made from one island to the other in the *baidarra;** but several years ago, a party embarked at St. Paul, to visit their friends at St. George, and were never again seen after leaving their shores. A large, wooden cross was erected on the highest point of their island—called *Bogo-sloff*—in commemoration of the sad event. This humble monument is still standing, but is fast going to decay; and no Aleute, either in *baidarra* or *baidarka*, has ever ventured the passage since.

South from St. Paul is *Bob-ro-vy Ost-rov* (Sea-Otter Island)—a mere volcanic

* A large skin-boat.

rock, three-fourths of a mile in extent, about fifty feet high; and is now the resort of fur-seals, its former habitants, from which it derives its name, having long ago forsaken it. Multitudes of sea-fowl gather upon its highest nooks, during the warm season, to lay their eggs and hatch their young. In truth, it might be said that here beast and bird have undisturbed sway, were it not for the annihilating seal-club, and the havoc of the egg-gatherers among the "bird-rookeries."*

Mor-sho-vy Ost-rov (Walrus Island) is a rocky formation, scarcely half a mile in circumference, and thirty feet high. A herd of walruses make it their resting-place, as do a bevy of sea-lions, and the wild fowl gather about it in vast numbers. Here the natives often come to collect eggs, and shoot the walruses, for their ivory.

It is estimated that the numbers of fur-seals visiting the islands every season are as follows: St. Paul, four millions; St. George, two millions, and Sea-Otter Island, about seven thousand. Out of this immense stock, the Russians killed annually from eighty to ninety thousand. At the present time, there appears to be no decrease of numbers; for the shores are alive with the animals, farther than the eye can reach, along the beaches of St. Paul, and for miles along the shores of St. George.

It was a cloudy noon when we first visited the Island of St. George, and although the sun would now and then burst through the drifting vapor, we could not resist a feeling of sympathetic gloom, that seemed, in its isolation, to pervade nearly every thing about us. There were the dark, bluff headlands, capped with ghostly fog; and the surf beat in upon the beach with the same sullen sound that is ever heard about island, rock, and coast in these inclement latitudes. The shores were lined with many thousands of fur-seals; in some places, acres of them were so thickly huddled together as to present compact masses of animal life, which were sending forth indescribable moanings and howlings, that swept past with every blast of the eddying winds. As our boat neared the landing, a throng of natives, of every caste, gathered upon the slimy rocks, with two officers—who were in fatigue uniforms—to welcome us. We looked up the pathway leading to their lodgings, and saw the red stripes of the American flag waving from a lofty staff, in bright contrast with the sombre scene spreading from hill to cliff beneath its folds. On a distant point, a score of natives, of both sexes, were engaged in flaying a thousand dead seals. We had no leisure to observe further; so watching a "smooth time," our boat's-crew sprang to their oars, and in a moment we were bounding over the heavy swell to the ship in the offing. Once on board, we turned to look at the remote speck of earth that held our countrymen in temporary exile, but the hazy atmosphere had shut it from our gaze.

* It is a custom for the generous Aleutes to visit the bird-rookeries every season, to gather eggs for those in their village who, from age or infirmities, are not able to provide for themselves.

ROAD-MAKING IN THE TROPICS.

NO. II.

IN our last paper, we left the Darien surveying party only twenty-two miles from their starting-point, at San Miguelito. Twenty-two miles of road may appear a trifling distance to accomplish in the Temperate Zone, but when it has to be traveled along a Nicaragua forest-trail, it is a very different matter—as the party were unpleasantly reminded by the growing shortness of their provisions. A supply-train, from San Miguelito, reached them toward the end of March, but its experience was not of a very encouraging nature, as out of six lightly laden bullocks that composed it at the start from that village, only two survived the journey, owing to the scarcity of grass, and the difficulty of making their way over the freshly cut stumps. This occurrence not only suggested serious fears concerning the possibility of bringing in further supplies, but also placed, in a lively way, before the eyes of all the party, their remoteness from the aid of their fellow-men, and the certain fate of any of them who might be stricken down by sickness in the heat of the woods. If fresh and vigorous animals were unable to carry a burden in to the working-place, there was no chance that, when worn out with the fatigues of one journey, they could carry a man out; and it would be equally impossible for his comrades to do so, over a road where four or five miles on foot a day was enough to test the strength of the stoutest Carib, even without a load. However, although Deering was suffering from fever, and only able to keep to his work by the constant use of quinine, no one manifested the slightest disposition to abandon the work; and they only pushed on the more vigorously, in the hope of reaching the Rama before the commencement of the rains.

The party that accompanied the bullock-train into the cutting, consisted of four natives and an English officer, who was traveling in the country, and accompanied the provision-party through curiosity. This was a material addition to the strength of the party, which now numbered seventeen, but at the same time it added considerably to the difficulty of procuring supplies. Two bullock-loads were a small stock for the consumption of so many, and some wild honey, the product of a very small bee, was all the addition the forest made to their stores. Occasionally, specimens of the *soupar*, and other fruit-bearing palms, were met, but too seldom to give any material aid to their commissariat; and in about ten days after the arrival of the bullock-train, their provisions were reduced to rice and coffee. Toiling to the full extent of their powers on such a diet, and in such a climate, amid the dim twilight of the forest, with no certainty of how long their work was to continue, was a trying task, but the natives continued faithful to their engagements, though not without considerable grumbling.

As the party ascended the ridge of the divide, a curious circumstance was noticed, which probably accounts for several failures in attempts to penetrate these forests by unskilled surveyors. The compasses, from some unknown cause, became utterly unreliable; and were it not for the theodolite, it would

have been impossible to ascertain the true position of the party, or the direction of their course. With the more perfect instruments, however, at their disposal, the party experienced little inconvenience from this source, and still kept on in the original direction of their route.

Almost at the time when their provisions began to give out, the discovery of some *eboe*-trees in the woods gave indications that the summit-level could not be far distant, as those trees only grow on the Atlantic Coast, or very near it. At the same time, the character of the whole forest underwent a most sudden change—indicating an entirely different condition of soil and physical geography. The tough *bejucos* and vines gave way to more pliant and tender varieties; the prickly-pear and cactus thickets grew thinner and fewer, and instead of the lance-woods, cedars, and India-rubbers, locust and trumpet-trees and tree-ferns made up most of the forest. The silk-grass and vanilla also began to appear for the first time; water became more abundant, and the ground grew soft and spongy, instead of being rocky and arid, as it had hitherto been. Other less agreeable indications of the changed nature of the country were the serenades which the jaguars and pumas began to give the party at night, and the occurrence of occasional bogs in their road, over which it was necessary to build bridges for the mules and the solitary survivor of the bullock-train to pass. Morasses were the most dreaded natural obstacle that could bar the progress of the track, but fortunately those that were encountered were insignificant in extent; and the top of the divide was finally reached on the thirteenth of April. The whole distance traversed was less than thirty-two miles; and to accomplish that more than seven weeks had been employed, although the rise did not exceed six hundred and twenty feet above the waters of the lake, or seven hundred and fifty above those of the Atlantic.

An important portion of the work had been now accomplished, and the most difficult part of the required road passed; but seventy miles still separated the party from the Atlantic, and unexpected difficulties at the same time beset their progress. The Caribs, whose engagement expired three days after crossing the divide, could not be induced to renew it on any terms, and started back to San Miguelito. Threats and promises were alike unavailing to induce them to remain: rice and *frijoles*—Watson's standard dishes—did not come up to their notions of good living; and having more care for their inner-man than the advancement of Science, they refused to be bribed into living any longer on short-commons. The *Capitan*, who acted as spokesman for his companions, scornfully rejected all the inducements held out to him in the shape of filthy lucre, and treated all threats of not paying for the work already done with the most provoking coolness. After a few minutes' argument, he finally cut short all discussion by a lofty wave of his hand; and the whole party immediately started back for San Miguelito. So difficult was it to travel over the newly cut track that even those Caribs, accustomed as they were to life among the mahogany-woods of Honduras, spent six days in getting over the thirty miles of its length; and had they not luckily met a mule-train laden with provisions, on its way in, they would have stood some chance of starving on the way.

The loss of the Caribs—who, in spite of their fastidious palates and philosophical indifference to the success of the work, were much the most efficient workmen of the party—was a serious blow to the expedition; but, fortunately, it was partly compensated for, the following day, by the arrival of the mule-train, already spoken of, whose drivers

were immediately pressed into the service. With this reinforcement, and the more open nature of the country, the former rate of progress was maintained; and they did not yet despair of accomplishing their task before the close of the dry season.

The change in vegetation was not the only one that marked the crossing of the divide and entry of the track into the Caribbean Slope. Animals, too, became more numerous: troops of large, black monkeys occasionally made their appearance, and from the trees chattered defiance at the invaders of their territory; guans, doves, and curassows now and then furnished a delicious meal to the party, and sometimes droves of peccary gave an ample supply of fresh meat for all hands. Jaguars and pumas were frequently heard prowling round the camp at night, and uttering the peculiar low whines they use when hunting their prey; and the Nicaraguans expressed considerable fear of coming across the black variety of the former, which is noted for its boldness and its fondness for human flesh. Bright-colored parrots, too, helped to diversify the scene, and furnished Mr. Oliver with opportunities for exercising his skill as a purveyor; but they did not appear in numbers sufficient to supply the wants of the party, which, with the addition of the new-comers, amounted to about fifteen. This scarcity of game was the more serious at this stage, as, owing to the nature of the ground and the want of grass, there was little chance of any further supplies reaching them from San Miguelito, and the animals which carried the baggage from camp to camp were rapidly perishing on the road. Captain Pim, who visited the camp on the second day after the departure of the Caribs, undertook to bring a relief-party up the Rama as high as possible, to meet them; and to reach that river was accordingly their only chance of obtaining supplies. Under these circumstances, it was with considerable joy they struck a rather important stream, on the 18th of April—as, apart from its assuring them of a plentiful supply of water, the direction of its course indicated that it was a tributary of the anxiously desired river. The stream, however, was not navigable; and, after working along its banks for several days, its size did not increase perceptibly, which considerably damped the hopes its discovery had at first excited of a speedy end of their journey. The Nicaraguans, too, were confirmed in their belief of its insignificance by the fact of no alligators appearing in its waters—as those hideous brutes were the invariable tenants of any piece of water of large dimensions that they had hitherto known; and they consequently began to despond of ever reaching the Rama by following it. The prospect of dying, one by one, from the effects of want and hardship, was constantly present to their minds, and produced a most depressing effect upon the spirits of all. The loss of two of the four baggage-animals that they still possessed—one of which died of exhaustion on the last day of April, and another, the last surviving bullock, disappeared the following night, being probably devoured by the jaguars—added seriously to the depression; and as the two surviving mules were unable to transport the whole of the baggage, it was with the most gloomy forebodings that the cutting party commenced work on the first of May. Their provisions were reduced to a few half-rotten *frijoles* and some coffee; and it was hard to see how the mules could manage to carry the baggage as soon as the work should advance much farther; while turning back was beset with as much difficulty as advancing. They worked away, however, for some hours; when, suddenly, an opening appeared in the forest, and a few score yards more brought them to the banks of the long-sought Rama. In

that place it was fully a hundred and fifty feet wide and flowed along with a scarcely perceptible current, between low banks almost level with the water and covered with long grass. The flood of golden sunlight, too, which was pouring down over the placid waters infused new spirit into every man, after two months' toil in the weird twilight of the woods; and the despondent feelings which had beset their minds for the week previous vanished in an instant. All further work was suspended for the day. A camp was pitched by the river, the baggage brought up, and the mules turned loose to regale themselves on the first abundant pasture they had known since leaving San Miguelito. There was, indeed, little need further for their services, as it was far easier to transport the baggage down the river on a raft, from station to station, than to drag the mules through the quagmires that constantly crossed the path along its banks; but still, it was satisfactory not to see the poor animals die of starvation at the end of their journey. Rest and abundant food were nearly as badly needed by the men as by the animals; but the former was all they could get for the present, as no game appeared, to eke out their scanty rations. Lieutenant Oliver, already spoken of—who acted as huntsman—started into the wood, which was less dense than usual; but, instead of finding any game, he came near furnishing a meal himself to a puma, which suddenly sprang at him from a clump of trees and lit a few feet from his heels. Although his gun was only loaded with duck-shot, he immediately saluted the beast with both charges, and a few grains luckily entered the brain through the eyes, and finished its career. The skin was soon stripped off; but in spite of their short allowance, neither the Whites nor the natives felt inclined to try puma steaks: so the carcass was left in the woods.

Although there could be little doubt that the broad stream on whose banks the party was now encamped was the Rama, or one of its main branches, an important part of the survey was yet to be completed, as it was further necessary to reach the station to which that river had been already surveyed, and it was quite uncertain how far that point might be down its course. Its numerous bends and windings, however, seemed to indicate that whatever the distance might be, it could not fail to be materially increased by proceeding along its banks; so Collinson resolved to cut the track still in its original direction, in order to see if it would not again cross the river. It not being feasible, however, to convey the baggage any farther by land, it was arranged that Oliver and Deering should remain in the camp, and attend to the construction of a raft on which to transport themselves, and the instruments, down the river as soon as the cutting party should signal its rediscovery. The following day, accordingly, while Collinson pushed on through the woods, with half the men as a cutting party, the remainder employed themselves in constructing a raft of *mahoe*-wood—a tree somewhat resembling the trumpet-tree in shape, but furnishing an extremely light timber, which grows abundantly on the banks of the Rama. As provisions were running very low, the day was an anxious one for the party left behind; and, in the evening, they impatiently awaited the rocket signals, which Collinson had promised to send up as soon as he should reach the river again. The river was reached in fact that afternoon; but, owing to the dampness of the woods through which they had been carried, the rockets proved a failure, and it was not until late at night that a Nicaraguan made his way back with the welcome tidings. As soon as daylight permitted, accordingly, every thing was placed on the raft, and leaving the mules to their

fate, Deering and his party floated safely down the river, and rejoined Collinson in a few hours.

The Rama at this, the second point of its intersection with the tract, was a much more considerable stream than at the first. It had received several tributaries, and was, besides, dammed into a pool of considerable depth by a wall of rock running across it, and forming very pretty falls. In this pool dozens of huge alligators — the first they had seen since leaving San Miguelito — were swimming about; and the sight of their misshapen bodies was hailed with as much joy by the Nicaraguans—reminding them, as it did, of the San Juan and the lake—as was ever the shores of his native land by a sea-tossed traveler. The banks were, generally speaking, sufficiently high over the water to insure the party from any closer acquaintance than might be desirable with these denizens of the Rama, and very thickly wooded. On the reunion of the whole party a council was held, and it was decided that Collinson and Oliver, with six of the men, should at once proceed down the river on the raft in search of either the expected provisions, or some Indian village where supplies might be procured, and that Deering should remain at the falls two days longer, and then, if no sign of relief appeared, that he should build another raft and follow with the rest of the party.

The plans for the morrow having been thus arranged, an examination was made of the state of the commissariat, which proved any thing but satisfactory — in fact two handfuls of *frijoles* and a mouthful of cheese constituted the whole stock of Watson's larder. This store was gravely divided between the two parties, each receiving a handful of the half-rotten *frijoles*, and the cheese being magnanimously abandoned whole to the detachment left behind. No supper being thus available, it was resolved to try the virtue of the only substitute for it in their power—a good night's sleep—as soon as possible; and a space large enough to receive the camp being quickly cleared in the dense jungle, the hammocks were suspended from the trees, and all composed themselves to take a much-needed rest after their day's labors.

Their sleep, however, was not destined to be a very quiet one, in spite of the absence of the mosquitoes, which, for once, left them in quiet at this place. Collinson, Deering, and Oliver had swung their hammocks side by side under the trees, and the first and last were comfortably asleep when Deering's attention was caught by a crash in the jungle, and immediately afterward a large animal sprang over his hammock, and knocked Collinson clean out of his with its head. Luckily, it had miscalculated its spring, and instead of striking him with its claws, it only struck the hammock with its head, and the noise of the suddenly awakened party scared it off without doing further mischief. The sleep of all was, however, pretty effectually broken for that night, especially as the tiger, or whatever else their nocturnal visitant was, continued to prowl around the camp; and it was with considerable satisfaction that the crew of the raft found themselves afloat next morning on the broad bosom of the river.

Raft navigation, although certainly a less laborious, was scarcely a much more rapid manner of traveling than cutting a way through the woods. The river, although generally of considerable breadth and depth — the latter being from fifteen to twenty feet — was frequently interrupted by rocky rapids, or contracted to channels of a few feet in width by intrusive walls of basaltic rock running directly across its course. So narrow were some of these channels that they are used for crossing-places by the jaguars and pumas, which, like all the cat tribe, have an objection to wetting their feet,

and which easily jump from brink to brink in these places. Through these straits the water rushes too rapidly for a raft to venture down them, and it was, therefore, necessary to unlash the sticks of which it was composed, and, letting them run down one by one, "reconstruct" it at the lower end. The raft had to be taken to pieces thus five times the first day of their voyage; and it is not surprising that with such delays their first night's encampment was only two miles from the party left behind. While putting the raft together, after running down the first of these rapids, a huge jaguar made his appearance at a little distance up the river, and traveled briskly toward the party, with the apparent intention of making a meal off some one of their number. As there was only one shot-gun among them, and the raft was ready for starting, however, they did not wait for his arrival, but considering discretion the better part of valor, hastily shoved off into the stream. That night, too, while encamped at the head of one of the rocky channels already described, they were so plagued with *dantas*, or tapirs, which have a special *penchant* for walking into fires, and by the whining of the jaguars, that they found it necessary to keep up a regular watch, and passed it almost as sleeplessly as its predecessor.

The second day's voyage showed little change in the character of the river, and between poling the raft along its pools and passing its timbers down the rapids, a couple of miles more were accomplished. *Iguanas*, the largest of land lizards, were pretty numerous on the trees, and furnish good eating if cooked immediately after being shot; but it was by no means easy to get them, as if not killed outright they would dive into the water and disappear. The third morning, however, Oliver was lucky enough to secure one, which furnished a much-needed breakfast to all hands; and as at nearly the same time they entered on a more than usually long stretch of deep water, they were floating down with renewed spirits when, to their intense joy, on turning a bend a White Man and some Indians were seen on a rock in the middle of the river. There could be no question of its being the party from Greytown, and the connection between the two ends of the survey was no longer a matter of doubt. A few minutes brought the raft to the rock, and the White Man was recognized as Captain Pim, who had come up the river to this point with a couple of canoes and a small stock of provisions in advance of the regular provision party. The crew of these canoes were chiefly Mosquito Indians, from Bluefields, who spoke no Spanish, but had some knowledge of English. The "boss," who was *padron* of a coasting schooner belonging to a Moravian settlement there, bore the sonorous Celtic appellation of Charles O'Connor, but was an unmistakable Mosquito Indian with a strong dash of Negro blood. He proved, however, not only extremely good-natured and obliging, but fully equal to an average White Man in intelligence and information, and was of the greatest service during the rest of the work by his skill in canoe management on the river. As Collinson and the other White Men were anxious to proceed down to the highest station reached on the former survey, he, with a few other Indians, was dispatched back to the camp, where the cutting party had meantime suffered a good deal from hunger. As the Indians of the Atlantic Slope bear no friendly feelings toward their Nicaraguan neighbors, the sight of the strangers at first excited some alarm in the camp, but it was soon dispelled, and the wholesome provisions rapidly repaired the somewhat impaired health of the party, which resumed the cutting with new vigor. The Mosquito Indians excited some amusement by

their fastidious appetites—a point in which they surpassed even the Caribs. *Iguanas*, and most kinds of game, they regarded as unfit for human food; mutton, which they had seen at Greytown, they could not endure, on account of the woolly covering of the sheep; the head of the catfish was too large for their taste, and unfitted its possessor for a place at their table; white bread disagreed with them; and when their catalogue of culinary dislikes was exhausted, plantains and bananas appeared to be the chief dish suitable for a duly educated palate. The promiscuous feeding of the Whites was regarded by them with much the same feelings as a Parisian epicure would look on a Celestial banquet of rat fricassee, or stewed kitten; and Charles gravely informed Deering, on one occasion, that he was anxious to visit London, but was afraid, if he should get there, that he would be unable to put up with the unclean way of living of the inhabitants. To hear a half-naked Mosquito Indian express his fears of English filthy habits as a reason for not visiting the commercial metropolis of the civilized world was irresistible; but the dusky namesake of Irish Kings spoke in perfect good faith, and had no more idea of there being any thing ridiculous in his fears than a fastidious city exquisite would have in criticising the bill of fare of a country hotel.

The work now went on briskly, through the bamboo and wild-plantain thickets that lined the banks of the river, to which the party kept tolerably close, so as to maintain communication with the canoes. The latter were of the greatest assistance, and an immense improvement on the mules as a means of transport, even in spite of the numerous rapids. Collinson returned, about three days after Charles O'Connor's arrival, with the intelligence that they were still sixteen miles from Rama Station; and to accomplish that distance before the commencement of the rains—which in Nicaragua commence toward the end of May—not more than sixteen or seventeen working days could be counted on. Every nerve was strained by the party to perform the task still before them, and, with the aid of the Mosquito new-comers, the track advanced at the rate of nearly a mile a day—a wonderful progress for the tropics, considering the numbers engaged. The men in the canoe occasionally furnished the cook with *iguanas* or other game, which was highly acceptable, and the occasional baths, which the river afforded an opportunity of taking, were still more so, and considerably invigorated the whole party. The Nicaraguans displayed great indifference to the alligators, which swarmed in the river, and made no scruple of jumping in among them, but the White Men were more cautious in their baths, and seldom ventured into the deep water. As a general rule, indeed, the brutes were cowardly enough when not hungry, but neither Collinson nor Deering cared to place much reliance upon their forbearance. On one occasion, one of the party having shot a *danta*, which sank to the bottom in deep water, a Nicaraguan dived after it with a rope, while the alligators, attracted by the smell of blood, surrounded the canoe in a circle of some few score yards in diameter, but none of them ventured an attack on the bold diver.

At some distance below their first camp, the Rama forms a large fall, rather rapid, rushing between steep walls of rock for over half a mile, with a noise like thunder, and immediately below it receives a large tributary from the south, fully equal in size to the river along whose banks they had been hitherto working. At this point, about fifty-two miles from San Miguelito, was a deserted Indian plantation—the first sign of human habitation that had been met

since leaving that village. The Rama Indians had no settlements above the great fall, and, in all probability, no human being had ever before crossed the forest from the lake to the river. From the falls to the mouth of the river, however, its banks are inhabited by scattered families of Indians, quite distinct from the Caribs or from the Zambos of the coast, as well as from the civilized Indians of the Pacific Slope, toward whom they cherish considerable enmity. Their villages, one or two of which were visited during the descent, were neatly built of lance-wood posts, interwoven with tough stems, and thatched with *scumfra*-grass; and their plantain and banana patches differed little from those of western Nicaragua in neatness or cultivation; but they had little or no acquaintance with European civilization in any form, and depended on arrows for killing game, or settling their quarrels. Physically, they were much larger and more powerful men than the dwellers on the lake shores, or even than the Caribs, though, owing to their constant habit of sitting in their canoes, there was generally a remarkable disproportion between the development of their lower limbs and that of the upper part of their bodies. The Chief of the first village the party reached was almost a giant in his proportions, and displayed a corresponding degree of muscular power in his actions. Having been acquainted with Collinson on his previous exploration of the Rama, Shepherd (this Chief's name) received the party with considerable marks of good-will, although he did not forget his national hatred toward the Spaniards, whom he warned not to set foot in his country again: rather a useless notification, under the circumstances, as none of them had the least desire of renewing his forest experiences, for the sake of paying Señor Shepherd a visit.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the party, the rains surprised them before they could reach the station, and during the last six or seven days of the survey, constant showers drenched both the men and the instruments. The vapors arising from the ground were especially annoying, as they penetrated the telescopes of the theodolites, and rendered it a matter of considerable difficulty to work with them. The unhealthy character of the season, too, and the risks inseparable from exposure in the open air at such times, added a good deal to the anxiety of the foreign engineers, though the natives paid little attention to them. These annoyances, however, only stimulated all to more vigorous exertions, and finally, on the third of June, the cutting party reached the much-desired point, having been little over three months in cutting the sixty-one and a half miles of track from San Miguelito. In spite of their privations and exposure, no lives had been lost, nor was even the health of any of the party seriously endangered: quite an unusual occurrence with intertropical surveys, and a remarkable contrast to the fate of most of those engaged on Collinson's previous expedition, nearly all of whom had succumbed to the effects of the hardships they had undergone.

Nothing now remained but to get to Greytown as fast as possible; and accordingly the next day the whole party started from Rama Station in the canoes which had brought up the provisions, and rowed rapidly down the river. The voyage was a pleasant one, the banks being generally free from very dense woods, and presenting a delightful appearance in the bright green of the early rainy season. The navigation was not, indeed, exempt from danger, owing to the rapids which occasionally occurred; but the Indians showed no hesitation about guiding their canoes through the worst of them, and after a few specimens of their skill in steering through

rocks, snags, and eddies, all felt quite at their ease under their charge. Game of various kinds — peccary, curassow, guan, and other species, both winged and four-footed—was plentiful along this part of the river, and the sportsmen easily loaded one of the canoes with their spoil. It was, however, a rather useless slaughter, as, on arriving at the last Indian village toward the mouth of the Rama, most of it was thrown away, in the belief that a day or two, at furthest, would bring the whole party to Greytown. In this they were doomed to disappointment, as, on starting for the bar, after passing a night in the village, the triple line of breakers imperatively barred their advance. The natives never venture their canoes through more than a double row, as the third is almost certain to swamp them; and, besides the difficulty of swimming in such a sea, the sharks are ever at hand to snap up whatever may be thus thrown into their way. A pair of them — one on each side — accompanied the canoes out to the bar, scarcely at a dozen feet from the sides—a suggestive hint of what might be expected if they should fail in attempting to pass it. There was no resource but to return to the hospitality of Tincum, the Chief of the village last spoken of; and there they were forced to spend another week, in spite of their anxiety to reach Greytown. Every morning they regularly went down to the bar, accompanied by their shark attendants; but each time the chances of furnishing those attendants with a meal, if they should try the breakers, appeared too strong to allow them to make the attempt. On the sixth day, however, the swell on the bar was pronounced practicable, though dangerous; and bidding adieu to their entertainers, they drove the canoes through the surf, with no further damage than a ducking. Once across the bar, all danger was over, and twenty-four hours' rowing brought the whole party safely into Greytown — all intensely delighted to find themselves once more among civilized men, albeit in one of the remotest outposts of civilization.

Their task had been successfully accomplished, without loss of life; and a brief rest in the ex-capital of Mosquito—whose shanties seemed luxurious abodes after their forest-life—soon restored their strength. The health of none had been seriously affected by the climate, in spite of their exposure to the weather and the severity of their toil; and the two engineers sailed out of Greytown harbor, for New York, on the North American Steamship Company's steamer, just four months after their departure from the Indian village, by the shores of the lake; and it was with minds unclouded by any saddening recollections that they recalled their experiences of road-making in the tropics.

THE BLEACHER'S SONG.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

All night, the billows rose and sank,
Moon stood pale upon the sky;
Maiden sat upon the bank,
Watching linen, bleaching nigh;
Sang in mournful melody,
Head bowed down upon her knee:

"Hasten! bleach thou, linen mine.
Art thou bleached, so shalt thou shine;
Art thou white, so gain I praise:
Shall not linen have its bays?
Bleaching, lie beneath the moon.
He shall see me bleaching soon.

"Once, a giddy maiden I,
Rosy cheek and laughing eye:
Maiden's beauty brings but woe.
Alas! that I have found it so.
Hasten now, and get thou white:
Long I've waited, day and night.

"Soon they'll lay me in the ground.
Then wrap me with such linen round.
Long I've watched my linen bleach;
Long it doth a lesson teach,
Bleaching here beneath the moon.
He shall see me bleaching soon."

TWO DAYS AT KILLARNEY.

IT was nine o'clock in the evening when we arrived at Killarney, after eight hours' tedious ride by railway from Dublin. The day had been cold and blustry, and to arrive at the Victoria Hotel, and be ushered into a neatly furnished parlor, with a cheerful, glowing fire, made our hearts warm with the profoundest friendship for all Ireland; and when, a half-hour later, we were shown into a pleasant little supper-room, where a most inviting repast awaited us, we felt then that we loved all Ireland, and bowed our heads most reverently over the steaming viands.

We had been so long in densely populated cities, visiting old castles, churches, haunted places, and ruins; prison-cells and dungeons; handling implements of torture, and standing upon the very spots of execution, that we felt almost as though we, ourselves, were haunted;

and like Dante, we could hear, in the very atmosphere we breathed, the wailings, sighings, and groans of the executed victims, criminal and innocent.

It was, indeed, refreshing to be once more in a place where we could admire God's handiwork in Nature, and breathe the fresh, cool air of heaven far away from human habitation, and hear the rushing of sporting waters, unfettered and flowing in careless glee wherever their fancy guides.

The sun rose gloriously the next morning. From our windows we had a fine view of the Lower Lake and surrounding country. The wild, romantic scenery, the uninhabited mountains and hills, reminded us more of our own wild Western home than any place we had visited in our wanderings. The village was quite lively that morning: all the peasants of the surrounding country, for miles, were assembled to do their marketing—the day being Saturday. The poor have hand-carts or baskets; those more favored by fortune have donkey or pony-carts. In these carts are meats, poultry, vegetables, cheese, smuggled whisky, laces, bog-wood, jewelry, hosiery, dry-goods, and every conceivable article of use. All the worldly goods belonging to each family are hauled out into the square, and every inducement offered to purchasers. The village proper is simply row after row of huts or hovels, with only dirt floors, inhabited by the peasantry. While watching the novel modes of traffic, exchanges, and bargainings, our attention was particularly attracted by a man about sixty years old. He had a bombastic manner quite *à propos* to the owner of a glossy, black pony, and bright, yellow cart, with red wheels. While he was making a fine bargain with a friend, a little girl, about eight years old, jumped upon his cart, and began pulling out the hair of his pony's tail, without the slightest regard for Master Pony's feelings. He, however, thinking that rather unwarranted treatment, showed his resentment by kicking most desperately. The old cart seemed in danger, when the owner, seeing what was the matter, grabbed his stick, and started after the offending child, saying, "Bad luck to ye, ye young villain, ye." It was of no use, for the old fellow was not active enough for the young girl, who ran away, merrily laughing, evidently anticipating the result of her mischief. After awhile, when the old man was again much interested, and just about to make a most unheard-of bargain, the girl crept slyly back behind the other carts to get another grab at pony's tail; and so quick were her movements the old man saw nothing till the girl was upon the wagon and poor pony had lost another handful of his black, shining tail. He winced, but did not kick, until a second handful of long, flowing hair was ruthlessly torn from its resting-place. Then, slam-bang! went the old wagon, and out thundered the old man, "Stiffenen to ye, ye bowld beggar ye!" But the girl was gone, and disappointed and disconcerted, the old fellow pulled down his yellow waistcoat, slapped his old plug hat tighter on his head, and twisting his stick around his fingers, muttered, "Begorra, if I only had that yingster!"

I said to a smart-looking woman near me, "What is that child pulling the hair from that pony's tail for?"

She replied: "It's a Kerry pony, ma'am, and she's gettin' the hair to make chains, ma'am; and plase, yer ladyship, here's a very foine one. My own darter made it, ma'am. It's as foine a one as ye'll find at all. Help a poor, lone woman with ten small childer, an auld father and sick mother, and blind sisther, ma'am, and may God's blessin' go wid ye."

I took out my purse, and was just about to hand the woman five shillings—the price of the chain—when her neighbor, a rosy matron of about five-

and-thirty years, turned, and, seeing me about to make the purchase, said: "Away wid ye, Peggy Flinn! Have ye no shame that ye would ax a foine lady five shillins for a chain? Sure, and the man ye belong to works ivery day; what nade have ye to chate a foine lady a sixpence?"

Turning to me, she said: "It's a poor craythur such as me, ma'am, that has no husband—God help us!—these nine years to think of the childer; only these two poor hands to gather for them and ourselves the scrapins of the earth—that would not chate a foine lady like yerself. Here's as foine a chain as ye'll find in all Killarney, and only four-and-sixpence, ma'am, and the grace of our Holy Mother rest upon ye."

The first woman, indignant at her neighbor's interference, cried out, "Ye haven't a ha'p'oth of perliteness, Biddy Sullivan." Then to me, "If that craythur there," pointing to Biddy, "can sell ye a chain for four-and-sixpence, so can I; but it's too reasonable entirely. Sure, ma'am, it would deck the Queen, and all for four-and-sixpence."

I bought both chains in self-defense, and proceeding further, with the same inducements, I bought some Limerick lace and other small articles, with the blessings of God, the Holy Mother, and all the saints. Thus laden, I returned to the hotel to prepare for a ride around the lakes. Although we had a fine view of the Lower Lake from the hotel, it was meagre in comparison to that from Ross Island. This island is the largest in the Lower Lake. It, together with the castle and neighboring grounds, belongs to Lord Kenmare. It is connected with the mainland by a bridge, near the landing of which, and immediately under the castle, is a famous echo called "Paddy Blake." In common politeness we must speak to Paddy before entering the castle. It is said, on being asked, "How do ye do, Paddy Blake?" the immediate answer is, "Pretty well, I thank ye." As to the veracity of this statement, visitors must judge for themselves. The castle was built by a chieftain of the great family of O'Donoghue. The peasants tell numerous legends of him, and at every point one sees objects of interest named after him. Our guide pointed to a window through which, he seriously said, the great chieftain leaped when he left this earth, and took up his permanent abode in the bottom of the lake, where he is still living in perfect happiness, and will continue through all eternity. Every May morning he can be seen gliding over the lake, dressed in glittering armor, with a helmet of diamonds and waving white plumes, mounted on a foaming steed, and followed by a long procession of nymphs, who scatter flowers and chant sweet, melodious music.

The Lower Lake is five miles long and two and a half wide—being much larger than the Upper and Middle Lakes. Its principal feature is the number of islands. There are upward of thirty, the largest of which, like the surrounding shores, are covered with majestic ash-trees, elms, hollies, and *arbutus*, while many are mere clumps of black rocks. On this lake, like the Swiss lakes, in winter terrific storms arise, suddenly changing the peaceful waters into raging, snow-capped billows. Far beyond the lakes rise the Toomies, Torc, Glena, and Mangerton Mountains, casting a dark shadow over the lakes. These mountains have at their base dense foliage, but the summits are bare, or covered with heath. The Torc Mountain is eighteen hundred feet high, and being the highest point, is the general landmark and chief feature of the surrounding country. Its sides are very precipitous, being apparently perpendicular rocks. Its summit is called the Eagle's Nest, from the fact that for centuries the eagles have built their nests there unmolested.

Our guide told us a very interesting story of the Eagle's Nest, which is so well worded by a modern writer, I can not resist giving it *verbatim:* "There was a vagabone soger who says, says he, 'I'll go bail I'll rob that aigle's nest,' says he. 'May be you will, and may be you won't,' says the aigle; and wid that she purtinded to fly off wid herself. So the soger, when he sees that, lets himself down by a long rope he had wid him; and 'I have ye now by your sharp noses, every mother's son of ye,' says he. When all of a sudden out comes the auld aigle from a thunder-cloud, and says very civilly, says she, 'Good-morrow, sir,' says she, 'and what brings you out to visit my fine family so airly, before they have had their breakfast,' says she. 'Oh, nothing at all,' says the soger, who you see was frightened, 'only to ax after their health, ma'am,' says he; 'and if e'er a one of 'em had the toothache, for which I've a rimidy I brought wid me in my pocket from furren parts.' 'Ye brought some blarney in the other pocket, then,' says the aigle, 'for don't I know ye came to stale me childer!' 'Honor bright,' says the soger, 'do ye think I'd be doing such a mane thing?' 'I'll lave it to a neighbor of mine whether ye did or no,' said the aigle. So with that she bawls out at the top of her voice, 'Did he come to rob the aigle's nest?' In course the echo made answer, 'To rob the aigle's nest.' 'Hear that now, ye thieving blackguard!' says the aigle, 'and take that home wid ye,' giving him a sthroke wid her bake betune the two eyes that sent him rowling into the lake; and I'll go bail none of his proginitors ever went to rob an aigle's nest after that day."

Between the Torc and the neighboring mountain, the Mangerton, flows a noble stream that has its source in the Devil's Punch-Bowl, on the summit of the Mangerton. There is here a Devil's Punch-Bowl—which, by the way, is a liberal-sized one—a Devil's Island, Devil's Heart, and a Black Valley; and I heard the driver tell the guide that Pat somebody was the "Devil's own." I conclude from that, the devil has possession in other places besides his *cañon* at the Geysers and his gates at Washoe; and I have no doubt his own are as scattered upon the face of the earth as the Lord's chosen people of Israel.

"Seeing as how the young lady is so fond of stories," said the guide, "I'll tell ye of the lady's leap from Glena, there."

"Do," I said; "I am very fond of legends."

"Legends, ma'am!" said he; "that's no legend; that is as thrue as the heavens above us. That is, every body knows, after the lady made the leap, she was never seen any more on earth."

Then he told us of the fairest daughter of Kerry, who lived in a castle on the Glena, which, like many fine places of ancient grandeur and romantic interest among the hills and glens of Ireland, is not there now. This lady was not only the fairest of Kerry's daughters, but the purest, best, noblest, and most generous. Being the last of an ancient and noble race, her father, who worshiped his lovely child, asked her to choose from the princes and nobles a husband, to be father to his race when he was no more. She listened, silently weeping, and shook her head. The father, caring only for his child's happiness, did not ask her again. The priests and nuns said, "That pearl of loveliness, and lily of purity, will be one of us, sometime: the vanities of the world have no charms for her." But Una, one of the lady's-maids, shook her head, but uttered not a word; she felt she knew her lady better. She thought there was some hidden mystery in her lady's fascination for the lake, for at all times she would be out upon the waters. Sometimes early, before the sun changed

the leaden hues of gray morning into rosiest tinges, or the mist rose from the lake; then, again, when the sun was high in the heavens, and all Nature thrilled with life. At evening, too, the lady was gliding over the deep, lonely waters, and watching, till the stars peeped out in the heavens, and the pale moon rose, cold and melancholy. Not until the stars grew dim, and the moon sank behind the distant mountains, and the day began to dawn, would the lady retire to her castle on the mountain.

One evening, she said, "Una, retire to rest with your companions: I will watch the stars alone to-night, and need not keep you from your rest."

"As your ladyship wishes," said Una, retiring, but not to rest. She could not sleep. "It is strange," thought she, "that my lady sends me away to-night, who never left her side before. I will watch. But—what do I see? Her ladyship going to the lake? I will follow gently, to see that no ill betides her." As she reached the margin of the lake, she hid herself behind an *arbutus*. Soon she heard the roaring and rushing, as of foaming waters, and lo! a Knight arose from the lake, mounted on a noble steed. He was crowned with a blaze of light, that looked like one immense diamond; his armor was woven together with all colors of precious stones, and the snowy plumes of his helmet waved to and fro in the morning breeze. As the Knight came up to the shore, the branches of every tree around bowed till they touched the ground. Una heard the Knight praise her lady's beauty, and talk in tender tones, and say: "If thou dost love me, and thou seest none other that suits thy fancy better, meet me here in seven years. In the meantime, on every May morning, at this same hour, and this same place, do thou meet me; and if in seven years thy love prove true, I will make thee my bride, and thou shalt reign eternally in my water-girt palace, under the lake."

Every May morning, for six years, the lady went down to the shore, to meet her princely lover; and as the seventh year rapidly approached, Una wept and entreated her lady to release her strange Knight, for the sake of her old, gray-headed father. But no persuasion could change her strange love; and when the seventh May morning arrived, she said to Una: "Comfort my aged father, when I am gone, and be thou a child to the childless old man in my stead. Give my jewels and clothes to the poor. I go as you see me. This white robe is my bridal robe, and this wreath of water-lilies my crown." Radiant in beauty, and joyful to meet her lover, she went out ere the day dawned, when the stars still shone in the heavens.

Waiting in the lake, near the shore, was the Lake-King, mounted upon his steed, resting on the smooth waters, and quietly awaiting his bride. The snowy plumes of his helmet fluttered in the morning air, as he stood in his stirrups to receive her. At the same time, enchanting music filled the air. The lady of his love, the flower of Kerry, stood an instant on the brink of Glena, waving a last adieu to the home of her childhood, then leaped into her waiting lover's arms.

Before the guide's story was finished, we arrived at O'Sullivan's Cascade. We entered the Grotto, which is a cave in a projecting rock, gracefully covered with vines, and surrounded by varied and beautiful foliage. While resting, and enjoying the picturesque scenery, three women came down from the mountain to sell goat's milk, saying, if the "gintlemen" wished, they would put in a few drops of mountain-dew (whisky). These peasants are prohibited from distilling and selling whisky—it being a criminal offense—but some of them are so cunning and quick-witted that they carry on quite an extensive business without detection.

As we were approaching the old Muckross Abbey, our guide told us there was a funeral there, and perhaps the young lady would rather not go in just then. On the contrary, the young lady was all the more anxious to go. Although the burying-ground of Muckross is quite extensive, it has been filled a great many times. Formerly they buried their dead within a few feet of the surface, and even a few inches, sometimes; and from the fact that old coffins had to be exhumed to make room for new ones, and the contents being thrown around indiscriminately, the place became almost pestilential. Years ago, Colonel Herbert had this refuse removed; and, although wild and overgrown with rank weeds, nothing disgusting now meets the eye. The entire grave-yard seemed filled with peasants. Men dressed in all sorts of comical costumes; women all wearing long cloaks with hoods, and children crouching by their sides. The men seemed little concerned about the funeral: they were standing, sullenly looking around, or staring vacantly into the open grave, or talking with their comrades. The women—most of whom had their hoods thrown back and their rosaries in their hands, were kneeling in the wet grass, or on the low, flat slabs, clasping their rosaries, and raising them almost to their chins, their eyes uplifted, and swaying their bodies backward and forward—were all joining in that wonderful Irish funeral wail, which is something indescribable, but never to be forgotten. It impresses one as being almost as barbarous as the war-whoops and cries of Indians around their funeral pyres. It reminds one of winter winds wailing among lofty trees in low, deep murmurs, and gradually rising higher and louder, until it becomes a shrill cry, then running down the gamut in murmurs deep and despairing. It is such a melancholy dirge, it makes a shudder pass through the human frame, for very fear of something, one knows not what. There was no priest at the grave, and the guide told us they seldom went with the peasantry to their burials. While neighbors were digging the grave, the mourners continued wailing. When the grave was completed, and the coffin about to be lowered, two or three women, standing near, took hold of it so desperately it was impossible, for a few seconds, to let it down into the open grave. A little in the rear of the crowd stood an old man. He was quite gray, and very wrinkled. As he stood quietly looking on at what passed before him, he would every few seconds raise his arm, and wipe away the unbidden tears with his coat-sleeve. Grief had stirred up its bitter fount, and was welling over in the old man's heart. Perhaps he was thinking that ere long his old and feeble frame would be consigned to mother earth. "The young may die, the old must."

As the first shovel of earth rattled upon the hollow-sounding coffin, a wild shriek, shrill and piercing, went up from the crowd of women. A few seconds more, and the greedy grave was filled—the beloved was at rest. The concourse of people soon dispersed, some to go to their homes, and others, the younger ones, to clamber over the old abbey. I asked an aged peasant near, to break me some branches of the famous ewe-tree that grows in the court-yard, and completely fills up the square opening between the walls. He looked at me a second, then politely said: "Sure, I'd do any thing to plase yer ladyship, but would na break the owld ewe-tree, ma'am. It's sartin death, within a twelvemonth, to him as breaks its branches." I broke the branches myself, and the old man looked on, sorrowfully shaking his head. He said, "God help ye, ma'am; but there's a world of bad luck in that."

The abbey was founded for Franciscan friars in 1440, at which time this

immense ewe-tree is supposed to have been planted. The abbey is situated upon one of the most lovely sites around the lake, and is so completely overgrown with ivy, one can not discern the gray stones at all a short distance off—which makes a most charming and romantic effect. Hard by we took a small boat and rowed over to Innisfallen, an island next to Ross, the largest in size, and by far the most charming and interesting of all. It is densely covered with varied and magnificent foliage. Twelve centuries ago a castle was built here, the ruins of which still remain. Here was written, by two monks, the famous early history of Ireland, called the "Annals of Innisfallen."

Many years ago, an Englishman and an Irishman were sent to plow up the old abbey grave-yard, and pile up the *débris.* They worked well one day, although it was doubtless very unpleasant business for sensitive nerves. The next morning, they were rowing over toward the island, just at the dawn of day, when a heavy mist still rested over the lake. As they were approaching the island, they saw a long procession of white-robed objects leave the shore of Innisfallen, pass over the lake, out of sight, and soon a long line of smaller white objects. They turned their boat quickly, and rowed for the main-land, and not all the estate of Innisfallen could have bought them to return to their work.

Innisfallen contains about twenty acres of fertile land, varied by gently sloping hills, vales, rivulets, and miniature harbors. There is a wonderful holly-tree here, from the root of which shoots forth an ash, a hawthorn, and an ivy, having the appearance of being the product of one root. As we rowed over to Denis Island, we had a fine view of the ivy-covered weir-bridge, between the two arches of which the waters of the Upper and Middle lakes flow into the Lower. So large is the volume of water, and so swift its course, it forms quite extensive rapids. Passing a pretty, rustic bridge, we were soon on our way back to Killarney. We passed through the extensive and finely kept grounds of the Herbert estate, of which the homes of the tenantry form quite a pretty little village of brick cottages, each having a nicely cultivated garden around it. They are neat and thrifty, and have the appearance of real comfort.

The weather was very doubtful the next morning—the sun shining at one minute, and at another dark clouds enveloping the heavens, and great rain-drops falling. To an anxious traveler a slight rain-storm will not interfere with a day's pleasure, especially if he is accustomed to traveling in Great Britain. At nine o'clock we took a carriage and rode to the Castle of Dunloe; then across the Pass of Dunloe, and up through the Gap of Dunloe, which is nine miles from Killarney. The country we passed was principally low bog-land. The surface had been taken off from two to three feet deep, and dried in the sun, in the shape of bricks, becoming the farmers' "peat." When approaching a village where this substance is principally used for fuel, a most unpleasant odor is perceptible, from the burning of decomposed vegetable matter. Occasionally we passed a cottage and cultivated spot, but the peasants of the lower part of Ireland mostly live in great poverty, devoid of the ordinary comforts of life. The children earn money as guides to strangers, or by selling goat's milk, or *souvenirs.* The middle-aged work just as they can get labor, and do whatever presents, without any thought of to-morrow. In old age the men and women look after the small children, drink whisky, smoke their pipes, and tell legends and ghost-stories.

As we approached the Pass of Dunloe, the country became hilly and rocky. About a mile within the Gap, we were

obliged to leave our carriage, and mount Kerry ponies, which were in readiness for us. The entire length of the gap is four miles, the upper portion being narrow and precipitous. It is walled in, on one side by the Toomies, and on the other by the Purple Mountains. It is a barren, desolate region, enlivened only by the little stream that flows through it, dashing over the rocks. Occasionally one sees a dilapidated cottage, but its general appearance is as barren as the Valley of Chamouny. On the side of the Purple Mountains is a cottage, which was pointed out as the cottage of the "Colleen Bawn," or rather, of Phil. Naughten and his wife, "Fighting Poll of the Reefs," as she was called, who lived there when Danny Mann took the luckless Eily O'Conner, the rope-maker's daughter, of Garryowen, to stay with his old hag of a sister, Poll. Here the proud Hardress Cregan visited his beautiful peasant-bride. From here, too, the hunchback, Danny Mann, took the sweet, unsuspecting Eily—to go home, as she thought, to her old father, Michael O'Conner—but left her lifeless in the lake; and days after, her corpse was washed upon the shore of Dunday Bay. A few months after, on the eve of Hardress Cregan's marriage with his accomplished and wealthy cousin, Anne Chute, he was arrested, on the testimony of Danny Mann. Conscience-stricken, and outraged at Hardress' cruel treatment, after his servile obedience to his will, Danny Mann delivered himself up to justice, as the murderer of Eily O'Conner—or rather, Eily Cregan—instigated by Hardress Cregan: she being an obstacle to his marriage with Anne Chute. Hardress was transported for life, but died before he reached his exile home. Myles Murphy—or Myles Na-Copaleen, as he was nicknamed—did not, as the play says, rescue the unhappy Eily from drowning. Only the black heavens, that rained in torrents, the mad thunder, and flashing lightning, witnessed the deed, and heard the pitiful cries of the innocent victim.

The Gap of Dunloe is noted for its wonderful echoes. In order to display them to advantage, a small cannon was loaded and fired. The report was not much louder than that of an ordinary gun; but scarcely had the shot been fired, when the mountains sent back a peal like the roaring of distant thunder, then came echoes fainter and still fainter from reef, crag, vale, and mountain, and we thought the sound was lost; when suddenly we heard peal upon peal and thunder upon thunder, as if all the artillery of heaven was opened upon us, or that the forbidding, black mountains were the abode of evil *genii*. As we entered the Black Valley, which is still more desolate and bleak than the Gap, we were strangely impressed by the wonderful contrast between the quiet, poetical pictures of the lakes, and this gorge, lined and completely overshadowed by dark, rocky mountains. In its desolation, it is the perfection of wild loneliness. The stream we were following up through the Gap has its source at the head of the Black Valley; and it rushes, foaming and roaring, over the rocks, as if glad to get away to more delightful regions. We found a boat awaiting us at the shore of the Upper Lake, by which we were to return to Killarney—passing over the three lakes. As we were gliding over the deep-blue waters, our guide entertained us with a history of the lakes, which is in accordance with the numerous legendary stories attached to every point of interest surrounding them. He told us that, where the Lakes of Killarney are at present, was formerly the village of Killarney, in which lived a beautiful maiden. She was obliged to ascend the Torc Mountain every morning and every evening for water. There was a well of most delicious water near the summit, that was the gift of a fairy,

who, when she gave it, left a stone to cover it, and said, if by any mischance it should be left uncovered, woe would betide the village. One evening the maid had ascended the mountain as usual, filled her pail, and was returning home, when she encountered a Knight, who said:

"Can you tell me, fair maid, the distance to Kilmare?"

"It is ten miles, yer Lordship," said the maid.

"Ten miles—and it is already quite dark," soliloquized the Knight. "How is the road, my fair one?"

"The road," said the maid, "is over the mountains and hard to find by night, and most dangerous to strangers."

"Then, can you tell me, my fairy," said the Knight, "where I might remain overnight, to refresh myself and my weary horse?"

"If you will go with me," said the maid, "and yer Lordship can be comfortable in so lowly a place, ye will be welcome at my father's cottage."

The Knight went down to the cottage with the maid, and partook of the humble, but cheerful hospitalities of the old peasant. The next morning it was late when the Knight awoke. A nice breakfast awaited him, served by the lovely maiden. When he arose from the table the sun was high in the heavens, and he accepted an invitation to remain until the afternoon, when the sun would be declining. After a hearty dinner, a little past noon, he did not feel disposed to travel, and waited until the sun was so low, his host said he could not possibly start until he had supper. After supper, of course, it was too late, and he was obliged to remain until the next day—which passed just as the first. The sweet smiles of the maid had completely charmed him, and he felt happy in watching her, as she attended to her duties in the neat little cottage and waited upon her aged father and himself with unvarying grace and untiring patience. The third day he said nothing of his journey; but, at noon, went out with the old father and helped to stack up the hay. That night, as the maid took her pail to ascend the mountain, he said:

"Sweet girl, you are too frail and beautiful to carry water from the mountain. I will go with you, and help you in your labor."

Slowly they ascended the mountain, talking of the moon, and stars, and then of love—and the maid was awed by the courtly attentions of her strange lover, and he was charmed with the maidenly purity and innocence of the girl.

They reached the well, filled their bucket, and were near the bottom of the mountain, when they heard the rushing of waters. The maid, alarmed, cried: "The well! the well! We have forgotten to cover the well. All will be lost."

Hastening to the village, to warn the people—for the maid knew the fairy's threat—she found it was too late. The village was soon enveloped in a flood, and most of the inhabitants perished, among whom were the Knight and the maid.

O'Donoghue, the proprietor, was a miserly old fellow, who kept his gold in a huge chest, and a fierce dog, named Branny, to guard it. On this occasion, he had said:

"Branny, dog, stay there and watch the gould till I come back"—and away he went to the distant hills; but the flood overtook him and he was drowned.

The well on the Torc Mountain still overflows, and rushes down into the lake; and is to this day called the Torc Water-fall. The dog still guards the chest of gold at the bottom of the lake, and awaits the coming of his master.

AT SAN DIEGO AND THE GOLD-MINES.

I.

ON the fourth of last March, a steamer rippled the quiet waters of San Diego Bay, sending a "good-morning" salute to either shore. Seven o'clock found breakfast dispatched, and the passengers walking shoreward. Entering a commission house, I inquired for a person, whose name, occupation, and general appearance I gave. "Mr. ——! O yes; he is the happy discoverer of the new gold-mines." "Ah! new gold-mines you have, then?" "Yes, and the richest ever found in the State! Had you not heard of it?" "No, sir; I am just from the steamer; but can you tell me where to find Mr. ——?" "He has left town. Are you acquainted with him?" The basis of acquaintance was stated. "You are all right, then! All his friends are provided for! You should go and see the rock: it is on exhibition on Fifth Street—the richest rock ever seen in California!" The "all right," and "provided for," were taken discreetly, at a large discount; but the "rock" was seen—the lot which soon after caused the intense excitement in San Francisco; the bay and its surroundings were "done;" several trips made into the country, and the new gold-mines visited. This paper proposes to give reliable *data*, which are the result of personal observation and careful research.

The third morning out from San Francisco, a long, flat-topped island appears in the south-east. Nearing it, the water to the north becomes inclosed by low shores, forming False Bay; and on the east, low lands connect the ridge with the main. The length of the ridge is five miles; its southern extremity, Point Loma; and from its crest a light-house, with a *fixed white light*—third order of Fresnel—stands watch, four hundred and fifty feet above the ocean's level.

One and a half miles due west of Point Loma, a thick field of kelp is reached, a half-mile in width, and extending about three miles south and six north. Entering the kelp, the depth of water changes from twenty to ten fathoms, lessening to four at its inner edge. Passing a half-mile south of the Point, the Bay of San Diego is approached on a northerly course. A long, low beach of shingle, making out from the east side of the ridge, forms a natural breakwater at the entrance. This is called "Ballast Point"—by the Spaniards, *Punta de Gurianos*. East of the entrance is the shoal "Banos de Zuniga," named for Don Gaspar de Zuniga, Count of Monterey. It lies parallel to the ridge, and three-fourths of a mile from it. Breakers generally show its position and extent. Between the ridge and shoal, the channel has a width of half a mile. From near the southern point of Loma, to the shoal, is a bar 650 yards across, between five-fathom lines. Over this, twenty-two feet can be carried. In mid-channel, off Ballast Point, are ten fathoms; and a ship's length off, four. On ebb and flood tides there are strong currents, the former setting over Zuniga Shoal. Inside of Ballast Point are shoals on either hand: the larboard with twelve feet of water, the starboard generally visible.

San Diego Bay was discovered in 1542, by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese, in Spanish service. He christened it Port San Miguel. The defects

in nautical science and instruments led him to place it in 34° 20′—nearly the latitude of Los Angeles. Indians were found in great numbers. They were shy, but hospitable; much the same in disposition as those found by Columbus on the island of Hayti, fifty years earlier.

In November, 1602, the bay was surveyed by Sebastian Vizcaino, who gave it the name of San Diego, or plain, "St. James." He made note of a forest ("three leagues in length and one-half in width") of tall, straight oak, and other trees, between Loma ridge and Old San Diego; and that "north-west of this forest was another good harbor." Dalrymple examined the bay in 1782, and La Pérouse in 1787. United States surveys have indicated no material changes in the channel for nearly a century. According to Vizcaino, there has been a decided change in False Bay. It is quite extensive, but shoal. Its entrance is very narrow, and contracts from one-fourth of a mile to less than one-eighth. Immediately in front of the entrance, a line of breakers keep sentinel, and ferociously challenge all attempts to approach. Only three feet of water can be carried over the bar. From Point Loma the coast-line is northerly, curving to west of north-west as it nears Point Laurens, at San Pedro Bay. South of Loma, the coast-line runs easterly, curving gradually to south-by-east as it nears the Mexican boundary.

The low, flat peninsula separating the bay from the ocean is a mile or more in width near the entrance, with several sharp and deep indentations on its inner shore. Thence it narrows, until near the head of the bay it is a mere "wall of partition" between the waters. Its whole length and body is of beach-sand, piled up by the waves. In spots, low bushes and grass cling tenaciously for life.

Southerly, a few miles from the bay, the rising slope is confronted with a bluff. Up this, on the table-land, near the edge, stands an obelisk of white marble, twenty feet in height. It is two hundred yards from the sea-shore, and readily seen. It marks the western initial point of the boundary between the United States and Mexico.

Seven miles off the Mexican coast, and fifteen south from Point Loma, are several bold, steep islets—"Los Coronados," the memorial of Francisco Coronado, Governor of Jalisco under Cortez. The largest, one and a half miles long by half a mile wide, is wedge-shaped, with an altitude of 575 feet. It has a little soil, no trees, some shrubs—cacti, and other plants—grass during rainy season (when there is one), with a profusion of gaudily colored flowers—orange, purple, and yellow. In the dry season, its appearance is uninviting. Its only landing-place has a steep ascent for fifty feet, thence easy for the half-mile to its crest. North-westerly are two others, about fifty feet high, with no vegetation. These are said to be the "resort of sea-elephants." These islands are in full view from the bay towns, and break the long ocean line, giving to the prospect its picturesque finish.

On a point at the base of Loma ridge are seen the ruins of old Spanish fortifications. Up the same shore, a mile or two, is the unpresuming village of La Playa. Two miles farther is Roseville, delighting its sole occupant chiefly with the fragrance of its name. Two miles north-easterly is Old San Diego. The town is important as the county-seat, as a relic of Spanish colonial civilization, and as the ripe fruit, perfected by the spiritual horticulture of exclusive Romish missions. It is said to be the oldest town in the State—founded in June, 1769. The buildings are principally *adobes*, low and old; streets narrow and uncleanly; and its chief business fronts on a central, square *plaza*. To the *padres*, who have irrigated, pruned, and

ingrafted, be all the glory of its centennial fruition. New blood is giving a modern flush here and there.

The San Diego River forms the western boundary of the town. Formerly it emptied its sand into False Bay; but a few years ago it caught a freak of the uneasy housewife, and made a radical change in the situation of things. The mountains had become unusually generous, and, pitying the scorched bed of the stream, immersed its heated pebbles by pouring over them a flow of water brimming full from bank to bank. The stream forsook its old ways. Frolicking about the flats, it now overleaps the low bound separating it from San Diego Bay, and spreads itself out hugely—in Young America style—right in front of the descendants of the Montezumas. The "city" is thus left nearly two miles from a good anchorage. So it stands, an epitomized monument of the ancestral career: the stream of thought of our day, rushing on, has left the old Spanish mother far back from the channel of current ideas.

Leaving this historic spot two miles south-east, brings us to a vain hope of history. Middletown, on paper, flourishes like a "green bay-tree;" on *terra firma* it is the dry *chaparral* and the forlorn hill-side.

New Town, or more properly South San Diego, is two miles still farther to the south-east. Here is the centre of beauty and moving forces—the future metropolis of southern California. The site is well chosen, being on an angle in the channel, and nearly equidistant from the extremities of the bay. The shore rises very gradually from the water's edge to a low *mesa*. A fine view of the lovely harbor, of the open ocean (scarcely interrupted by the sand-spit between), and of the islands in the distance, is thus secured from the successive streets. A high ridge back gives opportunity for such as desire a wider range of vision, and are ambitious for more stirring experiences. The fitness of things has been sadly outraged in one respect. The surveyor sacrificed the beauty of Nature's shore-line to the arbitrariness of sectional lines. One's esthetical nature revolts at the bad taste which has made the streets run in either direction at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the water front. Another fault, more common in California, is small blocks without alleys. Though the town is somewhat dull at present, the inhabitants are hopeful. Every thing looks new, and the activity in building speaks of a hope determined not to be long deferred. The *Bulletin* chronicles the progress of town and country. A new school-house will soon give facilities for public instruction. The Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, and Romanist Churches have maintained regular services for some time.

Four miles to the south-east, across a little valley, over a low ridge, down into the Choya bottom, over the low divide, into the South Choya, and up on a low, level *mesa*, is "National City." The site inclines slightly toward the bay. An enterprising spirit has been at work here to check "manifest destiny." When South San Diego shall overflow, this location will be sought, because of its "beauty of situation." Its present religious and educational needs are met by a Congregational Society, and a good, free school.

Between the two "cities" just mentioned, are the grounds of the "San Diego, Gila, and Southern Pacific Railroad"—a fact on which both cities hang their future, and the easternmost has built even its present. The intervening space has also been well trodden by the surveyor, and presents the appearance of a mammoth cribbage-board.

Up the south-eastern shore, the landscape still invites; the transit has rested on its tripod; the chain has been

folded up; and *on paper*, the crooked is made straight, and the rough made smooth. The elaborate work done ends at the head of the bay, with the fitting inscription, "Monumental City." The *reality* is six to eight miles of a lovely shore.

The country bordering the bay is quite broken. The broad slope mounts a few hills, and the valleys opening on the bay terminate in flats, which are low, quite wide, and impregnated with alkali. Nothing growing can be dignified as "wood." Low bushes, *chaparral*, cacti, stunted and dead grasses, are the croppings speaking of the wealth in the soil. A large proportion of the land is arable, including much on the hill-sides. Cultivation, though, at present is confined to the valleys. Water—clear, sparkling water—is *that* for which the land pines. Its want has left a forbidding appearance. Nature looks old and shriveled. Her face and her mantle are covered with dust. A good bath would give an impulse to her hidden germs. Artesian wells are reported to have proven failures at La Playa and "New Town." In the opinion of geologists, there is no hope from that source. Water is abundant near the surface, but is affected with alkali; the best is now obtained from wells in the river-bed.

Nothing save the lack of good water presents a serious drawback. The climate is all the heart of man need desire. It varies only about twelve degrees from the usual mean—sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. The atmosphere is dry, clear, and invigorating. No dense fogs, as at San Francisco, obscure its Italian transparency. Already San Diego is being sought solely to gain relief from present ills, and to secure an extra lease of life. Undoubtedly it will become historic as the place of all others on this coast which, with healing in its wings, bears up worn-out human nature, bringing to the invalid's cheek a flush of hope as it greets him with its bright, sunny smile.

As is general on the Pacific Slope, the prevailing winds are westerly. The sea-breezes are to the land as eight to one. They increase in summer and decrease in winter. Easterly winds occur mainly in the winter; north and easterly, stronger in the morning than in the afternoon; and the windy months are from February to August, inclusive. In February, March, April, and June, south-east winds are a peculiar feature. As the north-west sea-breeze decreases in the autumn, it is generally replaced by gentler fanning from the west and south-west, lessening in quantity until, in December, the old year gradually loses its breath.

In the summer-like calm of a mid-winter day, the ascent to the hill-top, back of "New Town," is charming. Below are the villages, skirting the inner bay shore; the unruffled bay itself, resplendent as a sea of crystal; encircling it is the long sand-arm, hugging closely the sleeping waters, and warding off the impetuous, roaring surf. Point Loma light and ridge are on the right, and back of them nestles False Bay. Away to the left are the curving bluffs; in the far-distant front, the grand old ocean stretches to the clouds, and, lifting up their heads out of the great deep, Los Coronados seem to be in sympathy with your pleasant emotions, and straining to bow a hearty welcome.

If a "back country" guarantees the importance of a town, then the *area* of San Diego County assures the future of its infant city. The county is an empire in extent—seventeen thousand square miles. Its size equals Massachusetts and New Hampshire; or Vermont, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. It is larger than the nation of Denmark, Holland, or Switzerland; and one-third as large as England.

Its chorography is peculiar to itself. Three distinct divisions, of nearly equal

extent, are separated by two high ranges of mountains. The Sierra Nevadas extend through the county, in a southerly course, to the peninsula. These are crossed, nearly at right-angles, by the range from Point Concepcion to the Colorado River, near the mouth of the Gila. Mount San Bernardino is the junction bound; and some have extended its name to the range trending eastward. North of this latter range is the south-west corner of the Great Basin of Utah, and the north-east *third* of San Diego County. This section is wild, and broken with rocky, volcanic ranges; *scoria* in the sandy valleys; no good water, nor grass, nor forests; some shrubs, and here and there a tree. There being no outlet, the few springs and streams sink into salt lakes. In the dry season, the latter give place to extensive beds of mud, baked until cracked by the heat—a region more desolate than the desert.

Scaling the gigantic southern wall of the Basin, you drop down to a level tract—once the head of the Gulf of California, and a part of it still lower than the sea. This "Colorado Desert" is not inviting; yet it is not hopelessly barren and dreary. Its greatest extent is one hundred and eighty miles; greatest width, seventy-five miles, narrowing to an apex at the base of Mount San Bernardino. Its southern bound is beyond the Mexican line. Throughout its length is a fine, compact blue clay, of alluvial origin, similar to the deposit in the banks of the Colorado. It is a good soil, and Nature has made provision for this "desert to bud and blossom as the rose." The canal, which Congress regarded with some favor in 1858–9, may yet bring the waste waters of the Colorado to irrigate these waste places, languishing for them. The Cohuilla Indians have already raised corn, barley, and vegetables, on the north-west border.

This alluvium is connected with the bottom-lands of the Colorado. Fossils show that it must have been deposited by fresh water, and its even fineness indicates still water. When the gulf was cut off by deposits from the delta of the Colorado, it is thus inferred that a lake was formed. Shore-lines and beach-sand are plainly seen along the bases of the mountains. The overflow of the Colorado runs northward; and in 1840 it cut the channel of "New River" through the clayey soil; and now small lagoons are left along its course.

A large part of the desert is true to its name. Gravel-ridges, sand-hills, and plains are sights not refreshing. Soda and hot springs add to the variety; while the sputterings of mud-volcanoes suggest that Mother Earth does not yet possess her soul in perfect peace.

West of the desert, including the mountains, and to the sea, are contained all the resources of the county at present utilized. From the ocean a fertile slope extends inland about twenty-five miles. The soil is ardent, but lacks fructifying juices. Rains are very unfrequent, and the dew and water are all absorbed, save in unusually wet seasons. The surface is variously cut up by gulches and narrow valleys. Short, transverse valleys, or ravines, add to the general unevenness; the whole is turreted with occasional hills and peaks of ridges. The principal valleys are the Sweetwater, Choya, San Diego, San Bernardo, San Luis Rey, Santa Margarita, and their tributaries. In these, meandering gravel-beds wait the moving of the waters. Occasionally a current dances over them to the sea. Pala, on the San Luis Rey, and Temecula, on the Santa Margarita, are the most important settlements in the northern part of the county. The primitive civilization of the old inhabitants is seen in their flocks and herds. They are a pastoral people, and their herds are kept to the pastures.

One ranchman, having five thousand cattle, is said never to know the luxury of butter, cheese, or even milk, on his table. The exports have been confined mainly to hides, tallow, and wool. Settlers of the true Yankee type have zealously courted, of late, the unoccupied valleys; and though the exterior does not speak of the blooming age, yet a virgin soil responds with generous impulses to honest caresses. The legitimate marriage is producing its legitimate offspring: patches of vegetables, fields of grain, young vines and trees, the cackle of hens, the dairy-maids, the neat cottage—all augur well for the rising generation. Eight to ten inches of rain per annum insures good crops, and a half-crop may be expected with only three inches. Tree-culture, and whatever sends down a long tap-root into the ever-moist soil, will be profitable.

In the pleasant valley, a few miles from Old Town, is "the Mission." In place of the ruins now seen, it is said that here was once the most beautiful church and buildings the old *padres* erected. There were, too, extensive gardens of beautiful and varied flowers, and large orchards of semi-tropical fruits; but the glory has departed, in sympathy with the exit of the neophytes, and of the functionaries whose functions had left them. Sackcloth and ashes cover the monumental pile. To make way for the ringing in of a higher civilization, even the old bells, as long ago as 1866, left the crumbling towers. A few olive-trees, telling of the vitalizing forces which have been, and still *are*, give an earnest of the more vigorous second-growth yet to be.

From the upper line of the slope, meandering among the foot-hills, to the altitude of twenty-five hundred feet, is a rough-and-tumble belt of about twenty miles in width. The ascent, averaging one hundred feet or more to the mile, is through a very rugged country. Narrow valleys, sharp, rocky ridges, and deep, wild *cañons* are the prevailing features.

The *cañon* of the San Diego River is the most remarkable. Twenty-five to fifty miles from its mouth, its bed of sand is fifteen hundred to two thousand feet below the crests of the bluffs on either side. There are little stretches of bottom-land all along its course, sometimes a fourth of a mile or more in width. From these the bluffs—well wooded at their base—rise high in air, falling back slightly from the perpendicular, and topping out in rounded peaks. Now and then a depression is reached, where trails scale the heights. The writer, having occasion to cross the river from south to north, sketched the prominent marks along a trail he was to take. While gaining information from a tall, long-haired, swarthy Texan, two others, of similar appearance, were observed, sitting a few rods back, peering with their sharp, black eyes from under slouched hats, and surveying intently myself and horse. Just as I started for the trail, the Texan said, "You ride a fine horse?" "A very fine horse," I replied, and moved forward. As I struck the trail leading to the river—four miles distant—the Texan's remark, "You ride a fine horse," kept repeating itself. The wildness of the narrow and precipitous *cañon* I now entered recalled the statement of a settler, that horse-thieves infested this section; because it was so easy to slip their booty over the Mexican line.

I had intimated to the Texan that I should camp with a squatter near the river—it being nearly sundown. This action began to look imprudent, and I began to look more admiringly at my "fine horse." Had the power been mine, "presto change" would have transformed him into a spavined mustang! As it was, the vision (not impracticable) of my horse on the other side of the Mexican line, and myself "afoot and alone," sug-

gested prompt movement and a change of base. I was certain, that if the Texans conceived an elopement, they would improve the small hours of the night, and entice my horse while I slept at the squatter's. The decision was, *first*, to gain time; *second*, to blind the squatter, as I passed him.

On we went, crawling down steep banks, loping under trees, dodging overhanging rocks, into the creek where the banks gave no footing; walking, trotting, running, as rocks, grades, and a smooth stretch allowed. The four miles were short; the sun still shone; the squatter said that an American, a mile up the river, had better accommodations than he—and up the river we go; a trail over a spur cuts off a bend in the river; over the spur we climb; away down in the *cañon*, we see the American's smoke; right on we move; horse seems to understand that he is *not* bound for the Mexican line. A mile above the American's, the bed of the river is again struck; the highest peaks are barely tipped with the golden rays of the western sun; along the trail are evidences of Indian occupation; tenantless huts are passed; the narrow bottoms are fenced in; the trail more used; now blocked by new improvements; thrown off several times by fences; "evening shades appear," dancing to the hoot of the owl and the yelp of the *coyote;* "night comes on apace," and double-night, from the narrow strip of the visible heavens, sinks down into the vasty depths of this unique trench, scooped out to the very foundations of these everlasting hills. On a slope, by the trail, is a willow cabin, deserted; boots and saddle are thrown there; the horse grazes by the twinkle of a row of stars, which try to shoot their feeble rays into our retreat; then he is taken through a narrow field, across the river-bed, into a little thicket, and made fast. The night wears away; no more jealousy of the Texan's love for shaggy manes and glossy, equine hair. With the bright morn, we go on rejoicing; a cup of something called coffee, from an "India," wets my crackers and dried beef; and then a hard tug, climbing two thousand feet up those San Diego cliffs, eclipses all the romance by the *real* life. Thanks were returned to a kind Providence, who had brought me safely through that treacherous, cavernous way. Following the last look up and down that long, yawning chasm, came the thought, "When did the stream commence to trickle, which has worn down these rock-bound sides? How long have these waters (now less than would fill a street-pipe) been digging out this gigantic trough, down deep among the mountains; and through it forcing Sierra's sands to the sea?"

Smaller *cañons* are numerous, like branches to the trunk of a tree. Up on these branches of the river are the open valleys, separated by granite ridges. Through clefts in the latter, the gentle creek becomes changed to the boisterous ravine; the valley ceases, and the *cañon* yawns.

The valleys rise one above the other, and are very irregular in form. On their lower side, they have the appearance of a rim, or dam, which held back the wash until it filled up the basin forming the present soil. On the upper side, there appears a high bluff or range of bold spurs, often impassable. A similar, though more contracted formation, more sterile and rock-bound, on the steeper, eastern slope of the mountains, terminates in the desert-gravel. Of these midway valleys, Las Viejas, San Vicente, Santa Maria, San Pasquel, and others, are prominent; over the mountains, the principal ones are San Felipe and Vallecito.

A "PRONUNCIAMIENTO."

ON the 5th of May, 1862, General Laurencez, at the head of a strong division of the French army, attacked the forts defending the city of Puebla. He knew perfectly well that the Mexicans were superior in numbers, besides having the advantage of fighting behind breastworks, but he looked on them as an ill-organized, badly armed mob, who would disperse at the first assault, leaving him a free entrance into the city. He was bitterly mistaken: the Zouaves were cut to pieces by the ragged, but dogged and brave Indians of Zacapoaxtla, and time after time were his attacks repulsed, till at last, having lost more than half his force, he had to retreat to Orizaba. The Mexican Commander-in-chief was the well-known Zaragoza, and among those who signally distinguished themselves on that eventful day was General Miguel Negrete, who, by his bravery and skill, contributed not a little to the brilliant success achieved by his countrymen. We will not follow him through the long, up-hill struggle maintained against the Empire, but, passing over nearly six years, find him once more in Puebla, bent on a very different purpose from that of defending the city: disgusted with the Juarez Government, and doing his utmost to overthrow it.

The State of Puebla was at this time governed by Don Rafael Garcia—a good, but weak man, quite unequal to the situation. Times were extremely dull, and there was consequently much distress: hence a number of idlers and vagabonds who were only longing for any disturbance to join the standard of revolt, and avail themselves of the sort of cloak their military character *pro tem.* would afford them to make a "raise" in some way or other. Negrete saw the position of affairs, and concluded the time had come to strike a blow against the Government. Already in disgrace—having been a partisan of Gonzales Ortega—he had been for some time closely watched, but he managed to elude the vigilance of the police, and, having plenty of friends all over the Republic, he at last got unnoticed into Puebla, and there matured and carried out his plans. The time was well chosen. Garcia had left the city on a visit to the neighboring districts, and was not expected back for some days; there were, it is true, several regiments in garrison, but commanded by unprincipled men, who thought more of gold than duty, and who could be bought over; and add to this, a *conducta* was shortly expected. A *conducta* is neither more nor less than a money-convoy, escorted generally by one regiment of foot and one of horse, under the command of some trustworthy officer. Starting originally from some large town in the interior, it goes on increasing as fresh wagons, loaded with specie, are added to it, till it attains sometimes a very fair size, and carries large sums. The one that Negrete had in view had left Mexico with nearly three millions, and a very fair sum was to be added in Puebla. To get hold of this was to make sure of success, he thought, as he could then hold out irresistible offers to officers and men, and organize a force on a firm basis. But he must have men to take it. Let us see how he procured them.

The garrison of Puebla consisted of four regiments—two of horse and two of foot, viz.: a splendidly mounted, well-armed, and well-equipped regiment of lancers, commanded by Colonel Luis

Malo; a newly raised corps of *rifleros á caballo* (mounted riflemen), commanded by Colonel Campillo, and the brigade of infantry, under Colonel Isunza. The cavalry were Federal troops; the infantry belonged to the State only. Malo and Isunza being personal friends of Negrete's, were first sounded, and soon gained over; Campillo was well known as a stanch adherent of Juarez, so the reactionists did not trouble him, calculating that when he saw the rest of the forces against him, and the "rising" assuming the importance they hoped, he might be induced to join them, or else forced to do so. Besides, his men were raw recruits, and could not be expected to offer a very stern opposition. Campillo's officers might be bought, and they would bring the men; but all agreed it was useless to attempt to shake the allegiance of the Colonel. The ringleaders lost no time in sounding their men; and allured by the tempting assurance that the first movement would be to seize the *conducta*, all were at once ready to do whatever their chiefs might bid them, and over a thousand men were enrolled in a few days. Promises were, of course, plentiful: the Colonels were to be made Generals; Majors, Colonels; and so on; and then the three millions were an irresistible argument, and so the plot thickened.

Of course Negrete had for some time had one or two picked agents in the city, who kept him informed of all that transpired. The chief of these were Francisco Lujan, a Spanish dentist, who for some time had made a living in any way rather than by his profession, and one Esteves, also a Spaniard, who had been tried and condemned to death for having been implicated in a plot to assassinate the President, but who had been pardoned, and who now was showing his gratitude, and availing himself of his liberty, by joining those who were seeking to overturn the Government which had behaved so generously toward him. The mission of these two worthies had been to stir up the feeling of discontent among the *leperos*, or scum of the population; and, thanks to their joint efforts, a considerable number of the very worst and most desperate characters only awaited the signal to swell the ranks of the *pronunciados*.

All was ready, and on the 22d of February the *conducta* marched into the city, and encamped in the Plazuela de San Agustin—a large square near the Garita de Mejico, or the gate on the highroad to the Capital. It was commanded by a Colonel Yepez—a thorough soldier and gentleman. He had been, it is said, sounded by Negrete's agents as to whether he would join them—promises, and most liberal ones, of course, not being spared. He at once saw the danger that threatened the peace of the entire Republic, and, to gain time, answered that he could not turn over in the city, as his men were not prepared, but that he would halt them on the march the next day, and could arrange every thing satisfactorily. With this the emissaries had to content themselves, and the next day Yepez started, paying particular care that none but picked men were in the immediate vicinity of the coveted wagons.

A little after one o'clock, on the morning of the 23d, a small party of us were comfortably discussing breakfast, when a clerk rushed frantically up-stairs, and gasped out, "*Señor*, there is a political movement on foot!" We all stopped eating to stare at the intruder; but in a moment some one ejaculated, "What!—a *pronunciamiento?*" "*Si, Señor!*" "Then, let the gates be closed at once, all shutters put up and well barred," was all the head of the house remarked, and quietly proceeded to finish his breakfast. The rest of us ate what we could, as excitement had got the better of appetite, and as soon as the meal was over,

we all sallied out to see what was going on. As we had but one block to go to get to the Plaza de Armas, we were not long kept in suspense, and a glance showed us that it was a rising of some importance. The *Plaza* is a fine, large square; on the north side stands the cathedral—a magnificent stone building; on the south, the palace, and several handsome shops, with a colonnade running the entire length of the block; and on the east and west, similar *portales*, or colonnades, all filled every day by innumerable small venders of toys, sweets, fruits, flowers, and endless trifles of every kind. All these had, however, decamped on the first signs of troubles to come, and in their stead were people running about trying to get news.

We learned that a little before one, Esteves had proceeded alone to the palace, and finding a sentry at the gates, deliberately pulled out a pistol, and pointing it at the soldier's head, said, "*Muera* Juarez!" (Death to Juarez.) The poor wretch, taken aback, and quite unprepared for so convincing an argument as that held out by Esteves, turned pale (or as pale as his complexion would allow), and after staring a moment, and being convinced it was no trivial joke, returned, "*Pues, que muera!*" (Well, death to him!) Our Spaniard walked up-stairs, and found a few municipal officers in the council-room; again was the persuasive agency brought into play, and the summons to surrender received for answer an echo to the sentry's "*Si, Señor.*" Strange what may be done by a determined man holding in his hand a Colt's dragoon revolver, and having a fair amount of self-possession and pluck! The Councilors being locked up, on a given signal the Officer of the Guard made over the palace-gates to Esteves, and—the ball was opened. The *Plaza* now presented a very lively appearance. Malo's lancers had cantered up, and were drawn up in line, facing the palace—each man carrying a rifle in addition to his other weapons; at each corner stood a small field-piece, a detachment of infantry being drawn up behind each of them, and horsemen were galloping in all directions carrying orders to patrols, or hastening to the rallying-point. Campillo's men, whose quarters lay on the south side, on the Plazuela de San José, were surprised; but as many of the officers were ready, a considerable body went over at once to the insurgents—some few only escaping and hiding wherever they could. The Colonel was at home, and was already taking his *siesta*, when his Orderly roused him with the startling news. To rush down stairs and mount was the work of an instant; a smart gallop took him to the barracks, and seeing what had passed, he at once made for the Vera Cruz Gate. He was followed and fired upon repeatedly; but, thanks to his horse, got away unscathed, and went off in hot haste to join Yepez and the *conducta.*

In the meanwhile, we, having gleaned all the information we could, and not relishing the general aspect of affairs, wended our way homeward; and at the corner of our street came upon a crowd of excited citizens perusing a long, printed proclamation. I can not pretend to give it here; but it was to the effect that Negrete, "tired out by the tyranny of Juarez and his Ministers, who trampled on the Constitution and oppressed the people," etc., etc., declared said Juarez "to be unfit to govern;" that he, Negrete, "pronounced" himself "General-in-Chief of the Army, bent on restoring order and prosperity to the country, and called on all *good* citizens to help him in his patriotic work."

And such, reader, is the meaning of *pronunciamiento*—a term applied to any rising founded on some plan to oppose the Government.

We re-entered the house, and I took up a post of observation on the *azotea* (roof), whence I could see all that was

going on, without being noticed. And now the big bell of the cathedral commenced tolling, as a warning to the towns-people that some untoward event had taken place; but that was soon stopped. Couriers and Orderlies were now rushing about in all directions; and Negrete, having issued from his hiding-place, made the palace his head-quarters. Tired of doing nothing, I put on my riding-dress—so as not to attract too much attention—and again sallied out to get news. At the corner, I was stopped by a man whom I had known as Lieutenant of the Rural Guard, and concerning whom I had no over-good opinion. He, of course, pretended to be delighted to see me; but, all at once, he came out with, "Of course, *Señor*, you have already hidden your horses in some safe place, as there is going to be a requisition and search for animals to-morrow." I hesitated one moment, seeing which, he continued: "Oh! *Señor!* you *know* you can trust *me!* And, if you like, *I* will hide them for you!" This was enough: my eyes were opened, and I at once returned, "Well, *amigo mio* (my friend), I am glad to say, our cattle were all sent out to the *rancho* yesterday; otherwise, I would have given them over to you at once." My *soi-disant* friend looked blank, and almost immediately left me; and the next day I saw him with the insignia of a Captain of the rebels on his shoulders, and mounted on a magnificent horse, which I only too well recognized as the property of an intimate friend; and inwardly congratulated myself in having thrown dust in "my friend's" eyes.

The night passed quietly enough, but we heard that the people at the Telegraph Office had just had time to flash off to the Capital a few words, letting them know what had occurred, ere the wires were cut. I rose late the next morning, foreseeing that for some days we would be confined to the house; but on going down, found that press-gangs were scouring the streets, and securing every one they met. I also found that my young brother, naturally of a curious and inquisitive turn of mind, having wished to take a peep into the street, had opened the big gate; but, as luck would have it, at that very moment a patrol passed, and he was collared and marched off, as was the groom, who had also been taking "just one look." I informed the head of the house of these incidents, and as nothing could be done, we waited patiently, expecting they would not be long in coming to ask for a ransom for the juvenile. In the meanwhile I amused myself getting the horses put in a place of safety; and, by dint of coaxing, hauling, and whipping, managed to get the three up two flights of stairs to the back roof, well out of sight, and where the searchers would never dream of looking for them, while the stable was made to look as if it had not been occupied for some days—a number of old packing-cases being heaped up therein, giving it the appearance of having been turned into a temporary store.

At about eleven, there was a great rapping at the gate, and the porter having reported that it was a patrol having the *niño* in charge, I descended to hold a parley. (*Niño* is a term of endearment given to all the younger members of a family.) The officer commanding the party politely asked me to open the gate, to which I as politely rejoined that I had much rather not, and then commenced the following short dialogue—Spanish, of course:

Officer.—"*Señor*, I believe this young man is your brother?"

I.—"*Si, Señor.*"

Officer.—"What will you give me for his release?"

I.—"Nothing!" (Being prompted by my brother saying in English, *sotto voce*, "Don't give any thing, as I have a

friend of Negrete's trying to get me out free.")

Officer.—"Come, come; say fifty dollars for a substitute."

I.—"Haven't got fifty dollars in the house."

Officer.—"Well, then, say a pair of pistols."

I.—"We don't keep arms in this house."

Officer (getting desperate).—"Well, I'll free him if you give me a nice English saddle."

I.—"I haven't got such a thing; and if I had, I wouldn't give it!"

Officer.—"What! not give a trumpery saddle to effect your brother's release?"

I (emphatically).—"No, *Señor!*"

Officer (evidently highly disgusted at my apparent hard-heartedness, and happily unconscious of a volley of winks exchanged between the *niño* and myself), *to his men.*—"Secure the prisoner! Right face! Mar-r-r-ch!"—and away they went.

Soon after another party arrived, armed with a warrant to search for, and take, any horses that might be on the premises. An officer and two men were admitted, and having searched the stable, the store, and all the buildings on the ground-floor, went off. In two hours afterward my brother was brought back, and made over unconditionally, thanks to the influence of the before-mentioned friend of Negrete's. We had a very hearty laugh at his expense—he being quite indignant at having been valued at "an English saddle." The day passed away tediously enough, the only excitement being toward the afternoon, when Negrete and his staff made an excursion through the principal streets. They must have been highly gratified at seeing the confidence people placed in him, who was to deliver them and bring prosperity, as every door and window was religiously closed and shuttered, and not a decent person was to be seen. On the other hand, a large mob had assembled, and were crying out, "*Muera el hambre*" (death to hunger)! "*Viva* Negrete!" and any thing else that occurred to them. From my position on the *azotea*, I caught sight of the *cortége*, and saw the Chief for the first time: a short, stout man, with a very pleasant and intelligent countenance, in an ordinary walking-suit, mounted on a splendid, brown charger, haranguing the mob, and shaking hands with all who came within reach. The only distinguishing badge he wore was the General's blue belt, worn over his vest; and he certainly seemed all smiles and confidence. Most of the rabble were at once enrolled as soldiers, but not in as great numbers as had been expected—hence the press-gangs that were scouring the streets.

And what of the *conducta?* Yepez, instead of halting at Amozoc—a small town, four leagues from Puebla—had pushed on a little farther, and taken up a good position. There he explained to his officers and men what had transpired, and urged on them to assist him, and save the large sums intrusted to their charge. To the honor of his men, be it said, not one deserted; they cheered loudly in answer to their Chief's address, and assured him they would stand by him to the last. Ere long a detachment of cavalry (rebels) came in sight, and thinking the thing was all arranged, came down, shouting, "*Viva* Negrete!" A volley of musketry, and "*Viva* Juarez!" was their answer, which at once brought them to a halt. A second volley made them turn, and away they went, to bear the news that the much-wished-for convoy was *not* to be theirs, and to reproach their leaders for having betrayed them. The news had a disastrous effect on Negrete's plans, as many who would have joined now held aloof; but it was too late to turn back: money must be had, and as it was evident the *conducta* was lost to them, a council was

held, and a plan soon agreed upon. It was simple: a list of all the leading houses was made out first, and a round sum placed opposite each as a contribution; then followed all the smaller fry, with sums appended, supposed to be what each ought to be able to afford, and *ayudantes* (aids-de-camp) were at once detailed to collect. Most of the merchants were brought to the palace, either by persuasion or force, and, on refusal, were at once confined, with the assurance that unless they altered their minds, they would be carried out of the city, to be dealt with hereafter, as the General might decide. One after another paid up his part. Our house was visited on the morning of the 25th. An *ayudante* demanded admittance, which was, of course, refused. "Then tell the *Señor* I wish to see him." The porter brought me the message, and I descended. "Where is the *Señor?*" I was asked. "Not in the city," was my not very true, but justifiable answer. "Are you the *niño?*" "I am." "Then come with me; and let me advise you to come quietly, as otherwise I shall have to go for a Sergeant's guard, and *make* you." This, of course, was irresistible; so I went, and on arriving at the palace was taken before Negrete; but he was too much occupied with other plans to trouble his head. He simply said, "Take him to General Lujan." I was then introduced to a tall man, of a forbidding countenance, who asked my name, and consulting his notes, said, "Your house is put down for $500; please bring it at once." In vain I urged that we had no money in the place—that it had all gone down in the *conducta*—and even offered to take the *ayudante* home, and show him the emptiness of the safe. "Well, never mind all that; the house's credit is good, I hear, so go and raise it," was Lujan's facetious rejoinder; but on my insisting that I did not know where on earth to go for the money, the ire of the newly made General was aroused, and he roared out: "I see how it is, sir: you wish to avoid contributing. *Ayudante!* accompany this person, and do not leave him for a moment until that money is brought here. You may go, sir!" I bowed politely, and off we went. For three hours did I make that unfortunate *ayudante* walk, at a pretty brisk pace, all over Puebla. Of course I went everywhere, and asked for money in a loud voice; but the very sight of my attendant was enough to set my acquaintances to bewailing their poverty. At last, human nature could put up with no more; so my *ayudante* came to an understanding with me: we arranged that I was to go free where I pleased, giving my parole to be at the palace at three P.M., with or without the cash. Once alone, I hastened home, took breakfast, and at the appointed hour went again to headquarters, armed with a two-hundred-dollar bag. I found both anteroom and office full: here were fathers applying for the release of their sons, and employers for that of their workmen; there the mothers, wives, and sisters of the unfortunates were rendering the confusion horrible by their cries and lamentations; and, again, others were wrangling over the amount of the sum they had to pay—generally ending by their having to succumb, and promise speedy payment, under penalty of being made to serve in the ranks. "We want men," said Lujan, "and if you won't pay, you must serve." My turn came at last, and I produced my $200, with a vast air of importance and self-satisfaction, calling on my friend, the *ayudante*, as a witness of my unheard-of efforts to procure the whole quantity. My friend grinned, and corroborated my statement. At last Lujan said, "Bring me $100 more, and you shall have your receipt." Pretending, of course, that I did not know where to get the money, I sallied out, and went

home, going once more, in two hours' time, with the required $100. I was just in time to see a friend pay in $600, half gold, half silver, and was considerably amused to see Lujan take up the gold, sweep it into his vest-pocket, remarking, "*A cuenta de mi sueldo.*" (For my salary, on account.)

This was my time. I at once presented my little bag, not without a qualm, knowing it was short; but Lujan was in high good-humor, and merely throwing it to one side, said, "Secretary, give the *Señor* his receipt;" and added, amiably, "Can I do any thing for you?" I at once applied for, and obtained, an order for the release of our *mozo*, and departed, with the *ayudante*, to the barracks to get him out. There I was not a little surprised at meeting a host of acquaintances: one adorned with a shako, another looking absurdly uncomfortable in a tunic several sizes too small for him, another handling a musket as if he had a very wholesome horror of it—but no two dressed alike, and all evidently feeling wretched in the superlative degree. The arrival of the *ayudante* was greeted with joy, as they all begged him to present their compliments to the General, and tell him they were now perfectly willing to pay. "Ah!" said my friend, knowingly; "I thought a slight taste of soldiering would soon bring the *señores* to their senses!" Having found my *mozo*, who was overjoyed at his deliverance, we left this scene of woe; and I again went home, to await the next act in this serio-comic political drama.

That night the forces mustered, and from the *azotea* I watched them marching to the *Plaza*. First came the lancers, with band playing and flags flying, as if on parade; then the greater part of Campillo's force; next, the infantry, in all sorts and varieties of uniforms, but nearly all wearing a very common straw hat, which had been served out. Most of the men carried two muskets each, as a deposit of arms had been found in the Custom-house, and it was thought advisable to take them, as recruits might be had on the line of march. The forces bivouacked in the *portales*, and remained there the whole of next day; but in the night they left, as a division from Mexico, commanded by General Alejandro Garcia, was close to the city, and it was not thought advisable to await their arrival.

At daybreak, the news spread like wild-fire that the insurgents had gone, and every body turned out in the streets to discuss and remark on what had transpired. Conjectures were rife as to the course Negrete would pursue: some thought his departure was but a feint, as he had left with four thousand men, and it was well known that Garcia's division was only composed of half that number. Did Negrete want to allure him nearer the city, and then attack him?—or did he intend to go and get more men and money in the towns south of Puebla? Of course nobody knew. Yet one thing was beyond a doubt: we were left without a Governor, without police, and without troops; and if the *leperos* should take it into their heads to sack the city, who was to prevent them? To avert this new danger, a force was hastily composed of about 150 of the young men of the city, who patrolled, mounted guard at the palace and prison (all the prisoners had left with Negrete), and preserved order generally. The next day, both Garcias—the Governor and General—entered the city, and business once more followed its usual channel.

Negrete had no desire to face the Federal force. He saw perfectly well that he could place but little reliance on his troops—for the most part pressed men—and he accordingly went to Atlixco and Matamoras, where he also extorted money, and procured mules and horses from the adjoining *haciendas*. But there his career was to stop. A

strong division, commanded by General Alatorre, came up from Vera Cruz, pursued him closely, and finally obliged him to accept battle, in which Negrete was completely defeated; Malo was killed, the men, scattered all over the country, were hunted down, captured, and brought to the city for trial. Negrete himself escaped by a miracle, and managed to hide away until recently, when he was discovered in the city of Mexico. He was, by last accounts, awaiting his trial; of course, the only sentence can be "death;" but it is thought the signal services he rendered the country on the 5th of May may induce the President to commute that sentence for one of imprisonment. Lujan was made prisoner in the small town of Tlacotepec, tried by drum-head court-martial, and shot—a belt well lined with gold pieces being found on him, so that his ill-gotten prize benefited him but little. Esteves managed to keep clear for some months, but was at last known to be once more in Puebla; his hiding-place was revealed to the police, and one night a force having been placed in the *azotea*, another demanded admittance at the *saguan;* Esteves heard the noise, and slipped out on the corridor; but being seen by those on the roof, was ordered to stand or he would be fired upon. Upon the gates being opened, the officer in charge at once accosted Esteves, "Who are you?" No answer; but a bull's-eye lantern being unmasked, he was recognized. He made one tremendous rush to get past the police, and so gain the gates; but a pistol-shot brought him down, and a bayonet-thrust finished him. Let us add that to Yepez and his men a decent sum was given, as a reward for their steadiness and firm stand against temptation, so craftily set before them.

One word in conclusion. In other times, a rising of the magnitude of the one we have described would have taken months to put down; and not a few days, as was here the case. The army is now well organized, and a rising is put down at once. Nor are these risings wholly political movements; but rather the schemes of some broken-down adventurer who sees a chance to seize some undefended place, and then, by cruelty and extortion, enrich himself in as short a time as possible, disappearing at the first check, and leaving his misguided followers to their fate. The French invasion did much toward opening the eyes of the Mexicans. They now understand that "unity is strength;" and, with all honor to the present Government be it said, never were robbers and bandits pursued and hunted down with greater energy than at the present day; and confidence and security would seem to be in the near future.

MR. SHEDS' COURTSHIP.

HE was known as a bit of a philosopher up and down the Sacramento long before our floods; when navigation was lively there with sloops, schooners, and almost any thing capable of freighting "up from 'Frisco." But sailing the main seemed not altogether the final occupation of such a philosopher as Mr. Caleb Sheds. It was good for its opportunities to dash out the evidences of his mental superiority over his shipmates—the same being a heavy lumberman from Maine, who owned and commanded the schooner *Red Rover*, and the young, but inactive half-Mexican, who smiled at Caleb's infrequent jokes, and listened a good deal when Caleb orated and the "boss" of the schooner slept; yet for frequent opportunities for observing human nature in various forms, Caleb had come recently to thinking it not equal to his requirements. A week on the river from port to port, under a very warm sun, often went by without a chat with any other than his fellow-seamen. Good wages, with rare occasions for paying them out, he had learned were good, but his resolve to stay by and keep his coin had finally to succumb to his taste for social life. That, too, made him renounce his rigid economy, and give up his dream of an early period for "aristocracy airs."

"Gen'l'm'n," said he, finally, "you won't see Caleb here after five minutes from this, 'cause this 'ere is Saturday night, and that there wag'n 'cross this 'levy' is going toward King's in the mornin', and this sailor-boy ain't never goin' to be known as a river-shad any more. Don Hosey, stick to the 'boss,' and don't you never forgit the lessons o' moral'ty you might ha' got from my observations, ef you'd only knowd enough to understan' and do somethin' 'sides grin all the time when I was sayin' my seriousest things; and, boss, you won't be short o' hands long, you know, tho' may be you'll never hev a pusson who could learn how to splice an end and recite instruction to the audjence at the same time as I've done, ye know. Well, I al'ays carry luck with me, boss, but I don't take it away every time, you bet."

The "boss," who was as quiet in his nature as the whilom sailor was given to talking, nodded "farewell" as that lithe person swung up on the river-bank. And he half smiled as he said, sometime afterward, to Caleb's successor at the helm, "If that Caleb would work as regular as he'd eat, and as long as he would talk about things he didn't know every thing about, he'd be skipper of this or some other craft before the month was fairly half over." And the *Red Rover* caught a pleasant breeze from the west, and glided down the river into the bay at its mouth, leaving its former Mate out of sight, and speech, and almost out of memory.

When the regular stage started out in the chill morning air, with three passengers inside and one on the box with the driver, the casual observer would have recognized at a considerable distance the thick majesty of Mr. Sheds. That gentleman had determined upon an advance toward the interior. "That," he thought, "'ll get me clear out of this 'ere port, and when I've let slip my cable there, I can jest drop my lead and find out if there's pleasant soundins there in them parts."

Mr. Sheds being a stranger, was not at first communicative. But he was not

companionless. His pipe was there—that great consoler of else disconsolate man, that fills the void in one's life which the weak and incapable wit of man could not otherwise do. He lit his pipe. His wit was freer, and his sympathies soon wider. They carried him gradually into acquaintance with the driver. He advanced, and, naturally enough, soon began a running conversation with that person. Their talk was various, but continuous. It touched the aspect of the country, the climate of "these parts," and so forth. Further on, an approach was made to more personal topics, having reference to the individual tendencies and experiences of the speakers. Their lives had been quite different, and the experience of his new acquaintance interested Mr. Sheds especially, since he had wearied of his old occupation, and had determined to throw up the old hand and shuffle for a new deal.

"I ben Mate with that old Aroostook lumber skipper goin' on nigh twenty months. He done all the quiet, and I done most all the talkin'. That suited 's far's it went, but it didn't go far enough."

"You talks pretty smart, stranger, strikes me; 'n' if talkin's what he hired you for, seems to me he must ha' been mighty hard to suit if he wa'n't satisfied."

"Well, may be's how it wa'n't down in the papers that I was to talk for my wages, but he never told me he had too much. Them fellows that don't talk much, they likes to get instruction, you know."

"Had pretty good wages?"

"Took in my reg'lar hard forty every trip; but society's a necessary part of my bein', and driftin' on the Sacramenter's well enough for a Maine log, but not suited to my nat'ral tastes."

"Ever try steerin' on dry land?"

"How?"

"Ever hold the helm abows?" with a lifting of the ribbons and a gesticular crackle of his whip.

"Sorter, but no great. I wa'n't no great with them things," and he pointed to the reins. "'Pears like I'd hev to turn roun' backward, so 's to hev the steerin' gear behind me."

"Well, p'r'aps," said his companion, venturesomely, "p'r'aps you'd like to tackle up 'Jane' and 'Mary' on behind;" and as if to dull the edge of his jest, he snapped his whip at the leaders, and spoke gently to his favorite off-mare.

The last speaker was Mr. Samuel Trim, for short called "Sime," at present the trusted Chief Engineer of the Pioneer Line of coaches from Sacramento to King's Flat.

You could tell when Caleb was turning any matter seriously in his mind. He was silent. You could see his tongue rolling in his cheeks, seemingly dislodging and relocating some consolatory morsel. He would turn his head sideways and scowl to the extent of two well-defined perpendicular lines in the centre of his forehead. Not to conceal any thing, it would not be safe to say that he did not expectorate at comparatively frequent intervals. He did somewhat of each of these on that day. The ride was long, involving two changes of animals, a change of climate, from cool morning to very warm noon, and a change of relations between himself and Mr. Trim, from being utter strangers to a consciousness of sympathetic tastes at least. Caleb's journey was begun with no special plan, other than "to get clean out of Sacramenter." When the horses dashed up to "Phil's" at the end of the ride, he had conceived another possible plan of life. He might possibly be going to be a stage-driver. Travel had been increasing of late "from here up to Jones' Bar, and the 'old man' who owns the line is goin' to put on some coaches in that direction," as Sime had remarked. With such a prospect, Caleb had natu-

rally modified the opinion previously suggested as to his ability to guide a team. His hope of occupation was based upon the supposed influence which the said Sime, being an old and favored *employé*, had upon the "old man."

But a short time thereafter and the new road to Jones' Bar proved a success. The new line, which commenced running in the middle of July, had proven so profitable by the last of October that it seemed worth expending more to insure a good road for the rainy season, near at hand, which made stage-riding over an unballasted road an unpleasant piece of business. There was one change of horses at Green Cañon, a little more than half the way, and after really the unpleasantest part of the road; but the fine prospect up through the gorge at this place, the charming location of the station at the foot of Taft's Hill, and the deep verdure of the evergreens that climbed up its side, gave a sense of relief to the dust-covered travelers. Not that these natural objects were much commented on at first. But it has been remarked many a time, that after an opportunity had been afforded passengers to uncoil their limbs, and wash away the memory of the tedious ride with whatever wash was available at "Simpkins' Exchange"—the station for changing horses—and cigars were lighted, and every body was aboard once more, and Simpkins had "hoped gentlemen 'd drop in again," and the driver had nodded, without speaking, to Simpkins, as he always did before starting, some one would be sure to pay Nature a compliment, even though it was in rather scant phrase.

"Kind o' sniffey spot, this 'ere, for old Simpkins, eh, Bill?" To which the gentleman addressed, not being so much a dealer of phrases as of other things, would suggest "that's well enough for Simpy, I s'pose; but I don't think the dust around here'll assay any particular amount anyhow"—which might involve a humorous allusion to the deposit of free soil on his garments, with some hint of the somewhat limited patronage of the "Exchange."

The rest of the way with a fresh team, though a less level road, was quickly and pleasantly traveled; and at supper-time, a coach-load of hungry men, with an occasional spice of femininity or youth, was unloaded, eager to accept the utmost hospitality of mine host of the "City Hotel," at Jones' Bar.

Herr Berthold Kragen kept the City Hotel. Frau Martha Kragen cooked for the boarders. Fraulein Maria Theresa Kragen did what limited "waiting" the guests required at table, and received whatever metallic compliments might be paid to her beauty by the occasional transient admirer of that virtuous damsel. Hans, the "stupid Dutchman," as he was thought to be, "tended bar" a good deal, and was hostler and attendant, and did "chores" round the place generally. This was the entire establishment and retinue.

Caleb was accustomed to a variety of life. He had seen its phases of fair and stormy weather, as a Forty-niner in the Diggings, as woodman on the Santa Cruz Mountains, as Chief-mate on the Sacramento; and he was now not easily discomposed by any change of circumstances. Individuals became uniformly objects of indifference; and after he was fairly settled into his place, as driver of the Pioneer Line, it would have been hard to tell where he had found life yielding the most content.

He lived most of the time on the stage-box—arriving at either end of the route at dusk, in a condition ready for rest, and was off at early morning.

After a considerable experience with this mode of life, by the merest accident, Mr. Sheds was struck with an idea; and it might never have occurred to him, but that for some reason the

stage was not to start one morning till an hour later than usual. He awoke the same as ever; but instead of striking a light at once, to help the lagging dawn, he simply turned over. Not to sleep, however, for it was after two bells. So he ran naturally to thinking. In his "lookout in the fore-rigging"—as in memory of his marine experience he denominated his front-attic room—he had nothing particularly noticeable. He could not have told whether there was any thing therein, other than the bed he lay on. He never went to it till his weariness compelled him, and he left its unattractive barrenness as soon as morning. But here was Mr. Sheds awake and motionless at the City Hotel. He opened his eyes wide, and then shut them up again; but they opened again at once, as if sleep had lost its power upon their lids. He had begun to think of something. He looked up to the ceiling. He bolstered his head and looked around. He suddenly noticed that his table had a neat, white cloth. He perceived a book or two lying on it. If you had seen Mr. Sheds at that moment, you would have noticed a momentary change in his countenance. His eyebrows were slightly elevated, and his lips a little projected. Plainly enough, there was going on some kind of mental process. After a short time he raised himself on one elbow and rested. It was clear that a new idea was operating, and he was being impelled along its current, just as his old craft on the Sacramento might have been touched in the stem by a passing steamer, even accidentally, and sent drifting up against the banks of the river, or into an unexpectedly pleasant haven for the night.

When Caleb began to speak, it was only a kind of mutter to himself.

"May be so, yes; may be so." Then he stopped indecisively, and gazed at nothing out of the window. Then his lips moved once more, and he was conversing with Mr. Sheds himself, and only said aloud, "Perhaps, now, I don't know. Well, I wonder!" and then he half smiled, somewhat sillily, and as he did so, said aloud, "Sho!" and started at a rapid gait, as if he were somehow being betrayed.

For four months Caleb had driven a coach. Passengers had found him entertaining at times, and seldom the opposite. Herr Kragen liked him, partly because of a facility in understanding the somewhat jagged English which was the best at his command. The Dame liked him for his blunt kindness, and perhaps the more because of a certain shyness which he never quite got rid of in female society. The Fraulein Maria Theresa had always a "good-morning" for him, though she saw him but little. Hans was doubtful whether or not he was altogether the right kind of person to have at the house three times a week, though this was a late thought of his. Singularly enough, however, it was an idea the value of which seemed to increase. There was no apparent reason for it at first. But with Hans, there was one thing always in view, and all other considerations were of little account to him. He held within his square, Dutch bosom a secret hope, which had been growing in strength for the seven years during which he had been the right-hand man of Herr Kragen, since they came together from Fatherland to live in this distant spot.

"Soom day, Maria shall pe mine vife, eh, Herr Kragen?" And the old landlord, who had always had a kind of paternal feeling for the young Hans, would look half sternly at him, and shake his head a good many times, and say, between the whiffs from his pipe, "Hans, you petter go away mit you, and harness up de shtage for Caleb. He pe down now right avay." And then he would turn, as if he had heard no allusion to possible matrimony, and place himself

behind the little bar in one corner of the large front-room, ready to meet the demands of the not infrequent customers.

Caleb came to his breakfast that morning as usual, with his top-coat buttoned up, his thick gloves sticking out of one pocket, a pipe-stem from the other. He ate with somewhat more deliberation than usual; he talked not so much, and his appetite seemed more speedily satisfied than at other times.

The *Fraulein* was joyous as a lark, and was here and there, at his side and at others' side in turn. Nobody could have told from looking at his countenance what was going on within the mind and heart of Mr. Sheds. In a moment he was on the box, and had driven around to the front entrance, ready for passengers. Before they were all aboard there was a pipe, already filled, that wanted a little fire to complete the perfectly satisfactory state for a pipe to be in on a morning like that. Caleb Sheds needn't have taken the trouble to go to his apartment "just for something," as he said, for he knew well he went just for nothing—that is, nothing to speak of. And when he was returning, it would be useless to say that he had not expected to meet a young person whom, by reason of his early training, he always called Ma-ri-ah, for that was the reason he stood in that narrow passage-way, scratching lucifers and letting them go out, as if somehow he could get no light in his pipe. And then, when he knew every body outside was waiting for him, and that young, blue-eyed person came along humming an old German air, he stood there quite stupidly, and scratched another match, and held out his pipe, and brought the flame near it, and hesitated, and was just going to say, "Ma-ri-ah, I — I —," but he only drew at his pipe, and held the fire too far away; and then, without saying another word, walked to the door, leaped to the box, and was on his way at an unaccountably swift speed toward Simpkins' Exchange. And the fair Maria Theresa, without knowing why, half smiled to herself, and then found herself half blushing, and standing there saying nothing at all, and scarcely even heeding Hans, who came near just then, with a superfluous and oft-repeated question concerning domestic economy.

The driver on the coach was not as fluent that day as usual. For some not apparent reason he handled his whip in a nervous manner, clipping off the tops of the flowers as he reached them on the road-side, and for many a mile holding in his mouth a pipe well filled, but emitting no smoke. Interrogatories met only abrupt, monosyllabic replies, and the casual speaker soon settled into a state quite as speechless and silent as the person spoken to. When the stage stopped at the Exchange, Mr. Sheds, who was not given to much patronage of the chief article for sale at that somewhat solitary spot, walked up to the counter, and took "somethin' straight," and a good deal of it. The face of this gentleman gave no hint whether joy or grief reigned most in his bosom, or whether either were struggling for the throne.

It is well known that Sime, whom Caleb met always on the return-trips at King's Flat, was not of a domestic, nor of a suspicious nature. He did not go into female society when he could avoid it, and in that part of the country it was not difficult to avoid. He was not married, and he did not suspect others of being so; and they generally were not. Consequently Caleb's initiative state of comparative quiet did not hint to Sime of any thing in particular. The fact that his friend paid a trifle more attention to his personal appearance was not heeded. In the course of a few weeks, if Sime had been some other, he might have noticed, however, without remark, perhaps, that Caleb, who had habitually no "traps" of his own, now had occasionally a par-

cel or two to take back to Jones' Bar. But Sime didn't notice, and held his friend in as high esteem as ever. The regular reception of certain compensation at the end of the week, with the "privileges of the bar" at both ends of the route, and the occasional entertainment which a game of chance afforded, were, in his opinion, about all that was essential to a man's content. This was partially the secret of his lack of understanding any further ambition in any one else. Caleb had these, he knew, and so there was in his mind no query as to that person's happiness. Meanwhile Mr. Sheds was shrewd enough not to startle Sime's friendship too suddenly. But the more he went on meeting him every other day, and thinking a good deal upon a subject which he was conscious Sime was not thinking of, the more he thought that may be he, himself, might be rash and wrong. Would Sime advise him? Then he smoked with great violence, and soon answered the query to his own satisfaction. Sime was his "sort o' pardner" at this end, but at the other end he felt that he was not the person whom he was considered to be by Sime. About where the metamorphosis commenced he did not inquire. It was a pretty long drive, but he found himself always ready to start.

It is one of the sad things of this world, that we have to know, that the female heart, wherever found, is burdened with deceit and cruelty. Making believe it is not what it is, it is not content with its own bounteous wealth, but seeks and gains dominion over the susceptible heart of man. The sweetness of femininity conquering many hearts, feeds them all for a season upon hope, which fills the desire at first, but finally, to all but one, proves to be no more than as the husks that do not nourish. Verily this is a vanity, that glows in the dark eyes of the city and the soft, blue eyes of the mountains alike.

Herr Kragen had brought up his child, Maria Theresa, in the way of truth. If she had been another, he might have guessed something against her fair dealing, but he was only half in earnest when he said, one day, to his offspring: "Maria, vat you do mit our Caleb, eh? He go around here more shy-like dan ever. Mine leetle girl, you remembers all de time dat nex veek you be Hans' vife, eh?" and the young person addressed smiled through her blue eyes, and half curtsied to her father, and ran out of the room without saying a word. And Herr Kragen didn't half remember what he had spoken to her, but whiffed at his pipe, and shook his head; and when he, in a few moments, found Hans by himself in the bar-room, that person heard him saying, as if to himself, "Vell, vell! she certainly ish a leetle vitch!"

Mr. Sheds was a man of modesty. His encounter with the family of Herr Kragen was the first meeting, for many years, on any thing like a familiar basis, with, as he himself casually remarked, "the sex that cheers, but not inebriates." It was hard, at first, for him to face the Dame and her daughter, but experience made it quite easy to chat with some gayety, and to be undisturbed; then it began to be hard again.

The appurtenant awkwardness of new love is not characteristic of youth alone. Caleb was over thirty, and he could not artfully begin the course which proverbially never runs smooth, and move on by regular advances to the profoundest depths. His condition, with reference to the young person called Maria Theresa, was recognized by his consciousness very much as lightning from the circumambient darkness. It came suddenly, but unmistakably.

Caleb bore that consciousness as a new burden not adjusted to his shoulders. He tottered, and looked, and felt awkward. His heart seemed to be crowding every thing up into his chest

and throat; and if Maria didn't touch him somehow with her soft hands, he feared the issue. As others have been, Caleb was blind, else he might have derived some advantage from his ordinary eye-sight. But he heeded nothing, not even Hans, who waited daily, curiously but silently, the hour for the coach to start. Mr. Sheds had not made, in direct phrase, any proposal to the young woman of the consummation which he devoutly wished. But in solitude he could have been caught slyly winking at himself, while all the time his heart was beating tumultuous prophecies of a very sweet future. Moreover the driver, who was taciturn and brief in the month of September, seemed not the same as the joyous and talkative one of the later autumn. It was indeed the same, but in a different stage of development.

And it is a fact that the *Fraulein* had of late seemed gracious to an extraordinary degree. From the uncertain state in which she had formerly seemed to hesitate in her reception of daily compliments from the gentlemen who were guests at her father's hostelry, including Caleb, she had recently seemed to have taken on the bloom of maturity, with a reassurance of personal dignity, in spite of the newly made attempts at gallantry of the sojourners of that region, and had somewhat more the air of one having somewhere a hope worth resting upon. This, of course, did not escape the confident gaze of Mr. Sheds, who, viewing her from his stand-point, put on it a very reasonable interpretation.

Caleb's confidence in his friend Trim had not yet extended to placing in his keeping any secret on which rested his personal happiness. But he began to feel that he might do so. He thought of many pleasant things on the way down to Simpkins'. He thought the same things over again after he left Simpkins'. He had never been more entertaining to passengers, nor answered the thousand inquiries, asked anew every day, with more fullness. His face was aglow, his pipe was filled and refilled. His whip snapped intelligently, and the horses, somehow partaking of his joyousness, whisked over the road with fleeter feet than ever, and brought the stage in full half an hour ahead of any previous trip. Trim had already arrived from Sacramento. The brightness of the sky, and of the Fates, seemed to invite Caleb to tell his secret to his friend.

"Sime," said he, as they leaned away from Phil's bar, "noticed any thin' special, lately?"

"Can't say it," replied Trim; "'round the Flat here, or is it up to Sacramenter?"

"No, Sime; it's right here: 's near's I to you."

"Don't see but you're as rusty as the fust day we rid together."

But Trim's view was finite. He never inquired along the lines of men's faces for answers of any kind. He devoted his care mostly to himself, and so his curiosity was somewhat excited when his friend spoke again.

"Sime, I'm tired o' bein' nothin' but a one-horse team."

"Eh?"

"I've been goin' on alone a heap o' years for no account."

"Well," replied Trim, "I never heerd you hain't got along spry enough."

"Sime," said Caleb, hesitatingly, "you don't know me as I am inside here. I've ben a good deal uneasy," and he took out his pipe, and fumbled for his remnant of tobacco, "jest o' not bein' as much of a man as my father was."

"Your dad a very superior person, Sheds?"

"That ain't neither here nor there; but it's reck'n'd respectable, Sime, an' I'm jest closin' out these bachelor days o' mine."

Mr. Trim heard his friend, and felt

that remonstrance from him would not be in place. While he was silent for the space of a minute, and stooped to pick up a chip to whittle, a good many queer queries ran through his mind: "Was Sheds a spoon, and he not know it before?—had he been losing more 'pieces' at his evening's entertainment than he had gained, and did he feel a necessity of being put under bonds?—was there any obligation cloaked under this seeming phase of personal choice, impelling him to a deed which attained to the rank of rashness?—wasn't it queer that Caleb should be thinking of such a thing?—and a good deal more queer if he should do it?" And then he began to think aloud: "Wonder how the deuce you held your team in hand so well as to drive up to the gal, in the fust place! I s'pose it's a gal, eh, Sheds?"

"You'd never ask that agin, ef you was to see her. I ain't drawn a taut sheet, and run into harbor close-hauled, with the wind right square in my eyes, many's the time, for nothin', without knowin' whether I can board a craft in her place. Fact is, I hain't yet hailed her, but there she is, jest ridin' at her anchor, and I know jest what answer'll come back, when I do speak her."

"Know her well?"

"No mistake."

"Hain't brought it square out that you want her to marry you?"

"Well, Sime, I know how the wind blows when I see her pennant a-flyin'."

"Now, Sheds, are you sure she's gentle and kind in single harness?"

"Sails along without nary a gibe."

"And makes a good match, and hain't been mated with no other?"

"Well, Sime, I reckon I've ben havin' my eyes out to wind'ard and leeward. There ain't a breaker ahead."

Mr. Trim had finished his whittling, and the last shaving had fallen to the ground. He stood on one foot, and drew the broad blade of his knife backward and forward on the other boot; then looked at the edge, and drew his thumb obliquely across it, and turned it over, and shut it; and as it snapped to with a click, he turned to his friend, and said:

"Sheds, when you wants a thing, you jest goes for it, and you gets it sometimes. I don't know nothin' about this 'ere craft that you are goin' for now, but such like are sing'lar objects. You can't bet on 'em, Caleb, unless you know 'em like you do your mother."

Caleb and his friend Sime did not meet at the hotel at Phil's after that conversation. On Trim's return-trip from Sacramento, the second day after it, not finding his friend, as usual, about the old spots, he had curiosity enough to look over the premises a little. The stage was in from Jones' Bar, and the horses feeding; and though they looked somewhat as if they would like to tell how they had been unmercifully hurried in from Simpkins', they didn't give a hint of where their driver was. Indeed, he had not been seen since he first arrived. Trim smoked his evening pipe without the companionship of his friend; and Caleb's non-appearance was not comprehended. Jake, a famous horseman about the Flat, came around, and said he had been asked by Caleb to "take the lines for the next trip," if he wasn't there as usual. Caleb wasn't there, and Jake took the lines.

More than two years were gone since Caleb disappeared, and Trim, who had been pretty regular on the route, took a respite long enough to run down to the Bay; with a suggestion to bring with him certain goods and merchandise on his return, for the "old man," and sundry other commissions, large and small, to be filled for several of the enterprising merchants of King's Flat. He kept in hand a complete inventory of articles, and these, one and all, he had sent down to the schooner *Mira Helen*, a bright-

looking vessel of 125 tons, plying for lower freights than the steamers between San Francisco and what is now the capital of the State. Sundry sacks of flour, many casks of whisky, some boxes of staple dry-goods, and a few plows, hinted the different parties in King's Flat who placed some confidence in him. Besides giving to the vessel his considerable freight list, he decided that, though the trip in a schooner might not be so speedy, yet an early arrival up river would compel his awaiting his consignments. "Well, Captain, I'll go with you, too, I guess, if you jest as lives," was the conclusion of his deliberation, as he turned from the Master of the schooner, "and I'll be down again by noon"—the hour for starting.

Mr. Trim was there on time. He thoroughly enjoyed, in his own way, the sail up the bay, and through the straits, and into the other bay, and up the river; and when the *Mira Helen* reached Rio Vista, where she was to cast a line ashore for the night, Trim found considerable entertainment in conversing with a party who was acting as Mate of that little craft. That officer saw that every thing was right, and noted that it was six bells; but, before taking his "watch below," he took from his pea-jacket a clay-bowl, and cut a few pieces from a square bit of hard-looking tobacco.

"The worst luck I ever did have, that was," said he, "for she jest run off with bait, hook, and sinker. I'd a ben droppin' all sorts of coaxing bait there—a gingham dress, pootiest thing I ever seen, and lots o' neat fixins. Took 'em for friendship's sake you know, she said; and pretty soon, while I wasn't there, and that square Dutchman was off duty till the stage came in, a jestice o' the peace did the business, and things went on jest as if there was no sech person as Caleb Sheds."

"Deuced rough, Caleb; but may be you struck a better lead since, and perhaps now you're drivin' a double-team."

"No, Sime," said Caleb, seriously; "I was married long 'fore I seen the 'old man' at the Flat, or the young Mariah at Jones' Bar, but I wa'n't contented—married, Sime, to this 'ere water craft, which was the *Red Rover* in her youth, but is got a new dress o' paint, and is now the *Mira Helen*, after the Captain's daughter, not yet married, but waitin' in the State o' Maine for somethin'. You see, Sime, I couldn't stop an' tell you when I come down that night, and so I footed it down the road, and hid behind the big trees as you came over the hill beyond Bezar's, and come to Sacramenter by myself. It's true, Sime, it's true," as he knocked the ashes from his bowl, "what you said about 'em; but 'specially, Sime, when there's another feller aroun' and you hain't."

MY ARTIST.

So slight, and just a little vain
  Of eyes and amber-tinted hair,
Such as you shall not see again:
  To watch him at the window there,
Why, you would not suspect, I say,
The rising rival of Doré.

No sullen lord of foreign verse—
  Such as great Dante—yet he knows;
No wandering Jew's long legend-curse
  On its light hand its darkness throws;
Nor has the Bible suffered much,
So far, from his irreverent touch.

Yet, can his restless pencil lack
  A master Fancy, weird and strong,
In black and white—but chiefly black!
  When at its call such horrors throng?
What fantasies of Fairy-land
More shadowy were ever planned!

But giants and enchantments make
  Not all the glory of his art:
His vast and varied power can take
  In real things a real part.
His latest pictures here I see:
Will you not look at some with me?

First, "Alexander." From his wars,
  With arms of awful length he seems
To reach some very-pointed stars,
  As if "more worlds" were in his dreams!
But hush!—the Artist tells us why:
"You read, 'His hands could touch the sky.'"

Here—mark how marvelous, how new!
  Above a drowning ship, at night,
Close to the moon the sun shines, too,
  While lightnings show in streaks of white——
Still, should my eyes grow dim, ah! then
Their tears will wet those sinking men!

There, in wild weather, quite forlorn,
  And queer of cloak and grim of hat,
With locks that might be better shorn,
  High on a steeple—who is that?

"It is the man who—I, forget—
'Stood on a tower in the wet.'"

His faults? He yet is young, you know—
Four with his last-year's butterflies—
But think what wonders books may show
When the new Tennysons arise!
For fame that he might illustrate
Let poets be content to wait!

FARMING IN PAJARO VALLEY.

THE soil and climate of California are so diversified, and, consequently, the reports published relative to its resources are apparently so contradictory, that persons intending to immigrate to this State are bewildered by the various accounts which they receive, and look upon many statements which are actually true as unworthy of the slightest credit. The isolated condition of many of the counties through want of roads, and the great size of the State itself, still further increase the liability to be disbelieved or misunderstood by those who have only an imperfect knowledge of the country. A man living in Europe, where some independent Governments possess a territory no larger than a California *rancho;* where they have a complete system of macadamized roads, and where the cost of transportation is cheap, is unlikely to take into consideration the circumstance that an article may be worthless in one part of the State and bring a fabulous price in another. If he has made up his mind to emigrate, and while deliberating as to what country he shall direct his steps, should obtain from one source the price of agricultural products in Tulare County, from another the cost per acre of sowing and harvesting his crops in San Joaquin, and from a third the yield per acre in the northern part of Monterey, he would hesitate no longer, but set out at once for what he would believe to be the farmer's paradise. On the other hand, if he learned only the price of grain and the cost of sowing and harvesting in Monterey, and the yield per acre in Tulare or San Joaquin, he could not be induced to come at all. Either account being only partial, would be detrimental to immigration, as the latter would prevent most persons from coming here; and the former, by creating expectations which would have no probability of being realized, would be equally injurious, as the immigrant, finding the condition of things so much worse than he expected, would transmit unfavorable accounts to his friends at home. Wishing to lay before the reader a few facts relative to the agricultural resources of the northern part of Monterey County, I want it to be understood that these remarks apply to that locality alone.

Monterey County lies about eighty miles south-east of San Francisco; has an average length of ninety miles, and a breadth of fifty, and contains an area of four thousand square miles. By far the larger portion of the agricultural land in the county was given away in Spanish and Mexican grants; the remainder has since been taken up under Pre-emption and Homestead Laws. The land still remaining in possession of the United States Government is not of much account, not only being poor in the qual-

ity of its soil, but entirely destitute of water. The land adapted to agricultural purposes bears only a small proportion to the area of the county, and is to be found chiefly in the northern part—in the Salinas, Pajaro, and San Benito Valleys. The southern part is devoted to grazing.

In May last I left San Francisco by rail, and in three hours and a half arrived at Gilroy—a young and flourishing town, which owes its prosperity to its being the centre of a rich agricultural district, and the temporary terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The stage took me to Watsonville, in Santa Cruz County, close to the boundary-line between that county and Monterey, the same evening. Between Gilroy and Watsonville, the stage-road winds in every direction, in order to cross a range of steep hills which separates these towns. The Gilroy side of this range contains some picturesque scenery, consisting of steep and rugged hills, intersected with deep ravines lined with oaks and sycamores at the foot, and gigantic redwoods as you approach the summit. From the Watsonville side can be obtained a view of Pajaro Valley, where hill, dale, lake, river, and ocean constitute a landscape which, were its beauties properly described, would attract thousands of visitors. The upper part of the hill was shrouded in fog, and when the stage suddenly brought us within view of the valley, smiling beneath us in the sun, I could not help recalling Moore's description of the Vale of Cashmere. If art has not done as much for Pajaro as for Cashmere, Nature has done more; for the former, in its proximity to the broad Pacific, whose surging waves can be heard all over the valley, possesses an element of beauty and sublimity in which the latter is deficient. The journey from Watsonville to Gilroy affords a better opportunity of enjoying the scenery. The stage driver is sure to make you walk up those hills, and as the foot-path leads directly to the summit, while the stage-road follows a zigzag course, there is ample leisure to stand and survey the new beauties which unfold themselves at every step of the ascent. The lagoons, of which there are several in the valley, lie at your feet, like so many mirrors, from whose polished surface are reflected the hills, trees, and houses which surround them; the ocean is dotted with ships and steamers on their busy errands of commerce; and the towns of Watsonville, Castroville, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, dimly visible in the distance, proclaim it a rich and thickly settled locality. The expectations created by the aspect of Pajaro Valley from the neighboring hills are more than fulfilled when we bestow upon it a closer examination. Churches, schools, and neat farm-houses, surrounded with orchards and flower-gardens, bear testimony to the piety, intelligence, wealth, and refinement of the inhabitants. On a gentle eminence bordering on the largest of the lagoons (Laguna Granda), the Roman Catholic population of the valley have built a church and college. The valley is partly in Santa Cruz and partly in Monterey, being divided by the Pajaro River, which, here flowing nearly in a westerly direction, forms the boundary between these counties. A soil unsurpassed in fertility, a healthy climate, and a temperature ranging between sixty and eighty degrees during the greater part of the year, conspire to render it, independent of its beauty, one of the most delightful spots in California for a home. The soil is a rich alluvium deposited by the Pajaro River, whose numerous tributaries, draining portions of Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, and Monterey, bring large quantities of rich mold from the steep hills in which they have their source. With a proper system of cultivation, the soil is almost inexhaustible, being through the greater portion of the valley from six to fourteen

feet in depth. Wheat, oats, barley, beans, Indian corn, and flax are the crops to which the farmer pays most attention. During some of the preceding years a profit of $80 to the acre, clear of all expenses incurred in sowing and harvesting, has been realized from wheat. From $5 to $15 per acre are looked upon as an average profit. Ninety bushels of wheat to the acre have been often grown here; but the usual yield is about forty. Flax was not cultivated here to much extent previously to last year, when a considerable portion of ground was sown with that crop, and with most gratifying results. The average yield per acre was about twelve hundred pounds of seed, worth 3¾ cents per pound, and about $5 worth of fibre, which made the total value of the crop about $50. The cost of cultivation deducted from this, would leave a profit of about $25 to the acre. Potatoes yield from five to ten tons per acre; and as they are seldom sold for less than 75 cents per hundred pounds, they must pay well. Hay yields from three to seven tons to the acre; beans, from fifteen hundred to three thousand pounds to the acre; pumpkins, twenty to thirty tons to the acre, and Indian corn, from seventy to a hundred bushels.

These immense yields are not the result of any judicious or scientific method of cultivation, but are chiefly due to the natural fertility of the soil itself. The whole valley was at one time owned by men who obtained it in large grants from the Spanish or Mexican Governments, and a large portion of it is now farmed by tenants who only rent it from year to year. Weeds spring up rapidly: in some fields the wild mustard is as plentiful as the crops sown by the farmer. As no tenant has any security that he will retain possession of the land more than one year, but little attempt is made to eradicate the weeds which grow so abundantly. It will be seen that the average yield does not amount to much more than half what has been obtained in individual cases; and this falling off must be attributed, in a great measure, to the filthy state of the land. If every farmer owned the land he now rents, he would use greater exertion in keeping it clean; and it would then be seen that the average yield would approximate to what is now the highest obtained in any single instance. So luxuriant are the crops in spring that the farmers have to resort to various expedients to prevent them from growing too rank. In every field of grain, at that season of the year, may be seen large numbers of cattle, horses, and hogs, which their owners have turned in there to feed. Good-natured travelers, who are unacquainted with the fertility of the district, tie their horses to the fence, and go half a mile off their road in order to tell the farmer about the destruction which menaces his crop. They are thanked for their trouble, but are rather surprised when told that the only chance of safety for the crop lay in what they considered its ruin. In addition, the ground is rolled, or the top of the young crop is cut off with a mowing machine; but, notwithstanding all these precautions, there is often such a quantity of straw as to render the labor of hauling and thrashing greater than is desirable.

To those who have invested their money in some of the "wild-cat" Homestead Associations which have sprung up during the last few years in San Francisco, it may not be unprofitable to compare the prices which rule for land here now, with the prices which ruled half a dozen years ago. In 1863, the Vega del Rio del Pajaro Rancho, lying in the eastern end of the valley, was subdivided and sold to American settlers for $20 per acre; in 1867 some of it sold for $50 per acre, and to-day it can not be rebought for less than $100 per acre. The same remarks are applicable to all the land in the valley; and,

to a certain extent, to all the agricultural land in the State. Here, during the last eight years, the yearly rate of land has increased from $2 to $6, $8, and, in some instances, $10 per acre. These are not factitious prices, created by speculators, but have been paid by farmers who required the land for their own use; and the results, in every instance, have shown the wisdom of the investment. This increased value of the land is, in a great measure, owing to the scarcity of good Government land in this locality. Farmers, too, are content with a smaller profit than they would be some time ago: then they wanted a fortune at once, and when it was realized, they returned to Europe or the East; now they follow the wiser plan of founding comfortable homes. There are other causes, to which farmers may look for an enhancement of their property, but which have not yet become available in this valley: namely, cheaper labor and a greater proximity to market. Farm labor is dearer now, in Pajaro Valley at least, than it was ten years ago. During the last ten years field-hands, in harvest, have received $2 per day and board; previously they could be engaged for $1.50. Most of the grain goes from this place to San Francisco by water, at a cost of $5 per ton, for freight alone. In this respect, the farmers are no better off than they were in 1860. The nearest railway station is at Gilroy, twenty-two miles distant; and as the steamboat-landing is only about six miles from the centre of the valley, most of the produce is shipped. It will be seen that the rent of the land would not pay the interest on the price at which it is held, but as several railroads are projected to the neighborhood of, or through the valley, owners think the increased value of their land, which will result from the construction of these roads, will more than make up for poor interest.

Wishing to see something of the surrounding country, I resolved to perform the remainder of the journey on foot. To him who has youth, and strength, and elasticity of limb, there is a peculiar pleasure in rising at daylight, and before the sun becomes oppressive, pursuing his journey, not necessarily along the dusty highway, but across fertile valleys, along meandering brooks, or over steep and rugged hills. Equestrianism, deservedly, has its votaries. Mounted on the back of a spirited horse, there is a freedom from care and depression, a buoyancy of spirit, as if every yard of ground over which you traveled were an additional barrier between you and trouble, or as if every bound of your steed brought you so much nearer to ultimate happiness. But for a calm contemplation of yourself, and all that surrounds you—for a perfect realization of the beauty and glory of creation—no mode of locomotion is as favorable as a solitary ramble.

From Watsonville to San Juan is about fifteen miles, five of which run through Pajaro Valley, and the remainder through hilly land, better suited to grazing than to agriculture. In leaving the valley by its eastern end, the ocean and lagoons are hidden from the view; but innumerable fields of flax, with its blue blossoms undulating in the morning breeze, would be readily mistaken for so many lakes. From this point to San Juan, there is little to interest the traveler: the few secluded spots among the hills adapted to farming, being occupied by Mexicans; the hills, already parched and brown, occupied by sheep, horses, cattle, and the ubiquitous squirrel. One gets a fair idea of the power of a California sun, by traveling among the hills at this season. In every instance, the grass is turning to powder on the south side of the hills, while on the north, where the rays of the sun fall obliquely, the vegetation is still growing. The steeper the hill on the north side, the more rank

the shrubs and grasses which grow there. San Juan, the seat of a mission, has not kept pace with the other towns in this section. There is not much farming-land in the neighborhood; a large portion of the population is Spanish: and either of these circumstances is sufficient to account for the non-progressive character of San Juan. The situation of the town is charming; and being shut in, to some extent, from the ocean winds and fogs which prevail in the more westerly part of the county, the climate is delightful. From San Juan to Hollister, a distance of eight miles along the San Benito Valley, the country is, in many respects, as lovely as Pajaro. The rich green of the bottom-lands, the hillsides variegated with flowers of every hue, and a background formed by the rugged and sombre peaks of the Coast Range and the Sierra de Gavilan, made up a picture which I shall not readily forget.

The San Justo Rancho, comprising this valley and some adjacent country, was sold about fourteen years ago for $21,000. The *rancho* was afterward divided into two parts, the one on which Hollister is built being considered inferior to the other. In 1868, a company of fifty men bought the Hollister portion of the *rancho*, consisting of 21,000 acres, for $370,000, or about $18 per acre. The Company at once proceeded to subdivide their land into farm and building allotments—12,000 acres being laid out into fifty farms, and 100 acres into building lots of 140 feet long by 28 feet wide. The town lots were quickly bought up, and it has since been found necessary to survey some more land for building purposes. Some of the building sites are selling at present for as much as $500 per lot. When the town was surveyed, there was only one house in Hollister; at present, there are about 140 houses, and about 600 inhabitants. The farms which were divided among the shareholders are now valued at about $60 per acre, and are rented for $3 or $4 per acre yearly. The remaining portion —about 8,000 acres—consists of grazing land, interspersed with patches fit for farming, and is worth about $10 per acre. When to this is added the price received for the town lots, it will be evident that the Company made a good investment. I returned to San Juan on the same evening, making my total journey a distance of thirty-one miles.

From San Juan to Salinas is eighteen miles. About four miles from San Juan the road crosses the Gavilan Range, from the top of which there is an extensive view, diversified by hill, plain, and ocean. The sea-breeze, which greets you as you reach the summit, is quite refreshing, after toiling up the steep hill. After traveling the next half-dozen miles through a *cañon*, from which the view is rather circumscribed, you reach Natividad, on the edge of the Salinas Plains. The Salinas River rises in San Luis Obispo County, drains the greater part of that county and Monterey, and, after running about two hundred miles, flows into the ocean near Castroville. Salinas City lies a few miles from the river, and about fourteen from its mouth. The cultivated land yet extends only eight or nine miles above Salinas City, but the soil is fertile along the greater portion of the river, from its source to its mouth. Here may be seen thousands of acres of grain in one field, farmed by several tenants, the soil owned by one proprietor. The soil is not quite as rich as in Pajaro Valley, but farming pays nearly as well in Salinas, as the land can be bought or rented in the latter place for half what it costs in the former. Rent in Salinas runs from $2 to $5 per acre; farm land sells at $30 to $50, according to quality. Salinas City, for its age, is one of the most important towns in the State; and when all the agricultural land in its vicinity is cultivated, and a railroad

runs through the valley, its future can not fail to be a prosperous one.

The town was surveyed in 1868, previous to which there were only two houses there. The lots were 130 by 50 feet, and sold, soon after survey, at prices varying from $25 to $75, or an average price of $1 per foot frontage. Eligible lots are selling now for $5 per foot; and the population must be nearly twelve hundred. The agricultural land has increased in price as rapidly as the town lots. Take, as one instance, the Sausal Rancho, on which a part of Salinas City is built. This *rancho* was bought, twelve years ago, for $5 per acre; to-day it is rented for $2 50 an acre yearly, is worth from $30 to $50, and portions have been sold, near Salinas, in lots varying from five to ten acres, for $100 per acre. The grain crops in many parts of the Salinas Plains are very poor this season, partly owing to the season being too dry; but, perhaps, in a greater measure owing to a poor system of cultivation. The causes to which I have attributed the poor farming in Pajaro Valley prevail on the Salinas to a greater extent. The land is rented from year to year; and many farmers, with only a small capital, rent more than they can manage properly. I can not help thinking that many of them, even if they had a sufficiency of capital, would fail, through lack of experience. Last winter, on the Salinas Plains, I saw plowing not more than two inches deep. When I visited them this season, I was quite prepared to find a poor crop, and am sorry to say that I was not wrong in my expectations.

From Salinas to Castroville, the greater part of the land is cultivated. Sometimes I saw fields of grain that would not pay half the expenses incurred in planting; while a contiguous field would yield from a ton to a ton and a half of wheat to the acre. Castroville, near the foot of Salinas Valley, was surveyed in 1864, and, though it has not grown so fast as Salinas City or Hollister, is a thriving town. The remarks made about the increase in the price of land in Salinas City and its vicinity are, to a certain extent, applicable to Castroville. Morse's Landing, to which steamers run twice a week from San Francisco, is two and a half miles from Castroville; and as there is not a good site at the landing for a town, this will cause Castroville to be a place of some importance. The land along the road from Castroville to Pajaro Valley is adapted to farming, though a portion of it is hilly and sandy, and, except in a sufficiently wet season, able to produce but little. There being no Government land open to pre-emption in this part of the county, and private owners requiring from $30 to $100 per acre, it might naturally be inferred that it requires a large capital to commence farming here. This, however, is not the case. Land can be rented on easy terms; and it is better for the small capitalist to do this, than to buy the land and overtask himself in paying heavy interest. If the tenant has money enough, the usual way is to pay the rent in advance; but different customs are often followed. In many instances, the owner of the soil takes, in lieu of rent, one-fourth of the grain raised, only paying to the owner of the thrashing-machine the cost of thrashing the quantity he receives — about five cents per bushel. The cultivator finds seed, horses, and farming implements, and pays all the expenses of sowing and harvesting, with the exception already mentioned; and retains three-fourths of the crop for himself. Sometimes the owner supplies seed, and gets one-third of the crop. And there are instances in which the owner finds seed, horses, farm-implements, and food for both man and horse; the cultivator harvests the crop at his own expense, and keeps half the crop for himself, the remainder going to the owner of the land. In each of these in-

stances, the proprietor pays the taxes to which the land is subject. When a man is industrious, honest, and possessed of a fair knowledge of his business, he will have little difficulty in renting land under whichever one of these systems he considers best suited to his inclination or finances.

The following table shows the expenses incurred, and the profits obtained, from cultivating land in Pajaro Valley. The calculations are based on the average price which was paid for rent, farm-produce, labor, etc., per acre, during the last five years:

WHEAT.

Item	Amount
Plowing and sowing	$2 50
Seed	1 75
Cutting	1 25
Binding	1 25
Hauling to stack	1 00
For use of thrashing-machine	3 00
Board and wages to men engaged with machine	2 50
Sacks	2 50
Hauling to steamer	2 00
Rent	8 00
Total	$25 75
Interest on money laid at 18 per cent. a year	4 65
	$30 40
Receipts, 2,500 pounds at 1½c	37 50
Profit	$7 10

FLAX.

Item		Amount
Plowing three times		$4 50
Cutting		1 00
Hauling to stack		1 25
Thrashing		2 40
Sacks		1 50
Hauling to steamer		1 20
Rent		8 00
Total		$19 85
Interest		3 60
		$23 45
Receipts, 1,200 pounds at 3¾c	$45 00	
Straw	3 00	
		$48 00
Profit		$24 55

POTATOES.

Item	Amount
Plowing three times	$4 50
Planting	0 75
Seed	3 00
Hoeing and weeding	1 00
Digging	12 00
Sacks	12 00
Hauling to steamer	15 00
Rent	8 00
Total	$56 25
Interest	10 12½
	$66 37½
Receipts, 15,000 pounds at 75c	112 50
Profit	$46 12½

BEANS.

Item	Amount
Plowing three times	$4 50
Seed	0 90
Hoeing and weeding	2 25
Thrashing and cleaning	2 00
Sacks	2 00
Hauling to market	2 00
Rent	8 00
Total	$21 65
Interest	3 90
	$25 55
Receipts, 2,000 pounds at 2¼c	45 00
Profit	$19 45

These returns are not the average for all the valley, but for such land as can be rented for $8 per acre. There is land which will give a better, as well as land which will give a worse return. Some may ask why the more profitable crops are not grown to a greater extent. The reason is, land suitable for potatoes and beans is not so plentiful as land fit for wheat. Flax was not tried to any extent before last year; and this season a much larger area is devoted to its growth. It will be seen, from these figures, that farming has paid well in this valley; but, perhaps, no better than in other parts of the State. Take the other extreme, where only very small crops are obtained: as, for instance, the sand-plains west of Stockton. There, one

thousand pounds to the acre are considered a good crop; but the price of land and the cost of cultivation are so much below what they are here, that the final result must be about equal. It must be borne in mind that these figures show what the profit on farming would be, if the farmer did nothing himself. But as he and his family work, a large share of the expenses set down here is saved. Any one who wishes further proof with regard to the profits of farming has only to visit this valley, and see the number of men who began farming ten or fifteen years ago, with a capital of a few hundred dollars, and who are now worth from six to sixty thousand. The tourist, as well as he who is in search of a farm, will be well repaid by a visit to this county. The roads are good, the towns easy of access, and many of the views to be met with are unsurpassed in loveliness.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE EAST.

BY A RETURNED CALIFORNIAN.

I HAD not been East for fifteen years. I went to California rather young, and therefore impressible. With the vital air which I breathed I imbibed the sentiment that that State enjoyed not only the finest climate under the sun, but was also the only spot fit for a White Man to live in. Also, that the fittest spot on that spot was the San Francisco spot. I plead again that I was young and impressible, and must claim what credit may attach to the fact that I began to question this sentiment some years ago. After awakening to the fact that it was questionable, I sought evidence. I examined returned Californians concerning this East, of which my own memories tended to the proposition that it might be a place fit for a very White Man to live in. I also examined such stray Easterners as were wafted to that Pacific shore, concerning the White-fitness of a land where strawberries were a rarity in September; and even cross-examined them at tedious length upon their previous answers. In all this will be recognized the mental attitude of the average Californian, vaguely nervous about the first article of his creed, and the fitness of the existing distribution of the White races. Thus, I think that I may claim to be a representative Californian in search of light.

I had observed, too, that the Easterners whom I met in California were not conspicuously deficient in intelligence nor in general information. In fact, they were apt to impress one as rather interesting men. I frequently got from them new views of things, views taken from a new stand-point; and sometimes this stand-point was in a manner higher than the one I was more familiar with; and the view itself was, if any thing, broader. Especially did I inquire concerning Society: I mean not only Society in its narrower sense of implying the limited number of people understood as those "whom one meets," but in the larger sense of meaning the habit, and tone, and quality of the social life in general. My witnesses developed unanimity at least, even if their opinions were just what might have been expected. They represented that it was a common thing among their practical people of business to devote time—time which was worth money, and might have been coined for drachmas—to the trivialities of social recreation; that this led to a

species of social cultivation; that it developed a variety of tastes of an unpractical character; and that the systematic gratification of these tastes resulted in an artificial scheme of social amenities, which they, the witnesses, for their parts rather liked. They were inclined to think that I—an average and representative Californian—would also like them. I had my private, average, and representative Californian opinion on that point: but suppressed it with the calmness which comes from that sense of moral elevation which accompanies conscious self-denial. These remarks serve to show the class of topics upon which my observation should be employed, and judgment exercised, during that visit East which I then foresaw, and which are now to be recorded. But there were yet two other specific objects of inquiry.

As a man not already old nor yet done for (I speak matrimonially), I naturally inquired after the Eastern woman. I imply nothing to the disadvantage of the lovely being who buds, blossoms, and blooms upon the Pacific shore: I know her a superior creature, and I respectfully love her; but—I inquired. The general tenor of the testimony was complimentary to the Eastern woman. She was intelligent, and tolerably well up in what was going on in the world; was apt to be interested in the things which interested the cultivated man, and to know almost equally much concerning them. In fact, after one got intimate with her, if one was not also up in such things, one was liable to find himself at a disadvantage. Upon earlier acquaintance one found the Eastern woman possessed of a store of pleasing accomplishments—conversational and other—with a trick of saying quick, shrewd things, which also made a man feel that he was put to his trumps to keep up with her. It was thus that my witnesses expressed it: "to keep up with her." These women had winning, gentle manners, and sweet, low voices. Were they comely? Witness would express no opinion; but had an album (photographic) with him, which he would be happy to show. He showed it. There could be no mistake at all about the album. The woman of the East was distinctly comely. And again, witness thought that I—the average and representative Californian—would like her. I wondered if I would; for there were a half-dozen men I might name, and whom every body in the little spot fit for White Men to live in also knew, who did visit East, and severally came back married men. Moreover, I did not wonder at it. True, these wives do not like the spot which has the finest climate on the face of the earth, and yearn for the land of lightning, sun-strokes, and rigorous winters. Was it perversity?—or were they insensible to the delights of strawberries all the year round? These things, too, I kept in my heart.

And again, I wondered somewhat concerning the aspect of external Nature at the East. I have some eye, perhaps, for landscape. I had seen much of our Pacific domain. From Monterey Bay to the Straits of Fuca, and from the seacoast to Utah and Idaho, I was familiar with plain, mountain, valley, and river. I knew coast range and sierra, with that intimate knowledge which comes of traversing them on foot, in coach, and on horseback. I had ascended the Columbia, caught fish in Esquimalt, dabbled in the acrid waters of Walker's Lake; and for Washoe—was I not one of the early ones? As to our Pacific domain, I really knew it all—both at its best and at its worst. And yet—yet I had dim memories of forests of oak, chestnut, and hickory, wherein lay shady dells watered by murmuring brooks,—of a Connecticut valley which, viewed from Holyoke, seemed more picturesque than Napa from St. Helena, or the San Joaquin from Diablo. Were there not

beauties in Champlain and George which are lacking in Tahoe and Donner? Upon the whole, did I prefer the scenery of the Columbia to that of the Potomac, the Hudson (why always "lordly?"), or the St. Lawrence? Upon the whole, I thought that I did not.

Thus the foreseen visit East began to take more definite form in my visions; and I began to hunger after a certainty which should resolve these fast-gathering doubts. Finally, I looked about me more sharply at the spot which was itself the fittest for a White Man to live in. I examined it in some detail. Was it, in its outward aspect—that unmistakable expression of its inner life—a fine or beautiful thing? What was the quality of the work which man had done for San Francisco? Nature had done not a little. The site was one where a noble city might have been built. As I scrutinized it, I thought I saw its history written in its features. In its rectangular streets I saw an early ignorance and barbarity of taste; in the inferiority of its public works I saw its official corruption and maladministration; I saw many things which it is needless to set down here; but among others, I saw, both in its commercial and in its domestic sections, the beginning of a better time which might yet be truly fine. And I thought: Now, the merit or demerit of these things is in a measure relative. It will not alter the actual character, as discreditable or otherwise, of these things, to find that other cities are guilty of them in equal or other degree; but, by a comparison of many cities, we shall come at a sort of practical standard for comparison, which will serve—not to show what may be done, nor even what ought to be attempted—but to indicate the degree of discredit which attaches to this one city for its short-comings. Therefore, thought I, these things, also, will I observe at the East. I will travel as a Californian, observing things from a California stand-point; and thus will I maintain a sort of constant comparison, which shall bear upon that cardinal article of my faith touching the only place in the world fit for a White Man to live in. And the things which I shall thus observe are: the people, their characteristics, habits, appearance, and social life; the country, its characteristics and appearance; the cities, their characteristics, appearance, and municipal life. And with these ideas in my head—not arranged and reduced to a scheme, but lying away there, the vague result of much speculative cogitation—I, an average and representative Californian, received my First Impressions of what we call the East

In the fullness of time I resolved to make the visit. I went by steamer. I am afraid that this was not quite a representative act. I ought to have gone by Pacific Railroad—the most stupendous achievement of modern times. However, I did not avail of the stupendous achievement, and therefore my first impressions were derived off the Jersey Coast. I awoke about seven o'clock that morning, dressed, and went on deck. I saw a steamer on our port-quarter. Gazed at her, pleased: seeing a steamer is a pleasurable event on another steamer. Strolled around to the starboard side, and there beheld another steamer on that quarter, and still a third forward of the beam. Bless me! said I; we are certainly approaching a place of some commercial magnitude. Briefly let me add that we passed successive steamers all day. Steamers bound to and from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, till—going up the beautiful bay—we passed a handsome two-thousand-ton screw, bound across the Atlantic. After breakfast the haze lifted, and showed the Jersey Coast, with its white, glaring line of beach, a few miles distant, and soon afterward we made Barnegat Light-house.

Houses, barns, a church-spire; more houses, barns, and two church-spires; then a village; half a dozen schooners; and still a close succession of houses, barns, and—like mile-posts—church-spires. Bless me! said I; this country is rather thickly inhabited. Schooners plenty: quite a local trade done here. Was not this reflection characteristically Californian? Measured by the commercial standard, this country appeared adapted to occupation by a White Man. As I looked attentively at it through a spy-glass, I thought it looked attractive. Those thick groves of tall, clean, graceful trees, suggesting deep shade and cool glades; springs, and the murmuring brooks heretofore adverted to, and other things pleasant on this hot, blazing day (for it was the second of July, and the sunlight on the water was trying to eyes)—were they not adapted to gratify the senses of the White race? I thought so. I brought the houses into the field of my spy-glass, and spied them carefully. Three stories, roomy, in fact, spacious piazzas, vines on them, and yet—farm-houses? Evidently farm-houses, and nothing more. Orchards, barns, stables, look well kept; fields look as if they had crops on them. Bless me! said I; they positively do this thing better than in California. No farm-houses in California like those. And the spy-glass wandered off again over the landscape, and lingered upon it, and dwelt on the groves of tall, clean, graceful trees, until a stranger might have thought that it had not dwelt upon any thing so lovely for many a year; then it was shut up with a bang, and I strolled forward. And as I got forward of the pilot-house, I rather think I exclaimed aloud, "A fleet!" for I know I stared at it with distended eyes, and Captain Maury was good enough to look down on my innocent wonder, from said pilot-house, with benignant aspect, as who should say: "Taken a little aback, young man? Yes, this is the way we do it here. Receive my blessing." Really, it *was* a fleet: ships, barks, brigs, schooners, hermaphrodites, steamers. North of us, south of us, and away east of us, to the horizon, the ocean was dotted with a multitude of sails. We had come into them while I sat aft, gazing at the Jersey shore, and ruminating of the things which it disclosed. And now, as I gazed upon this flock of sea-birds, illimitable to the eye, I endeavored to take in another phase of the idea which they expressed: the one idea toward which we, and all that we had seen, were steadily and now rapidly tending—New York! I pondered it a little, and I think screwed up one eye in an intense wink directed to the Atlantic Ocean, as I turned a mental eye backward to the Pacific, for a unit of measure wherewith to measure this New York. The Atlantic Ocean faintly crinkled its smooth visage, as it caught my idea, and looked a look of unutterable slyness, which could only be interpreted, "New York of the Pacific. Ah! Yah! Bah!" and instantly lapsed into a deeper gravity, as if it had committed itself by an exhibition of levity beneath its dignity. I respected its feeling, and turned musingly toward the Jersey shore. Ha!

Houses, villages, spires—this is becoming impressive. Villas, too; more villas—in fact, villas as far as you can see; and some miles ahead, just coming in sight around a point of land, some huge buildings with flags on them, the significance of which I do not take in at the moment. I am hard at work again, wrestling with and mastering that other thought. This country is really *very* thickly populated. I had no idea of this sort of thing; in fact, I had quite forgotten this sort of thing, and I look as hard as ever I can, and sweep the coast up and down, and strive to get the idea in a fixed and definite way into my head through my eyes. I find the Captain

looking at me again benignantly, but I am speechless and grave. Pray let me beg to be understood here: I set down my actual thoughts, and nothing but my actual thoughts. I am giving, honestly and literally, the First Impressions made on me—a Californian of fifteen years' standing—by my first glimpses of the East. And the one difficulty with which I then struggled, and with which I struggle yet, was to "take in" the evidences of dense population (comparatively dense), the existence of great numbers of people — of millions of people—of their occupations, of their handiwork, and of the work of the other millions gone before them. Here is so much work done, and doing, that one from the unsettled, wild, Pacific States finds a real, tangible difficulty — if he think at all — in grasping, in a compact and complete way, the idea of this population, and the conditions of its life. And so I stood musing at the Jersey villas, and, from time to time, soberly sweeping the interminable succession with my spy-glass.

"Long Branch, sir." "Eh?" It was the civil waiter who tended my table. "Long Branch, sir; for'ard there, where you see the flags, sir." I drew a bead upon the structures, and looked at them attentively. I think — I am not sure, but I think — that when he said Long Branch, a faint vision of Santa Cruz had floated across my mental retina. It was a not unnatural association, and, if it really did occur, it undoubtedly aided the effect of the first view of Long Branch. I took a long, attentive look at the buildings with the flags; then I shut up my glass, and walked aft. "Long Branch," said I, to somebody; "like to look at it?" I handed the glass to somebody, and sat down. I had taken in something, and it was necessary to digest it.

Eight Occidentals, eleven Cosmopolitans (each rolled into one), and an assortment—say a couple of dozen—of Grand Hotels scattered around, and you have some idea of Long Branch. I do not know whether I exaggerate. I rather think that I do not. At least the comparison I suggest gives about the impression which that impressive watering-place makes upon one. Evidently, here thousands—literally thousands—of people do resort, and are accommodated. Again the thought is urged upon you — New York. These vast caravansaries are for the accommodation of a small portion of that minute portion of the swarming population of New York which has means and leisure to seek summer recreation. For there are also Newport, Saratoga, Niagara, Cape May, and the dozens of minor places of resort, which also receive their proportion of the recreation-seekers. These vast Long Branch hotels—there are three separate *groups* of them — are but as one among many which receive their part of that city's summer overflow. And thus I gradually digest Long Branch: and it is another thing among the many gradually leading me up to the conception of New York, and so that when I shall see it, it may be possible to take it in also. Another matter has suggested itself: in the vicinage of these hotels, are other handsome houses, spacious, slate-roofed, which, I am told, are the country residences of So-and-so, and Such-an-one: names known in newspapers in connection with the Stock Exchange, and through it with the price of greenbacks — *i. e.*, with the national finances. I know that So-and-so and Such-an-one possess town mansions likewise — handsomer and more spacious than these — and thus I am gradually led up to the idea of the fortunes called colossal, and to understand that to drive $50,000 teams, and to live generally at an expense of $200,000 or $300,000 a year, is to be expected, and quite a matter of course. I begin, I think, to understand, in a practical way,

what living at the rate of so many hundred thousand (more or less) a year, *means*. I have mentioned "villas." I think I may explain that by villas I mean handsome and spacious houses—slate-roofed—rather handsomer and more spacious than the finest which the Eastern visitor to California is so systematically taken to see: which villas belong to people who also maintain city establishments of a co-ordinate character. And thus one is led up, not only to the idea of large wealth in individuals, but also as distributed to a large number of individuals; as amounting in the aggregate to something quite staggering; and as being expended in a way to cultivate, in the owners, every humanizing and refining taste, and then to gratify each taste so cultivated. Before you have quite reached New York, you begin to understand one person's expending a million or so for a house to live in, as not altogether a freak; and another person's possessing pictures valued at half that amount, as a natural thing, quite distinct from mania. In this progressive and gradual way, the East dawns upon the Californian who approaches it from sea. And yet it is something of a capricious climate, and the balmiest morning may lead up to a thunder-clap in the afternoon. So I digested Long Branch, and made reflections as I have narrated them—they were not strained; they were the natural suggestions of the objects seen—and then went below to take "a hasty plate of soup." I came quickly on deck again, as the steamer's "slow-bell" rang, preparatory to our reporting at Quarantine, and in time to see the superb Europe-bound screw, as she glided rapidly past us. We stopped abreast of three or four hulks, and were boarded by the Health Officer. I knew one of the hulks to be the dismantled *Illinois*, on board of which I had steamed down that bay fifteen years before.

Although measurably prepared for Staten Island, I found it more beautiful than I had thought; more beautiful than I could have thought, for I had forgotten the actual and visible look of velvet lawns, of rising terraces, of trimly kept grounds, with their smooth, rolled driveways, their winding paths, their grand old forest-trees taking new beauty from the trim surroundings whose own beauty themselves heightened. I had forgotten that any such houses were built merely for men to live in as these beautiful, brown freestone structures, whose towers and grouped chimneys rose from amid the foliage. I fear I had slowly and unconsciously imbibed an impression concerning money that it was much too valuable a thing to be used in this way; that, in fact, it was worth one and a quarter per cent. per month. Candidly, I fear the fact had escaped my memory that it was worth any thing else. And at this point a new thought took possession of me. A young friend of mine once told me in California (he is now happily released: I mean he has come back "home" to live), how he had been used to pass Sunday mornings reading the paper in his father's green-house; and he had mentioned the effect of being surrounded by blooming camelias and things while the snow lay white without, as being something fine. I knew that house to be one of those that I looked at—they all had green-houses, etc.; and I began to think of the social life—or, let me say, the domestic life—which surroundings like these seemed to imply. I thought of its elegance, of the pure and elevated tastes which these must needs stimulate; of the way in which those tastes would be refined and cultivated; I thought of the young people who should grow up amid these surroundings, or in the society where these things were realized possibilities; and I did begin to misgive lest I—an average and representative Californian—might,

as my Eastern witnesses had thought I would, come to rather like it; come to actually prefer it, I mean, to the only country fit for a White Man to live in. But while I was yet thinking these things, and paying but secondary attention to the scores of steamboats which were now steaming past us on both sides, and darting about in all directions like water-beetles, increasingly suggestive of population and the profitable interchange of commodities, I experienced a thunder-clap. We had got a *Herald* off Sandy Hook, along with a pilot, and learned of an earthquake in New York the day before. We had come to the land of lightning, sun-stroke, and rigorous winter, and were saluted before we set foot ashore with information of an earthquake! I know that I, for one, resented the phenomenon as something personal and offensive. But now I was about to get even on the East for this impertinent demonstration, for I was about to experience a shock in connection with a thunder-storm. We saw the heavy, massy, leaden clouds piled up to the north, and knew that they were coming down the river. We were prepared for what we were about to see, for we Californians know that here they are having these things all the time. We rounded a point, and the Hudson—lordly, let me not be captious—lay before us. The coming storm hung darkly above it. Directly in its path lay the city of New York, and as the steamer swung around, it also seemed to swing around. It came almost all at once within sweep of my vision, and then I felt that I had received a shock.

For when I saw that vast tract of brick—red, solid, poured out over the country for miles—I knew that the preparation which I had been undergoing for the sight had all gone for nothing: that I had forgotten—that I had no conception whatever what the great Eastern city was to look like. I know that my California brethren, who have not been East for fifteen years, have equally no distinct and true picture before their mind's eye of the great Eastern city. But I think that such a picture can be conjured up by successive steps. Red. Fix that item of color. Not dull, lustreless, grayish, saffronish, be-stuccoed, be-sandy, be-dusted, drab, like San Francisco, but a strong, glaring red. Solid. No gaps, no vacant spots, no scattering outskirts in sight; there is no boundary at all in sight; to the right, the vast red sheet rolls over the Brooklyn hills out of sight, and directly before us is spread away as far as the vision ranges, until it sinks behind its own thickness. Solid. Miles. I do not know how far you can see the river selvedge stretching away in diminishing perspective to the north, but it is miles; I do not know how far you can follow it rolling away over the Brooklyn Heights, but it is miles. Also, it is piled up—six stories, five stories, seven stories—wherever your eye rests, it appears that the city is piled up; it is as a building upon a building. It was thus that the great city came upon me, and staggered me; and it was thus, as I looked at it, that its features—the characteristics new to the Californian—impressed themselves upon me. It was Red, Solid, Piled-up, Miles. And then, by a wholly natural transition, the picture of dear little San Francisco—wooden, dusted, scattered over her hills, and by no means thinking small beer of herself—rose before my mind, and I laughed. It was the foolish laugh of one who has given up a conundrum and been told the answer. Perhaps I had thought small beer of San Francisco, and had laughed at it a little in a harmless way; but I had had no idea of *this*, and did now myself feel a trifle small and foolish. In fact, I was conscious of being taken down.

Slowly—now stopping, then a turn ahead, then stopping again, then another

turn ahead, for the river was swarming with steam craft of every size and description—the steamer worked up toward the pier. Huge ferry-boats, at minute intervals, were plunging across the river from—as it appeared—the foot of every second street. A steamboat, loaded down to the guards with immigrants just landing from some packet, passed us, and I could see visibly how her freight would be instantly swallowed up and lost in that great city, even as the drops of water from her laboring paddles were swallowed up and lost in the mighty river upon whose bosom she glided. How could I—an average and representative Californian, steeped to the eyes in Californianism—fail to make the comparison of supposing her landing those immigrants at the Pacific New York from an Australian packet, and the agitation which would be produced in the local breast at the impending development of illimitable natural resources. Do I seem herein to make some mild fun of the laborious little municipality which I love? The fun was equally at my own expense; for I did, in very truth, make this comparison, and detected myself measuring these new dimensions with that little mental two-foot rule to which I was accustomed; so I again laughed that foolish laugh of the man who has been told the answer to the conundrum. And I looked on the river and the city in musing alternation, and found it all novelty, until we were made fast to the pier, and luggage was passed by the Customs Officers, and I was driven down to the Courtlandt-street ferry—for I designed taking the night-train for the South. But there had been yet another sight on the river.

As we passed her landing, the Long Island Sound steamboat *Bristol* put out—one of the new boats of Fisk's Boston line—a palace, a huge, superb palace. We read of all these things in California; but I, for one, had abjectly failed to get an idea of them. To call her huge gives no more idea of her vast, two-storied saloon than it does to say that she is so many hundred feet—more or less—long. To call her superb gives no more notion of the costly sumptuousness of her appointments than it does to mention that she cost so many hundred thousand—more or less—dollars. I looked at the people on board: the first lot of Easterners I had seen. Well dressed. I remember once asking one of "our girls" what was the first thing that she noticed concerning people at the East. She replied that they all looked as if they were dressed for making calls. I believe that the only person who has taken the liberty of telling the San Franciscans that they were ill-dressed, slovenly dressed, offensively dressed, was Dr. Lindau, in those admirable *Revue des Deux Mondes* articles (about the Pacific Railway route), a year ago. That traveled Frenchman—ex-editor of the *Revue*, man of taste—observed the men of San Francisco, and pronounced them offensively ill-dressed. I observed the people on the boat *Bristol*, and found them well dressed; I think I felt that those people were presumptively gentlemen. In a few minutes the North River boat passed out, with her load of business people returning to their country homes. I repeated my said observation with emphatic confirmation as to its conclusion. I felt diminished again; that I myself was not presentably, nor properly attired; that my appearance was disrespectful to people whom I might meet; that it was not presumptive evidence of the gentlemanliness to which I was disposed to lay claim: that, in fact, I stood an embodied indecorum. And I found the outward aspect of those companies of properly attired people agreeable. Decidedly, said I, I am not disposed to rebel at this sort of thing: I like it.

Jersey Dépôt. "Passengers for Balti-

more and Washington, this way. Sleeping-car, sir? Last car, sir." I look into the last car: superb, undoubtedly; our friend, the newspaper reporter, whose compositions we adore, would say, "palatial." But it looks close this hot night. I step back, and say so. "Reclining-chair, perhaps, sir. Next car forward." I go, gravely wondering, to explore the reclining-car: I look in, and I fear I exclaim, By Jove! I disapprove of exclaiming By Any thing; but this royal traveling apparatus takes me helplessly down again, and I feel my cheapness. Still, these reclining-chairs are delicious things, whose backs go back, and a rest for the legs comes forward, covered each trip with fresh, cool, linen covers: and there you lie back, at the particular angle which fits your system, and sleep like a lamb. The car itself is high, wide, roomy; fitted with wash-stand, etc., at either end; the paneling of rich woods, the metal-work plated, the glass-work ground and figured—the general effect, that of its having been constructed, under special orders, for an Emperor. For the use of this luxurious traveling-carriage, you pay an extra half-dollar. *À propos* of which mention of the local circulating medium, let me say that I have failed to get up the average and representative Californian resentment at the use of this rag currency. I had been told—we had all been told—that it was an insufferable nuisance. I do not speak now of the commercial ills which flow from inconvertible currency, but of the personal ills said to accompany its use. I know that I ought to find it smell bad, but really I fail to perceive the effluvium; I know that I ought to be swindled with counterfeits, but behold, I am not; I ought to be embarrassed by undecipherable small change; I experience no inconvenience of the sort. I am afraid that the whole old story about the offensiveness, and inconvenience, and other personal evil qualities of paper money must be lumped in the one brief word: Humbug.

A scream, a gentle pull, a steadier pull, and we are off—across New Jersey. As we wind through the suburbs of Jersey City, I note what manner of unfamiliar things we pass. Factories, foundries, furnaces; then fields; factories again; furnaces in the distance; then some huge factories; and again the lurid light of furnaces. After a few minutes, brake-whistle—and here we are in another town; brick, piled-up, solid; factory upon factory; foundries, furnaces. We are off again, and as we reach the suburbs I see that the factories become huge. Then fields, and the lurid light of furnaces in the distances. Other few minutes, and I hear them whistle down-brakes for another large town. This is an express-train, and we are shooting through villages and small towns, following, as it seems to me, upon each other's heels. And in each I have a glimpse of some sort of a factory. But now we are gliding into a second large town: brick, piled-up, solid. I keep a sharp lookout, and I see factories and manufacturers' signs—*everywhere*. A brief stop, and on we glide; again the huge factories are in the suburbs, the lurid light of furnaces streams across the fields, the villages tread upon each other's heels, and so *da capo* until the brakes are whistled down for Philadelphia. We are to stop only a few minutes: as we approach and as we leave, I see only miles upon miles of gas-lamps—leading away in illimitable perspective—and I know them for the rectangled street-lines of that Quaker City, with near a million of people. And I know, too, although I do not see it this night, that the great labor of the sleeping million is manufacturing. Leaving Philadelphia, I go to sleep; but in the meantime I have been musing. The moral which all these things have borne for me, the Californian, is plain: it has been a

continuation of the lesson begun at sea in the early morning—impressing, repeating, and enforcing the fact of dense population; and now the fact has been taking on a new significance, and all night long—from the red light of furnaces, from the huge, black piles of buildings, from the sign-boards of the towns—every thing has spoken to me of Manufacturing. The old first principle that Wealth is concrete Labor, has come upon me with something of a more vital meaning: I have seen it in application in a large way; the night's ride has spoken of laboring arms and busy hands by the thousand and the ten thousand; I have seen how one great natural resource, admitting of cultivation, is Muscle. And, while turning this over in my mind, in the new light of the flaming chimneys and the blazing factory windows, I drop asleep.

Daybreak. Suburbs—(all factories again); Baltimore. I take an ablution, shake myself well together, "Good-by" to the friends who are bound on for Washington, hack to hotel, rooms more than satisfactory, bath, breakfast; and I have received the final one of my First Impressions. I landed prepared to do battle with predatory hackmen, to strive with insolent hotel-clerks, and to suborn waiters to supply me with food. Upon landing, I had to do with hack and baggage-wagon men. They were more than civil: they were polite. Respectful in manner, accommodating, apparently solicitous to please: this is, by definition, politeness—as I understand it. Hackmen at Baltimore Dépôt equally respectful, accommodating, apparently solicitous to please; again, polite—as I understand it. Swindled me with a moderation which elicits only my cordial acknowledgments. Hotel-clerk more respectful, more accommodating, more solicitous to please. Waiters attentive beyond belief. Since that first day I have had to do with divers hotel and steamboat-clerks, hackmen, hotel, restaurant, and steamboat-waiters, porters and railway people of all sorts; and beg to say, with emphasis, that I have not only found attention and civility, but that I have yet to meet the first individual of any one of these classes who was not respectful, accommodating, and apparently solicitous to please. It may be that inattention and insolence are to be encountered; but from what I have already seen, I can confidently say that nowhere on this northern Atlantic border of the United States is it possible to find them so rampartly offensive as upon the Pacific: I do not believe that they need be found at all.

Perhaps it will be inferred from the foregoing that my First Impressions of the East are favorable? Perhaps they are. And possibly that, so far, I am disposed to rather like it? Possibly I am.

IN AND ABOUT ST. PAUL.

IN 1766, Jonathan Carver discovered, in what is now within the corporate limits of the already great, and greater by prophecy, St. Paul, a wonderful cave, with arcaded antechambers, with "long-drawn aisles," and tortuous passages leading into vaulted apartments, whose roofs were brilliant with gleaming stalactites, and where capricious echoes haunted the mysterious distance with their fantastic voices. This much even a busy man like Jonathan Carver might gaze upon without being greatly delayed in his travels, but of the things which were beyond he could only surmise, and perhaps build up his fancies as he traveled onward. To those who came after him should belong the honor of discovering the glories which, who could doubt, filled the far interior of "caverns measureless to man." One after another traveler followed this hardy pioneer. The traders established posts here and there upon the Mississippi and its tributaries. In 1819, the frontier fort was built. During this time the stories of Jonathan Carver grew to be regarded with that qualified credulity which is generally awarded to "travelers' tales." The ruins of colossal fortifications which he had discovered upon the east bank of the river, and which he considered bore indisputable testimony that the country had anciently been inhabited by a numerous and powerful people, who thus protected themselves long before the oldest European feudal castles had an existence, were already generally supposed to be rather the work of Time, with his agents, the floods, and frosts, and winds. It is true that there were some travelers who still looked hopefully for traces of the Aztec race. Among these was the English traveler, Featherstonhaugh, who thought it quite possible that these things might be ruins of fortifications built by the people whose followers now look for the coming of Montezuma. But the cave had, at least, grown less magnificent. The vast interior halls and corridors had not yet been discovered; and this same English traveler, who saw it more than half a century after Carver discovered it, says that after advancing four hundred paces there seemed to be, so far as he could ascertain, only a reservoir of water beyond.

Soon after that, travelers came faster and faster, but it was no longer to a wilderness, nor did they stop at this place from mere curiosity to see the cave, which the Indians had poetically called *Wakon teebee* ("House of the Spirits"). It was the settlement of "Pig's-Eye" which now attracted them, and which developed with more than the usual rapidity into the city of St. Paul.

"Here's the cave," said our driver, suddenly reining up his horses, one day, as we were riding through the environs of the city.

"You want, of course, to look at it?" he continued, in that interrogatory form of address which presupposes an affirmative answer, and seems a semi-official way of announcing that "it's the proper thing to do." To tell the truth, I have a horror of caves. The thousands of little damp sprites who haunt them are always dancing about in the gloom which just precedes the flare of my torch, and they have a malicious way of considering me an infant, and amusing themselves by playing "creep mouse" with long, dank fingers up and down my

spine. But still I have something of that spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion which characterizes the modern traveler, which I imagine to be the stuff of which ancient martyrs were made, and therefore left the carriage with cheerful alacrity beneath the unrelenting gaze of our *cicerone*. We bent our steps toward a straggling and somewhat extensive clump of bushes, where he told us we would find the cave. But when we reached the place I could see nothing which gave the least evidence that we were in the vicinity of a natural wonder, and ventured mildly to suggest that we had lost our way, and was duly rebuked for feminine impatience. After advancing a few steps, my companion ejaculated:

"Ah!" in a peculiar voice, which, under such circumstances, may be considered a terse English equivalent for the popular Greek "Eureka."

"Where?" said I, eagerly, in my impetuosity stumbling into a diminutive rivulet, which was successfully busy in polishing the most brilliant of pebbles. This it was which had elicited the exclamation; and firmly resolving not to be again enthusiastic until I was sure we had found the proper subject, I scrambled silently on until, suddenly coming around the corner of a sharply projecting rock, we stood before the entrance of the cave. The little stream came hurrying out into the sunshine, close against one side of the solid stone arch, leaving on the other side a narrow and well-worn path. The arch was slightly pointed, and would scarcely have disgraced a mediæval cathedral. The room which we entered was small and damp, and as we advanced the dampness seemed to become a tangible quality, carefully covering the sides of the cave, and around the edges of the rock, fastening down the damp mantle with great drops of moisture. The murmurings of the brook, too, grew more noisy, and at the same time more melancholy. It is said that the cave has been explored for a mile; but when, or by whom, this deed was performed, it is not so easy to ascertain. We were satisfied with less than a quarter of that damp distance, and came gladly back toward that cheerful light which we now noticed lay tenderly upon the pale-buff rocks within the portal. We lingered there, to read the names which former visitors had registered, for the rocks were so temptingly soft that one could write with a lead-pencil upon their surface.

There is a supercilious belief that it is only vulgar traveling humanity which cuts its name upon rock and stone; carves it upon a tree or wooden bench; or perchance (femininely) scratches it upon a window-pane. But, after all, these things (except the scratches upon the window-pane) are not unpleasant to find. For we are sure to recognize, more or less clearly, that our enjoyment of even natural scenery depends greatly upon human companionship and sympathy. It has seemed to me that those travelers who have sought trackless wilds, and been *alone* in desert-places, have found their enjoyment rather in the telling of such things, than in the actual experience. The most self-sufficient of us will prattle about the things which we have seen, or heard, or felt. But the indirect sympathy which we gain in discovering traces of those who have been before us, is often the best. Somehow I felt a genuine and lively interest in the names which those vulgar mortals had cut or scratched upon the soft sandstone in this lonely place. Those names which stood quite by themselves I fancied had been inscribed there by lonely travelers, who had "done" the cave and lingered awhile in the pleasant half-gloom around the entrance, writing their own names for company. A group of names in bi-sexual couples suggested the perennial romance. I also succeeded in tracing an individual history, such

as a chance traveler, five hundred years hence, might construe from such materials as I had before me. It would be almost as satisfactory as reading Egyptian hieroglyphics, and perhaps nearly as successful.

High up on the rocks was the name of "John Smith," with the date, "1850," cut with infinite care, and still faintly discernible. The name occurred again and again, with sometimes intervals of a year or two, and sometimes but a few days. From these things the student would gather that "this man was the greatest traveler of the nineteenth century." Indeed, he would probably add that "we have every reason to suppose that, with the exception of those rather mythical personages, Mungo Park, Captain Cook, and Robinson Crusoe, this celebrated John Smith was the greatest traveler whom the world has ever known." Here is his history, which we have no hesitation in believing is substantially correct: "In 1850, a man in the prime of life and a giant in stature, he visited Carver's Cave and cut his name high up, upon a rock, with firm, unerring hand. It is much to be feared, however, that he was given to strong drink, for, a year or two later, we find his name again recorded. The letters still exhibit grace and polish; but they are in painfully inebriate attitudes, with a constant tendency to lean against each other and their neighbors. Several other visits betray a fluctuating condition of mind; but, in 1860, he has entirely reformed, and the firm conciseness with which his name is written is an evidence that he now knows no excess in his life. But he is growing old and feeble. We can see that his hand sometimes trembled, and at length there is a scrawl, which, but for our perfect familiarity with the characters, would be illegible; but it is, once more, the name of the great traveler ——!"

"What are you doing?" said a voice at my elbow, just as I was absorbedly bending over a beautifully clear and clean space.

"I was just about to write my name."

"Better not; you know the old saying about 'fools' names?'"

"Yes, and consider it a mere popular fallacy. I should like to know where the wise men gain their wisdom, if it is not where they can mingle with others; and what good their wisdom would do themselves, or any body else, if their names were not to be found in what the old adage calls 'public places?'" and I added, conclusively, "just take this pencil, and see what a capital place this rock is to write upon."

When I received the pencil again, I found that both of our names had been written out in full. So I lingered behind to surreptitiously add the name of "John Smith"—thus making that much-enduring individual responsible for an extra visit to the cave.

In our walks about St. Paul we saw, now and then, city conventionalities curiously contrasted with aboriginal customs. One day a party of Indians came clattering in upon little, scraggy ponies, the squaws plodding along hopefully in the rear. They stopped in front of an elegant store, whose plate-glass windows were filled with the "shimmer of silks," arranged in a bewildering, kaleidoscopic manner. I could not wonder that the savage mind was spell-bound by their brilliancy. I soon saw that they proposed to open a rival establishment upon the sidewalk. Conspicuous among their wares were great, strong bows, and flint-headed arrows, made, for aught I know, by Minnehaha's father, "The Ancient Arrow-Maker," or perhaps by some one to whom he had taught the art. For was it not to this country that Hiawatha's seven-leagued boots bore him, when he came to purchase those wonderful arrows, which could be made only by that "ancient arrow-maker?" I

could not help wondering if Hiawatha was as dirty as the degenerate Red Men whom we saw before us. In all probability, Minnehaha stood with her toes turned in, as did the Indian women at whom we were looking. I did not express my half-formed wish that some charitable society would send a dancing-master to these savages, so that the Indian belles might appear to greater advantage in general society, but noted in my commonplace book—which was generally the margin of a new number of some magazine—that this would be a unique basis for a successful set of "sociables;" we would find it an immense relief to direct our charity through some other channels than those time-honored ones of "red-flannel veskets and moral pocket-handkerchiefs." But my commonplace book was lost, and it was not until just now, as I mentally conjured up the dirty, ill-mannered group of Redskins, that I remembered my brave resolutions. These perverse savages, however, have a way of turning the best intentions into supreme contempt; for it is a notorious fact that the better they become civilized and Christianized, the worse human beings they become. They have never been known to do as *we* reasonably feel that they ought, and, naturally, we have come to be aggrieved at their conduct, and to wish that the grave of Uncas covered not only "The Last of the Mohicans," but of the whole Indian race. We would then gladly offer tributes of poetry and romance, without having our sentiment put to shame by the appearance of the dirty, lazy people themselves. The worst feature of the case is, that although we have for a few hundred years kept persistently saying, "Ducky, ducky, come and be killed," the untutored savage has never yet graciously accepted the invitation, unless his readiness to drink bad whisky might be termed a compliance. The swift arrows of "the ancient arrow-maker" are now merely a curious kind of toy, and the *braves* of his tribe have evidently lost faith in their traditional potency.

At St. Paul, as at Minneapolis, there were beautiful lakes within the limits of a pleasant drive, and a sail at sunset upon little Lake Como seemed an ideal ending of a brilliant summer's day. Looking down into its clear depths at the far-off, glowing reflections, one seemed to be floating in an impalpable atmosphere, sustained by some mysterious attraction midway between cloud-land glories. A day spent at the more distant White Bear Lake resulted in a somewhat curious adventure. The distance from St. Paul to this somewhat famous resort is variously estimated—according to the elasticity of the imagination of one's informant—anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five miles. We left the lake just before sunset; soon after we started, great black clouds commenced filing along the western horizon. On they came, faster and faster, each succeeding relay pushing the front ranks higher up into the blue heavens. At first, these grew fainter as they advanced toward the empyrean, overcome by its pure radiance. And now a thin, shadowy cloud stretched far out, like the claw of some monster eager to reach its distant prey; great, toppling towers arose, and high, bald mountain-tops; processions of strange, gigantic animals followed each other in quick succession, until they finally dissolved into a dull, ragged outline, reaching far up toward the zenith. The earth still seemed to lay in an enchanted calm of fervent heat, and of a dim glow which the brilliant day had left behind it. We moved rapidly along, as through a scene weirdly spell-bound; only the birds flew wildly about, as if the power that had calmed every thing else had crazed them. Light puffs of wind swept high above the prairie, and died among the distant tree-tops; and then long, shivering

breaths ran through the prairie flowers and grasses. The clouds had at first seemed to come from some mysterious chaos beyond the western horizon, and now faint little flames of lightning came from this terrible and prolific source. It was as if the edge of the clouds was covered with some thin, inflammable material, through which the fire flashed rapidly and died out. Ever and anon this phenomenon would be repeated, and we would see these faint, distant fires flickering upon the horizon.

We had ridden rapidly and far, and the storm was not yet upon us. In our former rides, we had learned to know the country in the vicinity of St. Paul, and were now anxiously looking out for some landmark which would assure us that our journey was almost completed. Not a word had been spoken, excepting now and then an encouraging one to the horses, for nearly an hour. The air had grown chilly, and I had wrapped myself comfortably in my shawls, and was watching the faint, distant play of the lightning. In fact, I had become so absorbed, that when I happened to look away for a moment, I was startled to find that the thick gloom had settled down upon us. Only a few rods of the prairie over which we were traveling could be seen on either side. Were we near our destination, or was there no place of shelter by the way-side? We peered anxiously into the darkness, and saw only blacker darkness beyond. The wind was already blowing in fierce gusts, and high up in the heavens vivid lines of lightning cleft the black clouds; the thunder had been muttering for some time, and now a fierce peal went crashing through the heavens, seeming for a moment to annihilate us in the fierce reverberations of sound. Much of the *terror* of a thunder-storm is in the noise: like the roar of a wild beast, it betrays the fearful power which accompanies it. The horses plunged madly forward, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be quieted, and again controlled. But what was this! We stopped, dismayed. We could not be mistaken, for the landmark upon which we had come was too unusual not to be remembered. Just before us was a bridge, and near it a clump of trees, in the midst of which was a deserted and ruinous log-cabin. We had passed this spot an hour before, and—were lost upon the prairie!

The situation was plain; it only remained to be considered what we should do. Another terrific burst of thunder convinced us that we could only seek such insecure shelter as we might find here, where we knew that we might at least be in safety, although we knew we would be in exposure and discomfort. Suddenly we heard a human voice close beside us, and the clatter of horses' hoofs and the rumbling of a heavy wagon. Just then a flash of lightning revealed a great, burly man, in a heavy farm wagon, drawn by a stout pair of horses. So near was he to us that I could see the glitter of his eyes beneath his great, shaggy eyebrows; and so silently had he come that he might have been an apparition from some cavern of the earth, raised by the spirit of the storm. "Halloo!" cried the apparition; and I felt assured, from a tone of human amazement in his voice, that he had not appeared for the express purpose of frightening me, but was perhaps as much astonished at finding himself face to face with human beings as we were. He comprehended every thing in a moment, and only stopping long enough to tell us that his "cabin" was hardly a mile distant, drove rapidly on, bidding us follow him and obtain a comfortable shelter. The rain was already descending in torrents, and we could only see our guide by the intense flashes of lightning. Only a mile! Was our guide, after all, a malicious spirit, who had assumed such

friendly guise to lead us on to some terrible destruction? On we went, on and on. The wagon in front of us, rolling over the soft prairie-grass, made no noise; only, every flash of lightning revealed our guide close to us, with his head turned over his shoulder, to see if we were following. The same flashes now showed us that we were in the midst of a wood, where the trees not only arched the carriage-way, but literally embowered it; the long, pendent branches scratching against the carriage-top. Would this ride never end? Yes, thank heaven, it would; for, just before us, there shone a friendly light—a light which was framed by a small, square window, and which struggled forth into the dark night through the descending rain-drops. But we stopped short of the light.

"I'm sorry about the lady," said our guide, apologetically; "but we can't get any nearer the house. You'd better just step into the barn until we 'tend to the horses, and we'll carry you up," added he, turning to me.

I stepped into the barn, as he advised, and after the horses were cared for, we waited for a few moments, for a lull in the storm; but we only fancied it, at last, for when we were fairly outside, it beat about us with unprecedented fury. Throwing my shawl over my head, I seized my father's hand, and ran breathlessly until I stumbled against the step of the broad "stoop" which sheltered the door-way. As I threw back my shawl, the lighted window was directly in front of me, and, notwithstanding the wildness of the night, we paused for a moment, to look at the strange scene within. It was only for an instant; but it was a weirdly brilliant picture, shining out in the midst of the wild, dark setting of the storm, and had I looked at it for hours, I would scarcely have received a more distinct and vivid impression. Before a fire which was flashing brilliantly through freshly piled brush-wood and dried twigs, three or four youthful figures, with half-bare arms and legs, were dancing and shouting wildly. Their faces were smeared with great, black marks; and they rushed at each other and retreated, with peals of laughter. The fire-light played among the smoke-blackened rafters overhead, and gleamed against a few tin-utensils hanging against a smoke-blackened wall. At one side of the room was a table, covered with a white cloth, and upon it were some dishes, which a young girl, half dancing at her work, seemed to be arranging, and faintly echoing the laughter from the group at the fireside meanwhile. To what sort of a place had we come, after all! I half expected to see the strange picture die out before me, as if it was only some phantasmagoria of cheerful light, toward which we had been deluded, and which, with its strange accompaniments, would disappear, leaving us to the mercy of the storm.

"The young savages!—they are at it, sure enough," said our guide, with a low chuckle, as he too caught the scene through the uncurtained window.

"Now there's some spry work about that, I tell you," he added, admiringly; and then suddenly burst the door open, much to the consternation of the agile performers of what I suspected was a mimic war-dance.

"I should like to know what is the meaning of this row!" said he, in a terrible voice, to the three young culprits, who were already polishing their bronzed faces with their shirt-sleeves, and looking ruefully at their bare feet and legs, which had been streaked with pieces of charred wood. The appearance of strangers seemed, too, to add to their discomfiture; and after one or two furtive glances at us, and a combined, but unsuccessful attempt to conceal themselves behind each other, by a common impulse they betook themselves to the refuge of

an open door on the opposite side of the room, and disappeared in the darkness beyond.

"My boys are bright young chaps," said our host, turning to us with a twinkle in his eyes, "but I have to keep down the Indian in them."

The young girl had already quietly removed his dripping hat and brought him a dry coat, at the same time casting toward me a shy look of mingled friendliness and pity for my drenched condition. At her father's suggestion that she should find some dry clothes for me, she held out her hand toward me with a pretty, half-shy gesture, and led the way through the door by which her brothers had already disappeared. As we passed along, we heard a snicker from a distant corner.

"Those boys!" said my little maiden, bridling her head. When we had reached an apartment which was roughly partitioned off from one end of this room, my little hostess placed the wealth of her wardrobe at my disposal, and went back to the arduous duties of getting supper.

When I returned to the outer room I was gorgeously arrayed, and praised the bright colors of my dress, to the great delight of my entertainers.

Later in the evening—after we had finished our supper, and our host had rehearsed the well-known story of the prosperity of the country, had given intelligent opinions in regard to the prospect of the crops, and there had even been tepid political differences to enliven the conversation—we grew quiet, and were listening to the storm, which was still raging violently. I was wont to be nervous and timid in a thunder-storm; but the dusky light from the one tallow candle, a certain sense of comfort, and at least comparative safety, had induced a sense of drowsiness, and I was absurdly nodding to my grotesque shadow upon the wall, when a sudden and vehement exclamation startled me:

"I swun!" said our host, suddenly letting his chair—in which he had been tilted back according to his ideas of comfort—fall resoundingly upon the floor. He grasped his knees with his hands at the same time, and, leaning forward, regarded his older guest with close attention, which resulted in boisterous laughter and an energetic repetition of his former remark. This I recognized as a provincialism, which, I fancied, defined the locality of the speaker's nativity, even more definitely than the Yankee deacon's "I do vum!" Apparently satisfied with the result of his investigations, he continued, "I bet you don't know me."

"I believe not," was the somewhat doubtful reply.

"Well, that's a good one. 'Yellow Jacket,' I wouldn't have believed that you'd forgotten——"

"Renard, the Fox!" interrupted the other, laughing; and the two old schoolmates—for such they were—grasped each other by the hand, with a warmth of the old-time friendship which an assumption of their old school-boy nicknames had recalled. Then they launched into a glowing sea of school-day recollections. Those were the halcyon days of school-boys, in which they successfully waged war against their masters, and gloriously turned them out of doors. I have sometimes, sighing incipiently, wished that Heaven had decreed that *I* should have been a school-boy in that golden age.

Presently, the children were sent to bed; and then our host told us something of his life—how, with the eagerness of a natural frontiersman, he had attempted to reach the Far West, and found it always just beyond him. The "to-morrow" which he aimed at, was only "to-day" when he reached it. However, he had come to this country early, and was satisfied with it—as who would not be? It was his honest opinion and unbiased conviction that it was the most

beautiful country under the face of the sun! Here he had married the half-breed daughter of one of the French traders, as many of his countrymen had done. Her possessions had not enriched him — as some whom he could name had been enriched — but she had made him a good wife. She had died but a year before, and left him the four children. "Little Antoinette was very like her, as he first knew her."

The next morning, when I bade the little Antoinette "Good-by," and she glanced up shyly at me with eyes bright from a glimpse of a glittering keepsake I had given her, I wondered if her mother's eyes had grown so charmingly bright at the sight of a bauble; and as we rode past a little, clear, blue lake, I wondered if it was here that the mother had come to catch a glimpse of her own decorated reflection — feeling provokingly sure, at the same time, that it could not be, as this pretty little bit of romance, like all of the rest, is of course a delusion. But I knew, by an intuition — an inalienable and superior prerogative of the sex, which the masculine mind is constrained submissively to bow before and accept — that the daughter was now striking attitudes before a little mirror which hung against the wall of her room.

THE THREE PINKS.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

To me it seems that the pinks have never blossomed so beautifully as this year since the time I came, a poor journeyman, to this town, fifty years ago. Perhaps it is a summons from Felix, to prepare for my long journey; so I will wait no longer to write down all I know about a strange occurrence that took place under my own eyes, and is well worth knowing.

It was just such a calm, peaceful evening as this when I entered the city and looked around for the dragon's-head, the sign of Master Wehringer, the goldsmith, to whom my master from Frankfort had given me a letter of recommendation. In the door of the shop bearing the sign, leaned a young man, who said to me, laughingly:

"Well, my good fellow, what's the matter? It isn't supper-time yet."

He said that because I held my mouth wide open, and was staring at him with all my might. I had never seen so handsome a young fellow in all my days. Then I told him how anxious I was to work in the shop of the celebrated Master Wehringer, and showed him my letter, whereupon he said, soberly: "It is not an easy matter to get into my father's shop. He is in the garden, there; go, and try your luck."

The Master seemed to love flowers as dearly as I did; but he had not many pleasant words for me. For days he tried my skill and patience with all sorts of difficult trial-pieces; but I learned a great deal more there during my stay than I could have learned under a less severe Master. For Master Wehringer was celebrated far and wide, and his son, Felix, hardly less so; indeed, I thought that in drawing and designing he rather excelled the old Master, but he had not the patience and perseverance for executing the work.

We led a quiet life in the old house. Besides Felix there were three journeymen, of whom one, Gotthard, was fifty years old, and had been a long while

with the Master. Then there were two apprentice boys, and an old servant girl in the kitchen; and the charge of the household was in the hands of Fides, an orphan from her early childhood, raised in the house, and niece to the Master. The Master's wife had died some years ago. Fides discharged her household duties to the satisfaction of every one—even Master Wehringer was pleased; and, truly, a more lovely and lovable specimen of a genuine burgher's child could not well be found among the primped-up, fashionably dressed dolls I see nowadays. Many a one had gazed too deep down into her merry blue eyes; but she seemed to have eyes for only one person in the world, Felix, to whom she was to be married when she reached her twentieth birthday.

"Almost a year from now," old Gotthard said; "I wonder why the Master does not let them make the wedding now, instead of putting it off so long. I should not, if I were in his place; but Master Wehringer has a head of his own."

"Now that is curious," said I. "I never should have suspected that Felix stood in such relationship to her, though Fides does not seem to guard her liking for him so much as a secret."

Gotthard shook his head, and walked away; I looked after him meditatingly. Did he mean to say Felix did not love the girl well enough to marry her? Possible. Or, perhaps, he loved some one else better—perhaps a girl below his own station in life: such things have been, and will be again. I cast about in my own mind what the mystery could be, but no one acted less like a man nursing a secret or unhappy love than Felix: he was good-natured and light-hearted always, and never so happy as when he could carry out some practical joke. It was hard to believe that he could have made a secret of any thing; but it was no business of mine, so I attended to my tasks, and enjoyed my life as best I could. I have already intimated that it was with difficulty I obtained a place with the Master at all: my services were really not needed, and the rooms in which the journeymen and apprentices slept were all occupied, so that a little room was given me in the main building, next to Felix's. Many a leisure hour, morning and evening, Felix and I spent together, laughing, talking, and concocting plans for some fresh mischief, some new prank. Such meetings always took place in my room, for there was little space in Felix's room, which was always in a state of wretched confusion and shameful disorder. This was a pity, for the room was pleasant enough: the morning sun greeted it with its earliest rays, and from the window could be seen the garden of a grand house on another street, which garden was filled with large, handsome trees, and beautiful flowers of native and foreign growth. I could have looked at all these splendid things by the hour, but Felix did not seem to care about them at all; indeed, he did not even appear to relish my looking at them. "The neighbors over there are very haughty people," he said on one occasion, in an unusual, cross tone, "and have complained to goodness knows whom about this window. It did not do them any good, to be sure; still these people are among our best customers, and we want to avoid giving them offense." And Gotthard told me that for some time past the widowed Lady Beatrice had lived there; she lived in grand style, he said, and lavished large sums on jewelry and silver: that was all he knew of her and her doings.

I have already told what a frightful state Felix's room was in: of ornaments and knickknacks there was nothing to be seen there, so I was all the more surprised to find constantly, on a small table by the window, an antique goblet of magnificent cut-glass, holding a bunch

of dark-red pinks, which filled the room with their delicious odor. I had noticed these the first time I ever set foot into his room early in the month of June, when these flowers are rare, except where they are forced in hot-houses; I found them through the month of July, when they blossom everywhere, and they were there late in August, when they are hardly to be seen any more. They were always fresh, and always of the kind which blossom only here in my garden; till then I had never seen this color—a deep, glowing crimson, to be compared only to the heart's-blood; and this I had said to Felix when I first saw them. He smiled gayly, nodded his head, and said:

"You are right, Hans; they are like the heart's-blood, and just as dear to me. I know of nothing better than this flower—this color—this fragrance."

And he looked at them with a look so loving that I was surprised to find it in his eyes, and he bent down over the flowers so low—so low that I thought he must kiss them. At another time I asked where he got the flowers, and how he kept them always fresh; and he said that a gardener, living not far from town—a friend of his—always kept them for him, and he brought them from there, in his morning walk. Though he spoke all this in his usual half-careless, half-pleasant manner, I thought my questions annoyed him, so I asked no more; nor should I have asked at all, had I not been so inordinately fond of flowers myself. Perhaps I should never have heeded these again, but for an occurrence, one morning, that seemed to throw a new light on some things, and made me feel uncomfortable enough. I had been sent up-stairs for something in my room, and was told to step also into Felix's, and bring from there a design he had made of a very elegant goblet, ordered by the Lady Beatrice. As I stepped into his room, and looked about for the drawing, by the merest accident I came closer to the window, and, looking up, saw at the window of the grand house across the garden, a tall, dark-dressed female figure, leaning far out, and holding to her face a bunch of flowers. It was not very near to me, but my eyes are of the sharpest, and I could see distinctly that she was looking at Felix's window—perhaps at me, where I stood half concealed by the shadow of the curtain; and the flowers in her hand were of the same kind standing there in the glass by the window. What other flower could show the same deep, flaming red? With a chilly sensation, I drew back, feeling as though I had seen something that was very sad, and very wrong; and I must have shown this in my face, when I re-entered the shop, for Felix said:

"God keep us, Hans—have you seen a ghost?"

I shook my head, and laughed; but some time after, when I was again in his room, I said, casually, that those pinks were not so rare after all, for I had seen a cluster of them in the hands of a woman belonging to yonder house. After hastily glancing up at me, when I first began speaking, he stooped over his drawing again, saying, carelessly: "I *thought* you had seen a ghost, or had had a vision; leastwise *I* have never seen any thing like that, over there. Besides, my gardener gives no one of my pinks."

He got up directly after, pushed back his drawing, and left the room with me; and though he kept his room locked after this, I had another startling encounter a few days later. With a half-finished piece of work, Master Wehringer sent me to the Lady Beatrice, as he had no time himself to go, and Felix was not at home. I was taken to her cabinet, and directly she stepped in from the next apartment: a slender, proud figure, in black dress, with strangely beautiful

face, and large, dark eyes. She walked lightly and swiftly, as we approach a dear friend, who has just come to surprise us; but when she saw me, she stopped abruptly, and regarded me with a haughty, searching look. Her voice was cold and proud when she asked me, "What do you want—who are you—why does not the Master come himself?" And though her voice grew milder during our consultation on the piece of jewelry I was carrying, it was far from pleasant, and I left her at the earliest possible moment. Just as I turned to close the door of the room behind me, I saw, on a little table by the window, a magnificent, antique goblet of cut-glass, and in it a bouquet of blood-red pinks! Then, again, on a Sunday morning, I saw the Lady Beatrice going to mass, and in her hand was the breviary and a cluster of dark-red pinks. By the door of the Catholic church stood Felix, the Protestant, and he, too, had a pink fastened in his button-hole. As the Lady passed close by him, her eyes met his with a deep, meaning look, and a flower fell from her hand, which Felix picked from the ground. When I met him, a little later, there were two pinks in his button-hole, and his face was radiant as the sky on a clear, spring day.

That is all. And though I did not comprehend it all at that time, I could well understand that two such beings should be fond of each other; for handsomer people than these two, could not be found anywhere. Fides, however, would have lost nothing by a comparison with the Lady, for there was affection in her eye, and gentleness and truth spoke from every feature of her face; while the eye and bearing of Lady Beatrice spoke of pride and self-consciousness, in spite of all her grace and beauty. Her affability was condescension; and for such people I have all proper respect, but no love. But lovely as blue-eyed Fides was, Felix took no more interest in her than a brother might have done; and a stranger, coming into the family, would never have thought that the two were soon to be husband and wife. Even Master Wehringer was one night betrayed into saying, "I should like to know from whom Felix has inherited his fish-blood."

But that could not alter matters, and the person most concerned, Fides, went her way quietly, apparently unconscious that things were not as they should be; although I thought, after a time, that her eye was less bright than it used to be, and her cheek less round. That she had ever been a romping, laughing girl, as Gotthard described her to have been in former days, I could hardly believe; though she never hesitated to enter into joke and laughter even now. Felix, as I said before, took no notice of her; but the old Master had either made good use of his own eyes, or else been roused up by some one to take notice of the true state of affairs. He was naturally gifted with good sense and keen eyes, and after a day or two he was master of the situation, and grasped the lines with firm hand. He spoke sharper and shorter than ever, his looks darted from one to the other, and one morning, as I passed through the house, on my way up-stairs, I heard Fides' trembling voice, and the anxious, frightened words:

"For the love of heaven, father—you must not do so. What if he has no heart for me—"

"Nonsense—heart!" I could hear the Master's growling voice; "honesty and decency"—but that was all I heard, for I am not given to listening, and hurried by the door as quickly as possible. What was going on was easily to be guessed; and I knew what it meant when the Master called Felix out of the shop, soon after. Felix seemed to have some curiosity to know what his father wanted; but I had none at all. All remained

quiet; and the old Master returned after awhile, but not Felix. Nor did he make his appearance at the dinner-table, though Fides was in her usual place, pale and still, and her eyes red from crying. After dinner, I went back into the shop: I was at work on a piece of jewelry in which I took great interest, and would always hurry away from my meals to get back to my work. Pretty soon Felix came in, looked about him, and said, softly: "Hans, I believe you to be my true friend. Father is sending me to Amsterdam, to buy up gems, and"—he laughed bitterly—"to come to my senses during the three weeks. It came so suddenly that I could make no preparations, and in an hour I must leave. Then I want you to go to my room, and draw in whatever you see hanging from my window; close the window, and let no one see what you are doing. Will you promise?" "I will do it," said I, though I thought it rather a ticklish affair.

"And then"—he continued, as a bright color shot over his pale face, and he hesitated often as he spoke—"and then, when that jewelry for Lady Beatrice is finished, do you try and carry it to her yourself, and let her know that I am gone, and for how long. It will be easy for you to tell her that—she will be sure to ask for me, as I always carry the work there myself. You see, there is some one in that house of whom I think a great deal; I can send no message, but through the Lady it will be made known. Be faithful." He closed abruptly, as steps approached. "Adieu"—and he was gone. When I had heard him ride away, I went up-stairs, drew in his old tramping-dress and knapsack from the window, and closed it; but the rest of his charge I could not carry into effect, for old Gotthard carried the jewelry to Lady Beatrice, when it was finished. I had a suspicion that the old Master might not trust me, and my suspicion was soon confirmed; for he called me to him in the garden, one day, and commenced catechising me.

"You have always been treated well, and I have always been satisfied with you; but I am master in my own house, and want to know every thing that goes on, when it concerns the welfare of those belonging to me. You know of Felix's stubborn behavior. There must be a reason for it, and I want you to tell me of it, for you have always been his bosom-friend, and I want to know these things for his own good."

He spoke seriously and earnestly, and I thought it was not wrong to tell him of the pinks, of the woman at the window, and of the meeting at the church-door; but of Felix's last charge I told him nothing—it would have seemed like treachery. The Master listened with a wrinkled brow. "Very well; I had thought as much myself, and told him of it, too."

Time passed on: I heard no more, and Felix at last came home again. Either the journey and the satisfactory business-results had brightened him up, or his good sense and good genius had returned to him; for he exhibited such energy and such perseverance as he had never shown before, and his affections seemed suddenly all led back to Fides. From the first day he turned to Fides as never before, and if there was not much of devotion to be found in his attentions to her, there was all the more gayety, and archness, and gallantry in his manner; and he soon commenced saying that in a year from now he would already be an old, married man.

No word was ever breathed of the past: the goblet was gone from the window, the curtains drawn down and never moved back—and pinks were no longer in blossom. We might all have had our curiosity to know how it had come about; but we were glad that there were once more peace and happiness in the house.

One day, toward the close of February, we were all in the shop, and Felix was talking to this one and that, whistling to the birds at the window out in the garden, and speaking of the snowdrops already peeping out from under the snow. Spring was coming early this year, he said; and he sang snatches of song in sheer joyousness, and flung a merry couplet at Fides, who had put her head in at the door for a moment. The shop was light and bright with his presence, and we had all fallen into his humor — only the old Master was absent.

Pretty soon the door was opened, and a smart little lady's-maid, in flounces and curls, stepped trippingly in. She had been sent to Master Wehringer with a greeting from the Honorable Alderman Rothenstein, to inquire if the work for her master was finished: he wanted it sent home.

"Are you Master Wehringer?" she asked of Felix, archly.

"No, my child," he returned, pleasantly; "but I know enough of my father's business to tell you that we have no work on hand for the Honorable Alderman Rothenstein."

"Why," she exclaimed, apparently quite flurried, and stepping close up to Felix, "is not this Master Wehringer's shop?"

"There is another Master Wehringer, by the market," replied Felix; "but he is a cabinet-maker."

"I was told nothing of his trade," she laughed; "so that must be the man." And away she tripped.

I could not follow her with my eyes as the others did: my eyes were fixed on a blood-red pink that lay where she had been standing, close behind Felix. A cold shudder ran through me, and I could with difficulty steady my voice sufficiently to say:

"Turn around, Felix: see what is lying behind you."

He half turned in his seat, and I shall never forget how his face changed at sight of the flower. That a living being could look so deathly pale, so like a whitewashed wall, I had never before believed, and have never since seen; but he darted a quick look at me, and hid the flower in his bosom. It was the work of a single moment; the others saw nothing of it, and Felix went out soon after, muttering something like an excuse for going. But he did not come back, and when the Master came home and called for him, he was not to be found; night came, and he did not return; morning came, and he had not returned. Day after day passed, weeks went and weeks came, but Felix came not, and no one knew whither he had gone.

I had told the Master about the flower the very next day; but all the inquiries set on foot only made things look darker. The Rothenstein family had no such girl in their employ as the one described to them, and though Gotthard and I hunted through churches, fairs, and dancing-houses, not a trace of her could we find. The Lady Beatrice had gone to one of her domains in Franconia early in January, we learned; but when Master Wehringer sent a trusty person there to reconnoitre, no signs of Felix's presence could be discovered there. It was a sad, sad time. Neither the Master nor old Gotthard ever spoke a word, and Fides was passing away like the days — it was easy to tell when the end would come.

In June, the Master died suddenly, old Gotthard closed the shop, and I wandered away in search of work nearer my native town. Toward the close of August, I left Stuttgart, and traveled in slow day's marches, knapsack on shoulder, toward Esslingen. I had not hasted myself in passing through the lovely country, so that the sun was just throwing its last rays on the gilded tips of the

church-steeples as I crossed the bridge over the moat surrounding the city. Out of the city-gate there was a man coming toward me, and I dropped my stick when I saw him, and called out:

"Lord of my life, Felix!"

"Who calls me?" he said, stopping short and looking at me. "What— Hans Hanber!"

His eyes grew milder, and his voice pleasanter, but I could see through it all that his face was pale and his features wasted, as though from reckless living, and he had grown years older during the few months I had not seen him.

"Where are you coming from?" he asked, and his voice was so cold again that I grew angry with him as I thought of all the pain and anxiety he had so ruthlessly inflicted on those he had deserted, and I answered just as coldly, "From Stuttgart." "And why did you leave our place?" he asked again.

"The Master was dead—the son gone; so Gotthard closed the shop till better times." "He did well," he said, gloomily. "And Fides?" "Dead, too, by this time; at least, there was not much life left."

He looked at me silently awhile, then turned away and said:

"Let us go home, Hans; I live near here." "That's no business of mine," I replied, harshly; "let me go my own way—I can find it without assistance from you."

"Don't be stubborn with me," he persisted, grasping my arm; "surely you are not one of those who judge and condemn from appearances only. Or do you think I left father and betrothed, home and reputation, of my own free will and pleasure?"

Something in his voice and face touched me, and I turned to follow him into the city-gate and into a house, where he took me to a pleasant-looking room upstairs. On the window-sill stood a flower-pot, and in it grew a bush of pinks, bearing some ten or twelve beautiful, dark-red flowers.

"Take your ease here," he said; "we can get wine and something to eat from the restaurant down stairs." Then he stepped to the window, and spoke nothing more till I said something about finding a place to stay for the night. "Nonsense!" he said, peremptorily; "you stay here." So I stayed.

At last, when we were seated at the table, the wine before us, he wanted me to tell him about home; and when I spoke of his father's grief for him, and his sudden death, he cast his eyes to the ground, but not before I had caught sight of a tear gathering there. Speaking of Fides, and of all the sorrow he had caused, my voice had grown harsh again, and I made no secret of my hard thoughts about him. He only looked at me, stepped up to the bush of pinks in the window, and said, gloomily, "Past is past: may they rest in peace." "After you have stolen all peace from them," said I, "the wish is cheap."

He turned slowly from the window and sat down opposite to me; then he spoke, with an absent, meditating air:

"You speak of things just as you understand them. But I do not blame you; I would judge just so of another, or should have done so, formerly. I can speak freely now—there is no occasion for secrecy any longer.

"I can not account for it, but from my earliest childhood I have always had a singular passion for the dark-red pinks. Only for this flower, just for this color; and as long as I can think back, I have always had them about me, and have never felt so happy as when inhaling their fragrance. I have never met with any thing similar in other people, and have always kept this passion hidden for fear of ridicule. You know I am neither a fantast nor a dreamer, but I never could conquer this feeling. Two years

ago my father first sent me to the Baroness Beatrice with an article of jewelry we were making for her; and the first thing I noticed in her room was the fragrance of pinks; and the first thing I saw, after a look at the Lady, was a goblet holding a bouquet of pinks—the same dark-red ones I had at home. Was not that strange? She could not know any thing about me or my pinks, for she had only lived in the city then a week or two; so you may think that I was surprised. She must have seen the start I gave, for she asked, 'Well, what is the matter?' 'The pinks there,' I said, confusedly, 'are just as though they came from my room. I hardly ever see them in other places, and it is the only flower I have ever loved—just this color—always, from my earliest youth.' 'Ah!' she made answer, smilingly, 'that is very strange, for with me it is just so. Well, my friend, I suppose it means that we are suited to each other, since our feelings are the same. I am glad of that, and hope we shall always be pleased with each other.'

"From that time Fides lost her place in my heart—Beatrice left no room in it for any other being; and I have loved her, friend, above all measure—above all there is on earth or in heaven. And she—yes, she loved me, though you would hardly believe how little she gave in return for my devotion: my lips have never touched hers—seldom her fingers; a kind word, a cheering smile, sometimes a pressure of the hand, was all my heart existed on, and I had not even the certainty that it would ever be otherwise. My love and constancy could be of no avail to her; still, she did not want to let me free, but would seek to bind me closer by all sorts of fantastical threats and warnings. She said to me: 'Be faithful to the end, and your life shall be made full, and rich, and happy; I will be yours before the world, as my heart belongs to you already. But do not try to sever the bond that binds you to me: it would be your death. For in that same hour I will send you a monition of to-day—a blood-red pink—a token that our heart's-blood flows together: when you find it, hasten to me, that we may become one. Should you tarry or resist, we die of each other; and when you receive *three* flowers from me, it is the sign of your death, and I will call you away at this hour'—and she pointed to the clock, which struck eleven. 'That, my friend, will be my dying hour.'

"You know," he continued, in a little while, "that my father learned of my disinclination to marry Fides; what he said in regard to that, left me untouched; but he said something about Beatrice that struck me to the heart. I had believed her to be the purest of the pure: I was to see her in a different light; for though I would not believe what my father said, I found proof of the accusation he had made while on my way to Amsterdam, and only to me had Lady Beatrice kept on the mask. That was enough; and I thought I had done with her.

"When I entered the office of our business associate in Amsterdam, there was lying on the desk beside him a dark-red pink. It was soon explained that the flower came from his own hot-house, for his gardener delighted to bring flowers to blossom in all seasons; nevertheless, a shock went through me, when he laughingly fastened the flower in my button-hole. Had I not just broken Lady Beatrice's shackles? And here was her warning. But what I had learned had broken every tie—no path could lead me back to her. So, I returned home, and tried with all my might to banish her from my life and thoughts; but it was not possible. Toward the close of January she went away; and from that time—it was useless to struggle longer—my thoughts *would* go out

to her, and follow her, do what I might. I no longer loved her—I hated her; but I wanted to cast her from my heart altogether—she should have no place there beside Fides. When she sent me that flower to my father's shop, I knew that I was not yet free from her in spirit; so I fled from home, from all I loved, to find a hiding-place, where I could live out my doomed life without drawing others to destruction with me. I have been here and there since then, and everywhere, trying to forget and to hide myself. I have heard nothing from her; but she"—he shook his head—"she knows of me. When I had lived here about a week, I came home one evening and found that pink-bush, with just *one* dark-red pink blossoming on it, in the window. My landlady, a most estimable woman, told me the next morning how she had bought the pink-bush for me, knowing of my love for these flowers. But *how* did she know it, Hans? I had never told her of it; and it is very queer that this particular kind of flower should be brought, and offered for sale, to the woman in this house. Be it as it may—I am waiting for Beatrice's last summons now; and it will be welcome, for I am tired of life."

For my part, I did not know whether to laugh, to cry, or to be angry. Most of all, I wanted to cry over the man whose life, and youth, and strength, were going to ruin because of a phantom. I went from him no more; but found a place in the same shop, and tried to guard him as much as possible; but he was morose and stubborn, drank and played, and led a reckless life.

It was September; the pink in the window bore no more blossoms, and Felix, looking gloomily at it one day, said, half sadly, "The end has come, Hans; flowers and life—both gone." "Do you feel sick?" I asked, looking into his pale face. "No," he answered, curtly. "Let us go and get some wine."

Early the next Sunday morning he called me out of bed, to take a stroll with him to a little village in the hills, called Rothenberg, on the heights above which are the ruins of the ancestral castle of Wurtemberg. It was a bright autumnal day; the sun seemed to smile gladness into our hearts, and we walked briskly along, till we reached the walls of the first vineyard on the hill-side. Suddenly we both started back. There, on the stony road before us, lay a dark-red pink. Felix looked at me, and picked up the flower. "Who can have lost it?" I asked. Felix made no answer; but after we had walked perhaps twenty steps farther, there lay another flower on the road, and then another.

"That makes it right," said he, picking up the last one; "the sign is good. I have never found any thing more beautiful; nothing has ever been dearer to me than these flowers."

We went no farther; but turned and went home. Then he spoke to me freely about what I was to do after his death; and the physician I called could not help him, and he never left his bed the next morning.

"She calls me," he said; and when the clock struck eleven he died.

I planted the pinks from his window on his grave, and then left the town. Of the Lady Beatrice I never heard again. What is she to me? But in memory of Felix I nourish and cherish three dark-red pinks to this day.

"CICELY."

[ALKALI STATION.]

Cicely says you're a poet; may be; I ain't much on rhyme:
I reckon you'd give me a hundred, and beat me every time.
Poetry! — that's the way some chaps puts up an idee,
But I takes mine "straight without sugar," and that's what's the matter with me.

Poetry! — just look round you — alkali, rock, and sage;
Sage-brush, rock, and alkali; ain't it a pretty page!
Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west at night,
And the shadow of this yer station the on'y thing moves in sight.

Poetry! — Well now —— Polly! Polly, run to your mam;
Run right away, my pooty! By-by! Ain't she a lamb?
Poetry! — that reminds me o' suthin' right in that suit:
Jest shet that door thar, will yer, for Cicely's ears is cute.

Ye noticed Polly — the baby? A month afore she was born,
Cicely — my old woman — was moody-like and forlorn;
Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and trees;
Family man, yourself, sir? Well, you know what a woman be's.

Narvous she was, and restless — said that she "couldn't stay."
Stay — and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.
But I fixed it up with the Doctor, and he said he would be on hand,
And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and fenced in that bit o' land.

One night — the tenth of October — I woke with a chill and fright,
For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warn't in sight,
But a note was pinned on the blanket, which it said that she "couldn't stay,"
But had gone to visit her neighbor — seventeen miles away!

When and how she stampeded, I didn't wait for to see,
For out in the road, next minit, I started as wild as she;
Running first this way and that way, like a hound that is off the scent.
For there warn't no track in the darkness to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this spot —
Lost on the Plains in '50, drownded almost, and shot;
But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a crazy wife,
Was ra'ly as on-satis-factory as any thing in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called, and I held my breath,
And "Cicely!" came from the canyon — and all was as still as death.
And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below,
And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from them peaks of snow.

I ain't what you call religious—but I jest looked up to the sky—
And—this yer's to what I'm coming, and may be ye think I lie:
But up away to the east'ard, yaller and big and far,
I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind of star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to beckon to me:
Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see:
Big and yaller and dancing—I never saw such a star,
And I thought of them sharps in the Bible, and I went for it then and thar.

Over the brush and bowlders, I stumbled and pushed ahead:
Keeping the star afore me, I went wharever it led.
It might hev been for an hour, when suddent and peart and nigh,
Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's cry.

Listen! thar's the same music; but her lungs they are stronger now
Than the day I packed her and her mother—I'm derned if I jest know how.
But the Doctor kem the next minit, and the joke o' the whole thing is
That Cis never knew what happened from that very night to this!

But Cicely says you're a poet, and may be you might, some day,
Jest sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born in a curious way.
And see what she says; and, old fellow, when you speak of the star, don't tell
As how 'twas the Doctor's lantern—for may be 'twon't sound so well.

THE FALLS OF THE SHOSHONE.

THE Snake, or Lewis' Fork of the Columbia River, drains an oval basin, the extent of whose longer axis measures about four hundred miles westward from the base of the Rocky Mountains across Idaho and into the middle of Oregon, and whose breadth, in the direction of the meridian, averages about seventy miles. Irregular chains of mountains bound it in every direction, piling up in a few places to an elevation of nine thousand feet. The surface of this basin is unbroken by any considerable mountains. Here and there, knobs, belonging to the earlier geological formations, rise above its level; and, in a few instances, dome-like mounds of volcanic rock are lifted from the expanse. It has an inclination from east to west, and a quite perceptible sag along the middle line. In general outline, the geology of the region is simple. Its bounding ranges were chiefly blocked out at the period of Jurassic upheaval, when the Sierra Nevada and Wahsatch Mountains were "folded." Masses of upheaved granite, with overlying slates and limestones, form the main materials of the cordon of hills surrounding it. During the Cretaceous and Tertiary periods, the entire basin, from the Rocky Mountains to the Blue Mountains of Oregon, was a fresh-water lake, on whose bottom was deposited a curious succession of sand and clay-beds, including, near the surface, a layer of white, infusorial silica. At the exposures of these rocks in the *cañon*-walls of the present drainage system are found ample evidences of the kind of life which flourished in the lake itself and lived upon its borders. Savage fishes, of the Garpike type, and vast

numbers of Cyprinoids, together with Mollusks, are among the prominent water-fossils. Enough relics of the land vegetation remain to indicate a flora of a sub-tropical climate; and among the land-fossils are numerous bones of elephant, camel, horse, elk, and deer.

The *savant* to whose tender mercies these *disjecta membra* have been committed finds in the molluscan life the most recent types yet discovered in the American Tertiaries — forms closely allied to existing Asiatic species. How and wherefore this lake dried up, and gave place to the present barren wilderness of sand and sage, is one of those profound conundrums of Nature yet unguessed by Geologists. From being a wide and beautiful expanse of water, edged by winding mountain shores, with forest-clad slopes containing a fauna whose remains are now charming those light-minded fellows, the Paleontologists, the scene has entirely changed, and a monotonous, blank desert spreads itself, as far as the eye can reach. Only here and there, near the snowy mountain-tops, a bit of cool green contrasts refreshingly with the sterile uniformity of the plain. During the period of desiccation, perhaps in a measure accounting for it, a general flood of lava poured down from the mountains and deluged nearly the whole Snake basin. The chief sources of this lava lay at the eastern edge, where subsequent erosion has failed to level several commanding groups of volcanic mountains. The three Buttes and three Tetons mark centres of flow. Remarkable features of the volcanic period were the sheets of basaltic lava which closed the eruptive era, and in thin, continuous layers overspread the plain for three hundred miles. The earlier flows extended farthest to the west. The ragged, broken terminations of the later sheets recede successively eastward, in a broad, gradual stairway; so that the present topography of the basin is a gently inclined field of basaltic lava, sinking to the west, and finally, by a series of terraced steps, descending to the level of lacustrine sand-rocks which mark the bottom of the ancient lake and cover the plain westward into Oregon.

The head-waters of the Snake River, gathering the snow-drainage of a considerable portion of the Rocky Mountains, find their way through a series of upland valleys to the eastern margin of the Snake Plain, and there gathering in one main stream, flow westward, occupying a gradually deepening *cañon;* a narrow, dark gorge, water-worn through the thin sheets of basalt, cutting down as it proceeds to the westward, until, in longitude 114° 20′, it has worn seven hundred feet into the lava. Several tributaries flowing through similar, though less profound *cañons*, join the Snake from the north and south. From the days of Lewis, for whom this Snake, or Shoshone, River was originally named, up to the present day, rumors have been current of cataracts in the Snake Cañon. It is curious to observe that all the earlier accounts estimate their height as six hundred feet, which is exactly the figure given by the first Jesuit observers of Niagara. That erratic amateur Indian, Catlin, actually visited these falls; and his account of them, while it entirely fails to give an adequate idea of their formation and grandeur, is nevertheless in the main truthful. Since the mining development of Idaho, several parties have visited and examined the Shoshone.

In October, 1868, with a small detachment of a United States Geological Survey, the writer crossed the Goose Creek Mountains, in northern Utah, and descended by the old Fort Boise road to the level of the Snake Plain. A gray, opaque haze hung close to the ground, and shut out the distance. The monotony of the sage-desert was overpowering. We would have given any thing for

a good outlook; but for three days the mists continued, and we were forced to amuse ourselves by chasing occasional antelopes.

The evening we camped on Rock Creek was signalized by a fierce wind from the north-east. It was a dry storm, which continued with tremendous fury through the night, dying away at day-break, leaving the heavens brilliantly clear. We were breakfasting when the sun rose, and shortly afterward, mounting into the saddle, headed toward the *cañon* of the Shoshone. The air was cold and clear. The remotest mountain-peaks upon the horizon could be distinctly seen, and the forlorn details of their brown slopes stared at us as through a vacuum. A few miles in front the smooth surface of the plain was broken by a ragged, zigzag line of black, which marked the edge of the farther wall of the Snake Cañon. A dull, throbbing sound greeted us. Its pulsations were deep, and seemed to proceed from the ground beneath our feet. Leaving the cavalry to bring up the wagon, my two friends and I galloped on, and were quickly upon the edge of the *cañon*-wall. We looked down into a broad, circular excavation, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and nearly seven hundred feet deep. East and north, over the edges of the *cañon*, we looked across miles and miles of the Snake Plain, far on to the blue, boundary mountains. The wall of the gorge opposite us, like the cliff at our feet, sank in perpendicular bluffs nearly to the level of the river; the broad excavation being covered by rough piles of black lava, and rounded domes of trachyte rock. A horizon as level as the sea; a circling wall, whose sharp edges were here and there battlemented in huge, fortress-like masses; a broad river, smooth and unruffled, flowing quietly into the middle of the scene, and then plunging into a labyrinth of rocks, tumbling over a precipice two hundred feet high, and flowing westward in a still, deep current, disappear behind a black promontory. It is a strange, savage scene: a monotony of pale-blue sky, olive and gray stretches of desert, frowning walls of jetty lava, deep beryl-green of river-stretches, reflecting, here and there, the intense solemnity of the cliffs, and in the centre a dazzling sheet of foam. In the early morning light, the shadows of the cliffs were cast over half the basin, defining themselves in sharp outline here and there upon the river. Upon the foam of the cataract one point of the rock cast a cobalt-blue shadow. Where the river flowed around the western promontory, it was wholly in shadow, and of a deep sea-green. A scanty growth of coniferous trees fringed the brink of the lower cliffs, overhanging the river. Dead barrenness is the whole sentiment of the scene. The mere suggestion of trees clinging here and there along the walls, serves rather to heighten than relieve the forbidding gloom of the place. Nor does the flashing whiteness, where the river tears itself among the rocky islands, or rolls in spray down the cliff, brighten the aspect. In contrast with its brilliancy, the rocks seem darker and more wild. The descent of four hundred feet, from our stand-point to the level of the river above the falls, has to be made by a narrow, winding path, among rough ledges of lava. We were obliged to leave our wagon at the summit, and pack down the camp equipment and photographic apparatus upon carefully led mules. By midday, we were comfortably camped on the margin of the left bank, just above the brink of the falls. My tent was pitched upon the edge of a cliff, directly overhanging the rapids. From my door I looked over the edge of the falls, and, whenever the veil of mist was blown aside, I could see for a mile down the river. The lower half of the *cañon* is excavated in a gray, porphyritic trachyte. It is over

this material that the Snake falls. Above the brink, the whole breadth of the river is broken by a dozen small, trachyte islands, which the water has carved into fantastic forms: rounding some into low domes, sharpening others into mere pillars, and now and then wearing out deep caves. At the very brink of the fall a few twisted evergreens cling with their roots to the rock, and lean over the abyss of foam with something of that air of fatal fascination which is apt to take possession of men.

In plan the fall recurves up-stream in a deep horseshoe, resembling the outline of Niagara. The total breadth is about seven hundred feet, and the greatest height of a single fall about one hundred and ninety. Among the islands above the brink are several beautiful cascades, where portions of the river pour over in lace-like forms. The whole mass of the fall is one ever-varying sheet of spray. In the early spring, when swollen by the rapidly melted snows, the river pours over with something like the grand volume of Niagara, but, at the time of my visit, it was wholly white foam. Here and there, along the brink, the underlying rock shows through, and among the islands, shallow, green pools show the form of the underlying trachyte. Numberless rough shelves break the fall, but the volume is so great that they are only discovered by the glancing outward of the foam. The river below the falls is very deep. The right bank sinks into the water in a clear, sharp precipice, but on the left side a narrow, pebbly beach extends along the foot of the cliff. From the top of the wall, at a point a quarter of a mile below the falls, a stream has gradually worn a little stairway down to the river: thick growths of evergreens have huddled together in this ravine. By careful climbing, we descended to the level of the river. The trachytes are very curiously worn in vertical forms. Here and there an obelisk, either wholly or half detached from the *cañon*-wall, stands out like a buttress. Looking down the river, these projecting masses of trachyte stand like a row of columns upon the left bank. Above them, a solid capping of black lava reaches out to the edge, and overhangs the river in abrupt, black precipices. Wherever large fields of basalt have overflowed an earlier rock, and erosion has afterward laid it bare, there is found a strong tendency to fracture in vertical lines. The immense expansion of the upper surface from heat seems to cause deep fissures in the mass. Under the influence of the cool shadow of the cliffs and the pines, and constant percolating of surface-waters, a rare fertility is developed in the ravines opening upon the shore of the *cañon*. A luxuriance of ferns and mosses, an almost tropical wealth of green leaves and velvety carpeting, line the banks. There are no rocks at the base of the fall. The sheet of foam plunges almost vertically into a dark, beryl-green, lake-like expanse of the river. Immense volumes of foam roll up from the cataract-base, and, whirling about in the eddying winds, rise often a thousand feet into the air. When the wind blows down the *cañon*, a gray mist obscures the river for half a mile; and when, as is usually the case in the afternoon, the breezes blow eastward, the foam-cloud curls over the brink of the fall, and hangs like a veil over the upper river. On what conditions depends the height to which the foam-cloud rises from the base of the fall, it is apparently impossible to determine. Without the slightest wind, the cloud of spray often rises several hundred feet above the *cañon*-wall, and again, with apparently the same conditions of the river and atmosphere, it hardly reaches the brink of the fall. The incessant roar, reinforced by a thousand echoes, fills the *cañon*. From out this monotone, from

time to time, rise strange, wild sounds, and now and then may be heard a slow, measured beat, not unlike the recurring fall of breakers. From the white front of the cataract the eye constantly wanders up to the black, frowning parapet of lava. Angular bastions rise sharply from the general level of the wall, and here and there isolated blocks, profiling upon their sky-line, strikingly recall barbette batteries. To goad one's imagination up to the point of perpetually seeing resemblances of every thing else in the forms of rocks, is the most vulgar vice of travelers. To refuse to see the architectural suggestions upon the Snake Cañon, however, is to administer a snub to one's fancy. The whole edge of the *cañon* is deeply cleft in vertical *crevasses*. The actual edge is usually formed of irregular blocks and prisms of lava, poised upon their ends in an unstable equilibrium, ready to be tumbled over at the first leverage of the frost. Hardly an hour passes without the sudden boom of one of those rock-masses falling upon the ragged *débris* piled below.

Night is the true time to appreciate the full force of the scene. I lay and watched it by the hour. The broken rim of the basin profiled itself upon a mass of drifting clouds where torn openings revealed gleams of pale moonlight and bits of remote sky trembling with misty stars. Intervals of light and blank darkness hurriedly followed each other. For a moment the black gorge would be crowded with forms. Tall cliffs, ramparts of lava, the rugged outlines of islands huddled together on the cataract's brink, faintly luminous from breaking over black rapids, the swift, white leap of the river, and a ghostly, formless mist through which the *cañon*-walls and far reach of the lower river were veiled and unveiled again and again. A moment of this strange picture, and then a rush of black shadow, when nothing could be seen but the breaks in the clouds, the rim of the basin, and a vague, white centre in the general darkness.

After sleeping on the nightmareish brink of the falls, it was no small satisfaction to climb out of the Dantean gulf and find myself once more upon a pleasantly prosaic foreground of sage. Nothing more effectually banishes the melotragic state of the mind than the obtrusive ugliness and abominable smell of this plant. From my feet a hundred miles of it stretched eastward. A half-hour's walk took me out of sight of the *cañon*, and as the wind blew westward, only occasional indistinct pulsations of the fall could be heard. The sky was bright and cloudless, and arched like a cheerful vacuum over the meaningless disk of the desert.

I walked for an hour, following an old Indian trail which occasionally approached within seeing distance of the river, and then, apparently quite satisfied, diverged again into the desert. When about four miles from the Shoshone, it bent abruptly to the north, and led to the edge of the *cañon*. Here again the narrow gorge widened into a broad theatre, surrounded as before by black, vertical walls, and crowded over its whole surface by rude piles and ridges of volcanic rock. The river entered it from the east through a magnificent gateway of basalt, and, having reached the middle, flows on either side of a low, rocky island, and plunges in two falls into a deep, green basin. A very singular ridge of the basalt projects like an arm almost across the river, inclosing within its semicircle a bowl three hundred feet in diameter and two hundred feet deep. Within this the water was of the same peculiar beryl-green, dappled here and there by masses of foam which swim around and around with a spiral tendency toward the centre. To the left of the island half the river plunges off an overhanging lip, and falls about 150 feet, the whole volume reaching the surface

of the basin many feet from the wall. The other half of the river has worn away the edge, and descends in a tumbling cascade at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The river at this point has not yet worn through the fields of basaltic lava which form the upper four hundred feet of the plain. Between the two falls it cuts through the remaining beds of basalt, and has eroded its channel a hundred feet into underlying porphyritic trachyte. The trachyte erodes far more easily than the basalt, and its resultant forms are quite unlike those of the black lava. The trachyte islands and walls are excavated here and there in deep caves. The island masses are in the forms of mounds and towers. In general, spherical outlines predominate, while the erosion of the basalt results always in sharp, perpendicular cliffs, with a steeply inclined talus of ragged *débris*.

The cliffs around the upper cataract are inferior to those of the Shoshone. While the level of the upper plain remains nearly the same, the river constantly deepens the channel in its westward course. In returning from the upper fall, I attempted to climb along the very edge of the cliff, in order to study carefully the habits of the basalt, but I found myself in a labyrinth of side *crevasses* which were cut into the plain from a hundred to a thousand feet back from the main wall. These recesses were usually in the form of an amphitheatre, with black walls a couple of hundred feet high, and a bottom filled with immense fragments of basalt rudely piled together.

By dint of hard climbing I reached the actual brink in a few places, and saw the same general features each time: the *cañon* successively widening and narrowing, its walls here and there approaching each other and standing like the pillars of a gateway; the river alternately flowing along smooth, placid reaches of level, and then rushing swiftly down rocky cascades. Here and there along the cliff are disclosed the mouths of black caverns, where the lava seems to have been blown up in the form of a great blister, as if the original flow had poured over some pool of water, and the hot rock, converting it into steam, had been blown up bubble-like by its immense expansion. I continued my excursions along the *cañon* to the west of the Shoshone. About a mile below the fall a very fine promontory juts sharply out from the wall, and projects nearly to the middle of the *cañon*. Climbing with difficulty along its toppling crest, I reached a point which I found composed of immense angular fragments piled up in dangerous poise. Looking eastward, the battlemented rocks around the falls limited the view; but westward I could see down long reaches of river, where islands of trachyte rose above white cascades. A peculiar and fine effect is noticeable upon the river during all the midday. The shadow of the southern cliff is cast down here and there, completely darkening the river, but often defining itself upon the water. The contrast between the rich, gem-like green of the sunlit portions and the deep-violet shadow of the cliff is of extreme beauty. The Snake River, deriving its volume wholly from the melting of the mountain snows, is a direct gauge of the annual advance of the sun. In June and July it is a tremendous torrent, carrying a full half of the Columbia. From the middle of July it constantly shrinks, reaching its minimum in midwinter. At the lowest, it is a river equal to the Sacramento or Connecticut.

After ten days devoted to walking around the neighborhood and studying the falls and rocks, we climbed to our wagon, and rested for a farewell look at the gorge. It was with great relief that we breathed the free air of the plain, and turned from the rocky *cañon* where

darkness, and roar, and perpetual cliffs had bounded our senses, and headed southward, across the noiseless plain. Far ahead rose a lofty, blue barrier, a mountain wall, marbled upon its summit by flecks of perpetual snow. A deep notch in its profile opened a gate-way. Toward this, for leagues ahead of us, a white thread in the gray desert marked the winding of our road. Those sensitively organized creatures, the mules, thrilled with relief at their escape from the *cañon*, pressed forward with a vigor that utterly silenced the customary poppings of the whip, and expurgated the language of the driver from his usual infractions of the Third Commandment.

The three great falls of America—Niagara, Yosemite, and Shoshone—all happily bearing Indian names, are as characteristically different as possible. There seems little left for a cataract to express. Niagara rolls forward with something like the inexorable force of a natural law. It is force, power; banishing before its irresistible rush all ideas of restraint. There is no greater proof of the infinite power of Niagara than to gaze upon its glorious front, and utterly forget that we have just seen Blondin, in spangled tights, cook an *omelette* between heaven and earth, and that we have purchased our solitude by the blood of our purse from the army of beggars who surrounded us in the *rôle* of curators of the Almighty's works. As we stand at the base of those cool walls of granite that rise to the clouds from the green floor of Yosemite, a beautiful park, carpeted with verdure, expands from our feet. Vast and stately pines band with their shadows the sunny reaches of the pure Merced. From the far summit of a wall of pearly granite, over stains of purple and yellow—leaping, as it were, from the very cloud—falls a silvery scarf, light, lace-like, graceful, luminous, swayed by the wind. The repose of the cliffs is undisturbed by the silvery fall. The endlessly varying forms of the wind-tossed spray lend the element of life to what otherwise would be masses of inanimate mountain. The Yosemite is a grace. It is an adornment. It is like a ray of light on the solid front of the precipice. No sheltering pine or mountain distance of uppiled Sierras guards the approach to the Shoshone. You ride upon a waste—the pale earth stretched in desolation. Suddenly you stand upon a brink. As if the earth had yawned, black walls flank the abyss. Deep in the bed a great river fights its way through the labyrinth of blackened ruins, and plunges in foaming whiteness over a cliff of lava. You turn from the brink as from a frightful glimpse of the Inferno, and when you have gone a mile the earth seems to have closed again. Every trace of the *cañon* has vanished, and the stillness of the desert reigns.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Society and Solitude. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Perhaps there is little in this volume that will strike Mr. Emerson's admirers as being new, although there is undoubtedly much that is fine, and nothing that is not characteristic. Yet to most of us who rejoice and believe in him, will recur the suspicion that we entertained long ago, that the wonderful essay on "Compensation" comprised the substance of his philosophy. At least we feel that, given the theories of "Compensation," we can readily forecast what Mr. Emerson would say on any other subject. How he would say it —with what felicity of epithet or illustration—is another matter. "The orator possesses no information which his hearers have not, yet he teaches them to see the thing with his own eyes," is what Mr. Emerson says of the Orator, and is very possibly what the Orator might say of Mr. Emerson. Our disappointment comes perhaps from the tendency of all belief to get into condensed and epigrammatic statement. After a man has told us he is a pessimist or an optimist, he has nothing novel to say. And knowing that Mr. Emerson believes in a kind of Infinite Adjustment, his results no longer astonish us, although we are always entertained with his processes. We come to listen to the pleadings, without caring for the verdict.

Besides the titular essay, this volume contains, "Art," "Domestic Life," "Works and Days," "Eloquence," "Books," "Old Age," and others of less moment—but all characterized by the old aphoristic directness; by the old, familiar completeness of phrase, but incompleteness of sequence, and by the old audacity that would be French but that it is free of levity, and has an Anglo-Saxon dignity and reliance on fact, peculiar to Mr. Emerson's thought. There is perhaps more of the latter quality in "Works and Days" —which we confess to admire beyond the other essays; a quality which is quite American in its practical boldness, and yet calmer, finer, and more subdued by a sense of equity and breadth than is usual to American picturesque statement and prophetic extravagance. Mr. Emerson is one of the few Americans who can talk appreciatively and even picturesquely of such things as "manifest destiny," "progress," and "invention," and yet be willing to admit that the millennium is not to be brought about by "steam" or "electricity."

All this is, perhaps, the more praiseworthy from the fact that he has a tendency to an extravagant appreciation of the power of progress, and is often tempted to utter such absurdity as the following:

> "'Tis wonderful how soon a piano gets into a log-hut on the frontier. You would think they found it under a pine-stump. With it comes a Latin grammar—and one of those tow-headed boys has written a hymn on Sunday. Now let colleges, now let Senates take heed! for here is one who, opening these fine tastes as the basis of the pioneer's iron constitution, will gather all their laurels in his strong hands."

If Mr. Emerson had been an observer instead of a philosopher; if he had ever studied the frontier and not evolved it from his moral consciousness, he would know that the piano appears first in the saloon and gambling-house; that the elegancies and refinements of civilization are brought into barbarism with the first civilized idlers, who are generally vicious; that the proprietor of the "log-hut" and the "tow-headed" boys will be found holding out against pianos and Latin grammars until he is obliged to emigrate. Romance like this would undoubtedly provoke the applause of lyceum-halls in the wild fastnesses of Roxbury (Mass.), or on the savage frontiers of Brooklyn (N. Y.), but a philosopher ought to know that, usually, only civilization begets civilization, and that the pioneer is apt to be always the pioneer. So, too, we think should he, in speaking of

"books," study his subject a little less abstractly than he does when he speaks of the "novel" as a "juggle;" as only "confectionery, not the raising of new corn;" as containing "no new element, no power, no furtherance"—in brief, when he exhibits that complete ignorance of its functions which makes his abuse of it solemnly ludicrous even in its earnestness. It is surely no way to make us in love with Plotinus, Porphyry, Proclus, Synesius, or even the excellent Jamblichus—"of whom the Emperor Julian" spoke so enthusiastically—to allude to the "great poverty of invention" in Dickens and Thackeray, and to sum up their theses in the formula, "She was beautiful, and he fell in love." "The colleges," says Mr. Emerson, "furnish no Professor of Books; and, I think, no chair is so much wanted." If the professor should also be a philosopher—and that is undoubtedly the suggestion of the above—perhaps it is well for literature that there is none. But these are not the functions of the philosopher, who accepts and finds the true office of even those things he can not understand; and we are constrained to find Mr. Emerson's teachings at variance here with his philosophy.

In the essay on "Old Age" we expected more than we have got. Not, indeed, that we did not look for quotations from Cicero—for who has written on this subject without borrowing from *De Senectute*—but that we looked for more from Mr. Emerson, and of a better quality. His twenty pages, we fear, do not compare with the playful wisdom and tender humor with which Oliver Wendell Holmes has in a few paragraphs in the *Autocrat* adorned this theme, and who, if we except Bacon, has said the best that has been said since Cicero wrote.

There is no philosophy that will suit all the occasions of taste, prejudice, and habit. There are some things we all know, or believe we know, better than our advisers. But there remains to Mr. Emerson, we think, the praise of doing more than any other American thinker to voice the best philosophic conclusions of American life and experience. And it would be well for those who affect to regard him as a harmless mystic, to know that no other man, for years, has left such an impress upon the young collegiate mind of America; that his style and thought go far to form the philosophic pothooks of many a Freshman's thesis; that from a secular pulpit he preaches better practical sermons on the conduct of life than is heard from two-thirds of the Christian pulpits of America; and that, what is rare on many a platform and pulpit, he believes what he says.

ROBERT GREATHOUSE. An American novel. By John Franklin Swift. New York: Carleton.

A notable defect in Mr. Swift's otherwise clever *Going to Jericho* was the fact, that at times the author was evidently more influenced by the somewhat commonplace and unpicturesque civilization he had left behind than by the novel and broader life before him. This influence was shown in a kind of local "chaffing" which took place between Mr. Swift in Jericho and the Pacific Club in San Francisco, and which was possibly amusing to about ten thousand of the inhabitants of the United States, and was certainly dull and pointless to the remaining thirty-nine millions nine hundred and ninety thousand. At that time we were anxious to believe that this select and too partial humor was due to the exigencies of "Letters" to a local journal; but when we now find Mr. Swift offering to the world "an American novel," whose interest is avowedly based upon the expectation that the ten thousand above alluded to may recognize certain characters as real, contemporaneous acquaintances whom they met every day and knew by name—and, as it were, enjoy the luxury of scandal without the moral responsibility—we have a right to feel provoked with him. These are not the functions of the novel. A severer criticism would, in less words, abandon Mr. Swift to his self-elected audience; but we have faith that he can, under other conditions, command a larger interest.

The central difficulty is, that while the author has drawn his material from home—and it is even claimed, from studies of his actual acquaintance—he has failed in making a single original character, or one that the average reader would accept as "new" or "striking." It is not enough for a writer to draw what he sees, if he can not present

it in a picturesque light to the reader. Mere accuracy of event or detail is not sufficient to captivate the senses; and Mr. Swift's photographic gallery of California notables is—like most photographic galleries—exceedingly dull, dreary, and uninteresting to a stranger, and its end is achieved when the visitor has asked and been told whose was this or that portrait. We fear that in the case of Mr. Swift's book, it will only be friends of the sitters who will take that trouble. The social satire is quite as provincial as the subject, and is by no means original or distinctive. Snobbery is not peculiar to San Francisco, any more than it is to any other Western city as ambitious, as isolated, and as provincial. Eastern readers will remember to have met the "Plugs," the "Gudgeons," the "Waxeys," the "Spelters," the "Plungers," in those mild satires called "Novels of American Society," which regularly appear, and suggest more or less uneasiness on the subject of Society on the part of young writers. We are in the habit of claiming much for California, but we can hardly yet claim that *the* Novel of American Society is to be written on this coast.

But it must not be supposed that "Society" is entirely the *motif* of *Robert Greathouse*. There are mining-claims and swindlers illustrated, gentlemen who are in the habit of shooting derringers from the pockets of their sack-coats, wild Indians, vigilance committees, and what not. In fact, there is—what would seem to be the tendency of California romance—an excess and overcrowding of sensational incident, to the exclusion of sentiment and poetry. There is too much paint for the canvas, and no blending of color. The more sentimental passages are subdued by sugar and water. When "Henry Stacey" (hero) and "Helen Graham" (heroine) are on a rock in the Pacific Ocean, "Mr. Stacey," it appears,

"could not restrain his thoughts, but unconsciously pointing his arm to the west, repeated the words of Benton, whose eloquence was the eloquence of Cicero, and whose pride was the pride of Coriolanus, 'There is India; there is the East.' Helen heard the words that had involuntarily escaped from the young man in the burst of his admiration at the grandeur of the scene; and seeing that he went no further with his apostrophe, she spoke, and asked of him:

"'Do you love the ocean?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'but especially this one. There is a grandeur in the Pacific that is not found in other seas. It is its vast expanse, coupled with its beauty of character, I think, that make us love the Pacific. The Atlantic is beautiful, but it is the beauty of the Bengal tiger: it is a remorseless, cruel beauty, that says, Come and fondle me and play with me, but beware of my wrath, for I shall tear your flesh and crunch your bones. The Pacific has the beauty of the horse; you may safely take him for your friend: what he is to-day, so he is to-morrow and for all time. You mount upon his back, and he bears you fleetly upon your journey; he is strong enough to bear a man, and a child may guide him. O, give me the grand, the honest Pacific.'"

"Helen," who is evidently very much in love, and does not recognize that the only idea in this speech is borrowed from Dr. O. W. Holmes, compromises, we believe, with the young man's longing for the Pacific Ocean by giving him herself at the end of the volume. We must confess that we prefer the more eccentric speech of the other characters to this Bentonian eloquence; although it is all more or less exaggerated. Perhaps "Mr. Robert Greathouse," murderer, talks better than any, and indeed develops at times an easy, logical discourse which must have been soothing to his victims. The rhetoric attributed to the Washoe Bar, whether based on fact or not, is rather too broadly burlesqued and too protracted to be funny.

Whether *Robert Greathouse* proves that a novel based on California life can not be successfully constructed, or whether it only demonstrates that Mr. Swift has not done it, we will not pretend to say. That story is most successful whose characters have that common humanity which touches the reader in Maine as well as in California. To create such characters a writer must occupy a higher stand-point of observation than Mr. Swift has found convenient to get a focus for his photography.

The Genial Showman. By Edward P. Hingston. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is but a trifle more than three years ago that Charles F. Browne—better known as "Artemus Ward"—died at Southampton, England. He was still a young man; but, for the year previous to his death, probably no other humorist speaking the English language was ever as widely known or as uni-

versally popular. People who had never heard of Thackeray or Dickens, Hood or Holmes, knew "Artemus Ward;" people who were inclined to appraise him at his true value, yet seldom missed reading his papers; he was quoted throughout the land as freely as Dickens; he captivated the reserve of the English people, and died in the arms of *Punch*, the satirical godmother of Dickens, Jerrold, Hood, and Thackeray. This was but three years ago, and yet so faint is his track among the crowding footprints of other humorists like "Nasby" and "Twain"—who have observed his methods, but with often a larger purpose — that the publication of a book purporting to be reminiscences of his life affects us as something gratuitous and impertinent. This would seem to be the text of an instructive sermon on the vanity of popularity; but the reader who takes the trouble to look over Mr. Hingston's volume will find an explanation less misanthropic.

According to Mr. Hingston, Mr. Charles F. Browne was as much of a showman as "Artemus Ward" — was as insincere in his relations to the public, and had the same lack of self-respect which distinguished "Mr. Ward" without "Mr. Ward's" ignorance. We do not entirely agree with Mr. Hingston's estimate of his friend and patron, although Mr. Hingston evidently considers this a part of Mr. Browne's humor, and quite legitimate; but admitting that Mr. Browne, with all his spontaneity of humor, rarely directed it to any higher purpose than that of a showman, we can begin to understand now why so much of the "show" has passed away with the "showman;" why the "wax-figgers" are found to be of perishable material, and why Mr. Charles F. Browne, with all his popularity, has left so little behind him that has intrinsic durability, and so much that is dependent upon the good-will of biographers to perpetuate a "genial" memory. In reading Mr. Hingston's book we lose sight of the secure tenure of the literary reputation, and find our humorist a clever actor, whose triumphs, though great, live only in the recollection of a generation. So that the "moril bares" and "instructive wax statoots" really have a "moral" and an "instruction" which the light-hearted, but not overwise showman did not himself conceive, but which it would be well, perhaps, for clever young writers to heed. It is possible also that the "showman" may become in time a part of the show — may yield his individuality and his intellectual integrity to that necessity that drives and controls him. It is both sad and amusing to observe throughout these "reminiscences" the complete subordination of the humorist "Ward" to the domination of the sagacious Mr. Hingston, who, for the time, represents the necessities of popularity.

The part that Mr. Hingston plays being that of showman, we are not surprised that he should expatiate upon its importance and respectability; but we are a little taken aback at the coolness with which he alludes to the late Rev. Thomas Starr King as being "*himself* a popular lecturer and something of a showman," as well as astounded by the information that "when a new and beautiful cavern was discovered up the country," "the Reverend Starr King was called upon to play the part of exhibitor, and deliver an oration on its beauties." That all the world's a show, and that the most sagacious are showmen, is, according to Mr. Hingston, the only true theory of existence. Yet we do not know why Mr. Hingston's views of California are any worse than those of more ambitious but equally superficial tourists — who, as a general thing, see only what they are shown. Mr. Hingston, of course, has the usual material admiration for material things. He is particularly struck with the "free lunches." "Lunch, champagne, cleanliness, and civility — all for an English shilling. A good land is California." Have other tourists said any more? Is not this the condensation of all praise, from Bellows to Todd? And it may be said in commendation of Mr. Hingston that he has, without much premonitory fiddling, given — often in a single paragraph — very striking pictures of what he saw, that were as valuable, and perhaps as honest, as other tourists' pages. His stories and anecdotes are by no means new, if we except the stage-driver, who describes a certain female as being "a blazing ruin" — which strikes us as being something fresh. But the highest negative praise we can give him is, that on no occasion did he ever give way to an unhallowed spirit of

prophecy, and talk about "our wonderful future."

It is not probable that the Eastern reader will gather from this work the fact, known to most Californians, that "Artemus Ward's" exhibition on this coast was essentially a failure. A more sagacious manager than Mr. Hingston would have seen that "Artemus Ward"—who, at his best, but voiced the wild and lawless extravagance of the West—was only re-delivering his fun to the community that originated it; that the jokes which circulated gratuitously among the audience were often better than those which were offered from the platform at a dollar the sitting, and that, in the matter of audacity and recklessness, his auditors were superior. "Artemus Ward," himself, seems to have been vaguely and uneasily conscious of this, as we gather from Mr. Hingston's narrative, and was, no doubt, glad to escape, at last, from a community who, in their own picturesque phrasing, could "see his pile, and go him a thousand better."

The Life and Adventures of James W. Marshall, the Discoverer of Gold in California. By George Frederic Parsons. Sacramento: Jefferis, Printer.

It is not too much to say that there has yet appeared no narrative of actual pioneer adventure in California that possesses the intrinsic interest and absolute novelty which belongs to this small and unambitious volume. Nor is this wholly because Mr. Marshall was the first discoverer of gold in California—a fact which seems to have been well established, whatever may be its value or importance—but that he was "a pioneer" in the best sense of that much-abused word, contributing freely his energy and labor to the Americanization of the country, prior to the discovery of the all-attracting gold, and, of necessity, some time before the advent of those devoted men who came with "the water up to Montgomery Street," but who, in the subsequent record of progress, do not seem to have been excluded with it. It is very probable that gold would have been discovered, whether or not Mr. Marshall had found it; but it is not so probable that it would have belonged to Americans, if destiny had not placed in California such men as Marshall, Sutter, Frémont, Montgomery, and Sloat. Under the leadership of Colonel Frémont and Captain Mervin, Mr. Marshall fought bravely for the American settlers' cause in California. The record of his career would not be complete if we did not add that he never received any pay from the Government for his services, and that the Legislature of this State refused to pension him.

All this Mr. Parsons has presented simply, earnestly, and graphically—with considerable skill in the artistic arrangement of his details, and a good taste in the management of his patriotic sentiment, for which we are fervently thankful. It is but natural that he should invest his hero with "a mission," and speak of him as "the man who was selected as the instrument by which the vast treasure-house of California was to be thrown open to the world." But we have no fault to find with a biographer who achieves the difficult feat of expressing ultra-American hyperbole in good English; and we hope to see another edition of this modest little pamphlet in more durable shape.

Free Russia. By Wm. Hepworth Dixon. New York: Harper & Bros.

As the interest of most books of travel is to the average reader a matter of picturesqueness rather than accuracy, the many errors which criticism detects in Mr. Dixon's theories will not probably affect their entertaining qualities. There is no question but that Mr. Dixon aims to be picturesque, and frequently is so; whether he is or is not truthful is a matter interesting to Russia and those people who really know something about Russia—who are, unfortunately, a very small proportion of English readers of travel. Indeed, it would seem that a comfortable degree of ignorance regarding a country is quite essential to the enjoyable reading of a book upon it. We might go further, and say it is sometimes essential to the successful writing of such a popular book. It is but fair to say, however, that Russian criticism does not view this quite as philosophically as we do. Professor Kapustin, with a charming ignorance of how books of travel

are made, remarks quite seriously that it is "a sad thought that there exists in Europe a nation about which it is permitted to speak unrestrainedly without knowing its language, and without taking the trouble to become acquainted with its life, even at second hand." From which it is painfully evident that the honest Professor has never read Dixon's *Free America*, Hugo's *The Man Who Laughs*, nor Prime's *Holy Land*, and that to him the works of certain California tourists are as yet unrevealed atrocities.

But however false may be Mr. Dixon's conclusions, or how imperfect and insufficient the premises upon which they are based, he gives us certainly some original and vivid pictures of Russian life, politics, and religion, and a very elaborate statement of the condition of the newly emancipated Russian serf. They who have looked with anxiety upon the slow solution of the Emancipation problem in our own nation will gather some knowledge from this study of a regenerate civilization; of the superstitions it still clings to; of the beliefs and customs it has abandoned. They will find this study entertaining and picturesque — perhaps a little too picturesque for the very fastidious reader, who will be apt to laugh at the way Mr. Dixon invariably attitudinizes as the curtain falls at the end of his chapters.

True to Herself. A Romance. By F. W. Robinson. New York: Harper & Bros.

"Minnie Garth" was true to herself. The effect of such unusual conduct in a young lady was, as might easily be imagined, a mild case of insanity for herself, and an allowance of a fever apiece to her father and her lover. There were unpleasant minor misfortunes, too, resulting from this rash act, among which might be mentioned the uncomfortable tendency which she manifested for getting lost, and the unpardonably perverse misunderstandings of the whole company—misunderstandings to which the characters heroically submit from the apparently unselfish motives of amusing and entertaining the reader. The villain is converted, and pretty nearly humanized at the last, by a passionate love and tenderness for his son, "Antonio Barretti." The son already alluded to, is "Minnie Garth's" lover. He is a fortune-hunter, and possesses varied charms and accomplishments for success in his profession, only marred by some vaguely cruel facial indications. He early repents him of his evil ways, however, and becomes a thoroughly admirable character in every respect, to the utter confusion of the science of Physiognomy. The story — in which the author seems here and there to experience a difficulty in making the incidents favorably illustrate the text — is told with fair dramatic effects; the characters, such as they are, are boldly drawn, and the moralizing which necessarily accompanies the personification of principles, is mostly evolved by the incidents, or, at least, carried out in an easy conversational form. We think that our author, unhampered by the necessity of a moral effect, might produce something very pleasant. If, for instance, the heroine should be true to somebody else, though it would be more weak and human, it might also prove a safety-valve to save her from insanity; and in the inevitable unhappiness which would come to her as a heroine, she would be sure of gaining a larger share of the reader's sympathetic consideration.

John: A Love Story. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mrs. Oliphant's latest novel is not so interesting a work as we felt we had a right to expect from her pen. That it is "a love-story" we are told in the beginning; but its characteristics are so faintly delineated, that, aside from this initial proposition, it is difficult to classify it. "The young man called John" is a myth, a mere abstraction, who from first to last refuses to become tangible. He has only such a measure of individuality as one might recognize in a "walking advertisement," and moves self-complacently through the scenes, conscious of being placarded, and at times as if he half suspected himself of *masquerading* in male attire.

In her conception of female character the authoress is somewhat happier. "Kate Crediton," the heroine, is a success in her way—which is something of a butterfly way — but at all events she appears to come before the reader pretty clearly as the authoress fash-

ioned her in her own mind. She is, however, an ideal that hardly any other than a woman would conceive, and represents the extreme of the reaction against the mannish and the literary model; and such models mankind is supposed to socially protest against. It is questionable, however, whether those very infantile young ladies who are their successors are altogether as acceptable to the average man as this class of novelists flatter themselves that they are. Whatever their standing may be in social life, they are at all events becoming a drug in literature, especially when, as in this case, whole pages are devoted to the mild mental processes from which their kitten-like actions result. The following is a condensed, but we imagine a thoroughly characteristic, specimen of the heroine's musings: — Scene, young lady's dressing-room; "Kate," *solus loquitur:*

"I will put on a *real* dress — a real dress is so nice. I think there is nothing in the world so charming as a real dress: after one has been obliged to wear a loose wrapper for a week, there is something so delightful about the fit of it. The doctor said I must keep quiet — fussy old doctor — and now I'll put on my blue ribbons. There! I'm the daintiest little bit of humanity that mortal ever set eyes on, a perfect fairy — a real dress *is* nice."

The heroine is allowed plenty of room in which to expand, which she does satisfactorily. In the first chapter her horse runs away, and she is saved from being precipitated over a precipice by "John." She is, however, thrown and injured, and is taken to the rectory, "John's" home, which is close at hand. Here she is taken care of tenderly by "John's" mother, who idolizes "John." "Kate" remains here for some weeks, and the young people fall in love with each other; but "Kate" does not think it "nice" to think of her future husband as "in the Church;" and, fortunately, "John" — although neither an atheist, an infidel, a skeptic, nor a schismatic — does not positively *know* that all of the dogmas of the Church are *true* (he seems virtually to mean that he has not been able to reduce them to a mathematical formula): so they pleasantly decide that it will be the best thing for him to take a position as clerk in her father's bank, which he does. After "Kate's" return home a misunderstanding arises, apparently from the natural inclination of the one sex to flirt, and of the other to be jealous. Finally, in this mental attitude, "John's" doubts are miraculously solved, and he decides to enter the Church. "Kate" now, however, finds some letters which had been mislaid, and every thing is explained — a novel device which we commend to all young novel-writers. She goes immediately to the rectory, and every thing ends happily, as the following quotation will show:

"Mamma," said Kate, solemnly, pushing her lover away from her, "I know I was meant, from the first moment I was born, to be a clergyman's wife."

And this intuitive knowledge proves a blessing to all concerned.

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"THE BED OF THE RIVER."

THE miner, in the earlier days, dug gold from flats, dry gulches, shallow creeks, and the river-banks. But for years the deeper river-bed was to him a sealed book. He could only throw out coffer-dams for a short distance. They yielded richly. He could "wing-dam" and work where the stream, expanding and shallowing, rippled and fretted over its stony bed. Those were the "riffles." But where he left off in November and December, at the commencement of the rainy season, there was, just under that portion of the wall built of sand-filled sacks, and pushed out in the deepest water, an increasing thickness of a certain closely packed, heavy, grayish-colored gravel, full of black iron stones, black sand, and gold! This he would undermine, and rake and scrape, until the dams stood on slender and dangerous foundations. But he was compelled, sadly and reluctantly, to leave it. The first rain came; the river rose and swelled; the walls of wing and coffer-dams disappeared under the chocolate-colored flood, and he went back to his cabin on the bank, or to his winter home in the upper, or "dry diggings," thinking of that four feet of gray gravel, "ledge, blue and pitching," bearing a prospect of one, two, five dollars to the pan.

So, for years, there were certain "deep holes," their surfaces smooth, quiet, and motionless; certain narrow, cliff-hung, barely passable *cañons* through which the river foamed, roared, and tore, fighting and struggling with black and venerable rocks, their heads ever appearing and disappearing in the eddying, boiling waters which by us were held to contain in their depths thousands on thousands of golden ounces. If it paid so well on the banks, must it not, we asked, pay still better in the bed? If some gold lodges on the riffle, must not the heavier nuggets have been rolled over in that deep hole?

In theory these deep, and for many years untouched holes, were the great natural banks of California. In estimating the possible capital rolled into them for unknown ages, we scarce dared

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by John H. Carmany, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of California.

give free rein to our imaginations. In practice, when at last they were pumped dry, we found them, in nine cases out of ten, filled with sand, light in weight, and lighter in gold. The immense power of the mountain torrent, at some period of the river's history, had scooped them out. The flood that rolled the gold in had rolled it out again, sending it still farther down stream. When the winter freshets were heavy enough to tear up the gravel bed of the river, we could hear, while standing on the quivering banks, the submerged bowlders forced along by the mighty current, grinding and grating against each other and the rocky bed. The water-powers rushing from the granite crests and snow-banks of the Upper Sierras, and reinforced at every mile by tributary, creek, brook, and tiny rivulet, sent bowlder and nugget whirling through these great pot-holes, and whirling out again. The river was a mighty mill, which, so worked at intervals, year after year and century after century, had worn the nugget so smooth, the flake-gold so thin: it was that which produced our "fine flour gold"—the prospect peculiar to the lighter sands and gravel—of which, the miners complainingly remarked, "it took a thousand colors to make a cent."

In June, the "boys" commenced flocking from the "dry camps" to the rivers. They came trooping down the steep, red hills, with bundle and blanket, to the river boarding-house. It was bar, boarding-house, and store combined. Credit for board, liquors, clothes, and provisions was freely given, and as freely taken. The traders often ventured more on these enterprises than the miners. Their entire capital was often at stake on the season's success. The majority of the miners had but little to give save their labor. A broken gold-digger was the epitome of impecuniosity. He held nothing like real estate for a creditor to seize. True, there were his claims—either in the river or "up country"—but they were apt to prove "elephants" on the hands of any one who would not himself seize pick and shovel, and work them.

There are scores and hundreds of men in California, who, since "'49," have scarcely owned the roofs they slept under, or the blankets they slept in. Such property might fall to them by California inheritance: that is, when partners or friends possessed of such effects died, or, going home to the States with a fortune, left the remnants of a claim, the log-cabin, furniture, and bedding to some Prodigal Son, who was determined not to return unto his father until he had made his pile, and whose vices and weaknesses kept his stomach ever filled with the dry husks left by others.

In July, the lower snow deposit in the High Sierras had been melted. The river generally commenced rapidly to fall. Then was begun the clearing of the races from the accumulation of sand and bowlders, and the laying under water of side-wall foundations. Trees were cut from the mountain-sides, framed into cribs, filled with stone, and sunk to form the head-dam. The waters were still icy-cold; the sun's rays very hot. The labor system then was, a quarter or half-hour in the torrent, picking stones from the bottom, flinging them on shore or laying them in this cold, muddy rush of water for the wall's foundation at the bottom, and then a tumbler of whisky "to keep up the circulation," and five minutes' roll in the fine, white, hot sand on the bank. That is the system which has organized the vast army of California rheumatics.

In September, the river season was at its point of greatest life and activity. No artist seems ever to have caught one of those long stretches of our auriferous streams as viewed from some mountain-top. The bed was filled with miles of claims; the banks lined with cabins,

tents, and brush shelters. Lines of fluming—the newly cut and sawed lumber white and clear—led the muddy flood over its now bared channel, or it was conducted around by a wider *détour* by races dug through stony bars, or blasted through the granite ledge. Water-wheels, furnishing the motive-power for the pumps, flashed their paddles in the sunlight; the suction-pumps slowly clanked their long, connecting rods; great wooden walking-beams oscillated laboriously; rotaries rattled their endless bands with more lively motion. All this machinery toiled steadily night and day for one purpose: the freeing of the opened bed from the constant leakage and seepage from springs in the ledge or minute openings in the dams and side-walls. Mites of men trundled barrows of gravel up steeply inclined planes to the bank. That was to be washed at leisure when the river rose. The crash and grating of scores of rockers could be faintly heard, as they washed the richest dirt, the fruit of some carefully scraped crevice, paying an ounce to the pan. That was to "pay present expenses."

The "Bed of the River" was full of risks, interruptions, and vexations. A high season, a cold spring in the Upper Sierras, and the waters did not fall early enough. A very dry summer, and they came down in too small volume to turn the wheels. This was almost as bad as high water. The pumps not working, the claim must fill up from springs and leakage. Sticks and logs came floating down, and broke the paddles. Sand choked the pumps. Weak dams of other claims miles above would break. The floods thus released, reaching the next claim below, overwhelmed that; and thus reinforced by successive bodies of back-water, the mass came rushing down the river in a solid wave four or five feet in height. Dams just below "backed water" on us, and overflowed our claim. "Back-water" and bloodshed have been intimately connected with the "Bed of the River." The Grizzly Claim might have worked their ground for the last six years. The Coyote, just above, had been waiting all that time, hoping the Grizzly might suspend for one season that they might prospect their claim. The Grizzly rears its dam this summer as usual. The Coyote resolves to go in anyhow, and take the chances. They work sullenly, and sullenly watch the progress of the Grizzly head-dam four hundred yards below. Their own walls are rising above current and foam-capped riffle. The Grizzlies close up their head-dam. The waters heap up against it. That part of the river above is turned into a semi-lake. It backs up higher and higher. It creeps up on the Coyote foot-wall, and at last pours over it. The Coyotes are at white heat. They are sure that this piece of river ground will give them a "home-stake." Last night, they met in council, and afterward carefully inspected their shot-guns and rifles. So did the Grizzlies. To-day the Coyotes go down to the Grizzly Claim. The first stone pitched off that Grizzly head-dam, and the mountain-sides resound with sharp reports. There is a pitched, desperate, and bloody battle. Three or four new graves are added to the little inclosure on the hill-side.

Sooner or later there ensued the final, inevitable crash and misfortune which for that season ended operations in the "Bed of the River." The fall-rains came; the stream rose. Generally this happened much sooner than we wished. After months of cloudless sky, there came a suspicious, overcast evening. Puffs and gusts of wind wandered uneasily up and down the *cañons*. The miner toiling in some deep cut, its sides hollowed and scooped by the rushing current of centuries, glanced uneasily at the squadrons of cloud apparently hurrying to some place of rendezvous. He hoped it might prove the threatening

without the storm. He might be just fairly in the bed, the leaks in head and side-walls at last all stopped, the claim "dried," the pumps in good working order, the top dirt stripped, the pay-dirt reached. Six weeks' steady work would place the Company out of debt, and a home-stake in their pockets. The trader also trembled at those clouds. His books were filled with charges against Tom, Dick, and Harry. Every claim in the river was heavily in debt to him. But the operations of Nature were merciless in their workings. The scattering drops resolved themselves into a drizzle, the drizzle into a rain. The miner went discouraged to his last day's work. That was always the best of the season. With the rain dripping steadily about him, the river swelling and creeping steadily up to the top of the head-dam, he must develop the richest gravel yet found in which the yellow particles were visible to the eye. But the waters rose; perhaps the pumps and sluices were hastily removed and carried high up on the bank. The claim filled up. It became once more a part of the stream. The angry river re-asserted its rights to its old place. All night there was an increasing rush and roar. Morning—and the stream so shrunken for months now filled the broadest expanse of the lower bars and flats. All that day, and perhaps the next, it was filled with wrecks of the river-miners' work above. Sections of flume, with water-wheels attached, swept along like wrecked steamboats. "Stringers," long, black, snake-like—half seen and half submerged—swam in the yellow waves. They dashed against hidden rocks, and shot high out of the water. There was a steady drift of the lighter *débris*—boards, sluices, pumps, barrels, tubs, and buckets. We used all day to watch with interest these marks of misfortune. It was pleasant to know that others were ruined and disappointed. Such arrivals, as they came one after another in view around some bend, were hailed with cries of recognition. There came the "Grin and Bear It's" flume. An hour afterward, and a stately water-wheel would sail along, still upright on its bearings. Thus far it had come down from the "Mariners' Claim" unbroken. It moves proudly on toward a venerable rock in the very middle of the stream. It strikes; there is a crash, it goes under, and a moment afterward the dismembered, shattered arms and floats are seen in a long, straggling line, hurrying down stream to be picked up by the ranchers on the Lower Tuolumne and San Joaquin banks, and turned to fire-wood and chicken-coops.

Even after fairly getting in, the dirt might not prospect one cent to the cart-load. The four-foot bank, left a year or two years previous and prospecting a dollar to the pan, might have entirely disappeared. Last winter's freshet might have scattered bowlders, gravel, and gold miles down stream.

The Templar Company, in a bend of the Tuolumne, worked year after year on their race, blasting it through a hard, cross-grained, seamy granite. In the estimation of the river-mining community, the richness of the bed at that bend was very great. On the fourth year the Templars bared that bed. They found some fifteen feet of almost worthless gravel. This had to be stripped before the ledge could be reached. That yielded a little coarse gold. Had they been able to keep their ground permanently dry, it would have required years to work it out, and would have yielded but $3 or $4 per day. That is very small remuneration, the expense and risk being considered. The Templar race and the Templar claim are there yet, for any one who will use them. Oh, those hard-cut races on our river-banks! The labor thrown away on them can never be estimated. They have consumed men's strength and treasure without limit.

I can hardly analyze in what consisted the charm of those days and scenes. With the "Bed of the River" there comes all at once a rush of association and remembrance: the clear, blue sky, unbroken by cloud, for so many months; the excitement and eagerness as the claims were pumped out, and the long-submerged channel came in sight; the chippering of the "bee-birds" at the earliest streak of the morning light; the long, hot, laborious days; the welcome shadows of the mountains at eve, cooling the air where we grappled with bank, bowlder, and barrow, telling us that the day's work was almost ended; the alarms at night, consequent on breaking dams, sudden swellings of the stream, and new leaks; the midnight toil and rush of men with sand-filled sacks, to stop the newly forced aperture; the early breakfasts, long ere sunrise; the sweltering dinners, disputed by intrusive yellow-jackets, settling on stewed apple and roast beef, and carrying it off rolled up in lumps like buckshot; the store-loft, filled with field-beds and cots; the noisy game of cards at night; the reports of "strikes" in this or that claim; the fever and wrangle of political dispute, which the boys brought along in their blankets; the bits of river and mountain scenery breaking suddenly into view, as the trail rounded some abrupt, rocky point; the dark-green of the *chaparral* on the mountain-sides, intensified by shades of sunlight almost to blackness; the bare, red, or black crags opposite; the Indians, wandering and camping idly about, and looking half in wonder, half in contempt, at the White Man working himself into premature old age; the first freshet; the sudden cessation of all this life and activity; the disappointed and discouraged river-miner, seated in the rain on the bank, watching his claim being filled up and swept away, cursing the world, and then turning about with an internal, obstinate renewal of determination to try it again next season; the blanket-laden "boys'" farewell to the river for that year; the last drink at the grocery bar; the slow clambering of the long, steep, winding trail up the hill; their stoppages to rest, and to take a last look of the river: and these are but the vanguard—stringing along in unbroken, endless procession—of the old-time scenes on "THE BED OF THE RIVER."

TO THE BIG TREES.

WITH the usual amount of stereotyped shrieks, and preliminary gasps of departure, the Stockton boat steamed out from the wharf. That daily crowd of well-dressed and ill-dressed idlers, that have so much more leisure in San Francisco to attend to their neighbors' movements, and so much less anxiety for their own, than in any other civilized city—always excepting Naples—watched our final clearance with unabated interest.

One or two emotional passengers fluttered white pocket-handkerchiefs, which was the signal for a good deal of feeling from a corresponding number of the spectators on shore. This called forth some pungent sarcasms from a pair of *gamins*, who, with brown legs showing through torn pants, and very dirty shirts cropping from equally torn jackets, were regaling themselves on a bag of grapes, with as picturesque an *abandon* as their prototypes of Old Spain, made forever famous by Murillo.

The Bay spread far and wide, like a

great patch of ultramarine — unsullied, for once, by the muddy Sacramento — between the pale browns of the Mission Hills and the warm *sepia* of the Contra Costas.

We caught just a glance of the Golden Gate—that familiar sketch that you know so well, with its broken outlines of the "Heads," the blue mistiness of far-sweeping hills, and the one long look across the vast Pacific. Great ships lay about us, with foreign flags at their peaks, and foreign faces looking over the bulwarks. Gayly freighted ferry-boats sped to and fro, and embryo yachtsmen ran the risk of drowning, by crowding on sail as the fresh, afternoon wind came up from the sea.

Our steamboat rejoiced in a crowded passenger-list. Every seat was taken, and it was only by that adroit use of one's faculties of observation and action, that may be so thoroughly learned in California, that one could secure a chair. Our party secured them, however, and kept them, too, as the only solace against the impossibility of getting a state-room of any description.

There was almost an equal impossibility of getting any thing to eat. The voyaging public came down like hungry wolves upon the fated fold of the cabin dinner-table. Forthwith disappeared, as if by magic, gallons of watery soup, and numberless plates of questionable beef, mutton, and veal; not to speak of bushels of saleratus-biscuit, tinged with all the varieties of saffron, so dear to the heart of the dyspeptic traveler. Pies, whose bottom crusts clung despairingly to their dishes, were scooped up instantaneously; puddings, of the most nondescript materials, vanished. Tomatoes that had been canned, and tomatoes that had not been canned, but that ought to have been and forthwith shipped for Patagonia to astonish the natives; besides whole garden-patches of pickled cucumbers, onions, red peppers, and string-beans; not to allude to strips of pink and yellow ham, highly suggestive of *trichina*, and great platters of pork-and-beans, with piles of brown-bread, that were swallowed with an avidity unknown outside of Sunday morning in Boston.

It was a blessing to get out of the hot, stifling cabin, and see the narrowing shores of the upper bays, with the soft, billowy hills, and warm, October sunlight on them.

You know how those hills always look —as if Mother Nature, in some freak of kitchen reminiscence, had taken the whole landscape and shaken it soft, like a pan of dough, leaving the dimples of her knuckles and fingers in every direction, to catch the faint glows peculiar to our coast atmosphere. We watched them turn rosy in the sunset, and violet in the shadows; while the boat glided so near the shore that we heard the ripples break upon the beach. Pretty farm-houses gleamed whitely from clustering orchards; large-uddered, patient cows came slowly home for the evening's milking; and soft-breasted, lazy ducks floated on the waves with as cool *nonchalance* as if they were guarded by their native ponds.

An adventurous boy, with primitive fishing-rod, and pantaloons rolled above his knees, tries his luck from a crazy old boat; said boat being skillfully kept in position by a brown-faced, little maiden. She is evidently accustomed to the work, and performs the drudgery of this "fishing excursion" with that admirable capacity for self-sacrifice that nothing could induce Mr. Thackeray to believe is a blessing to her sex. Just now the work is neglected, however, and the boat heaves in the swell that the splash of our steamer makes. The boy lifts his line, and coolly lets a pair of quick, brown eyes scan the crowd. The quick, brown eyes are repeated in the face of the girl; but she makes snatches at a sun-bonnet deposited in the bottom of the boat, and

failing to reach it in time, shakes a tangle of gypsy-looking hair across her forehead.

The ladies'-cabin was all night long a scene of sleepy suffering. The passengers were informed very decidedly, by a large-boned, long-limbed stewardess, that "blankets, let alone state-rooms," were not to be had at any price. Blondes and brunettes pleaded in vain for even a pillow on which to rest their weary heads; she did not even take the trouble to answer them. The woman would have made a capital matron for an insane asylum. She had a hard, firm, cold look in her eyes that at once put down rebellion.

Haughty women, who looked on her class as something as far removed from their own as the common household hen is from the brilliant-tinted pheasant, yet condescended to intrigue for her favor, in the vain hope that it might lead to a sofa. Here, a handsome traveling suit stretched itself in close proximity to a lot of bundles, that turn out to be half a dozen hopefuls belonging to a poor Irishwoman, who are sleeping the child's sleep of the just, in spite of surrounding grumblings. There, a pair of dark eyes look discontentedly up from a carpet-bag pillow, and pretty red-lips crossly inquire, "What under the sun *every body* in California wants, traveling in October?" The question is answered by a young philosopher, with loose, fair hair and well-wrinkled linen duster—stretched out *sans ceremonie* on the cabin-floor—who suggests that perhaps the feminine portion of the State is being *en masse* transported to Stockton.

A strong current and undercurrent of witty remarks set in; the imperturbable calm of the stewardess remains unbroken. Before the night is half over, we discover that, like Mrs. Sarah Gamp and her immortal co-worker, Betsey Prig, the woman has a weakness for a black bottle, which she mysteriously deposits behind the large ice-pitcher.

Wide, tawny plains, reaching far as the eye can see; vast sweeps, with autumn-tinted billows, heaving under a cloudless sky, where a brazen sun steadily pours his hot rays the whole day long—slanting rays now, in the late afternoon, as with four fresh horses we race merrily along. Far off, like islands in the dun sea, occasional groups of trees appear, and now and again the dusty fences and dustier orchard of some isolated ranch are passed.

Behind, lying like heavy banks of blue cloud in the Pacific, rises the Coast Range, the central Diablo looming mistily above; while far before us, climbing up into the heights of azure, the great Sierras lift their snowy peaks.

As we reach higher ground, the view becomes still more grand. The tawny reaches take on their evening tones of purple; the river, far off, like a glittering serpent, winds its sinuous length down to the shadowy *tule*-lands. Shafts of rosy light lie on either mountain chain; the white-crowned summits seem nearer against their background of deep, dark sky; while the alchemy of sunset sheds its glory over all.

Not a breeze stirs the yellow-tinted grass; not a leaf rustles on the lonely trees that at intervals fleck the road with long, cool shadows; not a sound but the tramp of our horses' feet, and the measured crack of the driver's whip.

I like these lonely rides. It is something like being far out at sea—a thousand miles from land—with the world slipped under the horizon, and a chance of coming close to our Divine Mother Nature.

That lagging woodpecker likes it, too. He cares not a fillip for your bustle and stir of life; he watches us curiously from his perch on a broken branch, and speculates, no doubt, on the insane folly that can gallop through the evening loveliness.

The driver, also, likes it. He swings

his long whip, and touches scientifically the off-leader—not at all by way of punishment, but from a mutual understanding and recognition of each other. We at once fall into a slower pace, and he becomes communicative. His knowledge of natural history as natural history is limited, but his knowledge of woodpeckers, and "critters" in general, is profound.

He has the usual driver's scorn for "tourists," who, in his eyes, are a kind of wandering Ishmaelites, that are cursed with a periodical restlessness forever impelling them to the "Big Trees" or Yosemite. His experience of stage-driving in California reaches back to an early date, and he throws out mysterious hints of dark stories of foot-pads and robberies.

As we near the foot-hills, all the color fades out of the sky; a pale flood of moonlight lights the knolls and flings dark shadows, as we wind in and out through shrubbery, on a more broken road. Suddenly we come to a dead halt. "Thar," said the driver, laconically, pointing with his whip to a bank of thick *chaparral*, "thar's whar a derned raskil spotted a chap settin' jest whar yer settin' now."

"And killed him?"

"You bet!"

The higher *chaparral* looked like moving figures in the moonlight. Our party all stood up to reconnoitre, and I own I was in mortal terror lest some other "raskil" should take a fancy to "spot" some of us, and was delighted when we bounded along again.

The village of Copperopolis—as represented by its principal hotel—is chiefly remarkable for the depth of slumbers into which its inhabitants may fall.

Our driver, with a touch of human vanity at showing off his skill—that always subjected us to fearful jolts and swings when we passed a vehicle, or even a straggling wayfarer—dashed down the somniferous street with a speed and a noise well calculated to add to his renown. But alas! the *éclat* of our entrance was only witnessed by the moonlit trees, darkened houses, and lonely hills.

We stopped at a long, low house, with an abundance of windows and doors, at one of which we knocked long and loud, hearing the reverberations echoing in the *cañon* below, but receiving no answer, and producing no signs of life within.

At length, when the last shred of patience was exhausted, a window was partly opened, and a male voice inquired:

"Hello! what's the trouble?"

The driver at once responded, "Folks from 'Frisco, agoin' *through;* they'll stay yer, and make Murphy's afore noon."

"All right; I'm thar."

He wasn't "thar," however, for a most unconscionable length of time, during which we shivered in the cold mountain air, and maligned such inns to our hearts' content.

We were quite too hungry to wait the slow process of getting any thing warm for supper, and devoured with traveling zest the cold bacon, bread, custards, and milk set before us.

Riding in the fresh morning light is always pleasant; but riding through the California uplands—with the aromatic breath of the woods, the peaceful blue of the high, wide sky, and never a frown or cloud upon it—is something that the dusty brains and souls of most of us find sweet as the shady spring to the parched lips of the thirsty wanderer.

The foliage laughed in the early sunshine; the late, tasseled flowers lifted their graceful heads; stem and branch, leaf and blossom, woke from the night refreshed and rested; heavy dews damped the dusty road, and shone in myriad pearl-drops; every blade held up a necklace of changing radiance. Down in the

deep *cañon* a river went hurrying on, only watched by the silent pines dropping their needles on its waves, and keeping to its babble and song the low minor of their mountain music. Here and there the wood smoke came up in thin, blue columns, marking the miner's cabin. While the miner himself, heavily bearded, flannel-shirted, pipe in mouth, and hands deep in pockets, tried to make us out as we passed.

Occasionally, a drowsy goat opened its brown, sleepy eyes, or a half-grown colt was roused to life by our wheels. The fresh morning breeze sang its matins through the branches, lifting one's hair, and touching one's face with the same tenderness that sent it chattering to the bubbles of the brook, or caressing the leaves of laurel, or *manzanita*. Brown birds hopped recklessly in our way, too happy to heed the intrusion, and started a wholesale gossip, possibly suggested by our species and habits.

The road, after leaving Murphy's, was —speaking in railroad parlance—all upgrade. The pines grew thicker and larger, while far below lay whole forests in their misty silence.

When sunset came, we saw how truly, after all, may a great artist's fidelity be trusted. Bierstadt has been questioned by those who, traveling in the early summer months, never have seen the glow of our mountain woods after the frost has touched them.

The languid *chiaroscuro* of our low coast landscape, the faint, hazy warmth of our maritime valleys, are pale and ineffectual beside the deep tones, the rich glows, and strong coloring of the mountain woods and gorges. No Western forest or New England grove ever caught and held deeper crimson, gold, and purple, than met our eyes when the red, half-sunken sun sent the trees ablaze with color. Far up, carmine flushes trembled on the sky, and floods of amethyst slept on the plains below.

We broke into exclamations of wonder and delight, but disgusted our Jehu by requesting him to stop the horses and let us "gaze our fill."

"Here you are," said the driver, with a sense of due importance, as we dashed furiously between the "Sentinels," and in a minute drew up at the Big-Tree House.

I looked back in the gathering twilight at said "Sentinels." I walked around the piazza, and studied long the grove of tall trees behind and beside the house. Were they so very tall? Were they *really* the big trees? I asked myself. Were they any larger than many we had seen since leaving Murphy's? I was disappointed. I went inside, and encountered the landlady.

"Madam, are those the big trees of Calaveras?"

"Yes'm. Folks are always disappointed at first."

"But are those that I see around here *really* the trees that have become known all over the world for their size?"

"Yes'm, all but one stump, and a fallen one you can't see now. You'll call 'em big enough to-morrow."

"I've seen quite as large in other States, and no one thought of making them celebrated. This is Fame, is it?" with a touch of Diogenes' cynicism, entirely thrown away on my auditor.

"Well'm, folks always think at first they've seen as large somewhere. You'll think 'em large enough before you sleep, as it's moonlight. To-morrow you'll give up comparin' of 'em, and by to-morrow night you'll think there's never been half enough said about 'em."

The Big-Tree House is in the usual style of Western hotels. We proceeded at once to rid ourselves of that chief curse of interior traveling in autumn—unfailing dust. With the aid of numerous pitchers of water, a multitude of towels, and hard brushing, we dislodged thick beds of fine mold that had settled

on every garment, in hair, face, gloves, and eyes.

We found a good dinner — well cooked and well served—and all the plates, spoons, knives, and glasses clean and bright. The dining-room was a dreary place, however—like so many of its class — with bare, cold floor, a wilderness of long tables, and the inevitable straight-backed chairs. High, white walls, and not a single picture upon them; a glimpse of a bar through an open door, where, for such an out-of-the-way place, it was wonderful what a crowd of men congregated.

The parlor was pleasant—had a warm carpet, a bright log-fire blazing beyond a gayly colored rug, a number of framed "views" of the surrounding wonders, a piano not quite as wheezy or dilapidated as its compatriots in hotel service. Quantities of stereoscopic and photographic cards lay about, not only of the "Father of the Forest," "Monarch of the Woods," "Starr King," and "Three Sisters," but Yosemite, the Geysers, and local actors of San Francisco.

Here, while waiting for the moon to climb high enough to light the grove, we managed to get through a rubber of whist, that would have driven Charles Lamb's dear old lady distracted, so little of whist was there in it, and so much of breezy discussion of literature and social ethics — including, of course, the Woman Question. Like Gil Blas in his adventurous youth, when he sallied forth to meet his Hibernian disputant, we had none of us arrived at that epoch when a man or woman can possibly be brought to acknowledge that his or her hypothesis may, in the most remote sense, be wrong.

He that would learn something of the deep solemnity, the subtile power of these mammoths of the woods, had better wander under their gigantic shadows when the moon sheds broad beams of light on mossy boll and heavy stem, or trembles on topmost branches.

But you look in vain to catch the topmost branches: they are away so far off that in seeking them you seem to meet, at last, the cerulean-tinted sky. Stars quiver in the silent depths on which you gaze, shedding their fine points of diamond light straight down upon the dark, sombre giants that have lifted themselves heavenward through unbroken ages. Long centuries ago, before you, or I, or any one of us were here; under other civilizations — and still, human hearts like ours went through the same grooves of human weal and woe—before, indeed, Roman feet had touched our ancestral shores, those forest marvels knew the sweet touch of the morning sunshine, and listened to the low, soft tones of the evening's wind. And, centuries hence, after you, and I, and all of us shall be known no more — when the bright records of to-day shall have become the dim history of the future — they will still rustle to the summer breeze, or gaze up, in stoical silence, upon wintry skies.

How hushed and solemn it is! The flowers that nestle low in the light underbrush have folded their heads in sleep. The wee, mottled-winged birds are dreaming bird-dreams in their cosy nests. A solitary owl is on watch for them all, and toots his signals to the "blue, luminous air." The shadows hover about, like draped figures beckoning you on where dark cones cluster the ground; and when you lift them, gem-drops sparkle on your fingers.

You listen. Pan himself might pipe to the low murmur that steals through the monster pines. You are back to the old days when the forest-breath made odorous the cool, night air, and Faun and Dryad gave poetry to the world. You forget the jargon of your age, that the love of poetry has died out, and a firm faith in any thing is no longer philosophical—just as if the love of poetry can ever die out of any age, while there

are blue skies, shining woods, and souls not wholly clogged with the dross of Mammon; as if sentient beings will ever be so far divested of human associations and tendernesses as not to hunger after the grand old promises of Life and Joy at last.

Surely, they were not without their meaning—those mythical tales of wood nymph and naiad. In mysterious solitudes like this, we can cling to them and believe in them, while we watch the turbulent current of our daily lives flowing into the broad valleys of sylvan-touched beauty, where Fouqué was right in finding an Undine.

All night long this Undine fills your dreams. You fall asleep with the dazzle of moonlit leaves in your eyes, and small elves take care they shall dazzle your brain as well. The world has changed into a vast forest; a great river flows through it, with wild thyme and bees on its banks, and large, slumbering lilies lifting their white petals above the waves. Undine is there, flashing in and out, with her long, shining hair, white feet like snow-balls in spring, and silvery streams leaping up to greet her as she moves.

"Breakfast was ready two hours ago; your coffee will be cold; I've been up by daylight, and we've 'did' the whole grove, including statistics. There are exactly ninety 'big trees' in all." These practical remarks greeted my drowsy senses from an industrious young lady, who was busily employed lumbering our room with a miscellaneous collection of big-tree bark, big-tree wood, big-tree cones, big-tree branches, and big-tree curiosities in general.

"Here," she continued, flourishing her statistical knowledge, "is a piece of the 'Mother of the Forest,' who furnished the bark for the London Museum; and here is a lot of cones, actually picked from her venerable partner, the 'Father of the Forest,' whose diameter is forty feet, whose height was four hundred and fifty feet, and who now lies prostrate on the ground."

The coffee was not cold; on the contrary, it was warm, rich, and brown; the quail was broiled exactly as it ought to be, and the biscuits were delicious. I found my only companion at the table was a small boy, who at once introduced himself as "the guide." This boy was intelligent without being a nuisance—as guides almost always are. He had a country boy's dream of the great Babylon at the Bay; but the one curiosity he longed to see in it was the "big" school that held over a thousand boys. It was past all comprehension to him how any one could be surprised at big trees that had seen such a big school as that. Not but he liked the big trees—was proud of them—felt a kind of partnership in their wonders, and knew thoroughly all their names and all their histories. I listened to him, recounting their stories as we sallied through the grove in the fresh morning air—old stories, that yet are new to every visitor: of how thirty-two couples danced on the floor of one stump; and how a man on horseback rode through the hollow trunk of another. I realized still more their enormous size when I climbed the twenty-seven steps to reach the upper stem side of a fallen monarch, and had a long, troublesome walk to make its circuit.

Long, indeed, before nightfall, I had come to find the truth of the landlady's words: that I had never in all my life seen any thing like them; that they were, in reality, of the legitimate "wonders of the world;" and that of their marvels not half enough had ever been said or written.

TO THE STATUE ON THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON,

LOOKING EASTWARD AT DAWN.

What sunken splendor in the Eastern skies
  Seest thou, O Watcher, from thy lifted place?
Thine old Atlantic dream is in thine eyes,
  But the new Western morning on thy face.

Beholdest thou, in re-apparent light,
  Thy lost Republics? They were visions, fled.
Their ghosts in ruin'd cities walk by night—
  It is no resurrection of their dead.

But look, behind thee, where in sunshine lie
  Thy boundless fields of harvest in the West,
Whose savage garments from thy shoulders fly,
  Whose eagle clings in sunrise to thy crest!

THE SABRE OF HONOR.

THE disasters which afterward overwhelmed the French army in Russia had barely commenced. But there was gradually arising in the army a mistrust: a feeling of doubt and insecurity was undermining that audacious confidence in themselves and their leader which had hitherto been so potent in securing victory to the soldiers of the French Empire. The Emperor, perhaps, beginning to appreciate this encroaching weakness in the hearts of his soldiers, was eager to reward and call attention to any act of heroism, or even notable performance of duty; and affairs which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been dryly reported and forgotten, save by the actors therein and their immediate circle of acquaintance, were now proclaimed with all the flourish of trumpets and tokens of honor which had hitherto been reserved for great victories and the deeds of officers high in rank. Accustomed of late years to note the successes of Generals and Marshals, and to reward them with titles, *bâtons*, and even sceptres, Napoleon now deigned to cast his imperial eyes on men struggling among the masses of his legions, and sought by bestowing commissions, crosses of honor, and even petty offices, to strengthen the spirit of his troops. He hoped by so doing to arouse their spirits and dispel that feeling of doubt and dread which, like an ague-laden mist, was beginning to chill their ardor and destroy that elasticity of soul which is to an army what health and vigor are to the human frame.

Among many similar occurrences, it was the Emperor's pleasure to notice the conduct of Captain Bellaire, an officer of infantry, who, happening to be detached with a small force to act as a rear-guard for one of the minor columns of the retiring army, had the good

fortune to display courage and talents, which, though known and respected in his own regiment, had hitherto failed to attract the attention of any officer sufficiently high in rank to be above jealousy, and with power to reward and make famous the heroism of an inferior.

The column to which Captain Bellaire was attached was encumbered with wagons and ambulances, and wearied with a toilsome march through the snow. It had descended from a slight hill, and was gradually disappearing from sight; for, after a short interval of exposed hill-side, its route lay through a tract of wooded country, in which it was safe from the annoyance of the Cossack skirmishers. The wagons and ambulances had left the road, and had been driven as close to the shelter of the wood as it was possible to get: thus there was a crowd of men, horses, and vehicles waiting for their turn or chance to re-enter the line, and gain a position where they would no longer be exposed to the keen eyes of the dreaded foe.

Captain Bellaire drew up his men in four divisions: one faced to the rear, and prepared to meet any direct attack by the road; a second division was posted to the right and rear of the first, to meet any force who should assail that flank; and a third platoon was prepared to resist a similar attempt on the left. The Captain held himself and a fourth detachment in rear of the brow of the hill, nearer the helpless mass of vehicles, and ready to move promptly to the point of attack, wherever the blow might fall.

The short winter day was drawing to a close, but there were still some hours of danger and suspense to pass before the weary soldier could hope to be safe in the shelter of the forest, and enjoying such food and rest as would fall to his lot. A hard lot it must be, at best. So the Captain thought, as, with a gloomy brow, he stood in rear of his command, calculating the chances of a rush of cavalry on either flank, and wishing heartily that he had a field-piece or two to aid in checking such an attempt; or that he had time and tools to enable him to throw up a slight entrenchment across the road, and by making that secure, with half the men now necessary, be able to double his little reserve, and still further secure the train, or rather mass of vehicles, against the dreaded flank attack.

As he turned his eyes toward the entrance of the wood, to note how slowly the number of vehicles was being reduced, and mentally concluding that a breakdown or some other accident was causing delay, his eyes were raised over the tops of low pine-trees forming the forest, and the mind of the care-burdened soldier flew far away to the southwest; the fields of snow, the gloomy forest, the kingdoms, cities, rivers, mountains that lay between were passed in an instant, and he saw a pleasant mansion in the neighborhood of ——. He saw the white walls, the green shades, the trees still bearing many leaves which rustled musically in the cool wind from the distant mountains; he saw all these bathed in the mellow light of the declining sun. He was approaching, with eager strides, a group of women and children collected on the wide piazza; he could almost distinguish the features of wife, and child, and servant — when a voice called out, "There they come!"

He turned quickly, and those who saw his face at that moment took courage from the smile that still illumined his features, and comforted themselves with the belief that the Captain was sure of success, or, thought they, he would not meet the announcement of the enemy's approach with such a cheerful countenance. And thus a ray of light from that much-loved homestead warmed and strengthened a hundred troubled hearts on the dreary Russian hill-side. The Captain turned, not merely to defend a

retreating train and the entrance to a forest, but also to save that far-off scene of domestic happiness from the ravages of a barbarous foe.

Ah! who can say how often the soldier's heart, ready to sink with weakness and despair, has gained new strength from a passing thought of a happy home, and, rousing the weary warrior to redoubled efforts, has turned the tide of war, and saved a whole people from an invader's grasp.

Captain Bellaire needed all the support that gleam of home-light could give his brave, but troubled soul. A large force of Cossacks had left the road and passed toward the right. Another body had deployed on the front, and with their carbines were already sending bullets unpleasantly close to the first platoon of French drawn up across the road. It was soon evident that their design was to engage closely in front, and then, passing around the right, make a bold attempt on the train. But Captain Bellaire had foreseen the probability of such an attempt, and had prepared to meet it. He felt sure that there would be no attack on the left; for the Cossacks, in deploying to their right, had found the ground so soft and difficult for their horses to move in that they had ceased to extend their line in that direction, and were moving men from their right, where they were too deep to act effectively, to their left, with design to turn and attack the French on that flank.

Bringing the larger portion of his left up, so as to act as a reserve for his front and right, Captain Bellaire moved his original reserve by the flank down the road toward the entrance of the wood. The enemy perceiving a body of men occupying a position near that held by the original reserve did not notice the change, and as the Captain marched by the road, which was much deeper than the ground through which it passed, his movement was not observed by the Cossacks, who had now passed around the French right and were rapidly approaching the wagons. The two bodies were moving on the sides of an angle whose apex was at the entrance of the wood.

Making sure of their prey, the Cossacks rushed on with loud shouts, and had reached a point where their flank was exposed within easy range of the French, when Captain Bellaire halted, formed his command on the right of the road, and poured in a well-directed volley. The effect was a heavy loss of men and horses, and a check to their furious onslaught.

The Cossack commander, if not a skillful soldier, was a man of combative energy, and, without a moment's delay for thought, he did what the most careful cogitation would have prompted. He abandoned the attack on the train, which could have been continued only under the fire of the French — a fire destructive to his men and horses, and which he could not return. He promptly wheeled on his right and charged at full speed on the firing party, which had by that time reloaded and stood calmly awaiting his approach. His force was sufficient, so the Russian thought, to receive the fire of the French, and then, before they could reload, surround and overwhelm them by a furious charge of his superior numbers. But he did not know that Captain Bellaire had placed his force on the right of the road, and that the road was so sunken as to assume the character of a ditch — a ditch too wide to be leaped, and, though not impassable, presenting an almost insurmountable obstacle to a charge of cavalry: for a body of horsemen coming up to it must pause — pause while exposed to fire at short range — and either scramble down on one side and up on the other, and so lose all the weight of a charge, or — turn and fly.

As the Cossack line got into order and began to advance, Captain Bellaire

poured in his second volley, which proved as destructive as the first; but the Russian, mentally resolving that it should be their last, gallantly led his men to the attack, with his left arm hanging helpless from a bullet which had entered near the shoulder. Rapidly as the French reloaded, they could not complete the operation before he would be among them; so the Russian shouted exultantly to those near him, as he galloped furiously forward. A few yards farther, and they would be at his mercy—when, to his confusion, he beheld the sunken road! Two or three horsemen, unable to check their steeds in time, went headlong over the bank; and before any thing could be resolved on, the third volley, at less than twenty paces, threw his men into irremediable confusion, and left him, with another bullet in his breast, lying beside his dead horse, happily insensible to the shame of seeing his Cossacks turn and fly, followed by the shouts of the victorious French.

Leaving a Sergeant and a few men to secure the spoils of the victory and to care for the wounded, Captain Bellaire marched rapidly up the road toward the hill-top. He arrived in time to aid, very materially, in repulsing a furious attack, made with such force and resolution as to almost drive the defenders from their position. The gallant Captain quickly re-formed his men, and stood ready to receive another onslaught. The ammunition of the French was running short; and, all desultory firing having been prohibited, the Russians were allowed to retire unmolested. Captain Bellaire's object was to defend the retreat of the train into the wood; and a few Cossacks more or less added to the slain would have been but poor compensation, should he fail at last, for want of the ammunition wasted in unnecessary firing. But no further attack was made. After several threatening movements, the Russians galloped off. Captain Bellaire was not long in doubt as to the cause of their sudden disappearance, for, a few minutes afterward, a column of French cavalry was seen approaching by the road from the rear.

Immediately the soldiers were busy, removing their wounded to some ambulances recalled from the train, and burying the dead. As the Captain stood removing the blood and dirt from his hands and clothing (he had personally assisted in caring for his dead and wounded), the head of the column of French cavalry arrived on the ground of the contest. A few brief questions and replies were exchanged, and, to his surprise, Captain Bellaire stood before a stout, well-built man, who wore a fur-trimmed overcoat and a world-renowned round hat. He knew that he was at the top of a French soldier's ambition—receiving thanks and compliments from one whose voice could render famous, over half the habitable earth, whomsoever he delighted to honor. At the command of the Emperor, Captain Bellaire extended his hand to receive a cross which Napoleon took from his breast; but, with a graceful gesture, the donor checked him, and, honor on honor, with his own "imperial and royal" hands attached the trinket to the coat of the "faithful defender of France!"

Just then a Sergeant, glad to have an excuse for approaching the idol of the army, came up and presented the sword of the gallant, but unfortunate Cossack officer. Captain Bellaire, still confused, offered the weapon to the Emperor, who, smiling at the agitation of the brave and modest officer, took the sword, glanced approvingly at it, and, returning it, said, "Captain, as a memento of your conduct this day, I authorize you to wear this, as a sword of honor!"

Then, saluting the Captain, and raising his hat in recognition of the shouts of the soldiers, the great Emperor rode slowly down the hill, followed by the

escort of horsemen, who cast glances of admiration at the man who had been honored by a decoration with those "imperial and royal" hands.

Captain Bellaire rejoined the column without any further noteworthy adventure, and after reporting to his superior, and receiving the congratulations of his friends, sought such repose as a *bivouac* in the snow could afford. His mind was almost wholly occupied with his sword and cross, and the honor they represented. Naturally a domestic man (for a Frenchman of that stirring era, remarkably so), his thoughts were turned to the problem of how to secure those precious tokens of imperial appreciation to himself and family. He foresaw that his success in the late engagement would mark him as the man to be intrusted with similar duty in the future; and, although there was still a good degree of discipline and confidence existing among the troops, he felt that such encounters would gradually become more and more hazardous.

A man of thought and of sound judgment in military affairs, Captain Bellaire saw a gloomy future awaiting the French army. He knew the distance to be traversed before a friendly population (or at least not bitterly hostile) could be reached, and drawn on for supplies; and he knew that every day the attacks of the enemy would become bolder and more difficult to resist; while the courage and confidence of his own men must gradually become weakened, and even their physical ability to contend with these trials would decrease at every successive contest. His reputation would cause him to be exposed to more than ordinary dangers, and these dangers he could not decline and preserve his self-esteem. He might, indeed, by magnifying his wounds and the fatigues he had endured, procure exemption from active duty, and thus might hope to reach some fortified city in safety, and there await the triumph of the French in the spring, or, at worst, be included in an honorable capitulation. But his own pride in his courage and capacity forbade such a course. No surgeon's certificate could ease the smart his own pride would suffer did he fail to do his utmost to resist the enemies of France — to expend the very last effort of body and mind in the discharge of his duty.

Considering all these things, Captain Bellaire had but slight hope ever to sit at his own fireside again, or to tell the story of his sword and cross to his family and friends. And yet, how inexpressibly dear to his heart would that triumph be! To have the sword, taken in battle from a gallant foe, and the cross, once borne on the breast of the great Napoleon—both presented by the Emperor himself, as memorials of gallant service and hard-won victory — shown at his own fireside and commented on by friends and relatives—by those who had known him from his youth — would be a greater joy to this simple-hearted soldier than to be made a Duke and lauded in a bulletin.

Desiring to secure the transmissal of his trophies to his family, even should he never return to it himself, Captain Bellaire had caused a workman at —— to firmly attach the cross to the hilt of the sword, and had then placed the weapon in charge of an officer who was returning, an invalid, to France. This officer was a Major Dulaurier, whose residence was but a short distance from that of the Bellaire family. The two men had been friendly for years, and, though serving in different branches of the army, had been much together, for the artillery to which Dulaurier belonged had been attached to the same corps with Bellaire's regiment of infantry. Major Dulaurier had been severely wounded during the advance to Moscow, and now, after much suffering, he was about to return to his home. Having a

considerable private fortune, he was able to travel with comfort and rapidity. The exigencies of the army had not yet required the seizure of all private conveyances, and the Major's carriage, as that of a wounded officer, was free to return, without let or hindrance, to that sunny France which so few of those who looked on at their departure were ever to see again.

Major Dulaurier willingly engaged to bear the precious tokens of his friend's gallantry to the Bellaire family, and, after many kind words, they parted. Captain Bellaire returned to his duties cheered, or rather consoled or quieted, by the thought that even should the army fall, crushed beneath the disasters which seemed impending, his family would receive and cherish those tokens, which, as representing the recognition of his services by the highest authority in the world, he valued more than life itself. In fact, Captain Bellaire had come, by continual cogitation on the subject, to attach undue importance to the articles, and even to confound, in some degree, the mementos with the honors they represented.

Such a state of mind is neither unreasonable nor unaccountable. The effect of such a series of disasters as the French endured at this time must be to depress the most buoyant spirit. Captain Bellaire, without distinctly anticipating death, came to limit his future to the duty in hand. He no longer dreamed of his pleasant home as to be occupied by himself. He sometimes thought of what his wife would do, of what his son would be, but he ceased to think of what he would do, himself, on his return home. Day by day, the duties to be discharged became more and more difficult; day by day, the men with whom he had to repel the enemy, were less fitted for the task. He saw, with all the anguish which a patriot and a soldier could experience, the firm, bold battalions become weak and wavering mobs. He saw companies formed of officers, whose men had disappeared. Vast masses of fugitives, rendered lawless and cruel by terror and suffering, filled the roads, and required protection from the few corps of troops who still retained their organization and discipline. Looking on all these things, Captain Bellaire ceased to hope. He discharged his duty bravely and with much discretion, but he looked for no reward. His only pleasure was to think of the pride and comfort the Cross of the Legion and the Sword of Honor, so gallantly won, would give to his family in future years. Many a weary hour of watching was relieved by dreams of the distant fireside, in which he saw his son displaying before sympathizing guests the tokens of his father's courage and conduct.

At length he fell, severely wounded, and woke from insensibility to find himself in a hospital. Before he was restored to health, Napoleon had abdicated. Captain Bellaire returned to his home to meet with bitter disappointment. Major Dulaurier had reached France safely, but the cross and sword were lost.

After parting with his friend, Major Dulaurier had made the best of his way toward France. But the roads by which the Grand Army maintained its communication with the Rhine—those through Prussia — were incumbered with trains of wounded and discharged soldiers returning to their homes, and with the supplies of men and materials hurrying forward to replace the anticipated losses of the campaign. And now that the losses had so far exceeded the most liberal calculations, it was to be expected that the efforts of the military authorities to reinforce the army would be on a scale so vast that no private vehicle could hope to approach the base of supplies by any but the most circuitous routes.

Dulaurier, therefore, determined to return by way of Vienna. But in doing so, he became one of the first victims of a great and unexpected blow delivered by the enemies of Napoleon.

The Russians had maintained a large army on their south-western border, to overlook the Turkish Empire, which had for a long time acted under the influence of France. This army was at such a great distance from the French right that no sudden and partial attack from it was to be feared; and that it should abandon the south-west of Russia, to be devastated by the Turks, and advance with all its force upon his flank, was a contingency so improbable that Napoleon seemed to be in no danger therefrom. But troubles seldom come singly. At the time when disasters in the front required all his strength to make head against the grand army of Russia, a wily English diplomatist brought about such an arrangement between the Turks and Russians that the commander of the army abandoned his frontier to the protection of Turkish faith and English influence, and marched, with his entire force, to the assistance of his Emperor in the defense of Moscow. Being in constant communication with his sovereign, he knew of the retreat and distress of the French; and, instead of marching to defend or recover the Capital, as he had designed, the Russian General made all haste to deliver an unexpected blow upon the right of the enemy's line of retreat. How the Russian succeeded in this effort is matter of history; all that concerns us at present is to state that Major Dulaurier fell into the hands of the cavalry, and that he ultimately reached France, after losing his own sword and that committed to his care by Captain Bellaire.

As we have seen, Captain Bellaire had come to attach undue importance to the weapon and cross. He had come to look upon its possession and transmission in his family as the only reward for all his dangers, toils, and wounds; and when he became assured that it was lost, without hope of recovery, he could not or would not exonerate Major Dulaurier from blame, and vowed never to forgive him until the missing property was restored. This, of course, was out of the question; and so a feud was established between the two men. Major Dulaurier naturally resented what he could not but think injustice on the part of Bellaire; and it required all the exertions of mutual friends to prevent a duel.

So the Sword of Honor was won and lost.

*   *   *   *   *   *   *

"May I have the pleasure of aiding *Ma'm'selle?*" said a bright lad of fifteen, cap in hand, bowing gracefully, and blushing with pride, pleasure, and bashfulness. He blushed with pride, for he felt that he was acting like a gentleman; with pleasure, for he had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and with bashfulness, for, spite of his intelligence, grace, and enthusiasm, he was still a boy.

"Sure," said Miss Sheridan, an Irish-English governess, addressing her pupil, "sure, the young gentleman's very polite, and there's no harm in accepting his kindness!"

The young lady, who had glanced toward her governess, doubtful of the propriety of receiving even a trifling service from a stranger, turned again to the "young gentleman," and, with a smile and blush, said:

"If *Monsieur* will be so kind!"

"*Mademoiselle*" blushed, because she felt that she was a young lady acting like a girl; "*Monsieur*" colored, because he felt that, though he was acting like a gentleman, he was really only a boy.

But youthful enthusiasm is more powerful than etiquette, especially when the parties are a bright boy and a pretty girl, engaged in picking berries. In a few

moments, the youth forgot that he was only a boy, and the girl that she was a young lady; and they picked the fruit with merry laughter on one side and musical giggling on the other, and were as free from constraint and care as the birds that twittered in the boughs overhead.

Miss Sheridan, accustomed to the freedom with which the youth of her own country treated their equals, saw nothing in this pleasant berry-picking to alarm her sense of duty, and made no further comment than to remark that the "young gentleman was a very manly, obliging, and merry boy!"

Eugène Bellaire, though as frank and open-hearted as any boy in all France, felt a disinclination to speak of his new acquaintance, even to his mother; and thus, without a shadow of deceit or treachery on either side, these two young people, Mademoiselle Marie Dulaurier and Eugène Bellaire, met day after day in the woods and fields between their respective homes, and became attached to each other with a passionate devotion of youthful love; a love which grown people are accustomed to laugh at, because, perhaps, they are no longer able to appreciate its angelic purity and tenderness.

Had their intercourse gone on for a few months without any remarkable event to fix their minds on each other, Eugène would have gone to college and Marie into society, and during their separation their youthful love would probably have been obliterated by the flood of new ideas and emotions which each would have experienced. But it was not to be.

By some means, Eugène's grandfather, Colonel Bellaire, became aware of the meetings, and took occasion, without alluding to them at all, to inveigh against what he considered the treacherous, or at least criminally careless, conduct of Major Dulaurier, and to warn his grandson against any communication with that family. Eugène, shocked to learn that Marie's grandfather could have done any thing to merit the detestation of such a good and kind man as Colonel Bellaire, went the next day, with a heavy heart, to meet Marie for the last time. He was to leave home in a few days, for a long course of education at a public institution; and, as Marie was aware of the fact, she came, anticipating a last pleasant stroll under the autumn-tinted trees, and prepared for a sad parting with her youthful friend.

When they met, Marie, astonished at the expression of grief upon Eugène's usually glowing features, advanced to meet him with outstretched arms and tender inquiries as to the cause of his sorrow. What could the frank, kind-hearted, loving boy do? He caught her hands, and, kissing them with an emotion which terrified her into tears, bade her farewell. Then turning to Miss Sheridan, who, of course, was present at all their meetings, he said:

"Miss Sheridan, farewell, and God bless you. When I am gone, please read this letter, and you will, I trust, excuse my seeming rudeness!"

Shaking the kind-hearted Irishwoman by the hand, and turning a parting glance on Marie, who stood weeping and frightened, he walked rapidly away under the trees, and was out of sight before Miss Sheridan could recover from her surprise sufficiently to stop him or ask a question.

And thus a parting which would have been simply regretted as ending the pleasant intercourse of months, was made tearful and marked with romantic grief, and indelibly impressed on the minds of the youthful lovers. Colonel Bellaire, carrying his resentment for a fancied wrong beyond the bounds of reason, had unwittingly fixed the image of his enemy's granddaughter in the heart of his pride and hope, his beloved and loving Eugène!

* * * * * * *

Eugène departed for college with a heavy heart, but soon mastered his emotions sufficiently to remember and discharge his duties. He was graver and more thoughtful than seemed natural for one of his age and temperament, but otherwise his sorrow did not appear to affect his character. He was naturally intelligent, and his grief, acting on a generous heart, produced an effect similar to that wrought on more mature students by knowledge of the world and its necessities. He avoided sentimental reading, and bent his mind entirely to his studies. His love for Marie, changed by the shock of his grandfather's charge from an evanescent, childish sentiment to a tender, hopeless regard, approached more nearly to the fond, passionate regret of a man separated by distance or circumstances from the object of his affections than was to be looked for in one so young. Of course, time softened his grief; and long before his education was completed the toils and triumphs of a successful student had so dulled the acuteness of his pain that he could now think of Marie, with a sad smile, as of a pleasant companion long lost, and whom he would never meet again.

He returned to his grandfather's house a young man, well educated, handsome, and agreeable, but his generous heart was not spoiled by the praises bestowed on him by tutors, friends, and relatives. He returned in all respects worthy of the pride and affection with which his fond mother and kind, but inflexible, grandfather received and welcomed him.

As he stood on the piazza, a few days after his return, and glanced with beaming eyes over the landscape, he remembered, almost with reproach, that under yonder trees he had parted so melodramatically with sweet Marie Dulaurier and kind Miss Sheridan. He felt that he had acted like a boy, and blushed—but whether at his romantic farewell, or at the recollection that he had so nearly forgotten the heart pangs of that separation, perhaps even he could not have decided.

At all events, he resumed his habit of strolling in those pleasant places; and as he reviewed those scenes of youthful delight, a tender sadness re-visited his heart, and he smiled to find himself sighing once more over the loss of his early love.

One day, as he sat in the shadow of the tree under which he had parted with Marie, years before, he was startled by the rustle of a female dress. He blushed at his emotion, and rising with a bow, stood face to face with Miss Sheridan. That lady did not seem in the least changed, and she stood, as he had seen her last, with a letter in her outstretched hand.

After a moment's embarrassment, Eugène sprang forward and warmly greeted the lady, who was soon comfortably seated at his side. The customary compliments and inquiries having been exchanged, there was a pause in the conversation. Then Eugène said:

"Miss Sheridan, may I hope you have forgiven the rudeness with which an excited boy parted from you on this spot a few years ago?"

Even as he spoke he felt that a very long time had elapsed since the occurrence to which he alluded; but he was speaking to a lady, an unmarried lady, and a lady somewhat advanced in years; innate politeness struggled with the pride of youth, and conquered; he called that immense period which separated the boy from the young man "a few years!" He felt that he had done something almost noble in treating those years so cavalierly. Such is youth, even when well educated and comparatively free from selfishness and vanity.

Miss Sheridan smiled. She was old enough to regard the "few years" as a very small portion of her life-time, and wise enough to know what different es-

timates the young and the old place on given periods of time.

"Monsieur Eugène Bellaire," she said, "permit me to congratulate you on the good use you have made of those years!"

Eugène bowed, and a smile of gratification struggled with a modest blush for the possession of his handsome face. Miss Sheridan went on to say:

"When you parted from me, Monsieur Eugène, you left in my hands this letter. I need not tell you how much I was surprised at its contents, and I can not tell you how much I regretted to learn the facts it contained. I have written, here, a statement of the trouble from the Dulaurier point of view. I have done this on my own account, you understand, and merely because I desire that one whom I so highly esteem as yourself should not wrong the memory of a gentleman who was, I believe, incapable of a meanness, and who was very kind to me during the latter years of his life. As we shall not, probably, meet again in private, it is impossible that any misconstruction can be placed upon my conduct. And now, farewell! I need not say I wish you every success, and believe that you deserve it."

She extended the note. Eugène took the letter, and then, clasping her hand, and almost stammering, he asked:

"And—*Mademoiselle?*"

He paused. All his boyish bashfulness seemed to have returned. Was there triumph in the smile that flitted over Miss Sheridan's features? She assumed not to understand his question, and appeared to think that by "*Mademoiselle*" he meant herself, for she inquired, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows:

"Well, *Monsieur*?"

"Ah! Miss Sheridan, do not affect to misunderstand me. You know that I meant to ask after Marie!"

"Oh! Mademoiselle Dulaurier is in good health, and will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that you still remember your youthful playmate. Once more, farewell!"

And Miss Sheridan walked away with a smile and a nod, and left Eugène in a state of confusion which that distinguished graduate would not have believed possible an hour before.

The truth was, that as he sat there talking with Miss Sheridan, his mind had reverted to his last meeting with Marie under those trees. He recalled the pleasant days they had passed together; his youthful affection; his grief at parting—all rose as events of yesterday before him. He saw Marie, her bright eyes filled with tears and opened wide in surprise at his strange farewell, as he saw her there years before. A sense of uneasiness, such as he had never felt before, and which he could not analyze, filled his heart, and the only distinct emotion which he could separate from the flood, was a wild desire to meet the dear girl once more. If Miss Sheridan had been a match-maker, she could not have adopted a course better calculated to revive the flame which Eugène, an hour before, supposed extinct.

The note which Miss Sheridan had given Eugène contained a statement of the circumstances attending the loss of the sword, and convinced him that his grandfather had been harsh, if not unjust, and had mistaken the impulses arising from bitter disappointment for the promptings of an outraged sense of right.

Miss Sheridan returned to her home. She told Marie of her interview with Eugène, and expressed her belief that the young man would be convinced of the injustice which Colonel Bellaire had done her grandfather. "Of course," said Miss Sheridan, in conclusion, "it is nothing to us; only one would not wish so fine a youth to be prejudiced against any one!"

"Of course!" said *Mademoiselle;* but she spoke faintly, and as though there might be more said on the subject.

From that time Miss Sheridan and her pupil confined their walks to those fields and woods lying nearest the Dulaurier mansion. Marie had not shown any undue emotion at Miss Sheridan's report, nor did she ever attempt to extend her walks beyond the points at which her governess would pause and turn. Nevertheless, when they reached the top of a little hill (from which one could see some distance up the road leading to the Bellaire property), Marie would appear more fatigued than the trifling elevation would seem to justify, and would require more time to recover her breath than Miss Sheridan needed for the same purpose—and Miss Sheridan was older and stouter than *Mademoiselle*, too! It was also to be observed that there was a difference in the way in which the two ladies rested. While Miss Sheridan seated herself on a convenient log, *Mademoiselle*, the better to relieve her lungs, would place her hands on the top of the low railing separating that field from the adjoining grounds, and would gaze earnestly up the road until Miss Sheridan would ask if she were not ready to go on. Then she would turn, place her hand on her companion's arm, and walk slowly down the hill. And this was the only sign *Mademoiselle* ever gave of the state of her mind!

Eugène wrote to Miss Sheridan, expressing his belief that she was right in the view she had taken of the case, and his regret at the resolution of his grandfather. He could do no more. In France, young people never think of marriage without the consent of their parents. In fact, such marriage is almost impossible, unless the parties are approaching what we would consider middle age.

Eugène and Marie saw each other at church and at other public places, and he exchanged greetings occasionally with Miss Sheridan, but the intercourse went no further. How long this state of affairs might have endured without chance or design bringing the parties together we can not conjecture. As the loss of the sword, and the consequent barrier between the families, were caused by a treaty made at Constantinople, so now the termination of their embarrassing situation was brought about by another treaty, made at the Turkish capital. War was about to begin between England, France, and Turkey on the one side, and Russia on the other. Eugène eagerly embraced an opportunity to enter the army in active service. His situation at home was trying in the extreme. He could not disregard his grandfather's prejudices, unfounded though he believed them to be; and to go on catching glimpses of Marie, and yet be unable to declare his love for her, was to lead the life of Tantalus.

A soldier about to depart for the scene of war can take liberties which, under ordinary circumstances, would be inadmissible, and Eugène resolved that he would not leave home without at least bidding Marie farewell. And so it happened one day, as Miss Sheridan and Marie stood on the knoll, and the young lady's eyes were turned with even unusual earnestness up the road (for she had heard that Eugène was to join the army), that both ladies were startled by a step near them, and turning, beheld Monsieur Eugène Bellaire, in uniform, cap in hand, and evidently resolved to address them.

Marie turned toward him with a little, startled cry, and seemed about to approach him with outstretched arms, when Miss Sheridan, by a rapid and apparently an accidental motion, placed herself between them, and, while shaking Eugène's hand and cordially complimenting him on entering the army, gave *Mademoiselle* time to recover her

self-possession. Then the kind-hearted governess turned and said:

"My dear Marie, have you no words of congratulation to say to Monsieur Eugène on the noble character he has assumed? He is going to fight against those barbarous Cossacks from whose hands your brave grandfather received his wounds."

Marie gave her hand frankly, and met the young man's eyes with a glance of kindly admiration; but Eugène felt that her hand trembled in his clasp, and he knew that he was not indifferent to the sweet girl before him. It cost him an effort to resist the impulse of his heart to press her to his bosom for one fleeting, happy moment. But he was no longer a boy, and constrained himself to merely press his lips gently on the trembling little hand, and, with a few courteous words, took leave of her without overstepping the bounds of propriety. He saluted Miss Sheridan warmly, and, as he turned to go, said, in a low, earnest tone:

"Miss Sheridan, I leave my future in your hands. You will watch my interests—will you not?"

"Monsieur Eugène, you may be sure that I shall always take the warmest interest in your welfare."

And then, with one long, tender glance in Marie's lovely eyes, he was gone.

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COL. BELLAIRE TO LIEUT. BELLAIRE.

" * * * You will be pleased to see my writing once more. I began to give up all hope of seeing you again, and of hearing your account of the capture of Sebastopol. But now—thanks, under Providence, to your dear mother, to Dr. Beausieur, to our good *Curé*, and to Miss Sheridan—I am out of danger. You must know that Miss Sheridan, who is a governess in the Dulaurier family, came to see me, accompanied by our good Father Ambrose. Your mother was exhausted with attendance upon me, and Father Ambrose urged that Miss Sheridan, who is an angel, would be happy to be of service to the sick. Well, she came, and has endeared herself to us more than you could think possible in such a short time. From Miss Sheridan's remarks I conclude that Colonel Dulaurier was heartily sorry for the carelessness, to call it no worse, that resulted in such a great loss to our family. But he is gone, and, as Miss Sheridan says, it is our duty to forgive. Your dear mother will write to you generally, as I am still far from strong. I am going to walk in the garden, for the first time in many weeks, with Father Ambrose and Miss Sheridan. Adieu."

MADAME BELLAIRE TO LIEUT. BELLAIRE.

" * * * Your grandfather is so much improved that I no longer fear for his health. He is now able to walk in the garden with Miss Sheridan—a most estimable lady, governess in the Dulaurier family, and general nurse and good angel for all who suffer. During your grandfather's illness, our good Father Ambrose dealt with him seriously in relation to his hatred for the Dulauriers. Father Ambrose brought him to confess that he had been very severe, and that, had he listened to Colonel Dulaurier during our neighbor's life-time, much might have been explained. My dear father-in-law now seems to regret that he allowed an oath or resolve made under excitement, and under what might have been an exaggerated view of the case, to influence him for so many years. * * * O, when shall we hear of the fall of this terrible Sebastopol, and the return of peace? Adieu."

MISS SHERIDAN TO LIEUT. BELLAIRE.

" * * * I write to you full of joy. Your grandfather is better; so much better that he walks in the garden with me. Think of that! Ah, Father Ambrose has done him much good. He feels that

he has been too harsh; that there was no cause for his wicked hatred of the Dulauriers. As we walked, I spoke to him of our family, and especially of my good friend and benefactor, Colonel Dulaurier. He was much affected, and even went so far as to regret that he 'had not known me sooner!' Now, why should he wish he had known me sooner? May there not have passed through the old gentleman's mind a thought that had he known me years ago, the families might have been united by fostering a certain childish attachment which he supposes he crushed in the bud long ago? I do now truly believe that nothing but the consideration of an oath—an oath which he is disposed to disregard, could he conscientiously do so—prevents the Colonel from making friendly overtures to our family.

"P. S.—My pet is as beautiful as ever, and takes a wonderful interest in the news from the Crimea. Adieu."

LIEUT. BELLAIRE TO MISS SHERIDAN.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Fearing that you might hear of my casualty in such a way as to startle you, I hasten to inform you that I was severely, but not at all dangerously, wounded to-day. You will be surprised to hear that I am the happiest man in Crim Tartary—or in the world, for that matter. Yes, I am happy, happy, happy. As soon as it is possible, I shall set off for dear home again. My mother will have received full particulars, and to her I refer you, as the surgeon forbids me to write another line.

"P. S.—Do not fail to present my regards to *Mademoiselle;* and say to her that I return to France wounded indeed, but happy, very happy. Adieu."

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EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF COL. BELLAIRE.

" * * * My Sword and Cross of Honor, presented to me by the Emperor Napoleon I, and which, by the fortune of war, fell into the hands of the Russians, and were many years after recovered at the siege of Sebastopol by my grandson Eugène, I leave to Eugène Dulaurier Bellaire, the eldest son of my grandson Eugène and his wife Marie, only descendant of my old friend and companion-in-arms, Major Dulaurier. Let them be to him sacred memorials of the services of his family to their country; and let the history of these trophies warn him against hasty judgments and rash vows of resentment. * * *"

THE ANGORA GOAT.

FROM the earliest ages grazing has been an important occupation, but it is doubtful whether in any other instance it has proved as profitable to those engaged in it as it has done in California. Here the sheep-raiser, who has only a few thousand dollars to commence with, may, if he can find plenty of Government land for the support of his flocks, safely calculate that after a dozen years devoted to this pursuit he will have realized a fortune which will enable him to retire from business, and spend the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of the most luxurious splendor that the country affords. Let us suppose that in 1850 he had money enough to buy one thousand sheep, ewes ready to lamb. Allowing a yearly increase of one hundred per cent.—which all persons familiar with sheep-farming in California will admit is not above the

average — and as soon as his ewes have yeaned he has, young and old, 1,500 ewes and 500 wethers. As the ewes bring forth young when a year old, one year from the date of purchase he has 2,250 ewes and 1,250 wethers, and so on until at the end of the twelfth year he has nearly 130,000 ewes and an equal number of young lambs. His wethers would number nearly 129,000; but, of course, they would be sold as soon as they reached their full growth, and the money obtained for them, together with the interest arising from it, would be a munificent fortune in itself, to say nothing of the $600,000 worth of sheep he has on hand. The wool, amounting to several million pounds, would be more than sufficient to pay all the expenses incurred in shearing and taking care of his flocks. Something similar to this has been often done in California; and, without calling any thing more than ordinary business capacity into play, the largest fortunes in the State have been secured by sheep-owners. Three very important circumstances, namely: a favorable climate, a convenient market, and plenty of grass for almost nothing, conspire to render sheep-farming so profitable here. The first two of these exist in Europe and different parts of the United States, the last exists in Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and South America; but no other country possesses such a fortunate combination of all three as California did until recently. But, even in California, the day when fortunes could be accumulated so easily and so readily has just gone by. The sheep-runs are already occupied with more sheep than they can feed in any but a favorable year, and when a season of drought arrives, the losses are severe. Henceforth, when a settler pre-empts or homesteads a quarter section, his stock must be confined to his own land, as the surrounding country, if good for any thing, will be occupied by some one else. What free access to the Government domain has hitherto done for the grazier, must henceforth be accomplished by a judicious investment in dearer but more profitable kinds of stock. When pasturage could be got for nothing, a few thousand dollars invested in Merino sheep brought an immense percentage; but now that the grazier has to buy his grass, it is worth considering whether, instead of laying out such large sums for land, it would not be better to buy less land and expend the remainder of the money in the purchase of animals which, either from the superior quality or greater quantity of their fleece, would bring a larger income in proportion to the extent of range required for their support. For this purpose, the Angora Goat, which has already been introduced into California, deserves a trial.

Angora, the place from which the goat derives its name, is in Asia Minor, about 220 miles east-south-east of Constantinople. It was anciently called Ancyra, and is noted in Holy Writ as the place where Paul, the Apostle, preached the Gospel to the Galatians. In the days of the Crusaders it was the scene of many well-fought conflicts between these enthusiasts and the Turks. Still later, it was the scene of a memorable battle between the Turks, under Bajazet, and the Tartars, under Tamerlane, when it fell into the hands of the latter. Subsequently it came again into the possession of the Turks, to whom it now belongs. During the zenith of the Roman Empire it was an important city, said to contain as many as 100,000 inhabitants, but modern travelers estimate its population at only about a third of that number. Asia Minor, in many respects, bears a resemblance to the southern part of California. A large portion of it consists of dry, hot plains, and plateaus, intersected by numerous chains of lofty mountains. It is of volcanic formation, and abounds in numerous hot springs,

impregnated with sulphur, salt, and gypsum. Peaches, figs, melons, wine, tobacco, the olive and mulberry, are among its agricultural productions. The goat, however, is not confined to the vicinity of Angora, but is to be found in the greater part of Asia Minor, especially in the east and along the borders of the Black Sea. The wandering tribes of Kurds and Turcomans, who occupy these regions, and who look upon the goat as the principal source of their wealth, have houses on the plains where they reside in winter; but during the summer they and their families drive their flocks to the mountains, sleep in tents, and move from place to place as the requirements of their stock demand. As among all semi-civilized people, the boundaries of their runs are not well defined, hence different flocks become intermixed, and a great many varieties are the result.

Denuded of its fleece, the Angora, in shape and size, bears a strong resemblance to the common goat; but when covered with its beautiful, lustrous wool, which hangs down in spiral curls from eight to twelve inches in length, it looks larger, more graceful and majestic. It is almost wholly devoid of the disagreeable odor common to goats in general. Most of the goats imported into this State are of a white color, though occasionally some of a bluish or yellowish color will be met among them. Some have curved horns, some have spiral horns, and some have none at all. The value of the Angora goat is owing to the quality of its wool, which, on account of the beauty and durability of the fabrics manufactured from it, is sold in the Eastern States and Europe for about $1 per pound. Those who are competent to form an opinion on the subject say that the wool of the Angora is identical in character and equal in value to that of the Cashmere goat. There is a slight difference, both in form and habits, between the two goats; but, so far as past experiments may be relied on, the Angora goat possesses a superiority over its southern relative. In France, where at present a good deal of Angora wool, partly raised there and partly imported, is manufactured, the first trial was made with the Cashmere goat. The yield of wool was at first too small to render the raising of these animals remunerative; but by crossing them with the Angora goat, a larger quantity of wool was obtained without its suffering any deterioration in quality. The usual yield of wool to each goat varies in California from four to nine pounds—some of the larger bucks giving the latter weight. Three or four pounds of wool is the average weight for a Merino sheep; but as the Angora wool sells for $1 a pound, while that of the sheep sells for only twenty cents, it does not require much reasoning to demonstrate the superiority of the former. They eat about an equal quantity of food, or, according to experiments made in some of the Southern States, where the matter has been figured more closely, six sheep eat about as much as seven goats.

Formerly all fabrics manufactured from this wool were imported from the Orient; but at present manufactories exist in France, Prussia, and, to some extent, in England and the United States. Some time ago these countries imported yarn, but owing to the recent invention of machinery adapted to the purpose, they can now spin and comb the wool cheaper than the yarn can be imported from Turkey or India, notwithstanding the cheapness of labor in the latter places. England imports several million pounds annually, and after spinning it into yarn, exports it to France and Prussia, where many of the articles manufactured from it rival in beauty and value the fabrics of Cashmere and Constantinople. In the United States, also, the manufacture of this textile has lately taken rapid strides. During the year ending Oc-

tober, 1869, one mill in New York imported 210,000 pounds of Angora wool from Constantinople, and the demand is constantly increasing, since the improvement in machinery enables the manufacturer to sell cheaper, and the growth of the nation in wealth and population renders a larger number than at any preceding period, able to indulge in the luxurious and costly articles manufactured from mohair. The late war in the United States helped to develop this manufacture in England, France, and Prussia. The failure of the cotton supply gave an impetus to manufactures of other textiles to supply its place. For this purpose worsted, which is made of long-stapled wool, combed so as to lay the fibres parallel, came into great demand, and inventions and machinery calculated to aid in the development of this manufacture received a good deal of attention. A slight alteration in the machinery used in the worsted manufactures will make it available for those of mohair, and as the patents for this machinery have nearly expired in Europe, it is bound to be introduced into this country, most likely with additions and improvements.

A very important consideration with regard to the Angora wool, is the immense price of the manufactured articles, in comparison with the value of the raw material, arising from the fact that a few pounds of wool afford employment for a considerable time. In Cashmere, some of the finest shawls, before completed, exhaust the united labors of three persons for a whole year, but as these shawls are often sold for upward of $2,000, the manufacturer could afford to pay his employés at least as high wages as the factory girls receive in the Eastern States. A great deal of the work on fine shawls must be done by hand, and for this reason many women who would not willingly work in a factory, or who could not conveniently absent themselves from home, would be benefited by the introduction of this manufacture, as no inconsiderable portion of the work might be done at their own residences. Or, machinery for combing, carding, and spinning, being once established, women could advantageously buy the yarn and weave the shawls on their own account. The capital required would not amount to much — merely a few pounds of wool and a hand-loom worth $40 or $50.

Independent of the wool manufactured in the United States, a large quantity is used for fringes for cloaks, etc. A good, well-dressed skin sells in San Francisco, in the shops of the furriers and trimmers, for $20 or $25. Such a skin, when cut into strips from half an inch to an inch wide for cloak fringes, is worth about $40. The fringes are worth, according to width, from fifty cents to a dollar a yard. The best skins used in San Francisco are imported, not because such skins can not be produced here, but because pure or nearly pure-bred goats are too valuable to kill. During a search made recently in San Francisco, by the writer, the best goat-skins that he saw had wool only six or seven inches long; and the importers, because the California skins that they had seen were taken from goats that contained only three-quarters of Angora blood, were incredulous when told that pure-bred Angoras raised in California yielded a fleece twelve inches long. Most of the skins obtained from goats raised in this State are sold to saddlers, who manufacture them into robes, etc. These, however, as was previously mentioned, are not the skins of pure-bred goats, but a cheaper article, which is sold by the goat-raisers for $2 or $3 per skin. A good buggy robe made of the skins of pure, or nearly pure, Angora goats, is a luxury in which only a few can indulge, being worth $150, or upward.

On first being introduced into this

State, many persons looked with prejudice on the flesh of the Angora goat, and were unwilling even to give it a trial; but, like all other prejudices, that had to yield to the stubborn logic of plain facts. Last winter, some gentlemen who owned sheep and goats in the neighborhood of San Juan, Monterey County, entered into a dispute with each other relative to the respective merits of sheep's and goats' flesh. The advocates of goats' flesh were few in number, and their statements with regard to that article received but little credit. *De gustibus non est disputandum* was the only reply to their assertions. At length, in order to submit the matter to an impartial test, they prepared a dinner in which the flesh of both sheep and goats was cooked in various styles, care having been taken that the corresponding joints of both animals were subjected to the same culinary process. Twelve disinterested gentlemen were invited to partake of the dinner, and express their opinions of the various dishes they had eaten. Four decided in favor of the sheep's and eight in favor of the goats' flesh, and since then goat-breeders in Monterey County have no difficulty in selling their goats to the neighboring butchers for the same price paid for the best mutton. Some butchers, however, assert that though the flesh of the Angora goat is equal, immediately after being killed, to mutton, it decomposes rapidly, and therefore must be eaten at once.

Messrs. Landrum and Butterfield, of Monterey, imported the first Angora goats into this State in 1861, but they had been previously introduced into Georgia, South Carolina, and some other States. Mr. Landrum's first importation came from Georgia, but he has since increased his stock by purchases from Mr. Dhiel, who imported direct from Angora. Some of these goats were driven eleven hundred miles in Asia Minor before they reached Constantinople, from whence they were shipped to San Francisco, by way of Liverpool and Panama. Wool raised in California, when exhibited in New York, bore a favorable comparison with wool raised in other parts of the Union, as well as with wool imported from Constantinople. In fact, the Angora wool sent from California was surpassed by only one fleece, and that was taken from a goat raised in Georgia and fed partly on pine-tops and partly on oats. Wool from various parts of the Union has been exhibited in Paris, and has been considered by experts fully equal to any thing raised in France, or imported from Asia Minor. Even when submitted to the closest microscopical examinations, no inferiority could be detected.

In a report on the Angora goat, made to the New England Agricultural Society, the following, among other evidence, was adduced: "Colonel R. H. Scott, of Frankfort, Kentucky, who had a flock of eighty head, said: 'There is not a sick one among them. They are so fond of weeds, bushes, and briars that they will eat them chiefly, if accessible. They will seek shelter at night and during storms, without the care of a shepherd. The mutton is the highest luxury of the kind. There is no difference in the fleece of the pure-breds and grades after the fourth cross with the common and a pure-bred buck. They are more profitable than the sheep, and the weight of the fleece is from four to eight pounds.'"

Mr. John Walker, of Fayette, Missouri, said: "They are very hardy and prolific; the cost of keeping them is less than that of any other animal." General E. A. Paine, of Gallatin, Tennessee, said: "I have been deeply interested in making myself acquainted with the habits, increase, and value of these animals, and am thoroughly satisfied that the Angora wool is one of the

greatest staples of our country. It is to common wool what silk is to cotton." Charles D. Brown, of New York, said: "They are robust and healthy, easily kept, and will thrive on low bushes better than on green pastures."

The Committee, in concluding their report, said: "They had most conclusive evidence of important facts, namely: First, That the breeding of the wool-bearing shawl-goats in most parts of the United States is a practicable and certain business, and may be made a profitable branch of agricultural labor. Second, That the manufacture of its fleece in this country promises, in the immediate future, to be more profitable than that of any other textile. Third, That the introduction of this goat into the United States is of great national importance, economically and politically considered. Your Committee believe that this new enterprise—breeding goats and manufacturing their hair—will not conflict with any other industry of our country, sheep husbandry or cotton each having its special utility to recommend it." As the fabrics of Angora wool are not only more beautiful but more durable than those made of common wool, the price of the former is not likely ever to be as low as that of the latter; but even though it should, the breeders of Angora goats in this State maintain that these animals would still be as profitable as sheep. In proof of that assertion, the following reasons are brought forward: First, The Angora goat on this coast is comparatively free from disease. Once attacked with scab, sheep are cured only by immense sacrifices of time and money. Not only here, but during its journey from its natural habitat, the Angora goat—notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of food, climate, and temperature to which it had been subjected—has been healthy. Second, They are more prolific than sheep. Pure-bred Angora goats generally have only one at a birth; but among the grades, twins and triplets are very common. Like the sheep, the period of gestation is five months; but even pure-bred Angora goats usually bring forth young three times every two years. Third, They are better milkers. In Switzerland and other countries where the common goat is kept in large numbers, manufacturing cheese from goats' milk is an important branch of industry. In the course of some time, the goat-breeders of California may often find it remunerative to fatten their kids and send them to market when quite young. In such a case, the milk of the old goats could be converted into cheese, which would find a ready market. Fourth, They are longer lived, living frequently twenty years. Fifth, They are better walkers. In many parts of California are sheep runs, large portions of which are destitute of water. No matter how excellent the grass may be, if water is not within reach, it is unavailable. The goat not only can go longer without water, but can travel a longer distance to it than the sheep; therefore, various parts of many a run can be reached by the former, while they are wholly inaccessible to the latter. During the drought that existed last winter and spring, a great many sheep were driven from their usual feeding-ground to distant pastures, where grass was more abundant. The daily loss on the journey, especially toward its close, was immense. If they reached their journey's end a few days earlier—as goats would, under the same circumstances—thousands of those that perished could be saved. Sixth, They thrive best on land on which no other domestic animal can live. Shrubs and bushes of all kinds form their favorite food. Nothing comes amiss to them. Even plants that are poisonous to most animals, are eaten with impunity by the Angora goat. In all parts of the State, are large quantities of bushes covered with succulent and

nutritious leaves, yet they are eaten by no animal but the goat, by which they are devoured with avidity. While there is such a supply of these plants, the severest drought can scarcely hurt the goat in California. Last winter, Mr. Landrum had, in Monterey County, a flock of fifteen hundred sheep, and an equal number of Angora goats. He lost 150 sheep, but as weeds and bushes — the favorite food of the goat — were not affected by the drought, only six of these were lost, and they were old goats that should have been previously removed from the flock. Owing to the weak condition of his sheep, it required three men to look after them, while only one man was required to take care of the goats. Under any circumstance, they do not require as much herding as sheep, as they usually come to the fold themselves, and when attacked by dogs or coyotes, the bucks rally to the defense of the flock, and drive off the invaders.

Either of two plans may be adopted by persons desirous to enter into the business of goat-raising — one requiring a large capital and yielding a high interest on the money a year after it is invested; the other requiring only a comparatively small capital, but bringing in little returns beyond paying expenses, for at least three years after it is commenced. The first, importing his goats direct from Angora, is, for many reasons, impracticable to a poor man. Independent of his want of capital, there are other obstacles which would render the success of the undertaking doubtful. Ignorant of the language and habits of the people with whom he would have to transact his business, his negotiations would be attended with more than ordinary difficulty, and at every step he would meet with annoyances and extortions, which would render his work unpleasant and unprofitable. The importation, then, must be left to men whose opportunities have rendered them better qualified to visit foreign countries, or to those who have in the East agents on whose honesty and ability they can place reliance. Even after importation, a poor man can not purchase many Angora goats, as they cost from $200 to $300 in California. Men of limited means must resort to the other plan, namely, crossing the Angora with the common goat. Common she-goats can be bought here for $2 or $3; bucks, having fifteen-sixteenths of Angora blood, can be purchased for $200 apiece: one buck is sufficient for two hundred goats; hence, a person could begin with a flock of four hundred goats, for an outlay of $1,600. Or he can hire bucks for the season, if he is too poor to buy them. Graded bucks are considered better than pure-breds, for the first cross. The wethers would be sold to the butchers, and the money received for them would be sufficient to meet the current expenses of herding, etc. At the end of the second year, his three-quarter breeds would be of some value, on account of their wool, and at the end of the third year, his seven-eighths breeds would yield wool nearly equal in value to that of the pure Angora. If his circumstances allow, he may follow a plan intermediate between the two already mentioned—that is, to begin with graded goats. Some of these half-breeds were sold lately by Mr. Landrum for $7 each.

Among the many circumstances which combine to render goat-breeding a remunerative pursuit in California, stands out in bold relief one which would, of itself, be a sufficient guarantee of the success of the undertaking, namely: the thousands and thousands of acres in the foot-hills of the Sierras, bearing the favorite food of the goat, but useless for all other purposes.

AT SAN DIEGO AND THE GOLD-MINES.

II

PASSING the dry slope, with its cacti, crisp grasses, scrubs, and alkali wells; passing the midway district of gorges, bluffs, sparkling water, smiling creeks, handsome oaks, and happy valleys, still another region and another climate welcome the visitor.

At the altitude of about three thousand feet, the elements have had freer play, and dressed their work in better style. The compact granite of the summit peaks has accepted the law—of physics, as well as of grace—that "whosoever will save his life, shall lose it." So, persuaded by the thunderings of the Almighty, its hard features relaxed, its heart even melted, and it became changed, with the baptism of the heavens, into its finer and mellower elements. What it was—coarse and defying—has been transformed into what it now is: a generous soil, fine and life-sustaining.

A narrow belt, varying in width from one to several miles, stretches north and south among these mountain-tops. Decomposed granite, decomposed quartz, decomposed hornblende, feldspar, and pyrites have made a soil, strong and rich. Not the sheltered dales alone; but the hills, to their very tops, nurse into vigor every form of organized vitality. The section is much broken, but is carpeted with grass, refreshed with cooling waters, and, in places, thickly studded with oak, pine, cedar, fir, and other hardy trees. This Vermont of San Diego County, gives the most reliable promise of returns for agricultural effort: cereals and hardy fruits thrive. Warner's, Santa Isabel, and Cuyamaca grants, with Coleman and Julian mining districts between the latter two, are in this table-land.

The great body of cultivable lands is covered by old Mexican grants. Those confirmed and in litigation (which is supposed to mean waiting *adjustment*) comprise five hundred and sixty-five thousand acres. Deducting a large percentage for hills, sand, rocks, and ridges, and making only a slight addition for the many small valleys *not* "granted," it will be safe to estimate the arable lands of the western slope at five hundred thousand acres.

The geological formation is tertiary. At the eastern base of the mountains are sedimentary strata, fossil shells, and silicified wood. Similar deposits are also found near the coast. Granite, syenite, trap, mica slate, and sandstone are quite generally diffused, the first forming the mass of the mountains. Most writers have spoken of these mountains as the Coast Range; even in very late, elaborate works they are so classed. Their identity with the Sierra Nevada,* of a different age, is overlooked. The rocks are metamorphic. Compact granite alternates with the laminated, trends are northerly, and planes of beds nearly vertical. Large bowlders are seen, "skinned," halved and quartered, and the lobes or quarters standing from six inches to two feet apart, so that one may easily walk between them.

Feldspathic and quartz veins are numerous, with a trend easterly and west-

* Whitney says (Report, pages 167 and 168): "The Coast Range includes mountains elevated since the deposition of the cretaceous; and the Sierra Nevada, those which have not been disturbed since that epoch. The line passes east of the San Gabriel Range, through Cajon Pass to the east of the Temescal Range, and on the south of the Santa Anna, striking the ocean in the vicinity of San Luis Rey."

erly. In some, feldspar and hornblende are mingled. In one of considerable width, on San Vicente Rancho, actinolite shows freely on the surface. Specimens of lead, tin, copper, and silver have been shown. Lignite (tertiary coal) has been found. Soda and petroleum have been reported. The wealth from these sources is yet undeveloped; but a hopeful beginning is being made by a company, lately started, to work the new leads of tin ore, near Warner's. The quartz veins, and soil highly colored with iron, in some of the higher altitudes, have long been regarded as indications of a gold region.

Very fine dust has been found within twenty miles of the town of San Diego, near the confluence of the San Vicente Creek and the river. On branches of that creek, in the north valley, old diggings are seen, which were evidently worked with profit years ago. Two to three dollars per day have been obtained with the pan this year. A few miles beyond, over a high ridge, and in a narrow valley, opening into the Santa Maria, are the "Nigger Diggings," which have been worked, also, this year, with some profit. Fifteen miles further east, and three from the *rancheria* on Santa Isabel, are the Coleman Placer Mines.

The reports of exploring parties, and the presence of gold in the San Vicente and Santa Maria valleys, had produced the very general conviction that gold-bearing quartz existed, in paying quantities, in the higher ridges of the Nevadas. The elevation of the valleys mentioned is about twelve hundred feet. The late discovery of new placer mines, at twice that elevation, led many parties to think "the trail had been struck." Adventurous spirits moved to the front. Some had prospected until their old "veins" had lost all "color," and their "big lodes" proved only empty "pockets." Others, Micawber-like, had waited long for something to turn up.

Among those having nothing to lose and every thing to gain were Messrs. J. T. Gower, J. Brace Wells, and H. C. Bickers. They gained. Their shovels and picks opened sources of livelihood to hundreds, brought hope to a declining town, and may add materially to the wealth of the State.

These are the men, who, after days of rambling, pitched their tent on Saturday night, February 19th, in an unfrequented, though pleasant valley, amid the mountain tops. On the Sabbath, they strolled, as usual, for exercise and a change. Near night, as Mr. Bickers was returning down the hill-side, he tipped over with his foot a piece of loose quartz. It had a promising look; he picked it up, saw free gold, and walked on, a half mile, to camp. He showed the specimen to his partners. Dr. Wells would not even look at it, on Sunday. It was laid by until morning; then re-examined, and preparations for a "prospect" made. In the rain, shovel and pick were applied; more loose rock was found; and the half ton (shipped to San Francisco), taken out on Tuesday, February 22d, convinced them that they had "struck it;" the claim was staked off, and they christened the ledge, "George Washington."

The great excitement at once began; prospectors flocked to the hills, and reports of new veins flew thicker and faster than the birds. Some parties, like a large school of moralists, who believe the end justifies the means, immediately jumped parts of the Washington. Entering into other men's labors, or fields, is the chronic propensity of some constitutions.

The mines are found in a belt of slate Its exact extent is not determined. A mining engineer of note, thinks the slate may be a sort of bed in the granite. In this case, the lodes may be of unequal depth, and drop unexpectedly on the granite substratum. Another party reports (evidently from hearsay), that the

"belt of slate is five miles in width, and runs to the desert, twenty miles. The veins are parallel through it, and though narrow, the clay casings give promise." In the Coleman District, there is a gold-bearing vein of quartz, within walls of granite. This would indicate that the slate formation is *less* extensive than the gold region. All the ledges dip to the north; some more, some less—the Washington very little.

The placer mines, which barely pay the laborer, occupy a rolling, prairie-like section; soil rich; wood and water plenty; and altitude about three thousand feet. Rising from this tract are steep, conical hills, covered with tall, straight pines, three to five feet in diameter. Their trunks are the pantries of woodpeckers, who have burrowed them thickly, just the right size, and studded them with acorns. The sides of the hills have been torn by water, so that ravines and narrow valleys wind among them. In one of these valleys, between high peaks two miles south of Volcan Mountain, on the creek, called Washington, and the spot originally called Mount Vernon, is the present Julian City. Half a mile up this creek, is the original discovery-claim of the Washington ledge; the hills it traverses are green with grass to their summits, and their sides and tops are shaded with the majestic pines. The country is beautiful, even among these quartz-belted peaks; and is lovely, where the little valleys open out on the diminutive, broken plateau.

The Washington has remained the principal lode of the camp. Dr. Wells, while his partners were away, perfecting their arrangements, filled the prospect-hole to save the ore. Tracing the lead down the hill twenty-five feet, he commenced stripping it, running in from the side. From eighteen inches, as at first defined, the ledge has gradually widened, and has shown free gold wherever uncovered. The quartz is separated from the slate walls by distinct clay casings. These washed, yield gold.

The half ton of rock, from which the best specimens were taken before shipment, and which *shrunk* some seventy pounds—the consignees stating, that "seven or eight hundred dollars' worth of the gold was stolen in picking by the crowd"—was certified, by the California Assay Office, to yield as follows: Per ton—25.78 ounces of pure gold, at $20.67, $532.87; 6.27 ounces of pure silver, at $1.27, $7.96: total, $540.83.

Though "not the best regulated family," the Washington Company have done the most work; their shaft is down forty-five feet, with a tunnel running to it. They have another tunnel in to the ledge, on the opposite side of the ravine. Their dump shows fifty to seventy-five tons of ore.

The Hayden Lode, showing all the rich indications, is located eight hundred feet east of the Washington discovery prospect. It is thought that it joins the original location; hence, ought to be equally as rich.

The Gold Hill, south of the Hayden, has been called, also, a continuation of the Washington. The latter must have spokes, or else mistakes *do* happen.

The Lincoln and High Peak, one thousand and twelve hundred feet, respectively, to the north-east of the Washington, and near the crest of the ridge, give forth rich tokens. These, with the Hayden, have each taken out from twenty-five to fifty tons of "rock."

The San Diego, No. 1, about a half mile beyond the High Peak, on the northern declivity of the hill, prospects as hopefully as the others.

The Owens and President, one thousand and two thousand feet, respectively, north-west of the Washington, and the Good Hope, two thousand feet west of north, are rich claims; and about fifty tons of good ore are taken from each.

The President (name since changed) was discovered by Dr. Wells, of the Washington; but he neglected to record, or to use sufficiently his "excavators" and "broaches;" so, while he slept, some kindly-affectioned fellows "squat" on his prize, and, with thumbs on their noses, the Doctor wakes up to squint at the fantastic movements of their nimble fingers. The good-natured Doctor, in Abrahamic style, quietly goes a thousand feet to the north, and using his "forceps" this time, gets a grip, which has proved a sure hold.

The Fair View, eight hundred feet west of the Washington prospect, is the illegitimate claim of the original jumpers. Much work in tunneling and sinking a shaft, has thus far brought but little return.

The Van Wirt, joining the Washington at its western limit—thirty-six hundred feet—has the original promising indications.

Others, as the Warpath, Mammoth, Cavour, Cornish, Empire, Mount Vernon, claim to have the main ledge of the district.

The development lingers from want of brains and capital. Some have pounded rock in mortars to pay running expenses. Many of the mines are undoubtedly as rich, or richer, than the Washington; and the most of them will pay. Others, too, will be discovered.

A two-stamp mill reports its first result as thirty-eight ounces from fifteen and a half tons of "rock." Two other mills are now being erected in the district. This proves the faith of millers; and will test the blood in the veins. When blood-letting shall be declined, the conclusion must follow that the "color" is not there.

Julian City, which started at once into the town-lot business, has now a formidable rival in Bransonville, a mile or two north-east. The former contains the first log cabin erected—a saloon, of course; also, various cabins covered with "shakers," and canvas, and some tents. All new buildings are of pine lumber, which is obtained at the new Cuyamaca mills, ten miles distant, at $20 per thousand feet. The price at the mines is $38.

Bransonville starts with better buildings, and seems to be growing the fastest. Still beyond it, to the north-east, over the golden ridge, dividing the waters of the San Diego from the San Bernardo, is the two-stamp mill, in successful operation. A little east of Bransonville is the highest table land, whence the waters trickle east and west; and the descent begins toward the sea or the desert.

Brilliant as the prospect opened, high as the hopes were raised, and steady as the miners have worked, a cloud has obscured the golden visions. Cuyamaca Grant, like a huge mirage, raised itself from its quiet slumbers—six to ten miles south—floated northward, and is trying to brood over the whole flock of newly-fledged fowl. The great conflict is yet to come. The miners think they are full-grown roosters, with a right to crow on their own hill. Cuyamacans say they have no hill, but have cuddled into the old nest, so long lost and never defined, in which they, themselves, were hatched, by proxy, from a Mexican egg.

Nature has given a beautiful harbor, deep channel, good anchorage, large extent, and a prospect enchantingly picturesque; she has given a magnificent climate, balmy breezes, Italian sky, dry and stimulating atmosphere—soothing to bronchitis, and a help for the consumptive; she has given a generous soil, tenacious of its moisture, rich in promise, and waiting for man to lave its burning brow; she has given soda, petroleum, mines of coal, tin, copper, silver, and gold; she has given inviting valleys with five hundred thousand acres of arable land, mountain streams of living water, nutritious pasturage, and ravines and hills lined with oak, sycamore, fir, and pine. With all these resources, is she

to droop and pine as in ages past? Can it be called prediction to say that the hand of skill shall yet strike the needed water from her rocks — that her arid slopes shall yet wave with the pepper, the walnut, the almond, the olive, the vine, the fig, the lemon, the orange, and, may be, the tea, coffee, and banana?

The mountain valleys and table-lands shall furnish her cereals; coal-beds and wooded vales, her fuel; Cuyamaca, her lumber (in part); and herds and flocks, her tables.

When, then, the coast railway—*manifest destiny* — shall bring in the wealth of San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties, and the transcontinental drop the riches of Arizona and New Mexico at the Bay, and the wise men of the East shall be seeking *there* beauty, health, and life, will it not be said that San Diego is "no mean city?" A day! and a thirsty land shall be clothed in living green; and a sterile wild shall be giving forth her fruits every month.

SPILLED MILK.

Chapter I.

JOHN'S mining claim was at Greaser's Flat. Mine was at Yankee's Forge. Both were unproductive. Though the agent who had them in charge, alternating from one place to the other, wrote encouragingly: "The 'pay dirt' promised well; the gold was in minute particles, but the color plainly discernible, and he had no fear of the final result." This from the Flat. From the Forge, still better accounts. The blue gravel was beyond all doubt extremely rich, to say nothing of the sulphurets. The company were hydraulicing. Part of the claim, however, was in litigation, which made it impossible to say whether the proceeds of the present washing would be forthcoming just at present. But "feel no uneasiness," wrote the great trustworthy, "we have a 'big thing,' and I would advise the matter being kept quiet for awhile, otherwise speculators will rush in and buy at good prices what we can now obtain for a song."

These letters continued to come, with variations, for six months or more. Frequently flattering, always with demands for money, to pay the men, or to carry on the work—that phraseology being especially convenient to cover the absence of items. John was jubilant. He always knew there were rich diggings at Greaser's Flat. One man there had taken out hundreds of thousands. He had forgotten his name; and as for Yankee's Forge, every body said that was a splendid mining locality. We should have all we wanted in a year or two, and could then enjoy life. Meanwhile, we were economical; denied ourselves opera and concert, seldom went to the theatre, restricted our drives to birthday occasions, or our wedding anniversary; became stingy about giving, and visited seldom, owing to a faint suggestion of threadbareness in our respective wardrobes. Business, in the meanwhile, became so dull that salaries were retrenched, while the power of absorption in the mines was not in the least diminished. "It takes so much to work them," wrote Hobbs, "and the men must be paid." So the money went, and we were all the poorer for our rich mining claims. John's face wore an anxious look, while mine lengthened visibly. Hobbs had put down our names in two or three other "big

things" owned by companies; and these yielded, in assessments, at least $8 to the ton. He spoke of having secured us some hundreds of feet in the "Silver Spoon," in the manner of one conferring a favor. He regretted he should have to borrow money to pay his own assessments, but it was like throwing away a fortune not to hold on. Having already invested so much, we held on; while Hobbs took advantage of an opportunity to sell out on his own account, continuing to "manage" for us—John having unlimited faith in him.

The scales began to fall from my eyes. I inquired of John if he had entire confidence in the business capacity of Hobbs, and put the question in such a manner as to convey an insinuation of his honesty.

"Women don't know much about these things," said John, and in this there was also a covert meaning. Women had better attend to their own affairs, was implied in the uplifting of the eyebrows and shrug of the shoulders. This annoyed me, for I had recently become a female suffragist, and could not, and would not, be snubbed.

"It belongs to me, as much as to you, my dear, to know the extent of our pecuniary embarrassments," I said, with unflinching sweetness, in whose honey was held at least the sting of one bee.

"Who said any thing about being embarrassed?" fired up my amiable liege. "Hobbs knows what he is about."

"I should rather think he did," diluted with a sigh. Now if there is any thing provoking to a man it is one of those undefined sighs, bordering on tears, yet withheld from this expression by a sense of injury and injustice. John was, to say the least, nettled, and resolved to "kick against the pricks."

"Well, then"—viciously—"if you are not satisfied with Hobbs we had better go and take charge ourselves," and with that suggestion he left for the office.

I felt grieved that our little difference of opinion had given rise to any thing so nearly a quarrel; but the idea of a change from city to country, which he threw out, remained with me, and by the time he returned in the evening, was ripened into a purpose. We *will* go to one or the other place, I said inwardly; it will not involve much expense, and John certainly can manage better than Hobbs.

I was in an angelic frame of mind when he came in to dinner. I enchanted him by the charming amenity of my manners. I was brilliant and agreeable, and felt how much I could be as a social power if we only had money. A friend or two dropped in, and our pleasant home was irradiated by flashes of wit and humor.

Yankee's Forge and the mines receded from memory, and the star-lit present was all-absorbing—but transitory. The morning brought a consultation of ways and means. Business never was so dull; assessments continued to come in; Hobbs' tone was not quite so confident, and I urged a removal into the country. Woman's reasons: It would cost less to live there. We could ignore the demands of fashion; sell most of our furniture (I wanted more stylish patterns when our mines paid); keep a cow and chickens; and, in short, have a very pleasant time. Ending with: "And see to the mines yourself, John, you know; you are such a good business man, and I really have no faith in Hobbs."

Man's objections: "First place, Berenice, I *may* have an opportunity of rising in business. We have things comfortable, if not elegant, here; our own house and lot. The expense and worry of moving is beyond expression, and I shall lose in a few months the foothold it will take years to regain. I think we had better make the first loss the last: neglect to pay any more assessments, and let the mines go to the ——."

"Oh! John, now don't swear."

To say I put John through a series of rasping little continuances of the subject for some months following, is to announce the result. We tossed up a bright silver quarter. Heads up, the Flat; heads down, the Forge. Yankee's Forge won.

Chapter II.

And now came the reality. Yankee's Forge, as seen at a distance; the mines yielding their precious treasure; the delightful freedom from social restraint; glittering ores, cows, bed-rock, chickens, sulphurets, cream unlimited, specimens, and fresh butter and fruits had given our domestic *tête-à-têtes* for the past few weeks rather a conglomerate quality. But when John came home, a few days after our final decision, and announced, in a faltering undertone, that he had sold the house, and we would auction off the furniture, I felt very much like letting go the plow I had so rashly put my hand to: all that was so valueless became suddenly the dearest of our possessions, and fearful forebodings of breakers ahead took possession of me. Remembering my own urgency, however, I held my peace, and even smiled when he added: "The deed will be ready for signing this afternoon."

"Who bought it, John? Have the family any children?"

"Yes, seven."

Oh! the ineffable sinking of heart I felt as I mentally reviewed these seven imps sliding down the walnut balustrades, breaking the trellis-work in the garden, pounding nails into the walls, upon which to sling school-bags and fishing-rods, and, worse than all, leaving the print of soiled fingers on the immaculate paint. For I did not at all realize that the house was no longer ours. In the afternoon the purchaser came. A big, bluff, burly fellow, who seemed good-natured enough, bought the carpets without demurring to the price, and told us not to hurry about moving, but declined the furniture, on the score of "mother (meaning his wife) having so many 'traps,' he didn't reckon she'd want much. She meant to fetch a good many things down with her."

"Why, are you from the country?" I inquired, feeling a sudden interest in him.

"Yes, madam, and I wish we'd never left San Francisco; but, you see, mother was so bent on going, I gave in. But the children don't have no chances there, so I told mother we'd better make a break, and come back."

"And how did you like it?" I eagerly inquired.

"Well, I should a liked it better if the mines had a paid; but mother she got out of conceit of it long ago — she couldn't get nobody to help her to do chores, an' it come mighty hard on the old woman. But it ain't no use to cry over spilt milk; and I guess mother'll be all-fired contented to get sich a nice little place as this." He looked round with a satisfied air, and bade me an abrupt good-by.

My heart misgave me, but I resolved to adopt his proverbial philosophy, and busied myself arranging matters for the auction sale, which was to take place in a day or two.

I pass over the agony of that day of sale. The packing of what we reserved was carefully accomplished by an expert, and the trouble to us individually was trifling, but the expense was fearful. Every box and nail, every wisp of straw, every piece of bagging and sheet of wrapping paper cost money, and I thought if our mines yielded in proportion to the aggregate, we should soon be rich.

En route at last. As far as Auburn on the railroad; acquaintances on board, and a delightful trip so far. Our spirits rose. It was pleasant, after all; though after leaving Sacramento the weather seemed to get suddenly hot. From Auburn to Yankee's Forge by stage. To

describe the dust and discomfort of this September ride is impossible. I had never encountered any thing like it. Two Chinamen occupied the seat facing me, and a woman, who weighed at least a ton, spread her fearful ponderosity on the middle seat; an Indian girl "packed" her baby for her, who enlivened the way with sundry yells suggestive of the educational influences of his nurse. John bore it unflinchingly, and I reverted with tender commisseration to the individual broiled at the stake, in Fox's "Book of Martyrs." The thermometer stood at 98° as, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived, weary, vexed, and exhausted, at our destination.

Hobbs had sent "his man" to take a house for us—the only one there was to let in the place. A hot, low-roofed cottage, with a cramped porch, and a "back lot" stretching unfenced, to use the expression of Hobbs' man, "to 'tother side o' yander post." A melancholy-looking cow was tied to "yander" post, and a few "chickings" (to quote again from the man) strayed disconsolately round. He had "seen to it that a cookin' stove was put up; also, a mattin' on the floor; also, (and he jotted off on his fingers the various enumerations); also, a bedstead, though there hadn't no beddin' arriv'."

I scowled at "the man" who was lounging outside; but calling to mind how persistently I had urged John to move to the country, felt ashamed of my ill-temper. Determining not to succumb to discouragement, I told a lie on the spot: "I really think I shall like it ever so much, John, when I get a bath and some of this dust washed off. But where is the bath-room?"

Hobbs' man, entering at the moment, chimed in: "There ain't none in the house. I kin git a wash-bowl down to the store, howsomnever, ef you object to the pump."

"Oh! dear, no bath-room. John, what *shall* we do?"

"I could a tuk a contrac' to hev one made," said the dreadful man, "ef Hobbs had a told me. City folks alwus wants 'em."

Hobbs everywhere, even in the bathtub. I began to feel as if he owned us; and the idea of a contract for so small an item as a bath-house conveyed a sickening impression of the smallness of the place. *Yankee's Forge.* Who was this Yankee whose spirit seemed to pervade the atmosphere? Nobody knew. Some gambler, they said at the hotel, where we resolved to stay until we could get housekeeping articles from "the Bay," for there were none to be had in the place.

"If you had not insisted upon selling all our things, John, now just see how easily we could have sent for them; the chest of drawers, and the book-case, and ——"

John was rude enough to interrupt me:

"*Mother, what's the use of crying over spilled milk.*"

Chapter III.

Hobbs' man was a perpetual source of annoyance. During our stay at the hotel, he undertook to "fix" the cottage for us, and called every hour, on the smallest pretext.

Would he furnish tacks for the carpet, or should he have 'em charged? There was a good store, an' he'd guarantee they would trust for any job he was a'bossin'. How about the critter? Hadn't she better have mixed feed; an' would I have salt by the pound or the bushel? An' them chickings has flown aboard Niles' fence, and was a'roostin', some on 'em, on to Green's perches. Didn't I think he'd better buy a Shanghai rooster, so as to keep 'em to hum?

"Oh! yes; get the Shanghai, by all means;" though it was rather a new idea

for the rooster to be considered the domestic fowl of the family.

"And how about that mixed feed, marm?"

I had not the most remote conception of a cow's necessities in the way of fodder; but as John had recommended, blandly, conciliating manners toward Hobbs' man, as a means of retaining his valuable services, I pretended the half-and-half recipe was just the thing.

"He bein' away, marm, I thought I'd best not take any responsibility;" for the ogre persisted in alluding to John as a mere male, whenever he spoke of him, in spite of my invariable *Mr.* Blankman.

Poor John! He was fidgetting over the mine. It was badly conducted, he thought; and, as finding this out, cost a surrender of home for three days and nights, and was likely to lead to prolonged absences, I dreaded a more thorough investigation. Meanwhile, Hobbs' man having, as he considered, settled us, and informed me that he had "laid in considerable grub, omittin' butter, as he reckoned we'd churn," concluded to proceed to Greaser's Flat.

Hobbs had always been a myth to me, and I was glad that I should, at last, have a realization of him, as a tangibility. John's account of the mine, which I had hitherto considered as almost wholly belonging to me, did not give me an exalted idea of his capacity as manager; and as he made continual reference to the company, when alluding to the one at Greaser's Flat, I thought he had duped John into a partnership arrangement which would eventually prove ruinous.

"Now be sure you receive him pleasantly, Berenice, if he arrives before my return. Your surmises regarding him I consider unjust, and quite unworthy your usual penetration."

I promised, with inward reservations. Pending his arrival, and during John's absence at the mine—which was six miles from Yankee's Forge—I employed myself in the final arrangement of the cottage, and in tutoring the half-grown Chinaman, who was our only servant. It was a new idea in my household experience, but having so frequently heard of the adaptiveness of our moon-faced population, I felt rather glad of Bridget's abdication in favor of Wo Sin.

The morning was very lovely which beamed upon our first day's entrance into the paper band-box which now constituted our home. We had decided to occupy it immediately upon John's return; and rose at the unprecedented hour of 5 A.M., to walk over before the weather became unbearably hot. The auroral hues of the cloud-picture were exquisite; the birds sang sweetly; and soft, tremulous sweeps of odorous air gently stirred the—dust, which enveloped us in its stifling atmosphere at every footstep. I plowed through it, lifting ankle high the dainty white morning robe, but wondering no longer at cheap calicoes being the prevailing style among the few women I had seen.

As John professed utter ignorance of all dairy matter, I volunteered to teach Wo Sin the art and mystery of milking. Having so often seen it done, I had no doubt as to my ability, and, taking down the bright tin-pail, bade Wo Sin follow me to "yander post," which, during the construction of a shed, continued to be Sukey's temporary home. She was evidently relishing her compound fodder, and did not notice my approach. I marched boldly up, and made a sudden grab at her full udder, as if it were a missionary bag at a church fair. Giving it no gentle squeeze, and turning the lacteal fluid in the wrong direction, I had the satisfaction of bathing my own face. Nor was this all. The creature, irritated at the interruption to her morning meal, gave a kick, which sent the bucket over the fence, and indented my arm with her ungainly hoof. Wo Sin stood at a cautious distance, but bearing my

discomfiture as though it was the merest trifle, I said: "Now you take the bucket and milk her."

He shook his head. "Me no sabe milk; him cow too muchee kick."

Nothing would induce the cowardly Wo to come to my relief; and I went, storming, into John, flushed and soiled, and in a positive rage, especially as neighbor Niles was peering at me from over the way.

The unwonted sight melted John, not into compassion, but into convulsions of uncontrollable laughter; and my sufferings were aggravated by neighbor Niles, now fully awake to the scene, shouting, as only women in the country can shout, "Go 'tother side of her, marm; you must always go 'tother side of a cow." And, coming across with her own bucket, she soon brought in a pail of such foaming whiteness that it looked as though a snow-drift had been set to rise with yeast. The kindly soul strained and put it away, and seeing my downheartedness, said, cheerily: "Never mind, you can soon learn, but be sure and always go 'tother side." Whether 'tother side was right or left, I forgot to inquire; and as the performance had to be repeated morning and evening, I mentally resolved taking care of cows was out of my sphere, and that if John and Wo Sin could not manage the creature, I would not.

John's evening experience was worse than mine of the morning, for Sukey seemed aware that she had fallen into green hands, and tried her power. If John went one side, she turned sheer round 'tother. If he got his little stool camped down, and bucket ready, the merest touch sent her whirling round again; and her tail did such good service, as a whip-lash, that he could not approach her from behind, while her pointed horns were menacingly dangerous, whenever he attempted conciliation by "So now, Sukey! whoa, Sukey!"

John Blankman, I am proud to say, is possessed of an uncommonly amiable temper. But he beat that cow. He threw clods of dirt at her; he swore roundly that she was a d—l of a brute; and I, grateful for the sympathy of the morning, peeped through the window-blinds and enjoyed my revenge. He said he would conquer or sell her.

He did conquer her, thus demonstrating man's physical superiority over the weaker vessel. But it was under good neighbor Niles' tuition.

"Such a creature as that is worth her weight in gold," quoth she. "Four gallons a day! You can make all the butter you need for present use, and have plenty for winter."

Milk is nutritious, and can be converted into a variety of palatable dishes. But let any one strain and skim it, and prepare it for butter, and the churning be a failure, and the weather so hot as to curdle it before it is needed for use; let any one oversee the scalding of numberless tin-pans, and the ablution of buckets and churns—and the gallon taken at the door from the city "milkman," seems infinitely preferable. Living in the country, with help scarce, reduces the romance of keeping one's own cow to a trying reality.

Wo Sin suggested a pig as a remedy for the daily waste which the affluence of Sukey rendered necessary; while John proposed a foundling asylum.

John's levity, however, received a check, when Hobbs (to quote from his man) put in an appearance. This individual arrived one evening, about ten o'clock, having done the odd thirty miles between Yankee's Forge and Greaser's Flat in a "b'huggy" with two "m'hares," as he called the rather weak-looking team in which he came. He was a long, greedy-looking man, with florid complexion, and protruding eyes. The shake of his hand was decidedly unpleasant in its clamminess. One of those

undefined and shadowy mistrusts crept over me in his presence, which incline one to a belief in the spiritual theory of *aura*, atmosphere, etc., and are insoluble by any known rules of moral philosophy. He talked glibly, but his words rattled like dry bones, and he gave skeletonized outlines of things, rather than distinct impressions of them. He was smart, but not intelligent; quick, but without wit; sharp, but not shrewd; and had a strange way of whirling you into a vortex, by the rapidity of his utterances, till you felt as if he was a moral maelstrom, and had effectually sucked you in. I could see some evidence, on John's part, to free himself from his power, and I rejoiced, as it convinced me he was beginning to feel he was in danger.

"Certainly, certainly," said Hobbs. The Greaser's-Flat concern was doing splendidly; he had given almost undivided attention to that. Scientific men had assured him there never had been a process so complete for the extraction of gold, as that which he was at present employing. It involved great expense; but—nothing venture nothing have.

"What scientific men have visited the mine?" I inquired.

"Numbers, numbers, madam," (he invariably repeated the first word of his sentence); and drawing out of his pocket a fine specimen—"that, Mrs. Blankman, is a trifle I brought over for you. It is one of the finest we have obtained."

The heavy earth, stratified with fibrous gold, was, indeed, beautiful; and, as Hobbs assured me, was valued at over a $100. He presented it as though it was an entirely personal gift; and for the moment I forgot that one-fifth of the mine only belonged to him, and that, probably, $80 of it, at least, would be credited to the company.

Dealing in generalities, it was impossible to obtain any thing like statistical information from him; and yet, he contrived to throw such an air of veracity into his manner, that it was almost impossible to doubt his word. I did, however; and urged John to visit the Greaser's-Flat precinct as soon as possible.

"The claim at Yankee's Forge," I mildly observed, "does not come up to our expectations."

"Indeed, indeed. Well, my dear madam, I am rejoiced that your excellent husband is right here on the spot. It will be a great relief to me, and afford me an opportunity to further the interests of the company in our other claim. But, have no fears; every thing will come out right; such material as this"—and he produced a small bottle of blue gravel, flecked with minute particles of gold—"is evidence of richness. You are, perhaps, impatient—the harvest is inevitable; but the honest miner learns to possess his soul in patience."

The fatigue pleaded by Hobbs, and the lateness of the hour, precluded attention to business that night; and the next morning John was too busy, foraging round at the one butcher's stall for provisions, to give much attention to our friend before breakfast. The minister and a few of the neighbors were coming—self-invited—to spend the day, and my hands were full, for Wo Sin was inadequate to the toil of a dinner-party.

Hobbs was in his glory at breakfast. The appetite of a guest is always a matter of unconsciousness; but six cups of coffee, "gulped," rather than swallowed, have the effect to awaken observation; and the broiled spring-chicken was shoveled into his capacious mouth, on the pointed knife-blade, with indigestible rapidity.

"For mercy's sake, do not bring him back to dinner," I whispered to John, as they started for the mine. "He is a cormorant."

"Oh! that reminds me, Berenice, dear, I bought a couple of pigs to-day, and Wo Sin can put them in the chicken-

house till we get back, and give them plenty of sour milk. *You* need have nothing to do with them."

"Of all days in the year to go and get pigs, when I'm expecting company, and shall need Wo Sin every minute."

"Well, my love, I am sorry it so happens; but I had to secure them when I could."

The pastry-cooks and restaurant belong to an older civilization than either Greaser's Flat, or Niles' Corner; and the trying experience of preparing every atom of cake, every mold of jelly, pies and conserves, soups and salads, falls to the lot of the unfortunate giver of parties, individually.

"Don't make the least fuss—we are just coming, 'sociably,' was the request of the lady who planned the visit. But, of course, coming from the Bay, it will be no effort to *you* to entertain company"—this by way of compliment; but it conveyed the idea that a San Franciscan was supposed to have every thing especially nice, the scarcity of material seldom being taken into consideration. I resolved on broiled chicken as my main dependence, in the bill of fare, and to get these ready was fatiguing to a degree I had never experienced. Without the opportune help of neighbor Niles, I should have been completely discouraged. The dreadful pigs having arrived just as Wo Sin had housed the chickens for catching, the whole brood got loose and scampered over the back lot. Of course, the oldest and leanest being unable to run, he succeeded in capturing a half dozen of them, cruelly wringing their necks, and adding their shrill agonies to the tormenting squeals of John's last purchase. But neighbor Niles comforted me by a prospective of spare-rib and sausage, ham and lard, as she beat away at the eggs with the energy of desperation. It was noon, and very hot, before preparations were complete, and I was just preparing for a good nap, when little Jim Niles appeared at the gate, hallooing to me: "Here they come, six of 'em." And as they arrived, panting: "Oh, golly; but ain't mother 'n' Miss Blankman been a makin' cake an' things. Miss Blankman said she did hope you wouldn't come till she'd had time to cool off; an' one of the cakes got all smashed a comin' out of the stove, an' we eat it. You bet, it was good!"

My face was crimson with mortification; and, notwithstanding the great help neighbor Niles had been to me, I could have spanked her hopeful heir with absolute good will; but I managed to appear at ease, and slipped out to make my toilet, as soon as possible, after receiving them.

Society in most of the mountain towns resolves itself into an annihilation of all social distinctions. Education, wealth, and culture, meet on common grounds, ignorance, impecuniosity, and coarseness. The saloon-keeper and the gambler are on a par with the merchant and the lawyer. The daughters of the clergyman and the physician have no greater social advantages than the servant-girls who wait upon them. The names of Thomas, Richard, and Henry, rapidly assimilate with those of Tom, Dick, and Harry. In the ball-room, the *vis-à-vis* of the mistress is frequently the maid. Democracy rules; yet, gentle breeding shows itself in individual reticence, and that nameless quality of self-assertion evident to feeling only.

The minister of the parish had originally been brought up to a trade. A sudden conversion to the Methodist faith, awakened in him an ambition to go on a circuit; and, after the usual formula of the anxious bench, experience-meetings, and love-feasts, he attained the climax of an appointment to preach. Widow Bedott's "Elder Sniffles" was no caricature, in consideration of his style of handling the Scriptures. His weeping capacity would have turned a

mill-wheel. He had no need to pray that his eyes might become fountains of water, for the unpleasant moldiness of his appearance indicated a continual state of dampness. To-day, perspiration took the place of tears, though little Mrs. Murray—a young married lady, recently from New York—assured me privately that he would be primed for a good, wholesome cry after supper.

The ice once broken, individual traits displayed themselves: the minister indulged in premonitory sniffs, and Hannah Jane Parrott said she'd found out all about the young man in tights, who was waiting on the Smith girls. This subject discussed, it was remembered that I had not been formally introduced to Phebe Nash. She was called "peculiar;" and, if her dress were index to her character, I quietly resolved not to pursue the acquaintance. She was not positively dowdy, yet her tumbled drab-silk, and the coarse, tan-colored net she wore over her black hair, were careless and ungraceful. "From Coon County, way out West, Sister Blankman," said the minister. "Sister Nash, relate some of your experiences. She lectures, Sister Blankman."

"Go on, Sister Nash; don't be bashful." And with alternate encouragement to Sister Nash, and little explanatory phrases to me, he worked the company into a fever of anxiety to "hear all about it." The result was, of course, a dead failure, succeeding an awful pause. Poor Nash seemed all "net": and the wide, cotton bobbin-collar, the old-fashioned knitted mitts without fingers, the open-work stockings, and the big, twine pudding-bag she was making, suggested the idea, as she looked askance at the minister, that she was a fisher of men. Merry little Mrs. Murray adroitly punned on her occupation, though she was too obtuse to perceive it. Neighbor Niles said, "Ah! indeed;" or "To be sure," in a variety of accents, determinately non-committal. Mrs. Mosher, who prided herself on her musical abilities, had the air of a Hussar, and with loud-voiced coarseness quite silenced the piping of Mrs. Bradcourt, who, I afterward ascertained, had planned this visit, by way of celebrating the ninth anniversary of her wedding-day, bringing with her Charlotte Corday and Beatrice Cenci, and leaving her other six children to take care of themselves. Mrs. Murray informed me that Judge Slocum had been solicited to name the twins; and, as the Bradcourts had squatted on his land, she supposed he had wreaked his vengeance on their defenseless heads in these names. Familiarly, they were Cord and Chench, and were by no means cherubs. A thin, little woman was presented as "our druggist's wife," who looked as though she had been the victim of every variety of pill flesh is heir to, so sallow was her complexion. The goodness of neighbor Niles was never more conspicuous than in harmonizing the elements which I should have failed to assimilate, for my memory would recur to the last charming evening we had spent in San Francisco. But the ladies exerted themselves as much to make me feel at home as though I were the guest; and when supper-time came, to my great surprise, they left the minister alone, and, following me into the kitchen, "sot" the table, broiled the chickens, cut the cake, etc.; Wo Sin, standing with open mouth to watch them, saying to me: "What for so much woman come him kitchen? You no sabe cook!"

The minister asked an elaborate blessing, and mopped up his tears with a big bandanna handkerchief, while Chench made dabs at the cottage-cheese, and Cord beat a tattoo on my best China with a spoon. Phebe Nash queried whether the ointment on them chickens was made out of butter or lard. Mrs. Bradcourt was so solicitous to cram the twins, that between her intermittent cups

of tea she chewed up sponge-cake, and fed them pigeon-wise. And so the meal came to a *finis*, just as John returned, for he had requested me not to wait for him.

"Where is Hobbs?" was my first question.

"His b'huggy b'hroke, and his m'hares stalled, and I have had to walk ten miles —confound him! Oh! I beg your pardon," seeing the minister frown.

"Human nature is weak, my friend. He chastiseth whom He loveth, and these light afflictions lead to eternal weights of glory."

It was an exasperating remark to a man who already felt his burdens too heavy. But John was genuinely polite, and endured the minister, probably as conducive to the coming weight of glory.

They went at last: Cord and Chench obdurately refusing to be protected from the cool night-air, and fighting rebelliously with cloak and hat-strings; Phebe Nash having secured the recipe for the chicken ointment, and Mrs. Mosher the opportunity to sing.

I piled up a basket of eatables for Jim Niles and Sandy Crup; and, shutting the door upon the last guest, turned upon John and said, severely, "Those pigs came," as if their arrival was the last feather in the back-breaking process.

John's reply was foreign to the subject:

"I believe *that* Hobbs is a rascal, Berenice. The men tell me they have not been paid for some time, and every thing is at loose ends."

"What does Hobbs say?"

"He is plausible, and makes the worst appear the better reason. He wishes to defer matters. But I am determined to push inquiries."

Six months — a year — passed away; and one fine morning in October, Hobbs was among the missing. The funds of the company were at the lowest ebb. It was ascertained that the mine at Greaser's Flat had been mortgaged by the fraudulent manager far beyond its value, and affairs looked discouragingly blue.

John's immediate supervision had rendered that at Yankee's Forge remunerative. But expenses were so heavy, repairs were so frequently demanded, and money was obtained at such high rates of interest, that the pecuniary realizations were small, in comparison with the fortunate investments he had frequent opportunities of making at the Bay.

I felt as if we were deteriorating every day, from the want of moral instruction, and intellectual stimulus. Slang phrases no longer shocked me, and I became accustomed to habits of expression which were unrefined and inelegant. Music was neglected, and the only drawings I devoted my time to, were caricatures, for I meant to prepare, as a Christmas present for John, an illustrated manuscript, to be entitled "Cream"—a country sketch, embodying my domestic mishaps — which were amusing in the abstract, but demoralizing to my amiability.

Realities pressed hard upon us both; but we were young and hopeful, and found many redeeming points in the life we had chosen. We thoroughly enjoyed the mountain air; and tramping over the hills, gun in hand, beside John, shooting quail and rabbits, or galloping with him on my fleet little pony, had become a daily exercise. The longing to return to the city was less unfortunate; and, but for an accident, we might still have been indulging in great expectations at Yankee's Forge.

Neighbor Niles had promised to lend her ready help when killing-time came. The first pig had been sold, and replaced by another, who waxed fat as his end drew near.

Hobbs' man having returned to the Forge, we hired him to butcher the poor thing; and after a day spent at the mine, we came back, to find the corpse stretched from a rafter in the barn, with a ghastly slit cut lengthwise through its carcass, and a corn-cob inserted tantalizingly across its mouth.

"Miss Niles said as how she'd be over in the mornin', ma'am, an' I'll see that she's cut up." Of course, he meant the pig; but Hobbs' man was not choice in his modes of expression.

Alas for human expectations! In the morning Jim Niles was struggling with cholera morbus, and the pain drew the confession from him that he and Sandy Crup had feasted on canned lobster, a big slice of fruit-cake, cheese and olives, which they had buried, after his mar's last Dorcas meetin', down by the graveyard; the sepulchral flavor of which rather upset Jim, but left Sandy no bilious twinges. The poor little chap was brought round at last, and, in constant attention to him, I had quite forgotten the dead thing at home waiting to be converted into winter stores. A severe indisposition prostrated Mrs. Niles, and I searched Yankee's Forge over for "help," remembering "mother" having to do all her own chores, with fearful forebodings of disappointment. The only woman in the place who went out I had mortally offended by not asking to partake at my table when I employed her, and Hobbs' man had gone up to the *cañon* for a week, having first "cut her up."

Fragments of pork were laid out in every conceivable shape in the kitchen—hams, shoulders, head and feet, chine and spare rib; slices of white fat were piled in a tub, and a large iron caldron had been borrowed from the butcher to "bile down the lard."

"Is this all one pig, John?"

"Certainly, my dear. I always told you how profitable it was to keep a hog!"

"I wish we had continued to keep her, then, for I'm sure I don't know how to cure her, now she is dead."

An idea seized my good liege: "You make the lard and sausage, and the butcher can do all the rest."

"That is just it; all we have to do is to melt the fat and put plenty of sage in the sausage."

Wo Sin began to gather up what was to be sent to the butcher, while I took pride in the thought that I was quite equal to the preparation of the rest. A large package of pulverized herbs hung in the store-room, and carefully selecting one, marked "sage," I awaited the chopped meat, with which my handy Chinaman ere long returned. Emptying the contents of the package into it, with abundance of salt and pepper, I made little cakes of sausage, with confidence in their excellence, directing them cooked for supper, and leaving the lard for next morning's work.

"I hope you are hungry, John. We are going to have sausage for supper, and I've sent some to neighbor Niles, and to the minister, and all round; we have such a quantity."

"Hungry as a hunter," was the response, as the sizzle from the frying-pan and the smell of coffee permeated the whole house.

We sat down. A successful achievement in culinary matters was always an event to me, for in this respect I was self-made, and had as much complacency as a self-made man.

Phebe Nash came in as we drew up to the table, and I urged her to stay, for she was such a tattler I knew she would tell how good they were, and I had not forgotten her enjoyment of the chicken gravy, we had ever since called "ointment."

John helped liberally, and I watched for his verdict.

It was given in a sudden contortion of countenance, followed by a spasmodic

heave, which induced a precipitate retreat. Phebe tasted, and followed, though I thought it strange she should run after *my* husband in that way. But I heard John exclaim: "Tansy and rue! by all that's good." Uplifting my morsel on the fork, I exercised my sense of smelling upon the aspiration of the day. Tansy and Rue, sure enough. And the bitterness did not culminate here. My rapid thought dwelt for an instant on each neatly-covered dish I had sent round with my compliments, and imagination pictured the commisserating tones of—"Poor Mrs. Blankman! she never did know any thing about cooking'; " or, "That's what comes of bein' literary;" or, worse still, "'Tis no wonder Blankman don't make a good livin' with a woman always drawin' and paintin', and leavin' things about the house to her Chinaman." I thought I should sink, and although John tried to cover my mortification, it was evident his appetite for home-made sausage was gone forever.

I flew to the pantry to inspect the herb-bag. There was the sage neatly marked, while a significant "R" remained on the torn wrapper containing what was left of my seasoning.

"Only a mistake. Don't you feel glad it was not poison?" was the charitable comment of neighbor Niles. But no one else alluded to sausage in my presence, and the empty dishes were returned without thanks.

The lard ruined us, or liberated us, I have scarcely made up my mind which. At all events, it ended the experiment of living in the country, and was the indirect cause of John selling out his mining interests at Yankee's Forge.

Wo Sin had set it away in an immense crock to cool, and finding tin cans more easily managed, I told him to melt and pour it into them. The process was going on. But just as he was dipping the first ladleful into his can, I happened to jostle against him. The oily fluid touched the stove, and leaped into flame, kindling that in the large caldron.

To rush to the door and scream "Fire! fire!" was the instinct of a moment. Men, buckets, water, confusion, dust, and smoke, answered my cry; but in less than fifteen minutes John and I stood over a smoldering ruin—homeless.

The dear fellow's arms were round me, and I resolved, as I leaned upon the manly breast that had always been my earthly strength and shelter, that as long as God spared us to each other I would not "cry over spilled milk."

THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

STRETCHING from the Peninsula of Alaska, across the meridian, to the eastern longitude of near one hundred and seventy-two degrees, is the remarkable range of mountain-peaks that emerge from the ocean in every fantastic form of volcanic upheaving, and which were named by the early Russian discoverers the Aleutian Islands.*

They are divided into four groups. The easternmost—the *Blish-ny*—embraces Atton, Agatton, and Semitchi Isl-

* Conflicting statements are made as to the origin of the name *Aleutian*, but we have been assured by an experienced and intelligent gentleman, who was one of the captains in the Russian-American Company's service, that when the Russians first met and conversed with the natives, they inquired the name of the newly-discovered land, and were answered by them, *Ale-qui-re*, meaning "What is that?" Although at the time the Russians were ignorant of the purport of the reply, still they gave the name to the islands, which was afterward perverted into Aleutian, the present name.

ands. *Kris-see*, or Rat Islands, include Great Kyske, Little Kyske, Amchatka, and Semisopochnoy, or the island of the seven volcanoes. Those of the *Andreanov* group are Tanaya, Adakh, Atkha, Amla, and Segouam. The cluster called the *Fox Islands* are fourteen in number, with many unnamed islets and rocks about them. The four largest are Oumnak, Ounalaska, Akovtan, and Ounamak. Of the whole extended chain — which appears as if expanding to link the continents into communion—only eleven are inhabited. Farthest west is Atton, with a purely native settlement, nestled behind a rocky reef along its northern shore, where dwell some 220 souls. Agatton, of nearly the same extent as Atton, lies near it, but is only the temporary abiding place of a few fur-hunters, who resort to its shores in quest of game. Farther eastward is Atkah, with its extinct volcano that rises to the height of five thousand feet. A fine harbor opens on the western shore of the island, on the northern side of which is a narrow point of low land, where the natives' huts are literally planted. Another hamlet is found on the eastern shore of Atkah, swelling the number of inhabitants to three hundred. The narrow Island of Aamla is in close proximity, but only two forlorn dwellings are there, tenanted by a half-dozen secluded mortals.

The large Island of Oumnak has about 220 men, women, and children living in two villages, situated on opposite shores. Then comes the still larger one, named Ounalaska, which is the most thickly populated of the whole archipelago. Six villages are scattered around its shores, the largest of which is Illioulіouk. The whole population of the island number over five hundred. Oundalga, Akoon, Antanak, and Tegalda have a few families living upon each of them. Ounamak is the most eastern and the largest of all, still it maintains only six or eight families, who live near its eastern extremity, near to the main land.

The passages dividing the islands into groups — which are most frequented by navigators—are Ounamak, Akootan, and Amontka. Heavy and continuous fogs prevail in these high latitudes, and many a captain who, with his ship, has groped for days or weeks about the obscured shores, at last finds that he has already passed through some dangerous channel, not knowing when the transit was made. More frequently, however, vessels sail in and out the broad entrance of Ounamak; for, should the fog-cloud settle, the majestic peak of Shishaldinsky will be seen to the eastward—a high, glistening beacon, sending forth wreaths of smoke and steaming vapor, as it were to assure the anxious mariner of his true pathway—where meet the waters of both sea and ocean.

A few small firs, brought many years since to Ounalaska, by the Russian-American Company, were planted in a sheltered valley. They are of the scrubby species, so often met with in New England, growing in open land. It is supposed by many that the climate or soil is not suited to the growth of timber. Be that as it may, the trees here mentioned are as thrifty as those of the same kind found growing in their native soil.

Not a tree, however, grows spontaneously throughout the whole extent of these broken isolations of rock and earth, but a humid climate, promotes a rank growth of vegetation wherever the grasses or flowering plants can find soil to nourish them; so that, when sailing along the crazy shores, from point to point, during the warm season, many valleys and hill-sides are seen clothed in vivid green, contrasting pleasantly with the deep-brown cliffs that are everywhere met with, overhanging the coasts. These cliffs are the homes of the sea-birds and ravens, whose noisy pratings over their

young broods mingle with the din of the surf, as it dashes among the rocks and caverns.

By a glance at the map, it will be seen that Ounalaska is one of the central islands, and it possesses more natural advantages than any one of the others, having several harbors well sheltered, and easy of ingress and egress. That of Illioulíouk may be called an interposit for the whole Aleutian chain, as well as for various trading-posts about the main coast of Alaska bordering on Behring Sea. The entrance to Illioulíouk is through the broad bay of Ounalaska. The outer headlands to this fine sheet of water are Cape Cheerfield to the east, and Cape Kalekhta to the west, which is also the western boundary of Akootan Pass.

It was a dismal, foggy morning the first time we were entering the bay, anxiously working with steam and sail toward the port, and it was only when we closed in with the coast that it became visible; then, in an instant, the fog seemed to break in every direction, loitering here and there in clouds, over hill and vale, which added much to the wild effect of the varied scenery. As we glided inland, the steeple-shaped rock, called "the Bishop's Nose," was seen standing out like a sentinel from the abrupt point near Cape Kalekhta, which is a sure mark for the harbor. About the shores, on all sides, the land is high and broken into changing steeps, or sloping hills, and rolling valleys, covered with the peculiar verdure that so rapidly advances in spring time, below the snow-line, in these cool regions. Its almost dazzling tints are shed on land and water; even its reflection was plainly seen on the wet sides of our ship that were still glittering from the effects of the high seas in the offing.

Behind the Island of Amaknak is the village of Illioulíouk, which is built upon a low tongue of land, bounded by the bay on one side, and a rivulet — whose source is at the bases of the back mountains — on the other. A description of Illioulíouk and its people may be regarded as an approximate sketch of native life upon all the inhabited islands about which we are writing. The Greek Church is the most conspicuous structure of the settlement; the main part is about thirty feet square, with a cupola and cross above, and wings, or porches, extend from each end. The rear one is the sanctum; the other forms the entrance below; while above is suspended a chime of bells, whose silvery peals echo among the hills on Saturdays and Sundays, when all assemble for their habitual worship. In the church-yard lay the deceased dignitaries who, in past times, participated in all the ceremonies, which appear to be imbued with a deep solemnity among these humble Christians. We once had an opportunity of witnessing the burial of one of the deacons. The Aleutian priest, with his assistants, dressed in their clerical robes, conducted the obsequies, while all the congregation gathered around to join in the last sacred rites bestowed on the one who had departed for the land of spirits. The assemblage was a motley one, of all ages and both sexes: the males were dressed in common, coarse, European clothing, and the women and children in calicoes and plaids, with shawls of bright colors, or long, blue tunics, with hoods, or bandannas covering their heads. We had just time to see the coffin, as it was placed in the grave. It was covered with black silk; rows of tinseled hearts lined its sides, and upon the top lay a white cross. As the remains were slowly lowered, the priest held an emblem of the Saviour over the grave, and, opposite, two assistants elevated lighted candles; then they sang a funeral dirge, in which all the attendants joined, frequently making the sign of the cross on their heads and breasts, and bowing

low, as if in contrite submission. After a pause, they again sang, and bowed in solemn reverence, when all became still. A deacon then received the cross from the priest, who, with a spade in his own hands, threw the first earth back into the grave; then, in turn, the deacons and all the members of the church did likewise, and the ceremonies closed. The lay members of the church, however, who have ended their career in this world, are borne to the cemetery, a mile distant. We strolled through a rank growth of herbage to visit the place, and found it upon the summit of a broad hill, overlooking a pretty lake that reflected the snowy peaks high above it. The graves were scattered promiscuously, though marked by crosses, or headstones of different designs; all in some manner exhibited emblems of the faith.

The huts of the natives are ranged on both sides of the church, back from the beach, while the stores and houses of the merchants, as well as the domicile of the priest, are in front, with a walk between them and the bay shore. The first-named are of the usual construction, the frames being composed of drift-wood and whale ribs, then covered with layers of turf, which give the finish to the exterior; adding a glass window of half a dozen seven-by-nine panes, and a low, narrow door, where one must stoop and contract in every way to avoid coming in contact with the sides of the passage. Inside, the habitations are divided into two, sometimes three apartments, the best one being usually lined, or sealed, with planks, which are made clean by frequent scrubbing, or they are covered with paper. The floors are plentifully strewn with dried grass—a sort of thatch—imparting a degree of warmth and comfort when compared with the cold, moist earth. Many of the huts are supplied with small stoves, since their occupants have become a mite Americanized. The outer room, or kitchen, is the place of all work: the cooking is done over a smoldering fire of drift-wood, or of the dried vegetable roots gathered among the hills, the smoke ascending through an aperture overhead, in lieu of a chimney. The Aleute's fare is quite simple, being chiefly fish, and the flesh and fat of the whale; hence, but few cooking utensils are needed: a kettle or two, with a frying-pan, are among the most important, not excepting the *sam-o-var*, for preparing tea. Crockery abounds with them, however; and many other household articles are coming into use as they are brought more or less in contact with civilization. Many of their earthen cabins are now furnished with ordinary beds, tables, chairs, and, in some instances, a bureau and mirror; almost invariably each dwelling is decorated with Connecticut clocks, some having two or three by way of variety, their time-keeping being of secondary importance.

There are about fifty native houses in Illioulіouk, and sixteen stores and dwelling-places occupied by the whites, several of which were built by the Russian-American Company long ago, and look more antique than the native huts, being very low, of one story, and thatched, hip roofs, with hempen net-work drawn over them to prevent the wind from blowing away the grassy covering. These Company buildings passed into the hands of Messrs. Hutchinson, Kohl & Co. about the time the country came under United States rule, and are still occupied by their agents. Other new buildings have sprung up, for the use of several traders who have permanent agents established there.

The valuable furs of the otters are the great source of wealth with the Aleutians. These are eagerly bartered for by the traders. Several varieties of fox-skins are also bought. The season for hunting the animals is from April to September.

The hunting expeditions are organized with seldom less than six boats in a fleet, generally two men in each *baidarkas*. After going through with their unvarying religious offerings, they start out for their severally chosen grounds, where they patiently pursue the animals from day to day, subsisting on what fish they may take, or, if hard pushed, eating the flesh of the otter. All the animals are taken with the frail native spear, the use of fire-arms being prohibited. One can easily imagine the patient effort that must be exerted to capture the objects of pursuit; and occasionally an unfortunate hunter comes back to his home, after months of tedious watchfulness and exposure, without obtaining a single skin. We once saw a small party return after a successful season's hunting. Six "skin-boats" were in the band, each paddled by two persons (frequently a father and his son will go in the same canoe), who impatiently dashed along with their double-blades as they neared the shore. On landing, they all, with one exception, quickly alighted and hauled their cockle-shell boats upon the beach, amid the greetings of their families and friends. It was easily seen who had been the fortunate ones in the chase — they moved about with a peculiar air of self-satisfaction, and would haul out from the holds of the *baidarkas* the rich peltries, tossing them, with a gesture of independence, to their wives and children, who conveyed them to their cabins, where every thing seemed full of joy and welcome. But one poor fellow landed in silence; he slowly raised himself out of the cramped position in his craft, then stepped out to haul it up; but he hesitated, as if pondering in despair. His wife was near, striving to console him; but he paid little heed; at last, the two dragged the unlucky boat "high and dry," where it was rummaged for the useless spears and a few personal effects, which were gathered up in silence, and, with dejected mien, both padded to their cheerless abode — for the husband had taken no sea-otters.

Our sympathies were aroused in behalf of the luckless pair; and not until then did we fully appreciate the benevolent practice among these honest islanders, of giving to those in need.

The "otter season" being over, then comes the time for preparing to pass the long winter. Shoals of salmon and herring at different seasons resort to the islands. These are taken in nets; and codfish, with many other smaller varieties, are caught with hook and line. The fishing is exclusively the work of the men; but the women prepare the fish for winter food, which is chiefly done by drying. For this purpose scaffolds are built, covered with thatch, under which the fish are hung to protect them from the fog and rain. Drift-wood is gathered by the men and boys; but the collecting of the fibrous and vegetable roots, which are dried for fuel also, is the work of the women. Provision having been made for the rigorous months, the men pass their time till spring in trapping foxes (which abound among the mountains); or they remain within their huts, having little to occupy their time or mind by day. At night, however, both old and young often go forth to a neighbor's house to join in a general jubilee, passing the long evening in dancing and drinking *quass* (a sort of sour beer, made so strong by fermentation as to cause intoxication when used to excess), of which they are very fond. As the winter wanes, the men again prepare for the aquatic summer hunt; and thus their years of life pass on.

When taking a general view of the Aleutians, one can not but admire their honesty, to which is joined a deep-rooted observance of religious duties, as well as a generous feeling toward each other; especially the fortunate toward the unfortunate. Indeed, they appear as if prone to do right, and possessed of hearts

in which there is but little guile. This is well illustrated in the choice of their Chiefs (*Tyonis*), who are selected and elected solely on account of their qualifications to govern, and to deal justly with all; and should they prove unfaithful, they are removed for cause. They have, too —we are informed—a great desire for advancement in civilization and education. This is particularly the case with the more intelligent, and it is said many of the children are apt scholars.

A *Tyone* on one of the islands engaged the Captain of a trading vessel to take his son (ten years old) to "the States," to be educated. "For," said the old Chief, "I am anxious that my boy should learn English, so as to be able to speak the same tongue as the nation under whose rule we have come." So the father placed in the hands of the guardian-Captain an ample supply of sea-otter skins to defray the necessary expenses, and the vessel departed with its native passenger for the land of knowledge, touching at Ounalaska on its way. At that place, Mr. B., one of the Government agents, saw much of the lad, who was already applying himself to study, and frequently asked the proper pronunciation of different words. In conversation, at one time, the boy remarked: "You must be a very old man?" "Why so?" "Because," replied the boy, "when my grandfather was sixty, his beard was one inch long, and your's is more than six times that length, so you must be at least three hundred and sixty."

Whatever may be the future career of this peculiar people, whose origin is a question (probably from the Japanese—fishermen and sailors providentially cast upon the remote shores by the boisterous elements which sweep over the North Pacific and Behring Sea, or drifted thither by the strong currents, which, as yet, are but little known), they may be regarded as a race, though ignorant, having but comparatively few vices, and who are capable and worthy of becoming American citizens.

THE COCOA-TREE.

Cast on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me:
Onward I drifted till a coral tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case.
Widowed within this solitary place
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I hear the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never come!

THE YUBA.

WE know from private records that in the early days no stream in California was more beautiful than the Yuba River. Throughout the valley it was fringed with majestic oaks, most of them evergreen, and with stately sycamores, not less striking, many of them, than those which adorn so many Oriental countries. Its water was clear and limpid as that of a mountain brooklet. Flowers of every hue and shape looked down upon it from green, grassy banks that bordered it. The hare and the antelope slept in the shade of its pleasant trees, and birds of many kinds made music among their branches. Little danger then from miasmatic vapors, or from encroaching waters. The native and the miner that slept upon its banks, did so undisturbed by any occasion of fear from it. From the base of the foot-hills to its junction with the Feather River, it was one unvaried scene of beauty.

But change came to it. Gold glimmered from its sand-bars, and was discovered in the hills and gulches reaching down to it, and man forgot the beauty of Nature, or, rather, he did not choose to remember it. He saw a hundred fortunes in its sparkling sands and red-clay banks; and when the former were robbed of their treasure, he sprang at the latter with strong and vigorous purpose. They soon sank to the level of the water's edge. Years came and went, to find the miner still at his post. He had grown rich. The long sought-for "El Dorado" was under his feet. He had gold in the cabin, gold in the banks, gold in the sluices; and even the beautiful river had turned golden in sympathy with him.

Meanwhile, the river was having its history. Year after year it was fed with the *débris* of the miner's enterprise. It crept slowly but surely up. Old landmarks were swept out of existence, and new ones had to be followed by others yet newer. The cataracts changed to rapids, and the rapids to slow, turbid currents. The river was being thwarted of its birthright; it had made no bargain like Esau: would it be unjust to retaliate? It did retaliate. It grew furious with the spring rains and the snow water melted from the mountain tops. It leaped upon the gray cabin of the miner, and swept it seaward. It tore down the bridges he had made across it, and the many sluices he had placed along its banks. It finally shot through the banks which tried in vain to bind it, carrying disaster or absolute ruin to all that stood within the sweep of its waters.

And the miner, looking on, half-smiling and half-wondering, called it a pretty freak of Nature, always to be expected at certain intervals; not a thing to cause surprise or discouragement. Never was man more mistaken; for the next year came, and though the winter was milder, the river performed the same unpleasant antics. And so on, year after year, until it had set the stamp of ruin on every thing in the valley.

With the discovery of gold in the foot-hills, and along that portion of the river near them, a city had been started, known by the name of Marysville, and situated near its junction with the Feather River. A city with large hopes and energies, because every thing seemed to promise that they should not be fruitless. And every man who was interested in city property, during the inclusive years from 1851 to

1854, might well be flattered with the prospect before him, for the city was the base of supplies for all the mining region about it; and, seemingly, not soon to be troubled with a rival. And the miner worked, and the city took his gold-dust, jubilant over the enormous profit on supplies they exchanged for it; always complacent, always obliging, because they had little reason to be otherwise. And the miner worked, and the city thanked him for his energy: wished his numbers were increased, and his means for producing treasure were doubly multiplied; and all the while he was too powerful for them—rapidly ruining them, although they saw it not.

They did not see the compact that Nature had made with one of her elements, aided by the miner's industry, to ruin them. She had made it strong and well; and they read it with strange foreboding thought as the water one terrible winter night swept in upon them. Clearer writing they did not need on that following morning, to tell them that gain must be natural, or it will be offensive. Yet the compact stood, and the city knew of it; but was careless enough not to heed it. It was flooded again, and again; and each time the city was not only advised of its coming, but refused to spend means for thwarting the river's ruinous purposes. It lived in ruin, and knew or heeded it not. Apathy ruled its industries as well as its prospects; till, in 1864, it was a city of houses half-tenanted, of business wearily done, and of thought almost purposeless.

What a picture, too, the Yuba has made in doing this ruinous work! The numberless daisy-beds, and long, bright plats of grass, are fathoms deep under irregular patches of sand on either side of the river. All the valley in immediate proximity is sadly changed. Giant trees, that but a few short years before were regal in their beauty, now, stripped of their foliage, bent and broken, with arms flung wildly out or clasped in close embrace, seem in their spectral nakedness like so many giant skeletons of despair, battling winter and summer with the fates that have ruined them. Some of them, too, are proudly independent, like men of true dignity, who, by some unforeseen difficulties, have suddenly been stripped of place and fortune.

The river has sought new channels, leaving its old ones to be covered with thick, rank under-brush, or groves of cottonwood and alder; and dotted in many places with pools of water, waveless and muddy, to taste and sight alike offensive, everywhere a picture of features most inhospitable. These new channels have swept the water over thousands of acres of land, formerly so rich, that scores of years were counted on to exhaust them; now so poor, that no one can be found who hopes to extract more than the barest pittance from them. Illustrative of this fact, we refer to a particular *rancho*.

The vicinity of Marysville was formerly marked by some of the finest fruit orchards and vegetable farms in California. Prominent among them, and, perhaps, the best among them, was that known as the Covillaud orchard and general *rancho*. It was known throughout the State as one of the best pieces of landed property in it. Nor was it undeserving of the reputation, for its situation was admirable; just outside of one of the most thriving cities in the State: its soil was rich and deep, adapted to almost every branch of agriculture; it could be amply watered with very little expense by wind-mills; it had been repeatedly proven to be remunerative; it was, in short, hardly less than a paradise to a connoisseur of the *cultures—horti*, *agri*, *flori*, or otherwise. If report comes down to us that fabulous prices were offered and refused for it, in some instances the amounts bordering on a half million of dollars, who shall say that it may not be credited?

But the river, always inimical to human

interests in the valley, swept in upon the grain-land of the *rancho* and buried it in sand. Then it sought the orchard, dwarfing and sickening its trees, filling the spaces between them with mud and sand, or pools of yellow water, every year more fatally encroaching, till the farm to-day is a desolate picture of ruin, with hardly a characteristic feature of its former worth and beauty. This picture of material destruction, as we have given it, is but a half type of the reality. Nor are we able to paint it as a whole. We can not accurately tell what influence the river may have had outside of the valley which immediately borders upon it. How much it may have contributed to those disastrous floods which have visited the State Capital with so little mercy in years gone by, can not readily be determined. It is probable, however, if first causes could be accurately numbered, the Yuba River would have no mean rank among them. Indeed, there need be no reasonable question that it is indirectly responsible for no small share in the general devastations of the Sacramento River, and, consequently, directly interested in the destruction of Sacramento itself. It would be strange, certainly, to think that the deposit of the Yuba has been confined to its exclusive roadway. It has not been thus limited. The *débris* of this stream has been swept on into the Feather River, and it, in turn, has taken it to the Sacramento River, where it has clogged the channel of that stream, raised its bed in many places, and has, in consequence, been no small contributor to its general overflows. With this it has had no little influence on the back-water of the American River, which is well known to be one of the chief causes for the overflow of the Capital. Finally, seen in all of its phases, it must be acknowledged to be no mean power for general destruction, whether it be considered as a remote or immediate agency.

Were this all—could the picture of its material destruction, simply, as we have most imperfectly given it to the reader, be taken as a faithful photograph of all its work—he might incline to forget or allay its ravages. When he remembers, however, that another and darker picture could be painted, and must be referred to, to complete its influence, he will probably have little tendency to be charitable.

With this ruin of cities, ravage of beautiful homes, destruction of the miner's industry, and general devastation, it has left a legacy to the inhabitants, loathsome and treacherous. It has dotted the country with yellow pools of stagnant water, which in the long, dry months of summer become so many Upas valleys, giving off miasmata morning and evening that have a deadly influence on all who breathe them. To live on the banks of the river below the reach of the foot-hills, is to come within the sphere of their operation—is to shake, day after day, until flesh, heart, and soul have little consciousness of existence. San Francisco earthquake-shocks are but slight afflictions in the face of a great ague-tremor as it visits the city of Marysville during the inclusive months from August to October. Fever and ague is absolute king of the town. He rules without mercy, torturing his victims with barbaric taste and savagery. Everybody bows to him. He sets his stamp on all that is in or of the city. Her people go about the streets, pale and weary, greeting each other with sad, listless faces, in which one reads of a hope without a basis, of a disease without a remedy. Every body is infected, and every body shakes. The merchant shivers, and looks like a forgotten bean-pole in a stiff March wind as he weighs his wares to shaky customers not less forlorn and pitiable. The lawyer shakes his legalisms at the dubious minds of a shaking Judge or jury, quivering with feeling that is no mark of sentiment or pathos. The

preacher shakes his half-worn creed or crude theology into a dull, shivering audience who tremble, not at the power of the spirit he paints for them, but at the spirit of a strange something within them which will not let them hear, and dare not let them digest. The father shakes as he reads, the mother shakes as she sews, and the children shake as they play in the dusty street. The lover and loved shake, the hater and hated shake, the buying and the bought shake. It is shake in the cool of morn, shake in the heat of noon, shake in the calm of even—shake, shake, shake.

What is true of the city is yet more bitterly true of the region above and below it. A peculiar fatality seems to attach itself to a place we mention—the Yuba Ranch, situated on the bank of the river, about seven miles above the town. Far and wide this place is known and shunned. It is a haunted homestead. Not visited by the spirits of the departed, bent on collecting debts long since outlawed, in human Courts, at least; nor yet by those strange hobgoblins, half-demon and half-man or beast, who seek revenge for fancied injury; but by a strange, dark something which sets its seal on all who occupy it—the ghastly seal of death. Family after family have tried to triumph over the destiny that rules it; and the curious may mark their progress by studying their tombstones in the city grave-yard. A sly, insidious fever creeps into the system of man or woman that inhabits it, and he shrinks and dies as from some subtile and slow working poison which has no antidote. Nor are men alone affected. The big plow-horse and the hardened mule, the cattle, young and old, the chickens, geese, and turkeys, the very cats and dogs: every thing about it of domestic nature, having within itself the mark of life and action, is stamped with death or its similitude.

When we remember that the story of this river's operations is to have added pages with every year that passes, and every page not less tragical in interest; and that whatever may be done will only serve to retard its material destruction: if gloom come with the thought and hopelessness with the prospect; if there be indifferent desire on the part of some and complete apathy on the part of others, will it seem strange or unnatural? Will it not rather seem the logical sequence of the facts before us?

And seeing the facts in a still stronger light than we have painted them, what is the result? Granted, that the treasure it has given us is far more than any one had a right to anticipate in the outset. Granted, that it has blest a hundred homes eastward and westward; that it has been no weak factor in upbuilding the industrial interests of the State; that it has enriched the coffers of the nation; that it has contributed to the general prosperity of many communities throughout the land: granting all this, and more with it, is it a fixed fact that it has not taken more than it has given? Has Nature here been less true to herself than Nature elsewhere? Is she ever ultimately thwarted of her purposes? If it has made some homes happy, it has made more of them miserable. While it has been building up, it has been tearing down, also. For a gift of beauty, it has left us a legacy of desolation. It has given a curse of miasmatic vapor for a blessing of healthful air. We were willing to give it interest, but it has taken extravagant usury. It has given us change for stability, despair for hope, death for life; in short, it has pictured ruin on itself and every thing about it. Is he over-visionary, then, who will risk the assertion that, could an accurate estimate be made of the good received from it and of the evil it has wrought for us, the latter would far exceed the former?

The river, too, has its legendary his-

tory, not so much a romance as a fact, startling in incidents, and full of tragic situations. It is equal, also, in the vigor of its interest to that old history of a similar nature, clustering around every castle of the Rhine, written on the faces of its bold, bare cliffs, or lurking in the atmosphere of its lonely haunts. Some day or other, also, it shall be embalmed in story not less fascinating than that which the Rhine has given us. More than this.

The Yuba River has its unwritten poem, worthy of reading over and over, striking in detail, and powerful as a whole. A poem, too, that needs to be read with something of sadness in the thought and feeling, for it is made up of strange elements — waste, death, and deformity.

All the hills that border on the stream are parts of the poem. Every winding ditch, every forgotten flume, every pile of bowlders in the rugged gulches, every uncovered mountain-breast, sometimes red as with blood, sometimes white as with death — all these are so many stanzas of the poem, full of vivid interest. Many a ruined and forsaken cabin is a paragraph, having for its lines the fragments of that earlier home-life and industry which have come down to us in various but imperfect forms. Bits of paper, dirty and blank, or blotted over with characters but faintly visible; tumble-down fire-places, proving the roughest workmanship; broken frying-pans and twisted grates, eaten with rust; handles of picks and shovels, and picks and shovels handless; broken bottles, half-filled with water, and bottles whole and empty; bones of animals that served for food or use; old hats, old boots, old coats — all the paraphernalia which tells of the miner's existence. Inscriptions, too, are a part of the poem, written with steel on the gray rocks of the hill-sides, or cut in the trees that line the banks of the river. And the grave-yards — the lone, forgotten grave-yards, where nobody comes to weep — up on the rocky hill-sides, in the broad glare of the sun; down by the pleasant rivulets hastening to the stream; close by the stream itself that sings an incessant requiem; sometimes two or three in a group, sometimes only one. The grave-yards, marked by no inclosures, having no tombstones to tell of the silent sleepers, with no flowers save those that God has given them, and with now and then a rough wooden cross to mark the faith of the dead in his lifetime; these lonely resting-places of hardy men whom many have loved and trusted, are they not so many passages of touching pathos, making the poem, by their frequency and force, almost an elegy?

THE IMPERIAL PRISON.

"WILHELMSHÖHE, the most beautiful spot in God's world, assigned as residence to Louis Napoleon!" I heard a German exclaim, when the fact first came to his knowledge; "what a shame!" We must pardon the somewhat strong expressions: it was a native of Hesse-Cassel who spoke, and to his mind Wilhelmshöhe embodied all that nature and art combined could present to the most fastidious beholder. In truth, there is nothing in Versailles, Sans Souci, or Fontainebleau, that we can not find on a larger scale in Wilhelmshöhe.

It is well known that the first Elector of Hesse-Cassel—William I, grandfather of the present Elector, who was dethroned in 1866—stingy and grasping as he was, spent enormous sums to gratify the monomania he was possessed of for building, beautifying, and improving in his domains. Yet it is not to him we owe the creation of Wilhelmshöhe; it was his ancestor, the Landgrave Charles, who erected the mighty statue—a copy of the Farnese Hercules—and dug for the waters which fall for a thousand feet and collect in a monster basin, from where a fountain sends up a jet of over a hundred feet high.

It was on the day when these wonders were first exhibited to his invited guests and courtiers, in 1714, that the old Landgrave saw and became enslaved by the charms of the woman who afterward ruled him and his country with such ruthless sway. From that time to this, Hesse has enjoyed the unenviable reputation of loyally supporting, besides its legitimate rulers, such "alongsides" as Mesdames de Pompadour and de Maintenon were in France. Young as the "beautiful Bernhold" was in years, she knew well how to strengthen the liking the Landgrave had first felt for her; and when he grew old and imbecile, it was she who governed court and country, and continued in his name the lucrative trade which Landgrave Charles established as the prerogative of the Hessian rulers. I mean that of "soul-selling," as the Hessian people themselves so strikingly call it; for the troops sold to England, and sent to this country against the Americans, were by no means the first lot of humanity sold to serve as "cannon-food" in foreign countries. The Venetians and Hollanders had already enriched the coffers of Landgrave Charles with the proceeds of "the blood and tears of the children of the country."

Incomprehensible to us must be the undying love, the unflinching devotion, these "blind Hessians" have, in all ages, exhibited for their "country's father." Some of the most magnificent and most admired of the groups of forest-trees in the parks of Wilhelmshöhe, for instance, have sprung from seeds brought by the Hessian soldiers from this country (America), and presented by them to their *Landes-Vater*, whose passionate love for all the beautiful in nature contrasted so singularly with his otherwise sordid instincts. In little wooden boxes the old man is said to have had these seeds planted, and placed beneath the windows of his own room, where he watched their growth with absorbing interest. The trees, in some instances, have attained a height and size, in the course of a century or so, in the

German soil, which they would hardly have reached in their native country. They were always favorites with the last Elector, Frederick William I, who is said to have been very proud of his "American trees."

Looking back to the beginning of the present century, it seems singular that Napoleon III should be, by compulsion, the inhabitant of Wilhelmshöhe. When, in 1806, Napoleon I, out of the different German principalities, had patched together the Kingdom of Westphalia for his brother Jerome, this new-baked King elected Hesse-Cassel as his *Residenz-Stadt*, and Wilhelmshöhe (then, by compliment, Napoleonshöhe) as the chief seat of his rather extravagant pleasures and follies. Perhaps it is the avenging Nemesis that has led Louis Napoleon just to this place, where his uncle Jerome so often woke the nymphs and echoes of fountain, glade, and grotto with his stereotyped decree, "*Morken wieder lustik sein*"—(be merry again to-morrow).

Although the courtesy (or policy) of King William of Prussia has surrounded him in this sylvan retreat (where he misses nothing of his former state, save the sword at his left) with many of the people who held high charges under the Empire, it is hardly to be supposed that the atmosphere of Wilhelmshöhe should appear as much *couleur de rose* to Louis Napoleon as it did to Jerome. Nor should I rest in peace a single night, were I in his place: for the body of the grim old Prince Elector, who would speak of King Jerome only as his *Statthalter*, lies in the Löwenburg, the celebrated old castle on the eminence to the left, and back of the palace at Wilhelmshöhe. To think that this proud man—the first Elector of Hesse-Cassel, who was so boastful of the name that came down to him from the time of the Roman Empire, when here was the home of the Catti—should have fled before "the Corsican soldier of fortune," should have been dethroned by him, with the simple sentence: "The House of the Catti (*der Katten*) has ceased to reign!" True, the fortune of the Corsican soldier turned, and the rightful owner of Wilhelmshöhe, with his crooked stick, his "two heads," and his hideous ugliness, returned to the land of his fathers; but the hatred he felt for his *Statthalter*, Jerome, could only die with him, and he lies buried where Napoleon must see his tomb whenever his eyes turn to the *Habichtswald* (Hawks'-Forest), which forms the background to Wilhelmshöhe.

The Löwenburg, built in the style of the Middle Ages, by the Elector William I, may justly be called both his tomb and monument; and the two-headed Elector will never be forgotten while the castle stands. I was told that it takes the name Löwenburg (Castle of the Lion) from a figure on horseback, in full suit of mail, both horse and knight equipped for war, representing Richard the Lion-Hearted, which occupies a large hall, decorated and furnished throughout with complete sets of armor, battle-axes, drinking-horns, and other mementos of the days of Richard II. There is something else here which the Electoral Majesty, William I, must have borrowed from England: King Arthur and the round-table. Another hall, fitted up in the taste of *their* age, is devoted entirely to their protracted sitting, and no living soul enters their presence, save by special permission of the powers that be. Friedrich Barbarossa, his red beard grown through the table before which he is seated, occupies another room in this curious old castle.

Nothing indicates that we have left the feudal ages behind us—draw-bridge, warder's tower, and battle-axe seem to hold their natural place here; and so averse was William I to innovations and the progress of the age, that at his wish

even his funeral was conducted in the fashion of the century before his own. He was carried to the tomb at night, with great pomp, the coffin surrounded and followed by the soldiers of his army, bearing flaming torches, and the younger scions of the nobility, dressed as Knights of the century he had copied from. In front of the cortege rode a herald, himself and the black charger he rode completely covered with black armor, black plumes waving from his helmet, and in his hand the Marshal's *bâton*. The suit of mail which the unfortunate herald, the Chamberlain von Mengersen, wore, was so heavy that, although every alternate plate and chain of metal had been taken out, and black pasteboard put in its place, the weight almost crushed the wearer; and he died of consumption a year later, an involuntary sacrifice to the *manes* of the upholder of ancient Chivalry.

Altogether the Löwenburg is gloomy, though forming a highly romantic picture in its state of artificial antiquity, overshadowed by the dark trees of the Habichtswald.

Let us take a survey of the bowling-green, in front of the palace now occupied by Napoleon III. How William I loved this green, smooth lawn. Every morning the prisoners and malefactors from guard-house and prison were harnessed to cylinders and rollers, and made to step carefully on the grass, drawing the rollers behind them. Day and night, sentinels were made to stand guard over the grass-plat, to keep profane feet from stepping on its velvet. Whimsical as the old gentleman was, every restriction was removed as soon as the students from Göttingen (only a few hours' ride from here) made their appearance, as they were wont to do, *en masse*, on the Monday following Pentecost.

"They are my children from Göttingen," he would say, "and they bring a lot of money to Cassel."

Lolling on the cool, green turf, or rambling through the woods, by cascade and fountain, they would dream the day away, and then quietly return to their Universities at Göttingen. In their own way the young fellows loved the Elector, and were grateful; and to prove this to him, they hit on rather a singular plan. They made their appearance one day, *en masse*, as usual, partly in carriages, partly on horseback, with out-riders, coachmen, and footmen—a queue of magnificent length appended to the head of each individual of the train. Out-riders, riders, coachmen, and footmen had drawn their pig-tails under the right arm, and were using them as whips and switches, while the inside occupants of the carriages sat stiff and demure, their pig-tails drawn to the front, and laid ostentatiously over their knees. The Elector himself still wore the queue, and he saw nothing in this demonstration but a desire on the part of "his children from Göttingen" to return to the customs of the good old times.

Before we allow our eyes to rove farther over the beauties of Wilhelmshöhe, let them rest a moment on the white marble of the palace before us, built with projecting front and receding wings, Note the broad steps leading to the pillared vestibule. It was under these the treasure of the Elector, on the approach of the French, after the battle of Jena, and after his flight to neutral Denmark, was hidden by an old servant and a few of the faithful officials of his *régime*. Immensely wealthy was the old man: the iron chests contained the English gold for which his soldiers had been sold; but this did not prevent the men, in whose hands the millions were left, from risking life and liberty to save them for their owner. King Jerome, whose fingers were itching to clutch the coveted treasures, offered enormous sums to any one who would give him a clue to them, for he felt that they must still be

within his reach, though hidden; threatening, at the same time, with death and disgrace any one who, knowing the hiding place, should conceal it from him. In spite of all this, the old servant, with the assistance of two other men, at the peril of their lives, transported the treasures over the borders, and saw that they came safely into the hands of the Elector.

And the sequel to the story? Perhaps it is not to be wondered that William I looked hideously ugly, and that his loving subjects called him the "two-headed monster" (he had a fiery-looking excrescence on his neck, in front, so large that it looked like another head), for on his return to Hesse-Cassel, instead of raising these self-sacrificing men to honor and position, he actually threatened to imprison them, because they were unable to produce written proof that a few thousands of the money used by them for bribes and hush-money, had really been spent for that purpose, and not appropriated to their own use!

While in Germany, I heard another version of the treasure story. Rothschild, the ancient and original, was in the habit of visiting, with the Elector's permission, Wilhelmsbad and Wilhelmshöhe, in his calling of "peddler Jew," his basket of wares slung across his shoulder. The old gentleman had always had a gracious word for the Jew, and in the hour of his dire need he intrusted his treasure to him before his flight. Returning from exile, he received his millions from the hands of the Jew, who had held them without receipt, without note, and, as a "reward of honesty," his Electoral Majesty decided *not* to charge any interest for the use of the money. Correct, or not, as the particulars of this story may be, it is beyond doubt that the wealth of the Rothschilds is the legitimate fruit the Elector's treasure bore.

Galling as the yoke of the French had been on the neck of the German people during the decade they wore it, their ideas of the inalienable rights of human beings had somehow expanded under it; and when among the rest of German sovereigns and potentates, William, the first Prince Elector of Hesse-Cassel, resumed sceptre and sway over his subjects, he found, to his grief and perplexity, that they would no longer lie on the Procrustean-bed on which he had in past times bedded clown and gentleman alike.

The remaining eight or ten years of his life were spent in bootless attempts to ward off and battle against the tide of light and progress irresistibly breaking in over his dominions.

Hopes, fallacious as they were high, were entertained of the progressive tendencies and enlightened views exhibited by his son before ascending the throne. After this event, which took place in 1821, it soon became apparent that the Hessian people had vainly looked forward to a release from almost unbearable tyranny under his reign. Neither more liberal nor generous than his father, he had not even the consideration for the welfare of his subjects which his predecessor displayed in such traits as planting the public highways with fruit-trees, and settling disputes between subject and subject in a somewhat arbitrary, but always well-meant manner. While he relieved his overburdened people of none of the tolls and taxes his father had laid on them, he did not even give them an opportunity of earning back the money that flowed into his treasury, for he had neither the taste nor talent for building which had distinguished his predecessor; and that stupendous work, the erection of the Kattenburg—a building whose massive foundation-walls cover an area of many acres in the city of Cassel—which the first Elector began, was left unfinished by the second, and allowed to crumble to pieces by the third and last of the line.

In fact, the reign of William II was

remarkable for nothing but the number of favorites who shared it with him. Women, I am speaking of; for though married to an amiable and high-hearted Princess, Augusta, the daughter of Frederick William II of Prussia, his heart (if he had such a thing) passed from the keeping of one gallant, intriguing lady to that of another. Among the most prominent of the number was Emilie Ortlöp, the daughter of a goldsmith from Berlin, on whom he conferred the name and title of Countess of Reichenbach, and to whom he was united in morganatic marriage after his wife died. On the decease of the Reichenbach he formed another morganatic marriage with Karoline von Berlepsch, only six months having elapsed since the death of the former.

The next and last Prince Elector of Hesse-Cassel and lord of Wilhelmshöhe, was Frederick William I, his son, born in 1802, who had for some time before his father's death (1847) assisted in the arduous labor of ruling Hesse-Cassel. Though ascending the throne at a period when the most willfully blind of the proverbially-blind Hessians must have seen the necessity of granting wider liberties and more moving space to the spirit of the times, he persistently refused to concede any thing to the will of the people. His reign was a continuity of petty tyrannies and pitiful evasions of the duties his position imposed on him. In some cases, perhaps in most, those who formed his Ministry, and were his constitutional advisers, were to blame for the ill-judged measures resorted to to keep the country in that state of somnolence which was decided to be best calculated for the furtherance of the Elector's individual interest. In other cases, those who sought forcibly to open the Electoral eyes to the wants and *demands* of the people, were persecuted and hunted out of the country to which their dearest recollections clung.

Then came the grand *finale*, in 1866, when, after a bloodless war of six days, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, Frederick William I, the last of the dynasty of the Katten, was *nabbed* (captured is too heroic a word) by the Prussians, in his favorite retreat of Wilhelmshöhe.

What inscription, I wonder, does Louis Napoleon read on the polished walls of the palace at Wilhelmshöhe; what do the waters of the cataract roar into his ears; what does the wind, soughing through the sombre branches of the forest-trees in the Habichtswald, preach to him? How his great ancestor had once wrested these glories, these splendors, this wealth, from the hands of their rightful owner, little dreaming what prisoner these walls, these trees, these waters, would guard in after years? And Frederick William I, the last of the Katten, shall we not give him a mite of our sympathy for the bitterness gnawing at his heart like a vulture, when the thought comes over him that his own, his dearly-loved Wilhelmshöhe, with all its charms, its memories, its beauties, is a Paradise Lost to him, but a Paradise still; whose gates were opened by another power, to admit the hereditary foe of his race and nation?

Higher up in the Habichtswald than the Löwenburg, in the direction to the right of the palace, far beyond it, and crowning the wooded eminence of the Kasselberg, is the statue of Hercules, some thirty feet in height, standing on an octagonal base of over a hundred feet. Beneath this is the reservoir, from which the cascades, leaping down for a distance of many hundred feet, from fall to fall, are fed. Though a work of art, such as may not be found in Europe a second time, these regular, set falls are not so pleasing to the eye as the many cascades and miniature water-falls that gurgle and bubble, and rush through the grounds in an apparently headlong and unrestrained manner. Bridges span the

streams and chasms here and there, of which the most remarkable is the *Teufelsbrücke* (devil's bridge) beneath which there is quite a steep precipice. Pavilions and kiosks peep out from shrubbery and forest-trees; and flowers and statuary, and divinities and monsters from mythology, altogether make up such a picture as is seldom seen twice in a lifetime.

Farther on, houses, inhabited by foresters and game-keepers, are dimly seen in the shadows of the Habichtswald; a large basin, from which the grand cataract above the Löwenburg is fed, with the old castle below, and mountain and forest in the distance—all this gives one the impression of being far away from the every-day scenes of existence, and far and effectually removed from all the narrowness and the petty cares of this life. Far down below, on the other side, is a queer little Chinese village, with nodding wooden mandarins sitting cross-legged and in immovable attitudes with the rest of their bodies, glancing with dreadfully-perpendicular eyes at the passer-by. Another marvel to the beholder is the "bird-house"—a large structure of brilliantly-colored glass, so high that it conveniently covers several large forest-trees and a lot of shrubbery. Birds of all kinds, from all countries, celebrated either for the brightness of their plumage, or the sweetness of their voices, are making merry in the branches, and drinking out of or bathing in the fountain, casting its silver spray on the shining green leaves of the orange and the oleander.

But we have tarried long at the Tusculum of the Catti; and the broad, linden avenue leading to Cassel lies invitingly before us. It seems like passing through one continuous garden, from here back to Cassel, and as its beauty arises before me, I can not but think with pity of the last of the proud race who once called it theirs.

He is in very deed the last of the dynasty of the Katten; even if the Prussians had not annexed his territory, it is doubtful whether the son, whom he styled heir-apparent, could ever have ascended his father's throne, for he is the offspring of a morganatic marriage with the woman whom the Elector had raised from nameless obscurity to Princess of Hanau and Countess of Schaumburg. The marriage with her, though morganatic, was not so, because he had previously formed a marriage with a Princess of his own rank, but merely because the laws of the country could not recognize as legal the union with the untitled, citizen-born woman, although the Elector tried all in his power to make it legal, and obtain equal rights with himself for his wife and children. In honorable contrast to his immediate ancestors, he was a strictly moral man, and was devoted and constant to the wife of his choice and affection.

The popular story (and the true one) is, that he *bought* his wife from the man to whom she was then married, Lehman. The price was twenty thousand *thalers;* but, like Judas Iscariot, the money brought no blessing to him; and, if he did not go and hang himself on a tree forthwith, he nevertheless committed suicide not long after. The two sons of Lehman were "raised into the state of nobility," as the Germans have it, by the Elector; and it is said that the divorced wife of Lieutenant Lehman clung with greater affection to these two sons than to all the eight or ten princes and princesses she bore the Elector.

Tyrannical, and, in consequence, unpopular, as the Elector had been during his reign, his subjects crowded around him with bleeding hearts and streaming eyes, when he was led away, a captive, from Wilhelmshöhe. The old man's heart was touched by the proofs of love and devotion he met with on all sides, and his own eyes grew wet when he said,

in his short, terse way: "Good people, these — after all."

But the new Government has proved a blessing to the people of Hesse-Cassel; and I doubt whether even the most obdurate worshiper of Frederick William I, and the "good old institutions," would wish to call him back at this day.

AT "PRESIDIO" IN WAR TIME.

THE Imperial Government had proved a failure. The French Army, betrayed, dejected, and forlorn, had evacuated Mazatlan, leaving, as sad evidences of their occupation, the graves of courageous comrades who had fallen in many a bold charge, knowing full well that "some one had blundered." Consciousness of mismanagement, misconception, and general disorder was universal among the soldiers; and when, instead of the cordial reception they had been led to expect from those whom they had come to serve, they found themselves shunned and their assistance ignored, they lost all enthusiasm, and their defeat was but a question of time. As the French ships bore away the remnant of their troops, the Liberal Army, with flying colors, marched triumphantly into Mazatlan. All traces of the Imperial Government were removed; sympathizers sifted out and summarily dealt with — suffering either in their purse or by imprisonment, for their lack of judgment.

There was much scene-shifting, and many played their parts well; but the fatal blunder of my poor little candy-merchant was pitiful, though somewhat ludicrous. He had come from the City of Mexico, and every morning, with his tray of candies, gayly decked with Imperial flags, would sing in a clear, full, and very melodious voice, to the effect: that he had arrived — he invited you to buy — he had kisses, all the way from Mexico, for the ladies, sweets for the gentlemen, and for all *agua limon* and *leche Imperiale.* The last adjective was delivered with a grand flourish, that never failed to sell his candies and little flags. When, therefore, several mornings passed, and I missed his voice, I made inquiries and found that the little fellow, quite unconscious of the rapid and decided change that had taken place in the Government, had—even as the morning dawned on the city safe in Republican arms — started out, bright and early, singing his *agua limon* and *leche Imperiale.* He found small demand for Imperial milk, and his walk terminated in prison.

Soon the city resumed its usual quietness. A new Governor was appointed—new officials for every thing, even unto the Custom-House, which was to experience a sort of spasmodic regeneration.

With peace, and soldiers everywhere, what then to prevent my leaving for the Presidio, where the *patron* was, and where also lay those vast cotton-fields, which were to make the great future of Sinaloa? Opposition was useless; and one bright morning, with quite a little local excitement at the undertaking, an American woman, with three little children, took seats in the *diligencia* for the Presidio of Villa de la Union. A hot, dusty drive of thirty miles, through the interior, brought us at night-fall to our destination.

We found the usual Mexican village. A few white-washed *adobe* houses, a little market-place, scores of thatched huts, some battered, ruined houses, bearing

evidences of the recent battles, and a dreary, desolate silence over all. The cotton season had been a failure; something had eaten most of the buds, and by the time the few remaining ones had ripened, the pickers were seized for volunteers—at least as many as could be accommodated with handcuffs, the Mexicans disapproving of other methods of drafting. There was some idea of antiquity in the ruined house we called our home; and a sewing machine, a bookcase, some pictures (*not* representing *Maria Sanctissima*), a carpet, and other American appurtenances, contrasted oddly with the heavy beams overhead, the white-washed *adobe* walls, the iron-grated windows, and the ponderous doors of our house. Being on the Plaza, we had an unobstructed view of the surroundings; yet, as often as I gazed toward the west, my eye invariably rested on the Campo Santo, with its goodly show of bones bleaching in the sun; and when, for relief, I turned toward the east, the butcher-stalls, festooned with strips of jerked beef, and surrounded by scores of hungry, emaciated dogs, appeared distinctly in the foreground, I soon ceased studying the prospect, and learned the great advantage of keeping one's eyes at home.

Preparations were being made for "ginning," and the hammering and scraping of the machinery, and the occasional tooting of the horns from the *guardia*, were the only sounds that relieved the dreary stillness. Now and then a bull-fight, with feeble and attenuated bulls, who were led like lambs to the slaughter, and whose only resistance was in their efforts to run away, would bring an idle and listless crowd together. But when the feast of some favorite saint would arrive, the Plaza would be the scene of great excitement. Gambling-booths everywhere, gambling in every way, gambling always. Noise, music, dancing, hot lard and hot *tortillas*, and *mescal* at pleasure, would be the principal features of the event.

Yet even these festivities were at long intervals and of short duration, and between them the days rolled on drearily. I made brave pretense of being light-hearted and contented, and among other means of passing away the time, devoted the coolest hours of the day to teaching the little ones. We went through Willson's Speller and Cornell's Geography in a dialect—a combination of Spanish and English—that was as bewildering as it was novel, and never failed to end in complete mental exhaustion. Here, too, we made our first acquaintance with scorpions, or, as they were called by the natives, *alacranes*. They were very plentiful, and we soon learned to keep a sharp lookout for them, and never forgot, on taking up an article, to thoroughly examine it, and were not unfrequently rewarded by seeing a fine, healthy scorpion crawl leisurely away.

Our little dog Moppet was made a victim of misplaced confidence one evening, as we were sitting on the sidewalk, as is the custom during the cool, delicious twilights. We were watching the beautifully-tinted clouds floating across the sky—clear and bright as noonday—when suddenly, with a cry of fear, my little girl sprang up, shaking from her dress an immense scorpion that had fallen from the roof. The child was saved, but Moppet, being a dog and never overburdened with sense, must needs catch it to bring to us, and in an instant he was whirling round and round, howling and yelping piteously. He would sneeze, howl, and finally gape and gape again, as if from sheer nervous exhaustion. We gave him *mescal*—the usual remedy—and he soon recovered, though for many days his under lip was puffed out and his nose was turned up in such an insolent and offensive manner that I could scarcely refrain from resenting it. My dread of *alacranes* was in nowise lessen-

ed by being told that in Guadalajara they are so numerous that at certain seasons of the year little boys were hired to collect them from the doors and windows, where they take refuge in the crevices, for a certain sum a hundred.

Hearing one day an unusual amount of drumming and tooting of horns, and noticing some excitement going on, I inquired the cause, as in our uneventful life every occurrence was of interest. We were told two deserters were to be publicly whipped on the Plaza. I was dismayed at such barbarism, and decided to close my eyes, ears, and nerves to all that might follow. Presently the band struck up gay and lively strains; I could not help listening, nor could I finally resist watching the merry throng gathering around, and thinking I must have mistaken my informant, I overcame my nervousness and became a spectator. The soldiers were out in full dress; the band played constantly—every thing indicated some pleasant event—and when the soldiers, marching rapidly, formed into a hollow square, and I saw two miserable-looking fellows dragged to the centre, a horrid fascination compelled me to remain. The band still played joyously, and after considerable tooting, the order was read by which the two men were to be whipped. The Sergeant not being prompt enough with his rods, the commanding officer turned on him, striking him full in the face with the flat of his sword. The Sergeant did his duty then, and I was turning away, faint from the sight of the prostrate men receiving blow after blow, when a shout and burst of laughter aroused me, and, looking up, I saw, even from the distance between us, the air filled with floating flakes of *cotton*. Self-preservation had been the first law even with those poor men, and the giving way of their outer garments revealed much cotton otherwise not accounted for.

After a time rumors reached us of dissatisfaction among the Mazatlan authorities. The Governor having been duly elected, a *pronunciamiento* was immediately proclaimed by the friends of the defeated candidate, and war was declared. Soon two armies were in the field, and the old days had come back to us. Still we were not alarmed, for the base of operations was not in our direction, and so long as the cotton arrived, and was safely stored away—like huge snowbanks—by the great, brawny, half-naked natives, our chief anxiety was relieved. Caring very little about the Governors, I sat looking through the iron gratings at the little white houses opposite, as they sat glaring and ghastly, burning and blistering in the fierce rays of the sun—no shade in sight; nothing to relieve the blank white heat that the dreary stillness seemed to make more intense.

I was suddenly startled by the blare of trumpets, and had but time to close the heavy wooden shutters, when a detachment of cavalry dashed on the Plaza, wheeled round, and with another fearful note of warning, rode furiously toward the factory. In an instant, where before I had been pondering on the deathlike stillness, a scene of the wildest excitement prevailed: women and children rushing to me for protection, and men hiding in the cotton for safety. The raid was well understood by all; it meant soldiers. Soon the whistle sounded from the factory, telling that work had ceased, and presently, guarded on either side by mounted soldiers, a sad, forlorn, miserable squad made their appearance. They were drawn up in front of our house, and from all sides came recruits likewise safely guarded. How miserable they looked: from beds of sickness, from hiding-places—old and decrepit, young and helpless—they were dragged, regardless of prayer or remonstrance, to "do their duty." Even as they stood there to be counted, two or three fell.

from exhaustion, and were pushed hastily aside; the rest were numbered, tied with ropes by the arms in couples, and marched off, leaving the women and children wailing and lamenting, and night closed on Villa de la Union with but half a dozen foreigners to protect them. With morning came more troops. Our *corral* was demanded; none knowing how soon our house might be, and the prospect of a speedy engagement being understood, it was decreed by the head of the family that I and the children were better out of the way. We gathered together a few articles, and by noon were on the road to Mazatlan.

The *diligencia* was full. Some pretty *Señoritas*, with their *dueñas*, a good-natured *Padre*, and myself and little ones, quite sad and miserable, made up the party. At first the conversation was entirely on the disturbed state of political affairs. All seeming devoted to the same party, bitter denunciations were hurled at their enemies, when the *Padre*, suddenly looking up, remarked, "The *Señora* understands," and immediately changed the conversation. With little anecdotes, such as we tell children, he amused and interested his hearers, and indulged in *cigarritos* with a moderation for which I thanked him. As the day grew cooler, we drew up the curtains and enjoyed the breeze blowing fresh from the sea; and when, after riding through the thick-tangled road, a sudden bend gave us a glimpse of the ocean, we felt refreshed, and reached Mazatlan in good spirits. Rattling through the stony streets, amid the barking of all the dogs in town, we drew up at the Consulate, and were warmly welcomed. We brought the latest war news, and I did not realize, until I heard the latest bulletin, what a terrible state of affairs we had left behind us.

We waited a week for the battle, and then, suspense being unendurable, I decided to return. My friends resigned me to my fate with earnest remonstrances, and under protest ordered the *diligencia* to stop for me. At three o'clock of a dark and cold morning, I put the sleepy children in their seats, shivered to my place, and made my adieu as cheerfully as I could.

It was too dark to see the faces of our fellow-passengers, and we gathered our shawls about us and waited for day. Soon the darkness grew fainter, and gradually faint gleams of light shone on the ocean; then it grew lighter and lighter, and with the dawn we met the *burros* laden with produce for the market, trains with charcoal, with fruit, with water, and fodder—some of the *burros* so heavily laden as to be quite invisible under the moving mass of corn-stalks. Our fellow-passengers were neither numerous nor interesting: one old woman, an elderly man, and a French soldier—a former prisoner, but now a member of some Mexican band.

We were to rush through, they said, and arrive early at the Presidio. We rattled along until we came to the little river-crossing, and there, without other preparation, I had my first glimpse of war. In the scattered groups of soldiers; in the droves of horses, stacks of muskets, heaps of saddles, steaming camp-kettles, and general noise, bustle, and confusion, I saw that I had underrated the warnings of my friends. Across the river, crunching the pebbles with our wheels, we drove up to the stage-office, ahead of time. We jumped out, and were invited to rest. Asking if "*Don Henrique*" was near, I was told he was at the factory, and even as this short conversation was taking place, I noticed a sudden change had come over every thing—a sudden stir and commotion. I asked what was the matter: no one answered; but as the fluttering leaves portend the approaching storm, I knew some cause existed for such agitation in the terror-stricken faces around me.

Soon I saw, from the door, the venders in the market running with their little tables. I heard bolts fastened, and windows barred. I saw the women rush to their cots and gather their little valuables. I saw the driver jump on the stage and seize the reins, and I needed no further warning to show me that the battle had commenced. With a sinking heart, I felt I had not chosen my time wisely. Some of the workmen gathered around me, one telling me I must remain where I was; another, that I must get to the factory; a third, that I would be shot if I attempted to go through the streets; and, in all the confusion, none were willing to take the news that we had arrived.

At last, I begged the driver not to unharness his mules, but to drive on to Rosario, the usual terminus of the road, forty miles beyond, assuring him he would be much safer than on the road to Mazatlan. One said it would be madness; another, that troops were on the road; but the driver, seeing the soldiers forming, realized that he could not return, and being interested in the safety of the mules, yielded to my entreaties. We threw the children in, I jumped after them, and we were off. One more favor the driver granted me: we drove toward the factory, met "Papa" rushing for us, had but a moment to get his approval of our course, and we left him as the General, with his aids, on their prancing horses and in their resplendent uniforms, drew up in line, facing our house.

We were still flying along, when the driver called to me to "hist" the curtains—that, seeing we were but women and children, we would not be fired upon; a precaution that was perhaps more trying to my nerves than the actual danger. The booming of the cannon and the jerking of the wheels were confusing, until the distance rapidly lengthening, we found we were leaving all excitement and disorder behind.

The first glimpse of human life we saw, was an old woman leading a little child, and driving a *burro* loaded with melons. The driver finally allowed the wheels to roll more slowly, and we drove through pleasant, country-like lanes, to Agua Caliente. We stopped a moment near the springs, where clothes can be boiled and chickens scalded in infinitesimal portions of time; and passing extensive fields of the Maguey plant—green and beautiful—the little town loomed upon us, white and clean, fresh and smiling, as if on dress-parade. Long, low, white houses occupied three sides of the Plaza; and on the fourth, fronting the road, loomed up a neat little church, looking as if just unpacked and set up for our benefit. It was built by a wealthy Mexican, and his name (which I have forgotten) appears in large letters over the doorway. He must have been a pious, and was, probably, a worthy man.

The faint roll of musketry being heard even here, many were crowding on the steeple to make observations; but we stopped only long enough to change mules and break our fast for the first time since the previous day, and were off again. The road was more and more charming after we left Agua Caliente. Shaded on either side by trees, cool from the higher elevation, we felt that under other circumstances we could enjoy this hugely.

We stopped at several small stations for relays, each relay seeming more and more diminutive, until at the last stopping-place, two little fellows, not much larger than Newfoundland dogs, came out to be harnessed; but they were strong and fleet, and took the road—now grown much rougher—splendidly.

It was still daylight as we drove into Rosario, and up to the Pajaro Mine. And thus a long-promised visit was unceremoniously effected. We were welcomed right royally, and were congratulated on our opportune arrival, as an attack—no-

tice of which was to be given by nine strokes of the church-bell—was momentarily expected. These things having become monotonous, we decided to get what rest we could, and let events take their course. The news we brought probably changed the programme, for the bell was silent throughout the night.

The next evening brought us news of the Presidio battle. After the first attack, whole companies deserted and rushed to the Governor's side, shouting *Viva el Gobernador;* and, turning their guns on Martinez's forces, demoralized them completely. They were soon in full retreat, leaving their dead and dying on the field. Our American flag, floating from our house, had done good service, saving many from arrest and imprisonment.

All whom we were interested in being safe, we decided to enjoy the few days of our stay in Rosario in seeing something of its beauty and ancient grandeur. We could only judge of what it must have been by the ruins everywhere—in the heavy, fallen columns; in the worn and faded Latin inscriptions surmounting the ruined doorways; in the old-time splendor of the carving on every window and projection, and in the remnants of handsome architecture now everywhere fallen to decay. It was here, it was alleged, that a devout peasant, kneeling at nightfall to say his rosary, broke the string, and the beads were scattered far and wide. It being too late to find them all, he set fire to some brush-wood, and left his *sombrero* near to mark the spot. At daybreak he came, and, on raising his hat, there lay clear and beautiful, pure, shining silver. Tradition does not state whether he resumed his search for the missing beads, but he dedicated the spot to Saint Rosario, in grateful acknowledgment. The quantities of silver extracted from the mines since that time, I dare not attempt to state, but the Pajaro Mine seemed then to hold the most important position.

Walking over what seemed miles to me, we were told we still stood over the vaults of the mine: down to the river's edge, up to the still beautiful church, we walked over ground still belonging to the mine; and when we reached the works—seeming grander, from the wild surroundings—the mysterious working of the ponderous machinery quite overawed us. From the latest triumph in mining experience, we were shown the rude and simple methods of the Mexicans, and superintended the baking of some silver bricks.

We climbed the narrow, winding steps of the church-tower, resting cautiously in the darkness at each crumbling, broken step, worn bare by the feet of penitants, and when we reached the roof, were repaid by the grand and beautiful view.

The next morning we bade adieu to our kind host, and an early start brought us at midday to Presidio. Our flag was still floating, though somewhat wilted; and when I entered the rooms I had arranged with such conscious American pride, I was quite speechless. I had been told that the Mexicans had brought their valuables for protection, under our flag. I had felt thankful to have a flag to protect them, but when, excepting a few little Mexican trunks, my rooms were filled with hoop-skirts—hanging in all directions, like battered signals of distress—parrots, pillows, bundles innumerable, old shoes, old hats, and such like valuables, my temper got the better of my sympathy. I soon had a clearing-up—and we soon made a *clearing-out*—for the cotton season had passed, and we had nothing but our experience to take back to Mazatlan.

THE CAREER OF AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.

WHAT was her real name, and whence came she? Nobody who knew her ever seemed to be able to answer these queries. None of the sharp women in Washington, where she ran a brief and brilliant career, were able to discover aught of her history beyond that which she chose to tell of herself, and that was not much. She called herself Agnes Leclercq, and subsequently came honestly by the title of Princess Salm-Salm; but her so-called maiden name was so notoriously a stage disguise that she always admitted it with great coolness, as a matter of course; as if she thought it quite the regular thing to have an assumed name. When I knew her in Washington, during the War of the Rebellion, there ran a story that she had been picked up in Europe by the invalid wife of an American Cabinet Minister, who, fascinated with the child's beauty and winning ways, took her out of the streets of Paris and brought her home to Philadelphia. The good lady dying soon after her return to the United States, the wayward beauty gave her protector, the Cabinet Minister, no end of trouble in consequence of her eccentric escapades and pranks. Arriving at womanhood, she suddenly left her adopted home, where she had been surrounded with every luxury, but where the restraints of respectability had been too severe for her, and went to New York. She had received a good education in Philadelphia, and from a child was mistress of several modern European languages. She claimed American parentage, but was Italian in personal appearance, French in manner and spirit, and decidedly Bohemian in her tastes. When in the prime of her young womanhood she was a very beautiful person, and as charming as beautiful. Her face was oval, with regular, but unclassic features and profile, dark chestnut eyes, a delicate and finely-molded chin and mouth, dark, wavy hair, and a singularly brilliant and winsome smile. In brief, she was a fascinating little woman, perfectly bewitching where she determined to bewitch, and never sullen, grave, or morose to any body. Sunny and gay as the Italy of our youthful romance, she was often more like a sprite than a woman of flesh and blood. If she had any furious temper concealed beneath this charming exterior, it never broke out, except on extraordinary occasions of severe provocation. But probably the volcano always slept there, though the sunny vines and flowers grew so prettily outside.

Agnes Leclercq, as she called herself, was passionately fond of horses, horseback riding, and every thing thereunto appertaining. There was never a time when she could not ride well, and as soon as she was tall enough to reach a horse's back, she preferred grooming, fondling, and saddling her own animal, to any other occupation. Needle-work she despised, and for most feminine accomplishments she had a real disgust. Books, upon every conceivable subject, she devoured with great avidity; but horses, their keeping, management, styles of harness and equipage, she made her chief delight and study. So it was natural enough that she should be enamored of the circus. The sawdust ring, the spangled splendors of the performers, the glamour of the gas-lights, so charmed her fancy that she drifted back to Philadelphia, in 1857, and besought the

manager of a circus then established there to give her facilities for instruction in equestrianism and equitation. She applied herself assiduously, giving as many hours each day to the business as her teacher had patience to attend upon her. She had no thought, apparently, of making the circus a means of earning a living, and there seemed to be no occasion for her to make such plans; she had money in plenty, and, though her home connections, whatever they were, were unknown, she kept some state, and never appeared on the street, or at the circus, unless accompanied by a liveried negro servant.

Notwithstanding her zealous application to the art, she failed as a circus-rider, and, tearfully, giving up her desire, she never appeared in public in that line of business. Her experience, however, suggested the idea of practicing the art of walking on the slack wire. In this she excelled, and at once enthusiastically launched out into the field of life as a rope-walker. A brief engagement with the circus in which she had acquired proficiency took her into the Western States, and, dressed in the coveted skirt of spangles, light as a fairy, and brilliant with happiness, she glided, nightly, through the air before pleased audiences. At Chicago, in the spring of 1858, she made her first public appearance as a "great ascensionist." Desirous of achieving fame, as well as adding to the attractions of the establishment to which she belonged, she resolved to ascend a stout wire, stretched from the ground to the exterior flag-staff of the circus-tent. The day was raw, chilly, and windy, when the girl, clad in pink and silver muslin, attempted the perilous ascent. The wind puffed vigorously at the lithe and agile body, as she steadily pursued her way up the wire; the frail support swayed to and fro as the gusts clutched her short skirts, and, dropping her balance-pole, she fell, like a feather, into the horror-stricken crowd below. A stout acrobat, belonging to the company, had cautiously followed her on the ground, and she fell, unhurt, into his ready arms. Nothing daunted, she took her pole again, and, after a moment's breathing-spell, walked safely to the flag-staff and back again, accomplishing the feat amidst the boisterous cheers of the rabblement which filled the streets around the circus-tent.

During the whole of that summer the circus to which Agnes was attached made the grand round of the Western and South-western States. Agnes had a variety of adventures, some of which were notable, but none legitimately belong to this veracious history. In the autumn she found her way back to New York, the circus having been disbanded and dispersed under the immediate influence of a series of Sheriff's attachments. During the next year or two she vibrated between New York and Havana. In most of the oral biographies of Agnes which I have heard, and in one newspaper sketch which I have read, there are vague hints of occasional husbands, nebulous and hazy individuals, who came to the fore briefly and at long intervals, and anon disappeared in the distance, or were dispersed by force of circumstances into their former state and condition. There were rumors of husbands, and of married respectability; but nothing of this sort was tangible or ever crystalized into fixed fact. She loved to spend money, and she lavished it like a Princess; but through all she remained plain Agnes Leclercq.

But all this was merely preparatory to her grand career. She was but a neophyte; her brilliant days were yet to come. The War of the Rebellion broke out, and in the spring of 1861, with a vast horde of other adventurers, soldiers of fortune, men and women, looking for some lucky chance for fame or fortune, Agnes Leclercq went to Washington.

There was then consternation in Government circles; war was on the Potomac; but the city of Washington was gay with dissipation and revelry. The hotels were crowded with epauleted and shoulder-strapped officers of the army and navy; contractors spent money like water; Congressmen were badgered and hunted by anxious sharp men and women, who had a plenty of money to use for certain purposes; the lobbies of the National Capitol swarmed with rapacious place-hunters and professional jobbers; vast sums were squandered daily for military supplies, and army commissions were dealt out like cheap trifles—rewards for the mere asking. In this exciting hurly-burly, Agnes was happy. She loved the military better than the circus; brass buttons were dearer to her soul than spangles, and gold lace and silver stars more charming than the gay velvets and muslin banners of the sawdust ring. She felt that her destiny had come at last.

Probably it was only a joke, but it was actually reported that Agnes was commissioned as Captain in the volunteer service. At any rate, she wore the insignia of that rank, and when, arrayed in a military garb—something like that since affected by the women who play "La Grande Duchesse"—Agnes appeared on Pennsylvania Avenue, she was a sight to see. She wore a rich and tasteful riding-habit, gilt-buttoned, gold-braided, and appropriately decked with a Captain's straps, and a colored groom in livery followed, mounted, at respectful distance. Occasionally, she sported the uniform of a General Officer, modified, as if under protest, to the requirements of public opinion; and, still later, I believe, she assumed this style of military promotion altogether, no special objection being made to the wearing of military insignia by the dashing and fascinating beauty who had the hearts of half the men in Washington, and the bitter hatred and ill-will of nearly every woman in that thronged city.

But not all the Washington women hated the gay young *Bohemienne;* one was an intimate crony of Miss Agnes, and insisted upon taking her everywhere into "society," such as it then was in Washington; and Miss Blank and Miss Agnes, who were kindred spirits, were everywhere together. To these was also joined a dashing "army woman"—as ladies who had family connections in the army were styled—and the precious trio did some very astonishing things by way of amusement and adventure. Miss Agnes, I always suspected, made good use of these influential connections; she could do much with the politicians and "statesmen" at the National Capital. She had old favorites to reward, and new ones to conciliate; she continually had some axe to grind, some commission to beg, or appointment to secure; and was untiring in her industry and unremitting in her multifarious labors. Of this portion of her life she speaks with charming *naïveté* in her published diary: "As I had to carry out certain purposes, I came in contact with all the leading politicians, and heard and observed a great deal." I do not know any thing of the "certain purposes," but will warrant her having heard and observed a great deal. Of all the accomplished, witty, fascinating, and sharp women ever known in Washington, Miss Leclercq was certainly the bright and particular star. Sprightly, bold, and brilliant, one quality outshone all others—her audacity was simply consummate. She positively knew every body.

In the German corps of the Army of the Potomac—the famous Eleventh Corps—was a smart young staff-officer, a soldier of fortune, who, like many others, had left the gay capitals of Europe to seek a new sensation in the American War of the Rebellion. The army was more or less decorated with these for-

eign adventurers at the time of which I am writing, and among them were many shams, no doubt, who knew they could win a certain admiration by bringing noble titles into the military service of the United States. Frémont, in the West, had at one time a cloud of various Counts and Princes of the blood about him. McClellan boasted two or three Orleans Princes on his staff; and the Prussian Prince, Salm-Salm, was only one of a crowd of blue-bloods in the army. There were, indeed, stories of his being a German barber, who had run away from Potsdam, and not a few difficulties occurred in Washington and in the army, on account of his quick resentment of the sneering slights put upon his pretensions to princely birth. Even Count Chambord, when he was in this country, was reported to have snubbed him as an imposter, as though a Bourbon Prince were any authority on the genealogy of the Prussian nobility. But, although this cloud upon his title followed Salm-Salm into Mexico, years after, it was clearly established that he was justly entitled to be called a Prince; and after a long and acrimonious dispute, which was more or less dabbled in by the newspapers, the Prussian Minister at Washington, at Salm-Salm's application, notified President Lincoln that the young staff-officer was really of a noble Prussian family, and honestly came by his title. He had had some family difficulties, I understood, and probably was not enamored of the social restraints from which he had escaped to America. Lincoln accepted him, at any rate, as "a genuine article," and kindly told him that his princely birth should be no bar to deserved promotion.

If Prince Salm-Salm had disgraced himself by any previous eccentricities, he made himself and Miss Agnes Leclercq at once highly respectable by a legal and honorable marriage. To him she was ever a devoted wife, and the pair henceforth cast their common fortunes together, and made common cause against a world which, as they believed, owed them a living.

The Princess Salm-Salm was received into Washington social circles, where Agnes Leclercq, the pretty rope-dancer, had not been able, even with the powerful support of her two female friends, to penetrate creditably. She was too proud to go where she was not received on as good footing as her companions; but, as Princess Salm-Salm, she had a better visiting-list, though there was an inarticulate protest against her always observable in certain eminently respectable coteries, and her princely title did not altogether efface the smirch which her charming eccentricities had brought upon her fame. On one memorable occasion, at a fashionable reception at the hospitable house of a New York Senator, a thoughtless acquaintance introduced the Princess to the wife of a Western Senator, a very proper person and a devout Methodist. She had heard of the gay goings-on of Miss Agnes and her set, and when her princely name was mentioned, the indignant matron gathered her skirts away from the contamination of the Princess' pink tulle, and sailed away like a majestic seventy-four, without a signal of recognition.

Princess Salm-Salm was much in the Army of the Potomac when it was near Washington, and the reader recollects that it was never very far away from that city. Her love for the military, and passion for horses, were both gratified here as never before: wife of a staff-officer; on familiar terms with hosts of Generals and Colonels; admired by all the army correspondents, and befriended by all the Washington politicians, she came and went with the army at her own sweet will, taking with her Miss Blank, whose family vainly attempted to break up the intimacy, so objectionable to them. The

trio were the life of every ball; never missed a grand review, and appeared in the cavalcade of many a general officer on high occasions when the Army of the Potomac, relaxed from the grim attitude of war, held carnival on the green hills of Virginia. Fully alive, however, to the duties and responsibilities of the situation, the Princess considerately toned down her dress and general deportment, forswore shoulder-straps and military toggery, and, since all this paraphernalia was legitimately worn by her husband, she contented herself with simply wearing the gilded buttons of his rank.

Just before the battle of Chancellorsville, while Hooker was in command of the Army of the Potomac, I was temporarily with the army during a series of brilliant reviews, given in honor of a week's visit made by the President and his wife. Princess Salm-Salm was there, as usual, the gayest of the gay. Mounted on a superb horse, and wearing a rich habit and a tall hat, from which floated a long, blue gauze veil, she cut a dashing figure everywhere. At the head-quarters of General Sickles, then commanding the Fifth Army Corps, there were rare doings, in which the Princess was always the leading spirit. Mrs. Lincoln had heard of these goings-on, innocent enough, probably, and thought them very improper. Moreover, she always objected to the ennobled rope-dancer, whom she persistently called "Mrs. Salm," and utterly refused to accord her any courtesy or recognition. So, when the Princess and her followers, mixed up with a cavalcade of staff-officers, got in ahead of the President's wife at a review, their horses crowding in before Mrs. Lincoln's carriage (General Ingalls' ambulance), the wrath of the lady of the White House was great. She sent to General Hooker and demanded that "those women" be taught better manners; Hooker, in a great pet, swore he would order every woman out of the army. "Which, of course, includes Princess Salm-Salm and Mrs. Lincoln," quietly remarked the audacious Agnes, when she heard the threat.

She had met the President before this time, but never so familiarly as was possible in the unbending of official dignity during the visit to the army. Anticipating great pleasure from an opportunity to exercise her power of fascination upon the good President, she laid a wager of a basket of champagne with an officer, that she would kiss Mr. Lincoln at a lunch, which was to be given to the President's party and General Hooker and staff, at Sickles' head-quarters, after a review of a neighboring Army Corps. And, sure enough, while the company were gravely chatting after lunch, to the astonishment of the good old man, the audacious Princess suddenly swooped down upon Lincoln, with an exclamation, and, before he could catch his breath, kissed him soundly on his lips. There was a great laugh, and an awkward feeling of suspense; but the President took it so good-humoredly, that another of the ladies rushed up and followed the example just set her, and before the fun was over, every woman in the place had precipitated herself on the hardly-pressed President, each with a bouncing kiss. The Princess won her champagne. But it was well that Mrs. Lincoln had gone on to Hooker's head-quarters after the review, and was spared the sight. And what the good lady said to her husband when he returned that night, and what was said about the Princess, I leave the reader to guess.

After Meade assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, Prince Salm-Salm was transferred to the Department of the South. He served gallantly in North Carolina, I believe, as Colonel of a regiment. When General Steedman commanded this Division, at the close of the war, Salm-Salm acted as Military Governor of North Carolina, for awhile: but

was eventually mustered out with all the honors, and returned to private life. Every body who came in contact with Princess Agnes, who accompanied her husband to North Carolina, has lively recollections of her dash, boldness, and eccentricities; but these adventures have no special place of importance in this sketch, characteristic though they be.

Salm-Salm and his wife were both horrified, as they said, at the idea of dragging out a monotonous existence in some frontier outpost—the only prospect which was offered a military man at the close of the American War of the Rebellion. They sighed for more adventure, and turned their eyes toward Mexico—where war was then raging—as the only place where military excitement was possible, and where any promise of employment for their peculiar talents was held out. At that time (1866), the Empire was really on its last legs; Maximilian was then left by the French Emperor to struggle on alone in the hopeless task of firmly establishing his throne in Mexico. Bazaine, as Salm-Salm says, had even then offered to give up the city of Mexico to the Liberals, who preferred taking it themselves. Left to his fate by Louis Napoleon, Maximilian endeavored to rally the foreign troops still left him; but they were discouraged; and though the adventurers who officered his squadrons were full of hope, ruin stared him in the face. The return of peace, which had liberated Salm-Salm from military service in the United States, sealed the fate of Imperialism in Mexico.

Yet, to Mexico he directed his steps, armed with testimonials and letters of introduction in abundance. Salm-Salm arrived at the Capital, with his wife, just in time to see Marshal Bazaine leave the city with the French contingent. From that time, overcoming the doubts which were raised against his assumed rank and title, Salm-Salm became devotedly attached to the failing fortunes of Archduke Maximilian. A few months after the arrival of the Salm-Salms in Mexico, Maximilian and his staff, with a pitiful remnant of the Imperial army, were shut up in Queretaro, where they were closely besieged by the exultant Liberals under Escobedo. To the astute and shrewd Agnes the case seemed utterly hopeless. Maximilian, serene in the consciousness that he had been born to rule, and that he could rule the Mexicans if he chose, expected aid would appear from somewhere—even out of the sky, perhaps—and that his royalty would never suffer total defeat at the hands of these Mexican Republicans. Not so the American Princess; always and passionately claiming to be a born American, she saw how small a chance had royalty with the angry Democrats of North America. Fond of desperate adventure, and hungry for notoriety, but relinquishing all hope of Imperial success, she addressed herself to the task of saving the "personal effects" of the Empire and getting them safely out of Mexico.

Her plan was, that Maximilian should surrender Queretaro, give up the unequal contest, and leave the country, on the sole condition that his life and the lives of the foreign officers with him should be spared, and that their personal baggage should be allowed them. Boldly penetrating to the head-quarters of General Porfirio Diaz, she laid before him her scheme, and asked permission to go through the Liberal lines to Queretaro, to get the views of Maximilian upon the subject. Diaz sent her to Escobedo, whose head-quarters were at Guadaloupe; and this mission involved a long series of pilgrimages, in which the plucky and audacious little woman distinguished herself greatly. On one occasion, approaching the fortifications of the city of Mexico in the night-time, accompanied only by her maid, she was fired upon by the guard, and betook herself to the shelter of a mass of masonry, and, while her

pious hand-maiden bawled lustily to all the Saints in the Calendar, the Princess shouted "*Viva Maximiliano!*" and so saved herself from a sortie by the alarmed garrison. After sundry hair-breadth escapes (a bullet once grazed her hair in the progress of one of her adventures), the courageous Princess actually penetrated to the presence of President Juarez, at San Luis Potosi. To him she unfolded her desire to bring about a cessation of hostilities, and, with great *nonchalance*, told him that she intended to do what she could to bring the horrible bloodshed to an end. The first step which she wanted the President to take in the matter, was to agree to an armistice of seven days, and grant her a permit to go to Queretaro, both Escobedo and Diaz having declared themselves powerless to grant her request.

Juarez hesitated; and told Princess Salm-Salm that she might as well go back to Mexico. She resolved to stay at San Luis Potosi, where the President then was, and ply her arts of fascination upon that imperturbable functionary; but before she had time to lay out her campaign, she was stunned by the information that Queretaro had surrendered, and that Maximilian and staff, including her husband, were all prisoners. Under these circumstances, she thought best not to bother about any more negotiations, but depart at once for Queretaro, where she found the ex-Emperor, Prince Salm-Salm, and the rest, imprisoned in a convent. The ex-rope-dancer met the ex-Emperor, with tears and sympathy for his misfortunes, and proceeded at once to make him comfortable with clean linen and such other little luxuries as her woman's wit and peculiar assurance could collect in the war-stained and ruined city of Queretaro. The Archduke was miserable in body and mind—hopeless and broken in spirit. The courageous Agnes gave him new life and hope by suggesting plans of relief with which to divert his mind, while she resolved upon other schemes to save his life.

Once more she made a weary pilgrimage to San Luis Potosi, this time in order to obtain an extension of time for the ex-Emperor's counsel to prepare for his defense. Her account of her journey and interview with Juarez is good reading. No one who ever met the audacious and determined woman can fail to appreciate her story of what she said to the President, and how he treated her with marked politeness; nor does she forget to record how she cut up her thin boots on the sharp stones, as she was obliged to walk part of the way in the rain, over the rough highway, on her return. The Princess loved good living, and she unctuously tells her readers that, though wet and sore, "fortunately I had plenty of good things to refresh myself inside." She had no occasion to sigh for the flesh-pots of General Sickles' head-quarters, and the champagne of the Army of the Potomac. She had a *diligenceia* filled with toothsome provant for the captive ex-Emperor.

Having secured a respite for the distressed Maximilian, she set about scheming for his escape. The Austrian and Prussian Ministers went to Queretaro, to take counsel as to what could now be done for the Archduke Maximilian, prisoner in the hands of the Liberals. Nothing can be finer than Princess Salm-Salm's incessant denunciations of these "big-wigs" in her diary. She calls them superannuated grannies, imbeciles, and pompous cowards. They believed that Maximilian's life was not in danger; that if a hair of his head were harmed, Europe would combine to wipe Mexico off the map of the world. Agnes Leclercq, trained in the democratic schools of Philadelphia, was wiser than the "big-wigs," and saw the grave yawning before the feet of the Austrian Archduke.

She pleaded for money to buy Mexican Generals, and was met only with the

reply that Austria and Prussia would prevent any harm to the Archduke's person, and that it was a waste of gold to bribe these *canaille*. She saw the death-warrant of the unhappy ex-Emperor in the stinginess of the misguided dignitaries, and upbraided them as his murderers. In her diary, written with all the vigor and spirit of an angry woman, she says: "Strange! at the tail of each word of these gentlemen hung a gold ounce, but not one miserable dollar at the tips of their fingers! This paltry stinginess killed the Emperor."

At last, Maximilian, thoroughly alarmed at the situation, intrusted the Princess with two bills of exchange on Vienna, drawn with his own hand, for $100,000 each, and with these bits of paper she attempted to buy his escape from prison and from Mexico. Prince Salm-Salm had already used some gold to good advantage, if his own reports may be believed; and his wife now undertook to bribe Colonel Palacios into connivance with the plan of escape. Prevailing on him to accompany her from the prison of Maximilian to her house one evening, she cautiously and with a beating heart, unfolded her scheme, first compelling him to swear eternal secrecy, by the heads of his wife and infant child. She showed him a bill of exchange for $100,000, reminded him of his poverty and his family, and tearfully besought compassion upon the captive Archduke. Palacios, an unlettered Indian, though a brave man, turned the bit of paper over in his hand, curiously; said he would think of it, and went away. Next morning, the adventurous rope-dancer was a prisoner in her own house, and the story of her temptation of Palacios was all over Queretaro.

Being "only a woman," the Princess escaped with her life; and, after a variety of amusing adventures with the Generals and military authorities, set off once more to San Luis Potosi, to ask Juarez to pardon Maximilian, and to allow him to leave the country. She threw herself at the feet of the immobile Indian, and, in language which she could not recall for record in her diary, implored him to spare the life of the unhappy Archduke. Failing in this, she begged for eight days' delay, that she might send to President Johnson and Secretary Seward, whom she knew, and obtain their active intervention in behalf of "the illustrious captive." All was in vain. Juarez acknowledged that he did not himself desire the life of Maximilian, but was unable to save it. More dead than alive, but gratefully thanking the Mexican President for whatever kindness he had been able to show her, poor Agnes went back to Queretaro, where she arrived a few days before the unhappy Maximilian was executed.

In her endeavors to save the life of the Emperor, feeble and ineffective though they were, Princess Salm-Salm had never lost sight of her husband's possible fate. She clung to him like a true woman, and, after months of waiting, joined him in Paris, he having missed her at Vera Cruz, whither both went immediately after his liberation by the Mexican Government.

War is the congenial element of such a spirit as this woman's, and I was not surprised, a few weeks since, to learn that she had been encountered in the Prussian army, by an army correspondent of a New York newspaper, who had known her in her old, brilliant days in the Army of the Potomac. It appears that her husband had taken service in the Fourth Regiment of Prussian Grenadiers, and the Princess was enrolled in the hospital service, accompanying the armies. Our correspondent says she was astonished and overjoyed to meet him; and, rushing on him very much in the same fashion in which she once swooped down on President Lincoln, probably, she kissed him on the mouth,

and called him her old, dear friend, the Knights of St. John looking on amazed, meanwhile.

Prince Salm-Salm was killed at the battle of Gravelotte, bravely fighting the French, whom he detested so much, and leaving Agnes to finish her career alone. She is yet in the prime of life, and is said to be in favor with Prussian Royalty, though never received at Court. In Europe, she and her husband journeyed from Court to Court, seeking royal authorization to edit Maximilian's memoirs, but were generally kept at a distance by the Hapsburgs and the guardians of the unfortunate Carlotta. Salm-Salm's career is ended. Shall we hear no more of our American Princess?

AN EVENING IN A CALIFORNIA GARDEN.

THE San Francisco winter had passed in bright, sunny, pleasant days, with infrequent rain-storms and occasional cold weather, making furs and heavy-coats desirable, but which did not in the least seem to affect the perpetual bloom of the gardens. But, however pleasant the days might be, a glowing fire in the grate was always an attraction in the evening. Spring had come with more flowers; a wind, which seemed to be the concentrated and unexpended force of ocean breezes, which might have borne across the sea thousands of "invincible armadas," and a fog, which rolled through the Golden Gate like the voluminous breath of some cold-blooded sea-monster, wrapped the San Franciscan twilights in a damp, gray mantle, making the evening firesides more than ever desirable.

But there came a trio of days in autumn when the wind did not blow, and the fog stayed out at sea. There is a popular belief that remarkable weather always comes in a triplet of days. A "spell" of weather, as our unlettered folks are in the habit of quaintly describing it, is usually of this definite duration. By the way, I wonder if that old Anglo-Saxon word is not a direct heritage from those fabled days, when wizards and witches ruled the world and placed the elements under a charm by their incantations; for I have known days when the evening hours failed to bring their wonted offering from the mountains or sea, midnight only stirred the lagging breezes, and the faint freshness of morning was soon superseded by the languor of noonday. And so, when the world appears a "Sleepy Hollow," and Rip Van Winkle's nap but the common course of events, I admit the force and excuse the inelegance of the expression, "a spell of weather," supremely indifferent to the fact, that a popular American moralist has unhesitatingly declared that he can determine caste by the use of it. Why it is that the spell which binds the days is limited to three diurnal revolutions, I have never yet been able to ascertain, unless it be from that innate perfection of the Trinity, which gives finish and completeness to whatever clothes itself in the threefold form of expression.

The popular belief was verified on this occasion, at least, and three days of midsummer heat, with the accompanying characteristic twilights, settled down upon us.

In the evening, people came out upon their balconies—those ornamental appendages to most of the San Franciscan houses, which are generally occupied only by brawny, bare-armed Irish girls, or tawny Mongolians, until one comes

to look upon them merely as useful accessories to the menial employment of washing windows. The pedestrians in the street loitered along, happy, unbent, and in conscious indifference to the security of their hats, which they knew, for the nonce, were safe, for the playful zephyrs, which were wont to seize them at any unguarded moment, and maliciously carry them down the street and around the corners, had yielded to a superior power, and they were enjoying a respite. A sense of relaxation seemed to pervade the city, and there was a touch of sentiment and reflection in the very atmosphere.

One such day and evening I spent in the city. But the next morning, looking out upon the waters of the Bay, which lay in a motionless, billowy shimmer beneath the fervent sunshine, I was smitten with the belief in the old superstition of the three days' continuance of such weather, and determined to go into the country—such a country as I might find in an hour's ride across the Bay—not only for what I should escape in the city, but for the delight which I would be sure to find in a real summer twilight among the trees and the roses.

What a ride that was across the Bay, catching faint, pleasant sea-odors from the ocean tides! And how patiently I plodded through the sand, ankle deep, but blissfully quiet, on the roads of Alameda! My friend saw me coming afar off, and came out under the shadow of the broad, spreading oaks, to welcome me. A country welcome shames our meagre city hospitality. Perhaps the flowers were no more fragrant, the shadows no more pleasant, nor the songs of the robin and linnet sweeter for my coming, but they were charming accompaniments to my friend's pleasant voice and kindly greeting. When evening came we wandered down to a little sandy beach which bordered the Bay, and watched the thin, golden vapor which hung above the Golden Gate, growing fainter and fainter, until the stars came out, and the full moon mirrored itself a thousand times upon the waves.

We walked home through the rank grass of the meadows, which are often overflowed by the tide; but I must confess that in the mild, decaying flavor, there was little that was agreeable, or in which one could recognize the invigorating effects of the sea-tonic.

"I am going to take you through one of the most charming gardens in the world," said my friend. I gave a gratified assent to the project, and repressed the smile which I *felt* at thus unexpectedly stumbling upon another California marvel. I knew that "the world" was merely a local expression, and applied only to the latitude and longitude of San Francisco. I had been fêted and feasted upon superlatives, until the precious metal had gained a very brassy sound. But that the asperities of the climate should be so softened that one might find pleasure in walking through a garden by moonlight, was in itself a circumstance so rare as to be charming.

"Here the garden properly commences," said my friend, as we paused for a moment in the midst of a young plantation of blossoming fruit-trees. "These are the fair promises of our golden autumns," continued she, enthusiastically. And the prophetic California, glorious in its materiality, rose promptly to oppress me. There was a suggestion of weights and measures about it; not of that pleasant and frugal abundance which would grace one's board, and still leave something for hospitality to one's friends and neighbors, or, perchance, something to refresh a weary wayfarer. No, these acres of blossoming fruit-trees suggested rather tons of cherries and pears, about whose ample dimensions we would stretch our ever-ready tape-measure. There would be piles of purple plums and peaches.

We all remember how the old memories affected Arthur Clennam, "like a stone dropped into the well of his heart, which splashed the water into his eyes." The anticipation of this luscious fruit, internally affecting a somewhat different organization, would bring the water to the mouth instead. Beyond the fruit-trees, we saw a miniature vineyard, with the vagabond propensities of the vine pruned down, and bound with upright propriety to stakes two or three feet high. On the other side of the avenue through which we were walking, were hedges of currant-bushes, and a pair of belated linnets were just fluttering into their leafy habitations as we passed. Blackberries grew in decorous rows behind these, with their thorns effectually concealed by a screen of flowers as delicate as frost tracery, giving no suggestion of the hardy fruit whose harbingers they are. A singular characteristic of the flowers which precede fruit, and even many of the vegetables, is a delicate, almost an ethereal appearance, which but few of our choicest garden flowers possess. Their bloom, too, is more ephemeral than that of most ornamental flowers, and their very evanescence serves in some sort to remind us of their present incompleteness. Do I not remember the nodding beauty of even the *Solanum Tuberosum*—the earthiest of all the earthy vegetable kingdom—with its filmy cup of shaded violet dyes and the single golden drop in the centre? Perhaps you have never seen it! And Pat, who works assiduously in heaping the soil about this precious plant, thinks only of the favorite vegetable which it will yield him for his dinner. So common as this plant is, two-thirds of the people who admire flowers, and even know something of them, would fail to recognize it. A friend gathered a cluster of the blossoms and presented them, as something rare and choice, to an acquaintance who was an enthusiastic amateur suburban-gardener, giving them, at the same time, the sounding title of *Murphus Hibernicus*. He was at once charmed with their beauty; and those who know the avidity with which these people seek for the new and rare, can imagine the delight of this amateur gardener at the prospect of adding such a specimen to his collection, and perhaps his chagrin when he received a tuber of the common Irish potato.

A shower of delicate petals descended as we passed beneath the apple-trees. They rested for a moment upon our hair, or the folds of our dress, and then fluttered noiselessly to the ground. I know of no more delicate and subtile odor than that of an apple-orchard in full bloom. The tree is so far one of natural and spontaneous growth, that there is yet something of the fragrance of the forest about the flowers: a delicate and undefined insinuation, as if one in a forest-path had crushed the curled-up brake beneath his foot, and caught for an instant the very spirit of wood-land fragrance—a fragrance so subtile that it seems more an essential of growth and vitality than a distinct characteristic. In the apple there is also a suggestion of the garden—of the more intense, but milder perfume of its sister roses.

As we passed from beneath these trees, we saw before us a low, rambling cottage, made picturesque and beautiful by the moonlight. The little building had an air of irrepressible hospitality, by extending broad piazzas in every direction, which the unusual amenities of the evening atmosphere had induced the inmates of the cottage to occupy. A winding walk led us to the piazza; and, after a few pleasant words of introduction and greeting, I was assigned to the custody of Mrs. J——, to be made acquainted with the wonders and beauties of her flower-garden. To walk through garden-alleys with the owner of all their floral treasures, was like a royal progress;

each turn brought us to new ranks of loyal subjects. After all, I am not sure but that it is the flowers which represent royalty, and we, their faithful servants, watching them anxiously, tending them carefully, and even rendering our tribute of love and admiration. The very helplessness of a garden, and its dependence on our care, make us gracious. We render such sweet service as the gods might dispense to mortals, and become more godlike in the action. When the Utopian dreams of equality are realized, we may become higher intelligences; but perhaps that high grace of graciousness will pass into a tradition. But this proposition, which I might demonstrate so satisfactorily from my hypothesis, is put to scorn by the perversity of human nature; and infancy and old age, or even a flower-garden, will discover our hearts. There was an ineffable air of condescension in the manner of my *cicerone*, as she pointed to the tall calla lilies which sprung from great, dark-green leaves, looking like islands surrounded by the paler green of the lawn.

"There are three hundred bunches of these," she said, "and always in bloom."

These flowers are incomparably lovely in the moonlight, for they are then purified from their rank and almost weedy luxuriance. There is about their simple and clearly-cut outline that purity and grace which we accord only to sculpture. They looked as if they might have been chiseled from the purest marble, and shone out in the semi-darkness of the moonlit-night like a crowning glory of the art.

We passed beds of flowers, whose glowing colors might have detained us by daylight, but we only paused to recognize the presence of the *heliotrope*, by an ecstatic, long-drawn "O-h!" Near a small tree, whose bending branches were supported by props, we again lingered.

"This is an almond-tree, and farther on are figs, oranges, and lemons. *Now* you will confess that California is a Paradise," said Mrs. J——, triumphantly.

Unfortunately for myself, I have a perverse inclination to tell the truth, or something akin to what I apprehend to be the truth, in reply to a direct question; and so, to the visible disgust of my interrogator, I confessed that "the climate of California, in my conception of things, was not paradisaical—not even a genial, earthly atmosphere."

In truth, the semi-tropical fruits which flourish here are not typical of genial sunshine or balmy breezes. The chilling sea-fog, and malevolent wind, which prevail for at least half of the year, are suggestive of ills which I apprehend to be purely earthly—namely, influenza and rheumatism. A country in which the abundance of the fruit and vegetables—or, at least, those things which appertain to the merely material—are the most prominent characteristics, and so satisfy all aspirations, that one is satisfied to let the *means* of life become the *end*, is the new, if not the improved, description of the abode of the blessed.

Such heretical thoughts have only come to me with the return of our wonted atmosphere, and the wind and dust of the city. On that delicious evening, I neither lived in memory nor anticipation, but was happy enough in the present.

In the course of our ramble, we came to a boundary line formed by a thick hedge of cactus. Its strange, abnormal growth looked like the jointed skeleton of a vertebrate of the time of which we read: "There were giants in the earth in those days." Although the ugliest of hedges, it forms the one most perfectly secure. These plants were at least ten feet high, and as we stood close beside them and looked up, there seemed nothing but infinite space between us and the blue heavens serenely glowing with

starry constellations. I was content that there should be nothing more beyond these pleasant precincts, so happy was I to be thus shut in, that I could exclaim with the old poet:

> "Do you, O brambles, chain me, too,
> And courteous briars, nail me through."

It was the season of roses, and the cottage was literally embowered in them. One great "Cloth of Gold," that had grown like the "red, red rose," in the ballad of Lord Lovell, "till it couldn't grow any higher," completely filled the gable with its profusion of blossoms. While we were still looking at it, the moon, which had for a few moments been hidden by the one fleecy cloud which flecked the heavens, peered inquisitively from the edge, and soon joined us in full-orbed satisfaction, as if she knew where to bestow her admiration, and this particular flower was her favorite above all others in the garden.

In the six months which I had already spent in California, it had seemed to me that in a garden a year might pass away unmarked. Indeed, such a slave had I become to the almanac, that when I forgot my allegiance, there was in my mind a painful uncertainty in regard to the seasons. In honor of the chilling winds, I have already called these days autumnal; but the calendar said it was May, and the fruit-trees bore the same testimony. Even in the flower-garden itself, one could not help knowing that it was "the flowery month"—the innumerable multitude of roses so crowded and elbowed each other, and, as it were, bubbled over in an irrepressible desire to get out into the sunshine or moonlight. They even became an exceptional class of eaves-droppers, hearing nothing but good of themselves. By the way, it is not a pleasant moral that the old saying inculcates: that people are eager to say evil things of us. There is, however, a suggestion—if we may draw an analogy from the roses—that if praises were due us, we would get them.

In one of the paths through which we strayed, we came to an arbor which was formed by some luxuriant jessamine vines. Mrs. J—— reached up and broke off a spray of the fragrant blossoms for me. "This jessamine must really be pruned, for it is quite overgrowing every thing else in this part of the garden," she said, with a queer little note of resignation in her voice. It was like acknowledging the faults of a favorite child, which, after all, are only excesses of virtue. But woe betide the unlucky individual who endeavors to render independent aid in such a case! A branch had gone quite astray from the rest of the vine, and was fairly heavy with clusters of the starry blossoms. Involuntarily I reached out my hand to do a little amateur pruning.

"Wait a moment, my dear, you may have just as many flowers as you want, but I always gather them myself." A soft hand came between mine and the blossoms, and I could only stammer out in utter confusion:

"Oh! I didn't know; I beg your pardon. I only thought ——" She accepted the apology in a superior kind of a way; but I felt as if I had been stealing, and had been caught in the act. It was a small consolation, however, a few moments afterward, to drop the cherished flowers in her pathway, and see her step on them. I had gratified a wicked impulse, and hugged myself in an absurd little elation over my success. It was not, however, until I had hung over borders of superb carnations, and heard the histories of some singular Mexican exotics, that I regained my serenity. We stopped to look at a great century-plant, which in this fast country precociously blooms after a life of about twenty years. Then we strayed into a little grove of fig-trees, and wondered a little at that abnormal process which produces fruit without any apparent flowers. We walk-

ed back through an avenue bordered by acacia-trees, with heavy fringe-like foliage which lay impenetrable, but soft and billowy, in the moonlight. Here and there these sombre ranks were broken by the delicate foliage and pendent, withy branches of the pepper-tree; and now and then an Australian gum-tree, with tawny bark and leathery-looking leaves, shot far above the rest. But among all of these trees of strange growth, there was nothing more beautiful than the familiar American poplar, for even on this calm night there was air enough to stir its trembling leaves into a silvery shimmer.

Was it a little odd that after thus wandering among the delights of the garden, we should have seated ourselves on the piazza, only to discuss with avidity the fashions? We talked of our dresses and our bonnets, and adored and abused the fickle goddess for her inexplicable commands about the hair, uneasily wondering what was the distinguishing touch in Paris or New York which transformed fashion into style, and which we knew, by sad experience, never found its way into the fashion-plates.

We paused now and then to say something of the beauty of the night, as if there was a pervading sense that it was slipping away from us. But even this mild asceticism sounded vapid and common-place, perhaps from an innate respect in favor of unknown prejudices. The public is generally a more sympathetic judge, and a more gentle critic, than a half-dozen chance acquaintances. Indeed, we can rarely tell our best thoughts to a best friend with half of the assurance with which it might be whispered in the ear of the public.

A HOPE.

It befell me on a day—
Long ago; ah, long ago!
When my life was in its May,
In the May-month of the year.
All the orchards were like snow
With pink-flushes here and there;
And a bird sang, building near—
And a bird sang far away,
Where the early twilight lay.

Long ago; ah, long ago!
Youth's sweet May passed quite away—
May that never more is May.
And I hear the nightingale
Singing far adown the vale
Where the early twilight lies:
Singing sad, and sweet, and strong;
And I wonder if the song
May be heard in Paradise!

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"NOW, dear grandma, do tell us about that dreadful adventure of yours, out West. We are dying to hear it, all of us."

"It don't seem quite the thing to put such frightful idees into your young heads," grandma replied, stroking Mary's brown curls as she spoke. "Your aunt Lucy shouldn't have mentioned it. But since she *was* so foolish, an' you've got your curiosity raised, so——"

"You think it best to gratify it," cried Mary, clapping her hands; "so do I. Now, girls, don't dare to speak a word; I wouldn't for the world miss a syllable."

"It was about two years after my marriage," began grandma, with a little shake of her head at the roguish speaker, "that the 'adventure,' as Mary calls it, took place. John and I went West, directly after our marriage. We were pretty poor, both of us. Not but what our families stood as high as any in the village," added the old lady, drawing herself up a little. "My father, he was deacon in the Baptist Church there. But, as I was saying, we were not very well off, and John and I had little to depend upon but our own heads and hands. But he was a smart fellow, and I was strong and healthy, and used to housework. Work was more *the fashion* then than it is nowadays. Many's the large washing my sister and I have got through with in the time one of your Biddies would have spent in fretting over it."

The girls laughed merrily, and Kate, glancing slyly up into the handsome old face, said, "You were very pretty, as well as smart, grandma, or I am much mistaken."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, demurely, "I have heard of those 'peachy cheeks,' and 'violet eyes,' and that *lovely* light-brown hair. But, oh dear! We shall never come to the adventure, at this rate. Girls, *do* be quiet."

Well, as I was saying, we had moved out West. We owned a house—a very small one—and quite a piece of ground; and, by degrees, we grew better off. After a long time, Sairy Henderson came to live with us—the first hired girl we'd had since we were married. She was a tall, raw-boned thing, nigh on to six feet high, I should imagine. She was a smart, tidy body, an' John liked her. But I never could, not for any thing she ever said—she was rather close-mouthed than otherwise—but on account of queer, little ways she seemed to have at times. But, thinking this might be fancy, and not being apt to give way to my feelings, I said nothing to John about it.

When my baby (your father, Katie) was six months old, Sairy had been with us then about three weeks. John received a letter from his brother in the big city. He wanted to see him on business important to John, as well as to himself. We both felt badly; he'd scarcely left me a day since we were married, but there seemed no help for it. But he arranged that I should have a neighbor (the nearest lived *only* two miles off, girls) come and stay with us. He insisted on this, though I laughed well at him, saying I wasn't a mite afraid.

Well, he left, and a week passed by, and by that time I began to feel most as secure, with only Sairy an' ourselves in

the house, as when a neighbor came to stay with us. For this happened twice, and when Mr. Wilson sent word for the third time that he couldn't come, and who should he send instead, I laughed, and said: "O, never mind. Sairy's as good as a man, any day; she can handle a gun, and, I fancy, could throw Mr. Wilson, in a minute, if she tried."

So that was settled; and Sairy, baby, and I were left alone. After making every thing secure down-stairs, we came up to bed. Sairy's room was at one end of the passage, and mine at the other.

I never was one of your "nervous" women, going into conniption-fits, if a mouse runs across them. But, somehow, that night I *did* feel nervous and restless; and, after nursing Willie and laying him in the bed, I sat some time by the window, trying to get a breath of air. At last, I rose and undressed me. I had said my prayers, and was creeping into bed, when a great horror and trembling—I can't describe it any other way—fell upon me. There seemed no reason for it—I didn't think of any reason, that I remember—but there I stood shaking, though it was a July night, shaking from head to foot, and grasping the bed-post.

"I *must* be nervous," said I, at last, with a laugh; "sakes alive! how father would laugh at me. But, lor! it must be because I'm so tired out." And, getting into bed, I drew Willie toward me, with a feeling of relief, as I felt his soft, little hand on my breast. The shivering fit had left me, but I couldn't sleep.

Toss an' tumble, toss an' tumble, all that blessed night! The room as hot as any oven; the queerest fancies in my head of hearing soft footsteps through the house. Believing them to be fancies, I wouldn't give way to 'em, though, no ways; till, at last, toward one o'clock, I fell asleep. I must have slept till nearly three, and then the great horror and trembling was on me again, taking me this time in my sleep. But I had a consciousness now of something wicked near me—of something dreadful about to happen—and I woke. There, in the gray morning-light, sat Sairy on the bed, looking down, so I couldn't see her eyes. She had the hatchet in her hand—the one we used for chopping wood—and she was drawing it back and forth, over the fingers of her other hand.

Did I scream, you ask, Katie? No, my dear. What kept me from it? Perhaps it was fright; perhaps it was my baby's dear little lips pressing against my breast, begging me to be calm, for his sake. No; I said one silent prayer to God, and lay still, watching her. Suddenly she turned and looked at me; I knew now what that queer look in her eyes meant—the creature was crazy—and there lay Willie and I in her power.

"Sairy," said I, looking right in her eyes, though my voice sounded hollow and strange to me, not like my own, "is it time to get up?"

She said not a word, but looked away again, nodding her head up and down two or three times, and drawing the hatchet through her fingers as before.

"Sairy," said I, again, with difficulty, for my heart seemed to rise to my throat, and lie beating there, "is it so late? Then I must get up."

She turned on me now with a sharp, suspicious look: "I won't be given up to them," she said.

"No, no, Sairy," I said, soothingly.

"I tell you I won't!" she exclaimed, raising her voice to a loud, sharp key; "I know they'll come for me, those evil spirits, and try to drag me back to that cold, dark place! But I won't go; I won't go."

Her voice had sunk to a low muttering; she was feeling of the hatchet again, casting side-long glances at me.

"No, Sairy," said I, rising, with a desperate effort, while my whole body and the night-dress I had on seemed

bathed in a chilly sweat, "we won't let them come. Hand me my clothes that lie on that chair, Sairy." To my surprise she obeyed me, and I dressed myself, hardly able to stand. For, think what it was, girls, for a young thing scarce twenty years old, with a young baby, besides, to be in the power of a woman like this!

When I was dressed, we went down stairs; I first, for so she ordered me. O, the horror of hearing that creature steal after me as I went down with Willie in my arms, not daring to look behind, and dreading every moment the fall of her hatchet on my neck! But we got down safe enough.

What a day that was, girls! Not a moment would the creature leave me; not one step would she allow me to take outside, though the poor cows were lowing in a most pitiful way for some one to come and milk them. Not a door or a window would she allow to be opened. I walked up and down with Willie, crying and fretting all day, nearly, poor little fellow, and racked my brains for some way of escape from her hands. But I could think of nothing. O, if some of the neighbors would come! How I prayed to God to send them! But no one came, and as the day wore on I grew desperate. The night should not find us again alone with this creature!

"Sairy," said I, very quietly, after thinking a minute, "I'm going up-stairs to lay the baby on the bed." And with that I walked to the stairs, she following me close.

"Hark, hark!" said I, suddenly stopping, when half-way up, "what noise is that in the front room? Run, run!"

I spoke like one in a terrible fright, and it infected her. With a wild cry she rushed to the room—a small one adjoining the kitchen. At the same instant I ran for my life up-stairs. Ah! girls, I've run that race over again many a night in my sleep! Before I reached the door I heard her mad yell, and the flying of her feet after me. Gasping for breath, I reached the room, slammed the door, and bolted it just in time! Then I stood, panting and listening to her outside. She was raving, now; howling and springing up against the door like some wild beast. Then, again, she would rush up and down the hall, crying out in the most mournful way, till all of a sudden she would stop by the door again, and batter against it till I feared she would break it down.

At last she grew quiet, and stole away, muttering softly to herself. I placed poor little crying Willie on the bed, and gave him a toy to play with to keep him quiet. Then I crept to the window, and looked out. It was twilight now; every thing seemed still as death.

"What *is* she going to do?" I asked myself. "Will she set the house afire?" And half dead with fright at this thought, I began to think what I should do. My window overlooked a lane running past our house. It was no great height from the window to the ground. Should I let baby carefully down, and then risk a leap myself?

It was a forlorn hope, but there seemed no other way. I was just tying baby into a large basket I had found in the closet, when I heard the clatter of a horse's feet. The rider, whoever he was, was coming up the lane. Springing up, I rushed to the window. It was Dan Wilson, our "neighbor's" youngest son, a lad of thirteen, come probably on some message from his father. He halted with an astonished look as he saw my face.

"Hush! hush!" I said, fearfully; then stretching out my hands to him: "Dan, Dan, ride home directly. Bring all the help you can; Sairy is down stairs raving mad. For the love of God, save my poor baby and me!"

Dan turned as pale as myself, I fancy; but he gave me a nod, and galloped off

like the wind. I took poor Willie out of the basket, and, sitting down with him, kissed him again and again, and began to cry a little. I was feeling weaker now, than all along. Some little time I sat so, when a sudden bang on the door made me jump up with a scream. It was Sairy, again; and she'd got something heavy in her hand — the axe, perhaps — with which she was pounding on the door. It was a very strong door; I doubt if she could have done much harm, with all her pounding; but, in the dreadful state I was in, I expected nothing else.

I stood there a minute, helpless and moaning; and then, with a sudden thought, I darted into the closet, where, when I went for the basket, I had spied a great iron-bar. I seized this, and came out with it. I was in a sort of a wild fury now, against this fiend, who had tormented my poor child and me so all day. But my mind was made up: the moment that creature's head appeared, I would dash her brains out, if it was possible, I thought, for I was in a kind of a despair. I thought God had forsaken me; and, in my madness, I accused Him, and my husband, and every body else, of cruelty toward me.

Suddenly, I heard the horse's feet again, and ran to the window. There was young Wilson again, and a large party with him. I told them where she was, and to be very cautious; and then, having no power to say any more, I crawled to the bed, still holding the bar, and, sinking on the bed, drew Willie toward me very feebly, for I began to feel as weak as water. Sairy was listening now — she was as quiet as death. But, all at once, we heard the bursting open of a door below, then low voices, and the treading of feet. And, with that, the poor creature gave one terrible cry of, "The evil spirits are coming for me," and ran, like a hunted thing, along the hall. That cry went through and through me, like a dozen knives, my nerves were so unstrung; but I struggled, and kept myself quiet, for poor Willie's sake. Then the voices rose again, mingled with the cries of that poor creature, and I sprang up, stopping my ears, and holding down the choking in my throat, till Willie, who had been quiet lately, began to scream, frightened by the noise outside, and, half-distracted as I was, soothing him quieted me down a little.

At last, the noises ceased, and there came a shaking at my door. "Mrs. Kennedy!" cried Mr. Wilson's voice, "open the door!"

I ran and unbolted it; he sprang in, followed by others.

"Mrs. Kennedy! for God's sake!" he began.

But I heard no more. They told me, afterward, that I ran up to him, wringing my hands, and crying out that I was "mad — mad! and that it was all his doing;" and that then I went off into a dreadful fit of crying, that seemed as if it would have no end.

When I came to, I was lying on the bed, and they were chafing my hands and face. I began to cry again, though in a feeble, exhausted way, and called for my baby and for John.

"Baby is quite right, dear," said Mrs. Wilson, coming to the bed, "and wants mamma to get better, so he can be nursed again!"

"But I won't stay here," I whimpered, like any baby: "don't leave me alone; I won't be left alone a single minute!"

"No, poor child," said old Mr. Wilson, coming toward me, and speaking in his slow way; "I'm *ra'ally* sorry this has happened. I always kinder *thought* Sairy wasn't quite right in her head. It was *ki'inder* foolish to take a gal in, come to the door that way. But you *ra'ally* don't blame me, I hope!"

"Yes, I do," cried I, as sharply as I could in my weakness. "I was young

and foolish — I felt all safe. And you *thought* she wasn't right? O, I hate you!" — and here I might have gone off again, but for Mrs. Wilson, who quieted me, and hustled off the poor man, who went out, muttering "that he allers *did* think Miss' Kennedy *raything* a spunky woman; but, ra'ally, he *didn't* know she had sech a *tarnation* temper!"

It was a week before I was up again, and full two weeks before I could bear to hear Sairy's name. When I did hear of her again she'd been taken back to the lunatic asylum, where she belonged.

Your poor grandpa! how frightened he was to hear it all. I believe he wouldn't have spoken to Mr. Wilson, but for my eoaxing. We left for the city soon, where John and his brother had started in business together.

Well (said grandma, after a pause), my story's done. Katie, you silly child, you've been crying; did my story make you nervous? Remember, it was nearly fifty years ago.

THE ILIAD OF SANDY BAR.

BEFORE nine o'clock it was pretty well known all along the river that the two partners of the "Amity" claim had quarreled and separated at day-break. At that time the attention of their nearest neighbor had been attracted by the sounds of altercations and two consecutive pistol-shots. Running out, he had seen, dimly, in the gray mist that rose from the river, the tall form of Scott, one of the partners, descending the hill toward the *cañon;* a moment later, York, the other partner, had appeared from the cabin, and walked in an opposite direction toward the river, passing within a few feet of the curious watcher. Later, it was discovered that a serious Chinaman, cutting wood before the cabin, had witnessed part of the quarrel. But John was stolid, indifferent, and reticent. "Me choppee wood—me no fightee," was his serene response to all anxious queries. "But what did they *say*, John?" John did not "*sabe*." Col. Starbottle deftly ran over the various popular epithets which a generous public sentiment might accept as reasonable provocation for an assault. But John did not recognize them. "And this yer's the cattle," said the Colonel, with some severity, "that some thinks ought'er be allowed to testify agin' a White Man! Git—you heathen!"

Still the quarrel remained inexplicable. That two men, whose amiability and grave tact had earned for them the title of "The Peace-makers," in a community not greatly given to the passive virtues — that these men, singularly devoted to each other, should suddenly and violently quarrel, might well excite the curiosity of the camp. A few of the more inquisitive visited the late scene of conflict, now deserted by its former occupants. There was no trace of disorder or confusion in the neat cabin. The rude table was arranged as if for breakfast; the pan of yellow biscuit still sat upon that hearth whose dead embers might have typified the evil passions that had raged there but an hour before. But Col. Starbottle's eye — albeit, somewhat bloodshot and rheumy—was more intent on practical details. On examination, a bullet-hole was found in the door-post, and another, nearly opposite, in the casing of the window. The Colonel called attention to the fact that the one "agreed with" the bore of Scott's revolver, and the other with that of York's derringer.

"They must hev stood about yer," said the Colonel, taking position; "not mor'n three feet apart, and—missed!" There was a fine touch of pathos in the falling inflection of the Colonel's voice, which was not without effect. A delicate perception of wasted opportunity thrilled his auditors.

But the Bar was destined to experience a greater disappointment. The two antagonists had not met since the quarrel, and it was vaguely rumored that on the occasion of a second meeting, each had determined to kill the other "on sight." There was, consequently, some excitement—and, it is to be feared, no little gratification—when, at ten o'clock, York stepped from the Magnolia Saloon into the one, long straggling street of the camp, at the same moment that Scott left the blacksmith's shop, at the forks of the road. It was evident, at a glance, that a meeting could only be avoided by the actual retreat of one or the other.

In an instant, the doors and windows of the adjacent saloons were filled with faces. Heads unaccountably appeared above the river-banks and from behind bowlders. An empty wagon at the crossroad was suddenly crowded with people, who seemed to have sprung from the earth. There was much running and confusion on the hill-side. On the mountain-road, Mr. Jack Hamlin had reined up his horse, and was standing upright on the seat of his buggy. And the two objects of this absorbing attention approached each other.

"York's got the sun," "Scott'll line him on that tree," "he's waitin' to draw his fire," came from the cart—and then it was silent. But above this human breathlessness the river rushed and sang, and the wind rustled the tree-tops with an indifference that seemed obtrusive. Colonel Starbottle felt it, and, in a moment of sublime pre-occupation, without looking around, waved his cane behind him, warningly to all nature, and said "Shu!"

The men were now within a few feet of each other. A hen ran across the road before one of them. A feathery seed-vessel, wafted from a way-side tree, fell at the feet of the other. And, unheeding this irony of Nature, the two opponents came nearer, erect and rigid, looked in each other's eyes, and—passed!

Colonel Starbottle had to be lifted from the cart. "This yer camp is played out," he said, gloomily, as he affected to be supported into the "Magnolia." With what further expression he might have indicated his feelings it was impossible to say, for at that moment Scott joined the group. "Did you speak to me?" he asked of the Colonel, dropping his hand, as if with accidental familiarity, on that gentleman's shoulder. The Colonel, recognizing some occult quality in the touch, and some unknown quantity in the glance of his questioner, contented himself by replying, "No sir," with dignity. A few rods away, York's conduct was as characteristic and peculiar. "You had a mighty fine chance—why didn't you plump him?" said Jack Hamlin, as York drew near the buggy. "Because I hate him," was the reply, heard only by Jack. Contrary to popular belief, this reply was not hissed between the lips of the speaker, but was said in an ordinary tone. But Jack Hamlin, who was an observer of mankind, noticed that the speaker's hands were cold, and his lips dry, as he helped him into the buggy, and accepted the seeming paradox with a smile.

When Sandy Bar became convinced that the quarrel between York and Scott could not be settled after the usual local methods, it gave no further concern thereto. But presently it was rumored that the "Amity Claim" was in litigation, and that its possession would be expensively

disputed by each of the partners. As it was well known that the claim in question was "worked out" and worthless, and that the partners, whom it had already enriched, had talked of abandoning it but a day or two before the quarrel, this proceeding could only be accounted for as gratuitous spite. Later, two San Francisco lawyers made their appearance in this guileless Arcadia, and were eventually taken into the saloons, and—what was pretty much the same thing—the confidences of the inhabitants. The results of this unhallowed intimacy were many subpenas; and, indeed, when the "Amity Claim" came to trial, all of Sandy Bar that was not in compulsory attendance at the county seat came there from curiosity. The gulches and ditches for miles around were deserted. I do not propose to describe that already famous trial. Enough that, in the language of the plaintiff's counsel, "it was one of no ordinary significance, involving the inherent rights of that untiring industry which had developed the Pactolian resources of this golden land"—and, in the homelier phrase of Colonel Starbottle, "a fuss that gentlemen might hev settled in ten minutes over a social glass, ef they meant business; or in ten seconds with a revolver, ef they meant fun." Scott got a verdict, from which York instantly appealed. It was said that he had sworn to spend his last dollar in the struggle.

In this way Sandy Bar began to accept the enmity of the former partners as a life-long feud, and the fact that they had ever been friends was forgotten. The few who expected to learn from the trial the origin of the quarrel were disappointed. Among the various conjectures, that which ascribed some occult feminine influence as the cause was naturally popular, in a camp given to dubious compliment of the sex. "My word for it, gentlemen," said Colonel Starbottle—who had been known in Sacramento as a Gentleman of the Old School—"there's some lovely creature at the bottom of this." The gallant Colonel then proceeded to illustrate his theory, by divers sprightly stories, such as Gentlemen of the Old School are in the habit of repeating, but which, from deference to the prejudices of gentlemen of a more recent school, I refrain from transcribing here. But it would appear that even the Colonel's theory was fallacious. The only woman who personally might have exercised any influence over the partners, was the pretty daughter of "old man Folinsbee," of Poverty Flat, at whose hospitable house—which exhibited some comforts and refinements rare in that crude civilization—both York and Scott were frequent visitors. Yet into this charming retreat York strode one evening, a month after the quarrel, and, beholding Scott sitting there, turned to the fair hostess with the abrupt query: "Do you love this man?" The young woman thus addressed returned that answer—at once spirited and evasive—which would occur to most of my fair readers in such an exigency. Without another word, York left the house. "Miss Jo" heaved the least possible sigh as the door closed on York's curls and square shoulders, and then, like a good girl, turned to her insulted guest. "But would you believe it, dear," she afterward related to an intimate friend, "the other creature, after glowering at me for a moment, got upon its hind legs, took its hat, and left, too; and that's the last I've seen of either."

The same hard disregard of all other interests or feelings in the gratification of their blind rancor characterized all their actions. When York purchased the land below Scott's new claim, and obliged the latter, at a great expense, to make a long detour to carry a "tail-race" around it, Scott retaliated by building a dam that overflowed York's claim on the river. It was Scott, who, in con-

junction with Colonel Starbottle, first organized that active opposition to the Chinamen, which resulted in the driving off of York's Mongolian laborers; it was York who built the wagon-road and established the express which rendered Scott's mules and pack-trains obsolete; it was Scott who called into life the Vigilance Committee which expatriated York's friend, Jack Hamlin; it was York who created the *Sandy Bar Herald*, which characterized the act as "a lawless outrage," and Scott as a "Border Ruffian;" it was Scott, at the head of twenty masked men, who, one moonlight night, threw the offending "forms" into the yellow river, and scattered the types in the dusty road. These proceedings were received in the distant and more civilized outlying towns as vague indications of progress and vitality. I have before me a copy of the *Poverty Flat Pioneer*, for the week ending August 12, 1856, in which the editor, under the head of "County Improvements," says: "The new Presbyterian Church on C Street, at Sandy Bar, is completed. It stands upon the lot formerly occupied by the Magnolia Saloon, which was so mysteriously burnt last month. The temple, which now rises like a Phœnix from the ashes of the Magnolia, is virtually the free gift of H. J. York, Esq., of Sandy Bar, who purchased the lot and donated the lumber. Other buildings are going up in the vicinity, but the most noticeable is the 'Sunny South Saloon,' erected by Captain Mat. Scott, nearly opposite the church. Captain Scott has spared no expense in the furnishing of this saloon, which promises to be one of the most agreeable places of resort in old Tuolumne. He has recently imported two new, first-class billiard-tables, with cork cushions. Our old friend, 'Mountain Jimmy,' will dispense liquors at the bar. We refer our readers to the advertisement in another column. Visitors to Sandy Bar can not do better than give 'Jimmy' a call." Among the local items occurred the following: "H. J. York, Esq., of Sandy Bar, has offered a reward of $100 for the detection of the parties who hauled away the steps of the new Presbyterian Church, C Street, Sandy Bar, during Divine service on Sabbath evening last. Captain Scott adds another hundred for the capture of the miscreants who broke the magnificent plate-glass windows of the new saloon on the following evening. There is some talk of reorganizing the old Vigilance Committee at Sandy Bar."

When, for many months of cloudless weather, the hard, unwinking sun of Sandy Bar had regularly gone down on the unpacified wrath of these men, there was some talk of mediation. In particular, the pastor of the church to which I have just referred—a sincere, fearless, but perhaps not fully-enlightened man—seized gladly upon the occasion of York's liberality to attempt to re-unite the former partners. He preached an earnest sermon on the abstract sinfulness of discord and rancor. But the excellent sermons of the Rev. Mr. Daws were directed to an ideal congregation that did not exist at Sandy Bar—a congregation of beings of unmixed vices and virtues, of single impulses, and perfectly logical motives, of preternatural simplicity, of childlike faith, and grown-up responsibilities. As, unfortunately, the people who actually attended Mr. Daws' church were mainly very human, somewhat artful, more self-excusing than self-accusing, rather good-natured, and decidedly weak, they quietly shed that portion of the sermon which referred to themselves, and accepting York and Scott—who were both in defiant attendance—as curious examples of those ideal beings above referred to, felt a certain satisfaction—which, I fear, was not altogether Christian-like—in their "raking down." If Mr. Daws expected York and Scott to shake hands after the sermon, he was disappointed.

But he did not relax his purpose. With that quiet fearlessness and determination which had won for him the respect of men who were too apt to regard piety as synonymous with effeminacy, he attacked Scott in his own house. What he said has not been recorded, but it is to be feared that it was part of his sermon. When he had concluded, Scott looked at him, not unkindly, over the glasses of his bar, and said, less irreverently than the words might convey: "Young man, I rather like your style; but when you know York and me as well as you do God Almighty, it'll be time to talk."

And so the feud progressed: and so, as in more illustrious examples, the private and personal enmity of two representative men led gradually to the evolution of some crude, half-expressed principle or belief. It was not long before it was made evident that those beliefs were identical with certain broad principles laid down by the founders of the American Constitution, as expounded by the statesmanlike A ; or were the fatal quicksands, on which the ship of State might be wrecked, warningly pointed out by the eloquent B. The practical result of all which was the nomination of York and Scott to represent the opposite factions of Sandy Bar in legislative councils.

For some weeks past, the voters of Sandy Bar and the adjacent camps had been called upon, in large type, to "RALLY!" In vain the great pines at the cross-roads—whose trunks were compelled to bear this and other legends—moaned and protested from their windy watch-towers. But one day, with fife and drum, and flaming transparency, a procession filed into the triangular grove at the head of the gulch. The meeting was called to order by Colonel Starbottle, who, having once enjoyed legislative functions, and being vaguely known as a "war-horse," was considered to be a valuable partisan of York. He concluded an appeal for his friend, with an enunciation of principle, interspersed with one or two anecdotes, so gratuitously coarse, that the very pines might have been moved to pelt him with their cast-off cones, as he stood there. But he created a laugh, on which his candidate rode into popular notice; and when York rose to speak, he was greeted with cheers. But, to the general astonishment, the new speaker at once launched into bitter denunciation of his rival. He not only dwelt upon Scott's deeds and example, as known to Sandy Bar, but spoke of facts connected with his previous career, hitherto unknown to his auditors. To great precision of epithet and directness of statement, the speaker added the fascination of revelation and exposure. The crowd cheered, yelled, and were delighted; but when this astounding philippic was concluded, there was a unanimous call for "Scott!" Colonel Starbottle would have resisted this manifest impropriety, but in vain. Partly from a crude sense of justice, partly from a meaner craving for excitement, the assemblage was inflexible; and Scott was dragged, pushed, and pulled upon the platform.

As his frowsy head and unkempt beard appeared above the railing, it was evident that he was drunk. But it was also evident, before he opened his lips, that the orator of Sandy Bar—the one man who could touch their vagabond sympathies (perhaps because he was not above appealing to them)—stood before them. A consciousness of this power lent a certain dignity to his figure, and I am not sure but that his very physical condition impressed them as a kind of regal unbending and large condescension. Howbeit, when this unexpected Hector arose from the ditch, York's myrmidons trembled.

"There's nought, gentlemen," said Scott, leaning forward on the railing—"there's nought as that man hez said

as isn't true. I was run outer Cairo; I did belong to the Regulators; I did desert from the army; I did leave a wife in Kansas. But thar's one thing he didn't charge me with, and, may be, he's forgotten. For three years, gentlemen, I was that man's pardner!——" Whether he intended to say more, I can not tell; a burst of applause artistically rounded and enforced the climax, and virtually elected the speaker. That fall he went to Sacramento; York went abroad, and for the first time in many years, distance and a new atmosphere isolated the old antagonists.

With little of change in the green wood, gray rock, and yellow river, but with much shifting of human landmarks, and new faces in its habitations, three years passed over Sandy Bar. The two men, once so identified with its character, seemed to have been quite forgotten. "You will never return to Sandy Bar," said Miss Folinsbee, the "Lily of Poverty Flat," on meeting York in Paris—"for Sandy Bar is no more. They call it Riverside now; and the new town is built higher up on the river-bank. By the by, 'Jo' says that Scott has won his suit about the 'Amity Claim,' and that he lives in the old cabin, and is drunk half his time. O, I beg your pardon," added the lively lady, as a flush crossed York's sallow cheek; "but, bless me, I really thought that old grudge was made up. I'm sure it ought to be."

It was three months after this conversation, and a pleasant summer evening, that the Poverty Flat coach drew up before the veranda of the Union Hotel at Sandy Bar. Among its passengers was one, apparently a stranger, in the local distinction of well-fitting clothes and closely-shaven face, who demanded a private room and retired early to rest. But before sunrise next morning he arose, and, drawing some clothes from his carpet-bag, proceeded to array himself in a pair of white duck-trowsers, a white duck-overshirt, and straw-hat. When his toilette was completed, he tied a red bandanna-handkerchief in a loop and threw it loosely over his shoulders. The transformation was complete: as he crept softly down the stairs and stepped into the road, no one would have detected in him the elegant stranger of the previous night, and but few have recognized the face and figure of Henry York of Sandy Bar.

In the uncertain light of that early hour, and in the change that had come over the settlement, he had to pause for a moment to recall where he stood. The Sandy Bar of his recollection lay below him, nearer the river; the buildings around him were of later date and newer fashion. As he strode toward the river, he noticed here a school-house and there a church. A little farther on, "The Sunny South" came in view—transformed into a restaurant—its gilding faded and its paint rubbed off. He now knew where he was; and running briskly down a declivity, crossed a ditch, and stood upon the lower boundary of the Amity Claim.

The gray mist was rising slowly from the river, clinging to the tree-tops and drifting up the mountain-side, until it was caught among those rocky altars, and held a sacrifice to the ascending sun. At his feet the earth, cruelly gashed and scarred by his forgotten engines, had, since the old days, put on a show of greenness here and there, and now smiled forgivingly up at him, as if things were not so bad after all. A few birds were bathing in the ditch with a pleasant suggestion of its being a new and special provision of Nature, and a hare ran into an inverted sluice-box, as he approached, as if it were put there for that purpose.

He had not yet dared to look in a certain direction. But the sun was now high enough to paint the little eminence on which the cabin stood. In spite of

his self-control, his heart beat faster as he raised his eyes toward it. Its window and door were closed, no smoke came from its *adobe* chimney, but it was else unchanged. When within a few yards of it, he picked up a broken shovel, and shouldering it with a smile, strode toward the door and knocked. There was no sound from within. The smile died upon his lips as he nervously pushed the door open.

A figure started up angrily and came toward him: a figure whose blood-shot eyes suddenly fixed into a vacant stare; whose arms were at first outstretched and then thrown up in warning gesticulation; a figure that suddenly gasped, choked, and then fell forward in a fit.

But before he touched the ground, York had him out into the open air and sunshine. In the struggle, both fell and rolled over on the ground. But the next moment York was sitting up, holding the convulsed frame of his former partner on his knee, and wiping the foam from his inarticulate lips. Gradually the tremor became less frequent, and then ceased; and the strong man lay unconscious in his arms.

For some moments York held him quietly thus, looking in his face. Afar, the stroke of a woodman's axe—a mere phantom of sound—was all that broke the stillness. High up the mountain, a wheeling hawk hung breathlessly above them. And then came voices, and two men joined them. "A fight?" No, a fit; and would they help him bring the sick man to the hotel?

And there, for a week, the stricken partner lay, unconscious of aught but the visions wrought by disease and fear. On the eighth day, at sunrise, he rallied, and, opening his eyes, looked upon York, and pressed his hand; then he spoke:

"And it's you. I thought it was only whisky."

York replied by taking both of his hands, boyishly working them backward and forward, as his elbow rested on the bed, with a pleasant smile:

"And you've been abroad. How did you like Paris?"

"So, so. How did *you* like Sacramento?"

"Bully."

And that was all they could think to say. Presently, Scott opened his eyes again:

"I'm mighty weak."

"You'll get better soon."

"Not much."

A long silence followed, in which they could hear the sounds of wood-chopping, and that Sandy Bar was already astir for the coming day. Then Scott slowly and with difficulty turned his face to York, and said:

"I might hev killed you once."

"I wish you had."

They pressed each other's hands again, but Scott's grasp was evidently failing. He seemed to summon his energies for a special effort.

"Old man!"

"Old chap."

"Closer!"

York bent his head toward the slowly-fading face.

"Do ye mind that morning?"

"Yes."

A gleam of fun slid into the corner of Scott's blue eye, as he whispered:

"Old man, thar *was* too much saleratus in that bread."

It is said that these were his last words. For when the sun, which had so often gone down upon the idle wrath of these foolish men, looked again upon them reunited, it saw the hand of Scott fall cold and irresponsive from the yearning clasp of his former partner, and it knew that the feud of Sandy Bar was at an end.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON. By An Etonian; with Illustrations by Sidney P. Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. By the author of "Tom Brown's School-days;" with Illustrations by Sidney P. Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers.

These *Recollections of Eton* are singularly conscientious details of school-life, which are or once were of possible interest to the narrator, but are without attractions for the general reader. Even to American readers, the names of Eton and Rugby are as familiar as household words. Not only have our favorite heroes in fictitious literature won the honors of the cricket-ground and the regatta, but our favorite authors themselves have done things worthy of "honorable mention" within their ancient walls; so that we are not prepared to admit that the book was vapid because we were blissfully ignorant of the life of the English school-boy. But we confess that, in going over the ground under the present guidance, we could only find such entertainment as an ordinary reader might gain by perusing a volume of Patent-Office Reports, or endeavoring to read a City Directory. Games of cricket and rowing-matches follow the fagging and the flogging, as naturally as the roast-beef and plum-pudding follow the soup and fish of a conventional English dinner. The simple directness with which the story is told is, in itself, so meritorious that after all it seems a little strange that it should be so preternaturally dull. It is quite evident that nothing is glossed over or made to appear either better or worse than it should. But the mere material realist often lacks that quality which, in painting, we speak of as artistic truth; and which, in reality, constitutes not only the life, but the truthfulness of the picture. The "recollections" are utterly without perspective; and overpower the mind with a sense of having accumulated more facts than one knows what to do with. The "Autocrat" says that the landlady's story was like the unsuccessful attempt of a grain of wheat to separate itself from the whole bulk and establish a distinct individuality. Thus, although we may have a sincere respect for the things which the Etonian did and suffered, after all he remained only a unit of the *genus* Etonian, and it is only as such a unit that he has our consideration.

Perhaps our disappointment in reading this book was greater from a vivid recollection of that delightful school-boy, "Tom Brown." One's involuntary comparison of the two is strengthened also by the republication of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, the second volume of that delightful series. It is easy to recall the pleasure with which we followed the fortunes of the boy, who had won our affections at Rugby, through his career at Oxford. We remember that on his behalf we grew breathless over the regatta, and rejoiced in muscular Christianity generally. He was, in short, the Prince of school-boys, to all of us who read of him then, and we think that those who read of him now, will find him such a noble fellow as may well excite their emulation. This, at least, seems to be the design of the book; and we find that his conduct throughout resulted from such mixed motives that ordinary human nature feels itself capable of attaining to the things to which he attained. There is this main difference between the two books of which we have been speaking, that the one is written with a purpose, and the other seems absolutely aimless.

CHRIS AND OTHO: A Sequel to "Widow Goldsmith's Daughter." New York: Carleton.

As a novelist, the "match-maker" is received with a greater degree of leniency than

is always accorded to her prototype in real life. Popular opinion assigns this vocation to her as her legitimate field of action, and is quite content that she should shape her victims to her own ends, without finding in them any of that disappointing "contrariness" which mars her plans and makes her misery in real life. Mrs. Julie P. Smith, the authoress of *Chris and Otho*, not only jubilantly plies this "vocation" in the present volume, but in the preface asserts that there is another "dear girl" who "ought to be married," and more than intimates her purpose of settling the business of this "dear girl" by bringing her lover back from Hindostan, as soon as she has washed her hands of the half-dozen marriages with which she is occupied at present.

The peculiarly airy way in which the most startling difficulties are met and subdued is worthy of admiration and applause, and the reader involuntarily encases himself in such stoic indifference as he might assume while watching the skillful exploits of a circus-rider, morally sure that she will triumphantly pass through every *hoop*, although it seems a physical impossibility to do so. The authoress has an air of adding to her triumph by bowing, kissing her hand, and wreathing her face in an inscrutible smile, which bespeaks an inexhaustible reserve of resources — a faith which we can not help suspecting is founded upon the modern development of encyclopedic literature and hand-books of travel, with a crude knowledge of boarding-school Spanish, French, and German, eked out by the inevitable course of classics, and a gloss of miscellaneous metaphysics.

It would be doing the book an injustice, of which we feel ourselves incapable, should we omit to mention the glitter of jewels by which we were dazzled, from beginning to end. Such familiar lines as the following occur to the reader: "Rich and rare were the gems *they* wore." And, as page after page of description follow each other of each individual glitter, or shimmer, or flash, we wish that the authoress had been equally epigrammatic.

But it is not only in descriptions of jewelry that she is diffuse. The evident effort to maintain an easy familiarity of style has resulted only in a tiresome volubility, and even the pedantry is garrulous. It must be confessed, however, that there are some strokes of originality which betray a certain kind of ingenuity. For instance, one of the heroines is said to "opalesce," which we apprehend is quite a novel thing for a heroine to do.

But the part which is played by "Sonsie," the young Irish girl, is, perhaps, the most important. In conceiving and elaborating this character, the question of woman's work is touched upon. But it can hardly be called a problem, under such glib handling as it here receives, and the conventional result is brought about by a most unconventional marriage.

These things, as we have already intimated, are the lawful topics of the novelists, and are upon the whole merely matters of taste. However strongly they may appeal to our sense of the ridiculous as contorted, or involuntarily-caricatured pictures of real life, we are still willing to admit much to the license of fictitious literature. But we think we have a right to demand, that when facts are narrated they should bear, at least, a degree of conformity to natural laws. In this story, two little boys, looking through the windows of a deserted school-house, discover the bodies of a mother and child who have been dead for a month, and, it is recorded, that they then saw "the drip, drip of the blood beneath the worn doorway." Unless a miracle explains the mystery, we cannot accept the statement. And upon the whole we have reason to suppose that the book itself was fashioned from some such a reckless model.

Misunderstood. By Florence Montgomery, author of "A Very Simple Story," and "Peggy and Other Tales." New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

The modestly-expressed desire of the authoress of this pleasant little volume, that this story should throw some light upon the lives of children, "from their own little point of views," touches upon a theme of such wide-spread interest that those who love and are interested in children everywhere will welcome such intelligent pleading on their behalf. And yet we fear that, as human na-

ture is constituted, children are destined to be uncomprehended and misunderstood, until the millenium introduces a better and happier state of affairs. Even in our present imperfection, we might regard them more fairly and do them greater justice, only that they do not immediately appeal to the intellect or judgment, but to our affections, which are less under our control and never more subtile than in our relations to children.

The present story is not a record of one of those ultra cases of cruel treatment or reprehensible neglect which the mere sensational story-teller delights to select, and which falls so harmlessly upon the general mind —because the cases are so exceptional; but it is an indication of Miss Montgomery's genius and insight into human nature that her story simply delineates the most natural mistakes resulting from misconception of character.

It is a story of two little motherless boys, whose father honestly tries to do his duty by both boys, although his affection for the delicate little "Miles" is greater than for his more robust and reckless brother. The writer's ready sympathy with the joys and sorrows of childhood, and keen appreciation of their natures, are evidenced in every page; and their naturally dramatic thoughts and actions lose nothing through her representations. The following scene will give an idea, not only of the easy style of the writer, but of the way in which she manages to make the reader at least *understand* children:

> "Will you pass through town, father? because I've got some shopping to do."
>
> "Shopping! why, what do you want to buy?"
>
> "It's such a very great secret that I don't think I can tell you. But perhaps you can keep a secret?"
>
> "Yes; I think I may promise to keep it."
>
> "Well, then, I'll tell you. It is a birthday present for you. And what would you like? but you must promise not to tell any one."
>
> "No one shall know: but I think I would rather you chose for me; what you like I shall like."
>
> "Well, now, I don't think you would. You see, *I* should like a pop-gun or some nine-pins. Now *you* would not care for either of those, would you?"

Perhaps no brief quotations will indicate, as the whole book does, the simple, realistic way in which a child looks at and accepts life, and the thorough earnestness with which he invests even a trivial incident.

There are pleasant little bits of poetical descriptions of Nature, and it is quite easy to see how the bright skies, beautiful fields, and waving trees tempted the restless "Humphrey," and how his active imagination delighted to linger over the fatal and forbidden pond, where the old tree stretched a limb out over the water, so exactly like the one described by "Uncle Charlie," in a story of wild adventure. It is not surprising, either, that a father should believe that a child so full of life and health, so careless and happy under every circumstance, would be quite indifferent to an extra caress or word of affection for his more delicate brother; and it is almost as much of a shock to us at the last, as it was to the father, to find out how simply the boy had accepted his share of affection as a part of an inexorable system of things which he might comprehend when he grew to be a man, but now he could only receive unquestioningly.

The pathos of the closing chapters is characterized by the same quiet, good taste that pervades the more humorous parts; and whether or not the book produces the effect the authoress hopes for it, at least it speaks well for her ability as a writer, and for her thorough understanding of the subject which she has chosen. This is what she says:

> "A child's world is so full of mystery, too. Every thing is so wonderful and unexplained, that the 'things unseen and eternal' are scarcely more incomprehensible than the things unseen and temporal. Where every thing is so strange, one thing is not much more strange than another. * * * He takes every thing upon trust, believing implicitly every thing which is told him; he neither cavils, nor argues, nor reasons. He believes his elders infallible — in fact, he must: have they not proved right over and over again? Not being able to understand, he *must* trust; and to a boundless faith and a vivid imagination, *all* things are possible!"

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THE LAST OF THE SIBYLS.

THERE lived in a remote street of Paris, last November, a woman aged ninety-seven years. Her name was Adelaide Lenormand. She was born in Alençon, Normandy, in 1772. From 1791, never having been married, never associated with any other person in her peculiar vocation, never giving occasion for scandal, never the object of police espionage, and never but once subjected to rigorous interrogatories at the *Palais de Justice*, she practiced the arts of astrology and palmistry for more than sixty years, having for patrons the celebrities of Europe, with a success unequaled since the Middle Ages. From the first she rose rapidly into note. Her study of algebra and astronomy, which she believed indispensable to her art, was incessant. Once, indeed, she became involved in one of the countless plots for the liberation of Marie Antoinette from the Temple Prison, and was incarcerated in the Luxembourg; but she said her life was safe, and Robespierre's fall leaving her unguillotined, showed that she had read the book of fate as truly for herself as she did for others.

It was in the Luxembourg that she met with Josephine Beauharnais. Josephine had once had her fortune told by an Obi woman in Martinique; she now had it done by Mademoiselle Lenormand. The black and white sibyls spelled her destinies alike. The guillotine's tooth was not on edge for *her* neck. Life and greatness were before her. And when, two years afterward, the Creole widow married the young artillery officer, and told him of her gifted prison companion, and of the dazzling promises of her own horoscope, he himself consulted Lenormand, and received from her lips the augury of the career he was destined to run—his elevation to the summit of power, fall, and death in exile. Whether influenced by the thought that she who had predicted would not fail to endeavor to compass his downfall, or by other motives, from the day Napoleon I donned the imperial purple, he refused to see the Norman prophetess. It was at his suggestion

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that interrogatories were put to her, December 11, 1809, at the *Palais de Justice*, when, being pressed to explain an obscure answer she had given, she replied: "My answer is a problem, the solution of which I reserve TILL MARCH 31, 1814." On that day the allied armies entered Paris.

On the 28th of March, 1814, President von Malchus, as he was called—a Prussian diplomatist who sixty years ago played a considerable part in European affairs—was prevailed on by the following circumstance to visit Mademoiselle Lenormand. He was associated with Count Morio in remodeling the royal household of Westphalia. The business necessitated frequent interviews at the house of the President. Every day, after the lapse of about an hour, the Count became uneasy, and showed anxiety to terminate the sitting and return home. This impatience was quite inexplicable to his colleague, who one day asked him the reason.

"My wife," replied Morio, "is in terror if I am absent a moment longer than usual."

"And why?" inquired Malchus.

Morio then related that the Countess had had her nativity once cast by Mademoiselle Lenormand, who had told her she would be married three times. Her first husband would be a new acquaintance, a lover whose love she reciprocated, by whom her highest wish would be gratified—the prospect of motherhood. She would soon, after a fire, receive a distinguished guest in her house, and not long after lose her husband by a violent death. Married a second time, she would return to her native country, where she would in a short time lose her second husband and marry a third.

"Come, *Monsieur le Ministre*," continued the Count, "do me the honor to accompany me home and see for yourself." Malchus complied, and found the Countess in a state of suffering which her husband had not at all exaggerated. When she learned that he had been made acquainted with the ground of her apprehensions, she said:

"You can judge, then, whether I have cause to tremble for my husband's life. In every other particular the prophecy has been verified. I did not know him nor he me; our marriage was of love; I am likely to become a mother; the fire has happened, and the distinguished guest been received. Do you wonder when I fear that a violent death to my husband is now near?"

The President did what he could to tranquilize the lady, assuring her that with him, at least, the Count was safe, and that one more meeting would terminate the business which took her husband away from her.

The next day, Morio was with the President until eleven o'clock, and then rode out with the King. As they passed, on their return, through the royal mews, Morio was detained, and the King went on. On a sudden a shot was fired. The Countess heard it, and shrieked out: "My husband is killed!" It was too true. A French farrier, whom Morio had discharged for drunkenness, had maliciously killed him.

This occurrence made a deep impression on Malchus. When he arrived in Paris, shortly after, he heard the name of Lenormand everywhere. She had predicted to Murat that he would be a King; to a Spanish officer that one week from that day he would hear of his brother's death in Spain; to the Countess Boeholz that she would marry a Prince of the blood; to Dr. Spangenberg, Queen's physician, that he would receive certain important news next day, and that two days after the messenger bringing it would be drowned—and one knows not what beside. Every prediction was said to have proved true. Over-urged by friends, the President visited

the divineress. We translate his account from his own words:

"I was glad to find that the street in which she lived was one where I had never been. I put on a threadbare surtout and shabby hat, and drove to her door. A little girl answered the bell. 'Can I see Mademoiselle Lenormand?' 'Not to-day.' 'Ask her when?' In a moment a large woman, advanced in years, with peculiar subtilty of eyes, came to the hall, and, without speaking, put into my hands a card, on which was penciled, '*Samedi, trois heures, monsieur.*' She hardly saw me half a second, and I had not opened my lips in her presence.

"Saturday came, and I was there in the same dress, punctually at three o'clock. As I was entering, a young woman, leaning upon the arm of an elderly man, passed out, nervously weeping. Ushered in, I took my seat upon one side of a little table, Mademoiselle Lenormand being *vis-à-vis*, and laid down four napoleons. She then asked me:

"1. The initial letter of my Christian name.

"2. That of my surname.

"3. Of my country.

"4. Of the place of my birth.

"5. My age, and, if possible, day, hour, and minute of my birth.

"6. Name of my favorite flower.

"7. Name of my favorite animal.

"8. Name of animal of greatest repugnance to me.

"She now took fourteen packs of cards—some playing cards, others marked with necromantic figures and signs of celestial bodies—and shuffling each pack, asked me to cut them. Offering my right hand, she prevented me, saying, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' Out of each pack I drew a number of cards, which she arranged in order. She then surveyed the palm of my left hand attentively, turned to a book of open hands, selecting one, studied the cards before her, and then began to tell me of my past, present, and future. Of the first she certainly told me much that could not be known even by my nearest friends, much that had almost passed from my own memory. Of the second, she told me with the same accuracy. Of the future, there was sibylline obscurity about some things; about others, clearness and unambiguity. For example: I had spoken of leaving Paris in two days. '*Vous resterez encore deux mois à Paris!*' she replied, fixing her eyes on mine. I might mention a score of similar remarks where she was equally positive and correct. In short, at a distance of five years from the time of the interview, I frankly state that not one of her predictions, reasonably to be expected within that time, has failed."

Talma, Madame de Staël, Mademoiselle George, and Horace Vernet have each at different times given accounts of interviews with Mademoiselle Lenormand, agreeing that her predictions were not at random. Of the last she said, in 1809, that within thirty years he would stand so high as an artist that the King of France would send him to Africa to paint the storming of a fortress there; which took place in 1839. As she had told Napoleon of his exile, she foretold Murat the place and time of his death twenty years before it occurred. The Duchess of Courland, a lady well known in the fashionable world of her day, whose youngest daughter married Talleyrand's nephew, sanctions an account more remarkable than that of President Malchus, but there is no time to refer to it here.

Turn we now to another branch of Mademoiselle Lenormand's wonderful skill in occult science. Her oracular divinations of lucky numbers in a lottery threw other exploits into the shade. She once declared to Potier, the comic actor, that one, two, and even three prizes were

assigned by destiny to every man; but that she could not tell when and where any person's fortunate numbers were, without inspecting his hand. Potier, very naturally, asked what his own fortunate numbers were. Looking into his left hand and consulting her books, she replied: "Mark the numbers 9, 11, 37, and 85; stake on these—but not sooner than sixteen years hence—in the Imperial Lottery at Lyons, and you will obtain a *quarterne* This was in 1810. In 1826, Potier remembered the prediction, staked on the four numbers the sorceress had named, and added a fifth, 27, the number of his birthday. Old people in Paris talk to this day of the sensation produced when the five numbers Potier had set his money upon were drawn. He won 250,000 francs—a sum which made a rich man of him, and when he died, in 1840, his heirs divided a million and a half.

Potier's good luck excited the desires of Tribet, an actor of few talents, but of many children. He flew to Lenormand; but she declined to answer. He besought her on his knees; but she remained inflexible. Mademoiselle perused his hand, indeed; but only shook her head in silence, and left him. Tribet followed—represented how poor he was—declared that his happiness was in Lenormand's hands—and urged that he was father of ten children, whom he could not educate, and about whose future he was in despair. The Sibyl replied: "Do not desire to know your numbers; if fortunate, you will abandon your profession, become a gambler, beggar your family, and commit suicide at last." Tribet bound himself by a solemn oath that he would never again play, and still continued to entreat. Overcome by the poor man's earnestness, Lenormand at length said: "I will tell you the numbers. More than that, I will tell you that one of them denotes the year of your death. It is 28. Another is 13, your name festival; a third, 66, is the number of your star. There is still another number that is full of good luck for you, but—you once wounded yourself on the stage."

"I did so, twelve years ago."

"Well, since the wound, that number cannot be traced in your hand."

"But I know it," replied Tribet. "It is 7—a remarkable number to me all my life. At seven years of age, I came to Paris—seven weeks after, I entered the Royal Institute—at three times seven years old, I fell in love—my salary is 700 livres—and a man at number 7, on the *boulevard*, told me to come to you. It is my fortunate number."

"Good! Choose, then, 7 for your *quarterne:* very likely this number will win also."

Tribet staggered from her presence like one drunk with joy. But he had not money enough to stake a large sum; and the prophetess had declared, as she did in all cases, that to stake borrowed money would not answer. The poor actor had only twenty francs. He staked the whole. *Tirage* arrived. Each of the four numbers came out, not one failing. Tribet, who, the day before, had not a sou, found himself the possessor of 96,000 francs. He was mad with delight; he rushed, hatless, through the streets; he told every one he met that he had become a capitalist, and he took a box at the theatre, to hear himself play. What Lenormand had prophesied came to pass. Good luck crazed him. He abandoned his family, left for London, became a constant guest at the hazard table, lost, committed suicide, and his body was recovered from the Thames. All this, too, in 1828!—the number she predicted as the year of his death.

This event was a terrible shock to Lenormand. She called herself Tribet's murderess, execrated her art, and for more than a year after steadily refused to divine numbers for the lottery.

In 1830, however, the following cir-

cumstances occurred: A man, one day, hastily entered her cabinet, stating himself to be Pierre Arthur, a printer, and begging her intercession with Monsieur Jerome, his creditor, who was pursuing him with bailiffs. Jerome, with his attendants, followed him into the house. Lenormand readily undertook the office of intercessor, and appealed to the usurer's compassion. It was in vain. The Sibyl grew warm, and said bitter things. The creditor retorted. Taunts followed. A scene, in which all the parties would have been implicated with the police, was threatening, when Mademoiselle Lenormand, controlling herself, took Jerome's left hand, and, studying its lines, said to Pierre Arthur: "If you possess five francs of your own, not borrowed, but honestly-owned money, go and stake it on 37, 87, and 88, in the Royal Lottery. The *tirage* is to-day. To-morrow you will be the possessor of 24,000 francs." Pierre had not a *sou*. The bailiffs seized and dragged him away. Jerome, however, replied: "Thank you, Mademoiselle; I learn for the first time my fortunate numbers, and will profit by them." The sorceress had but one recourse. To her, prizes in the lottery were denied. If the numbers designated became hers, they would not be drawn. She instantly sent her servant to secure the three numbers; and the result was, the disappointment of Jerome, but not the release of Pierre Arthur.

Eight days before the death of Louis XVIII, Lenormand gave the following five numbers as destined to come out at the next drawing: First, the number of the King's age, 68; the number of years he had reigned, 36; the year of the entry of the allies into Paris, 14; the day the King had ascended the throne, 26; and the number affixed to his name in the list of the sovereigns of France, 18. All the numbers were made public. The prediction had been a topic of sport at the *salons*. The numbers were known, paraded in handbills, published in newspapers, long before secured, and so much talked about as to be in every body's mouth. Residents in Paris, in September, 1824, well remember the surprise, as directors of the lottery remember the reckoning, when it was announced that the five numbers, named by Mademoiselle Lenormand—68, 36, 14, 26, and 18—had drawn the principal prizes.

The Countess de Normandy says: "In 1809, Mademoiselle Lenormand, entirely ignorant of me, during an interview of an hour, predicted what has followed within twenty years: my preservation of the lives of three State prisoners; my acquaintance with Lord Byron; my journey to Italy, at the request of Pope Leo XII; my Maltese cross, and my visit to Paris. I learned one lesson from that horoscope, and that was, never again to pry into the secrets of futurity."

The writer saw Mademoiselle Lenormand nineteen years ago. She was then past seventy-nine, and appeared still older. Her immense frame, well covered with adipose flesh, was a good deal bowed down, and her gait unsteady. She leaned heavily upon a cane. Her hair was of snowy whiteness, and fell in masses of curls upon the rich *moire antique* silk and Valenciennes lace she wore. She spoke in tones remarkably soft and clear, without any of the piping or quavering of old age, and her eyes—black and piercing—seemed to retain all the brilliancy of their youth. She resided in a handsome and well-furnished dwelling; kept carriage, horses, and liveried servants; and still practised her occult profession. Her reputation then was certainly not what it had been during the days of the Empire; but many persons consulted her, and those mostly of the upper classes. Besides her ordinary questions, she asked, at this time: "Do you prefer to go up or

down?" "Does a height make you dizzy?" "Have you, in moments of coolness, ever desired to die?" Her guesses—if guesses they were—of past personal history were certainly remarkable, and her predictions of the future have been wonderfully verified. It is not germane to the question of her gifts as to how she knew the life of a stranger—an American—in the past. There is a possibility, never so remote, of collusion. But how did she foresee that the time-hurried traveler, who was asking her questions, would remain a decade of years in Europe; that a great civil war would call him back to his own country; that the nearest in blood to him would pass through loss and suffering to honor; and that out of the dregs of his people the questioner would live to see one rise who would become the leader of his nation? The writer can only say that years have fulfilled all that Mademoiselle Lenormand predicted to him nearly twenty years ago.

We have said that our Sibyl was alive last November. She was then ninety-eight years old. Our informant represents her as decrepit, bowed almost double, deaf, toothless, nearly blind, tremulous, palsied on one side, and wholly incapable of locomotion. "But," he adds, "she is the sorceress still. Carriages wait at her door. Ladies of rank frequent her *boudoir*. The remarkable predictions she makes are more remarkably verified. I dare not write what she told Madame Vernon was to be the future of the Emperor. If it should prove true—which now seems impossible—the parallel between the nephew and his uncle would be complete."

What has been here narrated is authentic. It is a problem for the psychologists. They fathom animal magnetism. Let them try their plummet in the mysteries of the palm and the stars. No mist is impenetrable to modern thinkers—no millstone opaque.

Of Mademoiselle Lenormand let me say, in conclusion, this is true: She seeks truth in the stars, as geologists seek it in the rocks, or mathematicians in figures. She contrived to be believed in during an age of her earlier years, when there was no faith in God or His angels, in the devil or his imps. Only the other day, when a laborer was killed by a fall from the Corso in Rome, his fellow-workman, leaving the corpse and running to consult his "Book of Dreams," invested instantly fifteen *bajocchi* in the lottery, on the corresponding numbers to *paura*, *saugue*, *cascata* —fear, blood, fall—and won a prize of three hundred. The world will not be robbed of its heathenism. There was no monopoly to the old Roman *haruspices*. And as to the art of Mademoiselle Lenormand, whether it be mere chance, or undiscovered properties of numbers, or real understanding with the invisible world—which we leave the reader to consider—it is evident that the time-honored trade in human credulity is not among the things that are past.

LIFE IN THE BUSH.

BY the bush in Australia, is meant something corresponding to the backwoods in America, and a person who resides there is called a bushman. The bushman of the laboring class, living in a great measure alone, and seldom coming in contact with either female, or refined society, soon acquires well-marked peculiarities. His clothing usually consists of a blue flannel shirt and moleskin pants, fastened round the waist with a belt, from which are suspended two or three leather-pouches for holding pipes, tobacco, matches, knives, or any other articles whose use may be often required. But the article of dress on which he most prides himself, and on which are centred his dearest affections, is his cabbage-tree hat. The cabbage-tree is a species of palm, from whose leaves, bleached to a dingy white color, split into narrow strips, and plaited, the hat is made at a cost varying from $5 to $20. A black ribbon, or variegated scarf, is tied in a knot behind, and floats down his back, giving an air of gayety to the head-dress, but little in accordance with the rest of the costume. As some inveterate smokers value a pipe in proportion to its dinginess and antiquity, so the bushman's attachment to his hat increases with its age, which is often measured by decades. The very fact of his being the proprietor of a smutty-looking hat, coupled with a style of wearing it, not readily acquired by a new arrival, is enough to proclaim him an old resident of the country; and, like the pioneers of California, he considers himself, on that account, deserving of special honor. His chief occupation is either shepherding or bullock-driving; his chief amusement is in drinking brandy, and, under its influence, recounting the glories of the past—when lucky miners made sandwiches of bank-notes and bathed their feet in champagne, after their appetite for that beverage had become incapable of further stimulus. While shepherding day after day, with no company but his dog and his own bitter thoughts—bitter whether contemplating his future prospects or his lost opportunities—the only hope which buoys him up is that payday is coming round again, when he can once more get gloriously drunk. He is not unlikely to end his life in a lunatic asylum, as alternate spells of dissipation and solitude play sad havoc with his brains, unless disposed of in a more summary manner by a Black's tomahawk. It is commonly said that oxen can not be driven without swearing at them; if so, Australia is fortunate in possessing for her bullock-drivers a number of ex-convicts who obtained the rudiments of their education in the public streets of Great Britain and Ireland, and, after various opportunities of increasing their stock of profane and vulgar language, finally graduated at Botany Bay, where the art of swearing-made-easy must have received particular attention. One day, while eating lunch on the margin of a pond adjacent to a public road, a teamster, driving a dozen oxen, came along. The sight and smell of the water were too much for the poor animals, already fatigued with a journey of several miles under the rays of a tropical sun, unsurpassed in intensity in any part of the world. A whip, about sixteen feet long, descended with the utmost rapidity on their backs and sides,

but failed to confine them to the road. With a rush they ran into the water, and stopped only when the dray was buried half-way to the hub in mud. Being taken unawares, the driver had not much time for swearing before they reached the water, so he let them drink, and then proceeded to drive them out. But the oxen, already fatigued, failed to act regarding their exit from the water with that unity of action which characterized their entrance. An incisive blow of the whip caused a spasmodic effort from the ox thus singled out; but ere any of his fellows could be induced by a similar argument to render assistance, he would cease pulling, and once more assume that look of stolid stupidity so common to oxen in a stubborn mood. Then burst from the infuriated driver a volley of oaths seldom equaled outside the country in which they were uttered. While shocked at the fellow's profanity, I could not help admiring the originality of many of his expressions; and as imprecation after imprecation descended on the devoted oxen as rapidly as the blows of his whip, I thought it a pity that his oratorical powers had not a more refined training, and that if his persuasives were addressed to men instead of oxen, they would have better success. His maledictions met with a temporary interruption by the arrival of a squatter who owned the greater part of the surrounding country—a man who was widely known for his many exhibitions of piety, when they cost nothing, but whose religious convictions never interfered with his worldly designs, nor prevented him from driving an extortionate bargain. The horror which the good man felt was plainly depicted on his countenance as he accosted the teamster with a degree of sternness and solemnity sufficient to carry conviction to the heart of a less hardened sinner.

Squatter—"On the last dreadful day you will be judged for the profanity you now use, and I will be present to bear testimony against you."

Teamster—"Bear witness against me, will you? By G—d, I shouldn't wonder; everywhere I've been yet, I have seen the greatest rogues get their pardon by turning Queen's evidence."

The squatter turned his horse's head and rode off, muttering something about the folly of trying to save a soul predestined from all time to perdition. In conversation with the bullock-driver, sometime afterward, I learned that when a boy, in England, he was induced to accompany an acquaintance on a poaching expedition, having little idea of the illegality of the act, or the penalty to which he rendered himself liable. Happening to encounter the game-keeper, that functionary got severely wounded while endeavoring to arrest the poachers. A reward was offered for their apprehension; the tempter became an informer; a conviction quickly followed, and in a few months the boy, under sentence of transportation, was on his way to Sydney. If his story was true, and it did not seem improbable, he must have had a thorough contempt and hatred for all informers, no matter before what tribunal they gave their evidence.

There are usually half a dozen or more teamsters together, for mutual protection and assistance. Sometimes as many as forty oxen can be seen yoked to one vehicle, and the cursing, yelling, and whip-cracking of five or six drivers make a din that ought to frighten any thing. They often perform journeys of eight hundred miles, bringing wool from the interior to the coast. While traveling, their food is simple, and cooked after a primitive fashion. It consists of flour, beef, tea, and sugar; their cooking apparatus, a tin-pot in which to boil beef, and another in which to make tea. Tea is the chief drink in all parts of the bush—that is, when the object is only to quench the thirst. It is drank at all

hours and on all occasions. Should a traveler go into any house in the bush, and ask for a drink, a tin pint-pot, filled with tea, is offered to him. It stands on hand, ready for use, day and night. The laborers take bucketfuls of it with them to their work; the shepherd and stock-driver have canteens of it slung to their shoulders. The great heat, causing such a copious perspiration, renders a great deal of drink necessary. The water is generally too hot; sometimes it is brackish, and sometimes it contains so many animalcula as to be unsafe for drink, unless first boiled. I have seen laboring men take off their flannel-shirts almost every hour to wring the sweat out of them, and two gallons of tea are in many instances drank daily to supply the moisture thus carried off from the system. On camping in the evening, some of the bullock-drivers attend to the cattle, and one proceeds to the nearest tree, and from it strips a piece of bark on which to knead his flour. A large loaf is made—neither yeast nor baking-powder is used—placed in the red-hot ashes and covered over with ashes and cinders. When baked, it is called a "damper," and a damper it certainly would be to any but a bullock-driver's digestion. If neither digestible nor palatable, it is at least "very fillin' at the price." The sheet of bark serves for a table; smaller pieces serve for plates, which do not require to be washed, as a fresh supply is obtained for each meal. The facility with which the bark can be stripped from the tree, when the sap is rising, renders it available for many purposes. The houses of the squatters and their *employés* are often built of bark, stripped off in sheets seven or eight feet long and four or five feet wide. And in a hot country, where the great *desideratum* is a free circulation of air, very good houses they make. Such houses, it is true, do not admit of a very ornate style of architecture, but they are cheap, comfortable, and capable of being readily constructed.

There being very few manufactures in Australia, workmen find it difficult to obtain employment at all seasons; and a large number of them, particularly the old residents of the country, spend a great portion of time rambling from one station to another, nominally in search of employment, but in reality quite indifferent on that score, and unwilling to work unless they receive more than the ordinary rate of wages. The average weekly wages vary from $2 and board in the old-settled districts in the south, to $7 and board in the northern part of the country; but, in the harvest and sheep-shearing seasons, men can earn $2 or $3 per day. Many a bushman, when these busy seasons are over, buys himself a store of clothing and tobacco, sufficient to last a year, and then goes on a big spree while the remainder of his money lasts. When his purse is empty, with all his worldly possessions in a bundle on his shoulders, he sets out on his rambles through the bush, from station to station, and levies black-mail, in the shape of board and lodging, on the squatters whom he deigns to honor with a visit. It is nothing uncommon for a squatter to have to supply a dozen of these vagrants daily; and, although his most prominent characteristic is hospitality, yet such a large number is fed, not as a matter of choice, but of necessity. Should he be looked upon by these rovers as sordid or tyrannical, he would find it difficult to get his work done in the busy seasons, when all can easily find employment; or a lighted match dropped in some remote corner of his run, when the grass is dry, would cause an extensive fire, destroying grass, fences, and houses.

Although a run is sometimes set on fire from a feeling of revenge, yet it must not be inferred that incendiarism or any other crime is very prevalent; on the

contrary, when we consider the antecedents of a large proportion of the population, we must admit that there are fewer illegal acts than could be expected. The ex-convict is often one of the most law-abiding citizens—not from any veneration he has for the law—not from any feeling of friendship for his fellow-creatures—not that he considers a virtuous life a passport to heaven; but because he has learned, from the bitter experience of an Australian prison, "that the way of the transgressor is hard." A firm and well-grounded belief in the certainty that detection, conviction, and punishment quickly follow the commission of crime, is more instrumental in restraining the lawlessness of an individual, whose moral perceptions are the worse for wear, than all the homilies of all the would-be humanitarians in the world. In Australia, a well-organized system of police—horse and foot—renders a criminal's chance of escaping detection extremely precarious. In each Colony, all the police are under the direction of one head, assisted by subordinate chiefs, who exercise jurisdiction in the districts where they are stationed. Hence, policemen can be sent, at a moment's notice, from any part of the Colony to another, as occasion requires. The telegraph lines being the property of the Government, information relative to a criminal act can instantly and secretly be transmitted to every police station in the land. The cost of apprehending and prosecuting a person suspected of a crime, as well as the cost of supporting and confining him, if found guilty, is borne by the General Government. In California, the opposite plan of allowing every county to arrest its own criminals, or let them alone, if it pleases, has a strong tendency to increase crime. Here, when a desperado kills his man, he flies off to some other county; and, a warrant being out for his arrest, he is not likely to return voluntarily to the scene of the murder. The Sheriff and other county officers are influenced by the tax-payers, and a great many of these prefer that a criminal should be allowed to go at large, rather than run the risk of having their taxes increased, on account of arresting and prosecuting him. Apparently, they are too short-sighted to see the evils of this neglect. Once convicted, the probability of the Australian prisoner receiving the full amount of punishment his crime deserves, may be looked upon as a certainty. To the Judge—receiving his appointment from the Government, and holding it while satisfactorily performing his duties—the fact that the criminal has numerous friends ready to vote at the next election, is a matter of indifference, which need not and does not affect his decision. Nor need the prisoner expect any mitigation of his punishment from executive clemency. That is a prerogative rarely indulged in by any of the Governors, and never without calling forth a great deal of public comment. If the punishment inflicted is sometimes more than the culprit deserved, on the other hand, neither wealth, social standing, nor political influence will cause any partiality to be shown to their possessor, when accused of crime. Some years ago, the Governor of Melbourne Jail treated the prisoners under his charge in so harsh a manner as to make one believe he deserved the fate he met at their hands. Among other things, he was accused of confining his prisoners to work, while they were able, without food or drink, sometimes keeping them fasting for forty-eight consecutive hours. While suffering from the pangs of hunger and thirst, they would receive a visit from the Governor, who would describe to them the dinner he had just eaten. Nine of them beat him one day with clubs and stones until he was killed. They were all hanged. Illustrative of the other side of the question: A few

years ago, in Queensland, a police magistrate murdered and robbed a policeman. The magistrate was acquainted with most of the leading men in the Colony; some of the most prominent members of the Legislature and Cabinet were his most intimate friends, but, notwithstanding all this, he was executed.

If homicides are more rare than in California, quarrels are much more numerous. Except in the neighborhood of blood-thirsty Blacks, the bushman seldom goes armed; and, in the event of being insulted by one of his companions — which is almost sure to happen, whenever they get drunk — a rough tongue or a rough fist is the only weapon sought to avenge the insult. That your bowie-knife and revolver are great promoters of politeness, can be readily seen by any one who has had an opportunity of comparing the manners of the workingmen of California with the manners of the workingmen of Australia. Of course, the advantage possessed by the former in social position and mental acquirements is, to some extent, a cause that quarrels or insulting expressions are less numerous among them; but the knowledge that a six-shooter makes all men equal, and places the muscular and gigantic shoulder-striker on a level with the puniest of his race is, doubtless, a weightier reason. But when a quarrel is unlikely to have a more serious result than a black eye, or a bloody nose, galling words are uttered without much deliberation. On the gold-fields, especially, where so many roughs congregate, fights are of hourly occurrence. My last sojourn on an Australian gold-field was in the summer of 1866. Scarcely a day passed that I did not witness a trial of fisticuffs; scarcely a night that my slumbers were not disturbed by the hoarse voice of some drunken bully, challenging his associates to fight, or bellowing for the police to protect him from a fellow of more powerful thews and sinews than himself. But, as I have said, these fights seldom have a fatal termination, and, when over, the combatants adjourn to the nearest tavern, and, in deep potations, pledge to each other a renewal of the friendship which, a few moments before, had been so near a violent rupture. A few days before leaving that gold-field, I witnessed a fight about which I want to make a few remarks; as it illustrates the ludicrous manner in which fights begin and end there

Three Irishmen, partially intoxicated, were walking along the street, and one of them, to the evident delight of the others, loudly bragged about the number of times he had beaten Englishmen in single combat. An Englishman, who also had imbibed rather too freely, heard the disparaging remarks made about his countrymen. A fight at once ensued between himself and the bellicose Irishman. The latter proved to be no match for his opponent, but one of his friends came to his aid, and in less time than it takes to write it, the Englishman was severely punished. The third Irishman, who had hitherto been a quiet spectator of the scene, here threw off his coat, and, swearing that he would never stand by and allow two men to beat one, went to the aid of the Englishman. The fight would now be pretty even, but another party, in the shape of a policeman, arrived on the ground, and marched all of them to the prison. The next morning they were arraigned before a magistrate, and fined ten shillings each for being drunk and disorderly. With the exception of one of the Irishmen, they were destitute of funds, but he paid the fine for all of them, and they left the court-house, arm-in-arm, for the time being at least, the best friends in the world.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat of many parts of Australia, the colonists enjoy a great deal of out-door exercise. Hunting, horse-racing, promenading,

and dancing have their votaries. At Rockhampton, under the Tropic of Capricorn, with the thermometer standing at 140°, they play cricket with as much energy as if they were in foggy England. In hunting, the wild dog—an animal bearing some resemblance to the fox; the emu—a bird unable to fly, but remarkable for its swiftness of foot—and the kangaroo afford the greatest amusement. In many places there are regularly organized clubs, owning excellent packs of hounds, for hunting these animals.

The kangaroo, as a beast of chase, is unequaled, as from every flock you can single out, as the object of your pursuit, one whose running powers are suited to the swiftness of your horse and your own skill as a rider. It is a timid, mild-looking animal, gregarious in its habits, and lives on grass and herbs. The flesh is rather too dry to be palatable, when eaten alone, but when minced up with pork, or bacon, it makes a savory dish. The hind-quarters and the tail are excellent for making soup of—the tail, in this respect, being considered superior to oxtail. About forty days after conception, the young kangaroo is transferred from the uterus to the abdominal pouch, where it remains for a period of about eight months, living on its mother's milk. When first placed in the pouch, the young kangaroo presents a rather strange appearance.

The circulatory, digestive, and respiratory organs are in a precocious state of development, while those members on whose action there is no immediate demand are no further advanced toward maturity than the corresponding members of a young calf would be, four or five months before its birth. At this period the young kangaroo does not possess the power of drawing the milk from the teat by its own unaided efforts, and would die of inanition, did not the mother inject the milk into its mouth. About eight months after being placed in the pouch, it can be seen, when the mother is feeding, to protrude its head and nibble at the herbage within reach. When it becomes older and stronger, it follows the mother on foot, returning to its retreat when fatigued, or when threatened by danger. However, the mother will not always endanger her own life for the protection of her young. When closely pursued by dogs, and capture becomes imminent, she will stick one of her forefeet into the pouch, pull forth the young one, and leave it to shift for itself. The kangaroo moves along in a succession of graceful bounds, using only the hind legs, aided by the tail, which is of great use in this respect, being six or eight inches in diameter at the root, and is strong and elastic. Nearly the whole length of the tail comes to the ground with the kangaroo as he leaps along, and not only aids him in springing again, but helps to balance the body. A field of grain to which a number of them have access is thrashed pretty cleanly, without any trouble to the owner, as the tail comes down with a thud, like the stroke of a flail, smashing all the stems within reach. In many places the kangaroos are so numerous that the squatters find it necessary to slaughter them by wholesale, on account of the quantity of grass they consume. Where the ground is fenced off into fields, or "paddocks," as they are called in Australia, the following is the method of destruction usually adopted: The gates are left open, and a number of men on horseback drive the kangaroos from one inclosure to another until they reach a yard surrounded with fences high enough to render their escape impossible. The gates are then closed, and the work of destruction goes on, by men on horseback knocking them on the head with clubs, or shooting them with revolvers. In hunting them for amusement, the kangaroo-dog—a cross between the greyhound and Newfoundland

mastiff, or blood-hound—is usually employed. In every flock can be found kangaroos which are a match for the swiftest greyhound, especially if the ground is cumbered, as it often is, with fallen timber. Should the hunter be unwilling to venture, in a break-neck chase, after one of these, he can direct his attention to one of the big, fat, lazy fellows, which weigh from two to three hundred pounds, and not so quick of foot as their smaller congeners, but are more disposed to stand and fight than to use much exertion in running. One of these, when approached by the dogs, will run to a tree, if convenient, place his back against it, and, standing in an erect posture, calmly wait the approach of his pursuers. But woe to the unlucky dog that comes within reach of his powerful hind legs. With one kick in the belly he disembowels him, or renders him unable to take further part in that hunt. On the approach of the hunter, whom he dreads more than he does the dogs, he retreats to another tree, and unless there are a great many dogs to surround him, or he is shot by the hunter, he usually succeeds in giving more wounds than he receives. When thus at bay, it would be very hazardous for the hunter to approach him on foot. I have known instances in which the hunter was severely wounded, and escaped death only by the timely assistance of his companions. A pool of water three or four feet deep, if within reach, is chosen by the kangaroo, in preference to a tree, as a suitable place to give battle to his enemies. Here, standing on firm ground, while the dogs have to swim, he possesses a great advantage. To see him take hold of dogs, as they come within reach of his fore legs, dip them one after another under the water, and sometimes hold them there until drowned, one would think he enjoyed the attack, so composedly does he act, while dealing destruction to his victims. Occasionally, he will hold a dog under water until nearly suffocated, then he will allow him to come to the surface to revive himself with a little fresh air, and this he repeats several times before the dog is drowned, as if he meant the prolonged torture to be a warning to the rest of his foes. A first-rate rider, mounted on an excellent horse, will find hunting the lighter and swifter kangaroos one of the most exhilarating pastimes in which he can indulge. In a very rough country, a person, no matter how skillful a rider he may be, can not keep up with them, as ravines twenty feet wide, or logs six feet thick, lying on the ground, offer not the slightest impediment to their flight. An account of a day's sport will serve as well as any thing else to convey to your readers an idea of the pains, pleasures, and excitements incident to a kangaroo hunt.

Rockhampton, a town about twelve years old, is situated almost under the Tropic of Capricorn, on the Fitzroy, twenty miles from where that river enters the Pacific Ocean. Although the Fitzroy and its tributaries drain an extent of territory larger than California, it is not navigable above Rockhampton. About sixty miles westerly from Rockhampton, the Fitzroy is formed by the junction of the Dawson and McKenzie rivers. Two hundred and fifty miles farther west is the Peak Downs District, noted for its gold and copper mines. In 1863, I was engaged in exploring and surveying a wagon-road from the Dawson River to Peak Downs. A great portion of the country over which the road had to pass was covered with dense brush interspersed with patches of glade, through which, by following a very tortuous course, one could pursue his journey to any given point without going through the thicket. One day, when about fifteen miles west of the Dawson, I rode out, accompanied by a member of my party, in search of a suitable place for our next camping-ground. We were

followed by two dogs, but had no intention of indulging in a hunt. Seven or eight miles from camp, on turning the corner of a clump of brush, we beheld one of the dogs, which was ahead of us by himself, in the arms of a kangaroo that was actually running away with him. (When a dog comes into close quarters with a kangaroo, without the latter getting an opportunity of inflicting a wound with his hind legs, he will seize the dog with his fore feet, if he can, and carry him from ten to fifty yards before relinquishing his hold.) As we approached, the dog succeeded in disengaging himself from the embrace of his opponent; they both ran off; an intervening clump of brush again hid them, for a time, from our view, and when we regained sight of them, the dog, with a broken leg and protruding bowels, lay moaning on the ground. We dismounted to examine his wounds, but it was useless: a few piteous whines, and his sufferings were at an end. The other dog, in the meantime, had come up, and as we were mounting, he and the kangaroo, which he had just headed, ran rapidly by us. Actuated partly by a spirit of revenge for the loss of my dog, and partly by the excitement inseparable from a kangaroo-hunt, I resolved to give chase. For the first mile we had a fine, open country, admirably adapted for hunting. After this we once more entered a region thickly interspersed with patches of brush; but this did not damp our ardor. Our alpaca coats, flying lightly behind us, disappeared in tatters from our backs, until not a shred remained but the sleeves and the collars buttoned on our breasts. If the kangaroo ran on we could not keep up; but occasionally he stood at bay, with the intention of getting hold of the dog. After about three hours' running, we got into a clear space of a few acres in extent, surrounded with a thicket so dense that neither the kangaroo nor dog could run through it. Standing at the entrance to this inclosure, we enjoyed the chase as the dog and kangaroo ran round and round it, passing within a few yards of us at every circuit. At length the dog succeeded in seizing the kangaroo by the tail, and thus gained a great advantage. Depriving him of the use of the tail was almost equal to depriving him of a leg. He could not run away, neither was he agile enough to catch the dog in his fore legs, which he attempted. For about ten minutes they remained in this position—the kangaroo continually turning round and trying to seize the dog, but the latter changed his ground when necessary, and still held on to the tail. They looked as if they were waltzing, but they kept at a more respectful distance from each other than is customary with the partners in that blood-stirring dance. Thinking this had lasted long enough, I gave my horse to my companion, and, armed with a thick bludgeon, went to the aid of the dog. When within a few yards of the kangaroo, he turned on me, and only by the thick leather boots reaching above my knees was I saved from some ugly scratches on the legs. This distraction enabled the dog to get hold of him by the neck; then I found an opportunity of bringing my club in contact with his head, and he was quickly dispatched.

With the death of the kangaroo we realized two very disagreeable facts, namely, that we were extremely thirsty, and that we had not the slightest idea of where we were. We knew that we could not have ridden less than twenty miles, but in the excitement of the chase we took no note of the direction we followed. This was certainly a gross piece of neglect on our part, as we were strangers in that locality; but we began the hunt without expecting it to last so long. We knew that the Dawson was east of us, but perhaps twenty miles distant, and perhaps with brush intervening too

thick to travel through. We expected to find water in a creek that we saw about a mile from where the kangaroo was killed. On reaching the creek we found that the banks were precipitous and ten or twelve feet high. No water was visible; but as the sand showed indications of having been recently scratched up by the wild dogs in search of something to drink, we tied our horses to a tree on the bank, and descended to make a closer examination. After unsuccessfully searching the bed of the creek for a few hundred yards, our attention was drawn to a noise on the bank, and, on looking in that direction, to our consternation we beheld our horses scampering off, snorting loudly, and evidently in the greatest terror. The ropes with which they were tied were cut by a party of Blacks, who, most likely, had watched our proceedings for some time, and wishing to make a meal of our kangaroo, considered that the surest way to secure our prize, and so frightened away our horses. The Blacks, to the number of forty or fifty, stood in a defiant attitude between us and the direction that the horses had taken, and, although we were armed, we did not deem it prudent to come into close quarters with them in the dense brush, where we might be surrounded or surprised. We, therefore, thought it best to try to reach the Dawson, as we were sure of finding water there, and from the nature of the country considered it unlikely that we would find it anywhere else. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, then the hottest part of the day, and the thirst began to tell heavily on my companion. After about two hours' travel, he fell fainting by my side, and all my efforts to induce him to proceed, or to convince him of the danger of delay, were unavailing. Fortunately I caught sight of a blazed tree just then, which enabled me to recognize our position. The tree was on a line I had surveyed some weeks previously, and I soon ascertained that we ran easterly and north-easterly during the hunt, and were now about fourteen miles from the camp and three from the Dawson River. I endeavored to communicate the joyful discovery to my companion, but he was too insensible even to understand what I said. Seeing that without relief he was in a critical condition, I took one of his boots and made the best of my way to the Dawson, which I reached almost exhausted. After having assuaged my thirst, I returned to my companion with a bootful of water, the reviving influence of which brought him back from the very gates of death. It was too dark to go home without incurring the risk of getting lost again, so we made a bed of twigs and grass, and slept such a sleep as is only secured by toils ended and dangers escaped.

Three months later I returned to lay out a town on the banks of the Dawson; but there was no fear of suffering from want of water then. A month's rain transformed it into a mighty river, in many places a mile wide. Bullock-drivers coming with loads of wool to Rockhampton, while camped on its banks seeking a favorable opportunity of crossing, got hemmed in by some of its branches, and were unable to retreat when retreat became necessary. In one night the river, already swollen several feet above the highest flood-marks remembered by the "oldest inhabitant," rose eight or nine feet, compelling the teamsters to abandon their cattle and wool, and seek safety in the branches of the trees, where they remained eight days, subsisting on raw flour and water. I was camped on the site chosen for the town which just escaped inundation. Here I was quite safe from the flood, but as the country was covered with water in every direction, I had some disagreeable company in the shape of all the snakes in the vicinity that escaped

destruction. Hundreds of sheep, cattle, and horses were swept past me by the flood, and daily I saw some of them engulfed in its seething eddies, or dashed lifeless against the trees. Six months later I visited the Dawson once more. A tiny stream, a few feet wide and a few inches deep, trickled through its sandy bed; but, as a proof of its past fury and power, the decaying bodies of sheep and oxen dangled from the branches of the trees thirty feet from the ground.

TOM AND HIS WIFE.

TOM CULVER married, simply because he was desperate. He had passionately loved a fisherman's daughter in Maine, but his mother was one of those inscrutably absurd women who believe their children marry, not for themselves, but for them; and she decreed that Mary Milman was "beneath her son," and purloined their letters till they became estranged, and one dark night the broken-hearted girl threw herself from a cliff into the sea. At last Tom discovered the crime of his mother, and with his soul full of a rancorous bitterness, he left her without a word, and came to California.

There, after long and aimless wandering among the placers, he found Annie Donovan, a proud, vivacious, willful, petted servant girl. She was far from beautiful, but she was brilliant in repartee, and to Tom Culver, in the blind and maddened bitterness of his despair, there was something peculiarly fascinating in the unutterable scorn which flashed in the black eyes and kindled the bloodless cheeks of this haughty little brunette when she repelled his most careless advances. What! a little Irish servant girl repulse him in that manner! He grew out of his despair in two weeks, or, perhaps, he became still more desperate, and his rival being a State Senator, he determined to "go him one better."

And he did.

They took a little house in Sacramento, and the State Senator went home to his constituents. But, now that Tom had triumphed, the old bitterness of the greater early love, forever blighted, gradually returned to him, supplanting the weaker and recent, and with it returned the old restlessness of an incurable melancholy. His little wife was of that description of women with whom "love is love for evermore;" and giving her heart at last, she gave it wholly; and she began now to be grievously puzzled at his moody manner and his discontent. She had married him before she even knew his occupation, much less did she know his early disappointment. And, knowing it partially, the reader will, in the sad business through which we must conduct him, be more charitable toward Tom Culver than Annie was, till later.

She could not learn that he had any occupation whatever. He would read the morning newspaper till Annie announced breakfast, when he would carelessly sit by, absently conning a paragraph, then absently sipping his tea, and saying nothing. Then he would saunter forth into the city, with his hands housed in the California fashion; return at noon; repeat the forenoon in the afternoon, and return very late. It was hardly a fortnight before the evening kiss, eagerly claimed by the little wife, and repaid with the highest rate of California interest, was omitted altogether. She was greatly aggrieved, but was a hundred times too proud to ask him any thing.

Then, again, he would come home so early, and so blithe, so witty, so tender in his manner, that she would forgive him every thing.

One morning, when Tom was unusually sombre, they were sitting at breakfast in their little carpetless room, in their little house of redwood boards. He tasted his tea, then shoved it quietly aside with an expression of listlessness.

"It's beastly cold, Annie."

"There, dear me, I forgot again," she said; and jumped up quickly, and set the tea-pot on the stove again.

He glanced into her face as she sat down, then he leaned far over, thrust his hand into his pocket, and fetched out his purse:

"I'm going away to-day," he forced himself to say at last.

"O dear, Tom, where?"

"Nevada."

She was going to ask him why, but the curtness of his answer nettled her a little, and she only looked at him, and he looked at his newspaper. He read a paragraph; then he rolled the paper into a rod, and, in an abstracted manner, pushed the purse across the table.

"That will keep you, I think, till I send you more from Nevada."

She brought the tea-pot, and poured out a cup, boiling, as he liked. There was something thick in her throat, and it took a whole cup of tea to wash it down.

"You'll come back—I mean, you'll not—I hope your business won't keep you very long." Her intense curiosity was getting the better of pride as each phrase was broken off for another.

"That depends if I get a big strike—it's uncertain yet."

He rose, to cut the parting short. He took Annie's hand, and spoke quite tenderly:

"Well, Annie, so long—so long."

He walked away, with his hands in his pockets, but nothing else—"dead broke."

Day after day passed away, and no letter came from the absent Tom. Diligently did his wife besiege the Post-office, but all in vain. Morning, noon, and night, day after day, she set their little pine table in the little lathless and plasterless room, with Tom's plate in its place; and sometimes she dropped a tear, when she looked at it; and sometimes she walked and stormed up and down the lonesome room.

One morning there came a long and strong rapping at the door, such as the gas-man makes. When she opened it, there stood a man in a white pith-hat, with a vulture nose and immense black whiskers, with a broad avenue grooved through them from the mouth downward. He brought his hand half-way to his head, and nodded with his chin.

"Good morning, ma'am. Husband at home?"

"He is not. What did you wish?"

"No? Sorry, ma'am," said he, leaning with one hand against the door-post; "Have to take the furniture away."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Tom Culver's wife, pulling down her black eyebrows in a very portentous manner.

"Sorry, ma'am; but it's not paid for. Sheriff's attachment. Sorry; but can't be helped."

Now, the little woman had the vaguest possible notion what an attachment was, for she had not lived long then in California, where, as has been botanically ascertained, attachments grow on a species of shrub. But those other words, "not paid for," were dreadfully intelligible. So, without more resistance, she dismissed the man with the assurance that all should be ready at eleven o'clock; bustled down to the furniture-rooms, and found the tale was true; then to the lessor of her house, whom she notified and paid; then to a vacant room on N Street, which she rented; then back to

her house again. She stacked the furniture neatly together in the middle of the room, gathered all her little possessions and trinkets, swept down and tidied up, took her broom in her hand, shot the bolt into its place, left the key in the lock, and reached her room before ten o'clock, with but a dollar in her possession.

Hitherto her deeply-wounded pride had buoyed her up; but now that she was secure once more for a month, she buried her face in her hands, and wept bitter, passionate tears. A bride of only four months, and her husband ignominiously fled, and even the very chairs dragged from her house on an attachment! That beastly, hateful, mean, ugly, disgraceful thing!

But she was not the woman to be dismayed, and she set herself resolutely to earn a livelihood by sewing. And now there came at last a letter from Nevada. Tom wrote cheerily:

VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada.

MY OWN ANNIE: Here is a lifter that will fetch you to me — $100. Ere ever the gourd blossoms again on my shanty, or the tree-toad singeth thrice in the sage, let me see you in Virginia. I've struck color, and have a pocketful of dust; but there's a hole in my pocket, and it's all running out. I think you can mend that pocket, my daisy, without taking a stitch. I'm afraid they took the furniture away from you. I forgot it teetotally. Pay what is due.

When she read this, in a moment she forgave him every thing, and had absolutely no other wish but that she possessed a pair of wings that she might fly to Virginia. But she was obliged to content herself with the lumbering stage-coach. Tom received her at the stage-office, in holiday attire, prepared at a fabulous expense, and conducted her proudly, among the wondering and admiring bachelor miners, to his lowly shanty. The interior of it was wonderfully prinked up for this occasion; the earth-floor had been scrupulously swept, and on a scantling behind the polished stove, each on its several nail, in perpendicular array, were a holder, a lifter, a sage-hen's wing, an iron stew-pan, and a dipper.

The satisfaction which Tom took in introducing his little black-eyed wife to his brother miners, the expensive dinners he gave, the marvelous silks and satins he bought her, were wonderful, and to her positively alarming, for she could not wholly forget the attachment. But I think any body would have laughed for very joy to see how proudly Tom strutted among the bachelors with his Annie; how he tried to be exceedingly polite, but would be a blunt and hearty miner, in spite of himself; and how he would pluck one by the sleeve in the street with: "I say, Jim ——, Mrs. Culver;" or how, when another was about to pass with only a side glance, doubting whether he would wish to be recognized in company with so much silk, he would say: "No corner-lots to-day, Sammy. A front view. Mrs. Culver— my friend, Sam." He always emphasized "Mrs. Culver," and if any body had omitted to call her by that title, Tom would have knocked him down before he could say "Jack Robinson." To be able to say "Mrs. Culver," in those regions, was worth a quartz-mill.

But, after a few weeks, Tom began to grow moody again. His wife was gradually learning the melancholy secret of his life, and as she learned it by one of those inexplicable intellectual processes which women use, she hated his mother, virtuously, for Tom's sake, but she hated the betrayed woman, viciously, for her own sake. Instead of seeking to smother the early flame in his heart, she seemed to kindle it afresh, that it might consume itself by its own fierceness. It was not very wise, but it was very natural.

But in process of time they accumulated riches, and they cordially agreed upon one thing: that they would remove to San Francisco. This they did, and

Tom got a situation in the Customhouse. In the great city his generous soul soon enough made him the centre of a band of good fellows, whose society drew largely upon his generous hand. The end of this chapter is soon written. He loses his place, he is bailed out of the station-house one summer midnight by his sorrowing wife, and carried to his home on a dray. Very soon there is another attachment, and Annie goes out to service in Sonoma, without a dollar, having expended her last to procure Tom a horse. Upon this animal he sets out for Idaho, a sober and still sadder man, to "make his fortune" for the third time in life. Arrived at Boise City, he barters his horse for an axe, a plane, and a saw, and, what with his native ingenuity, in three weeks he is a successful carpenter, earning fabulous wages.

Meantime months elapsed, and no letter came to Sonoma. After enduring untold anguish of suspense, of hope, and doubt, and fear, and jealousy, as a last resort, Annie went again to San Francisco, to inquire of persons arriving from Idaho if, perchance, somebody might have seen her erring and unhappy Tom. When nearly all her money was spent, there came a pawnbroker, with a round, white face, and a blue eye-glass, who had seen a "French carpenter," who, after a great deal of questioning and description, was resolved into her American miner husband. She was puzzled and distressed beyond measure, at first, exclaiming, "Part is Tom, and part isn't;" then she was proud and delighted that he had learned French and carpentry so soon. But almost immediately she was grieved again by the pawnbroker's exclamation of surprise:

"Is he your husband, Madam? Well, he ought to be ashamed of himself! You must go to him at once."

She hurried quickly out of the room, lest she should hear more and worse. By the utmost possible economy, she made her thin purse carry her to Portland, and thence by stage to Boise City; and in all the eleven miserable and weary days, amid the unutterable insults which came to a woman traveling to the mines in those times in the steerage, she scarcely slept. Scorned and despised by the few women who could take better passage, disdainfully refused even the pitiful loan of a pin, subjected to the brutal taunts of the sailors, she patiently and silently crouched in her wretched corner, bedraggled and bedabbled by the filthy decks, sleepless and haggard, and only creeping feebly at times to the guards, to solace her weary eyes with a sight of the rushing waters. Faster! faster! a hundred times faster! was her only thought. Ah! Tom, Tom, if you had only understood the depth of that devotion, you could have forgiven many a little imperious jealousy of its assertion.

Boise City was reached at last, Tom was found, and they were reconciled. He was soon in possession of a mining claim, with a half-dozen Chinamen employed; but Annie, resolved that she would now get into her own hands the means for purchasing a roof over their heads, against which all attachments would be powerless for evermore, set herself to washing. Great were the wages she earned, and they were carefully hoarded. Tom was Tom—gay and sad by turns, and whether he was making any money from his claim, or not, she was profoundly unaware.

Eighteen months passed on thus, and then it was determined that Annie should return once more to San Francisco, and invest her personal earnings in a house and lot, while Tom remained a few months longer, to close out the business to advantage. She accomplished the journey with a little justifiable luxury, to recompense herself for the meanness and the humiliation of the outward voyage. Before she had even become well rested, and shaken off the dust of the

journey, how great was her surprise, while she was looking over the "For Sale" column of the papers, to receive the following telegram:

Portland, Oregon.

To Mrs. Thomas Culver, Russ House, San Francisco:

Send me up a hundred dollars, to pay my passage down to 'Frisco.

Tom.

Upon reading this message, she laughed outright, but sent a draft by telegraph. It appears that the business had become perfectly hollow before she left Boise City. Her departure caused suspicion, unjust though it was toward her, and forthwith the water company clipped the unhappy Tom, attached his claim, and left him barely enough to pay his passage to Portland.

Reaching the "Golden City," he found his little wife comfortable in a small house, and he registered a great oath to do better, and went to work, as never before, at carpentry. But the story must now hasten on to its final stage: and it is only necessary to say that they soon perceived that San Francisco would speedily entangle them in another attachment, and that Tom—willing to flee from temptation—went down to Los Angeles, bought a sheep-ranch in Annie's name, paid for it with Annie's money, and put on it a thrifty flock of sheep. With infinite ado, he got together enough "shakes" (long shingles) to build a shanty, and in it, amid an indescribable clatter of tin cans, pet lambs, boxes, barrels, etc., they spent the first winter more happily than they had ever lived before.

As soon as possible, Tom constructed a house, and then there was a house-warming, which was characteristic.

First: Something of the vicinity. The house stood at the base of rolling foothills, on the margin of a slice of open champaign, which was girdled by a belt of mighty oaks, sweeping round at the foot of the terrace. Both it and the two or three tiny structures about, were whitewashed exceedingly smirk and bright, and looking so strangely toy-like on the edge of the naked waste. All about over the dusty champaign in front, and beneath the oaks, there was not one relieving thing, except the habitation of ten thousand squirrels, which sat straight up on their mounds, squeaking, and winking with their tails, in amazement at every motion in the house. The chickens wandered vacantly about, over the nude expanse, and under the oaks, vainly cocking their eyes up and down, and all around, in search of a grasshopper, or any living bug; then they strode disconsolately home, and seemed to lay eggs, because there was nothing else to occupy their minds.

Tom's dwelling was three-fold. In the middle was a house of one room; on one side, another house of one room; and on the other side, the shanty. For this occasion, he made a chandelier of boards, with candles in the ends, and the estrade for the fiddlers was sufficiently elevated to allow the dancers room beneath. There was a smooth floor, and a roof, and a redwood shed—nothing else.

Tom was in an ecstasy of delight, introducing every body to every body else, mixing a separate and particular glass of egg-nog for each guest as he arrived, often running out to the hen's-nest in the oak beside the parlor-door, smiling and talking to every body at once. He and Annie were arrayed in all the correct elegance of San Francisco. There were a number of local wool-kings, rather uneasy in their immaculate broadcloth, leaning most of the time against the veranda-posts and smoking, but going into the dance occasionally with an extreme vivacity; five or six creamy-complexioned, dark-eyed *señoritas*, and a superfluity of shaggy-whiskered shepherds, with pale beauties from Texas, giggling and shaking themselves about over the floor in a rural manner. It was

very pleasant to see these happy, awkward couples, with their heads strained away from each other, whirling in the lively jig, under the fiddlers, under the board-chandelier, then away up, and back, and down the middle, as if in a frantic effort to get away from each other. Annie was everywhere among the guests, saying a great many pleasant things; and the silks and calicoes rustled about on the slivers; and Tom's terrier got into the dance, and jumped up and down, and waggled his tail; and the little Digger peeped through the window, and grinned all night long till daylight; and every body enjoyed themselves very much, indeed.

The amount of broken pies and cakes, and canned-peaches, oysters, and chickens which the little savage devoured in the shanty, during the next two weeks, was positively alarming.

But now, that the edge of novelty was dulled again, Tom's life began to be clouded with the ancient melancholy. The life of a wool-grower in southern California is nearly as dreary as can be imagined. Week upon week, month after month, for more than half of the weary, interminable year, the sun comes up in the tenuous air of the mountains, as spotless as a freshly-washed platter—burns in the indigo-heavens all day in uncurtained and undiminished whiteness; then buries himself in the dusty hill-tops, as colorless, and pitiless, and adust as he arose. Around his wretched tenement of boards, or of sun-dried brick, there is a pole fence, standing out in ghastly perspective against the painfully immaculate blue heavens, an insult to the very crows, which will not perch thereon. Perhaps there are nought but vacuous dusty spaces around, without even a pole to anchor the dust, which burdens the very air, that you sniff all day the sweltering smell of the earth. Close at hand, that he may defend his flock against the *coyotes*, are the noisome *corrals*, where the sunshine riots and dances in the exhalations. As soon as his shepherds are gone to the mountains, where they drowse the livelong day, he saddles his horse and gallops away to the old Mission, in the cool, dark recesses of whose ancient arcades—long ago fallen away from sacred to spirituous uses—he encounters his compotators.

Tom is often here, fleeing from the domestic surveillance which is daily becoming more intolerable. He returns, only to encounter Annie's ominous frown, and supper is eaten in silence. He goes out to see if the little Digger returns with the flock entire, bandies some pretty good California Spanish with some pretty bad Digger Spanish, and learns that the *coyotes* have caught two lambs. He curses himself for this neglect, goes in, sits down by his lonely stove, and slides down all in a heap in his chair. He knows what is coming.

Annie holds up a plate, wipes and wipes it, turns it over and over, stops, scratches it a little with her finger, then turns half-way around toward him, and pulls down her black eyebrows very sternly.

"I suppose, of course, Inez Dominguez is well to-day." This in a cutting tone.

"And narrow is the way to hell thereof. I'm going to preach under the big live-oak to-morrow, Annie, and I want a handsome deaconess, about like you, to take up a contribution."

She holds the cup close to her face, and wipes very hard and fast, while her face begins to ripple, and her mouth to tremble, for she is about to burst into a laugh, in spite of herself.

"But you didn't answer my question. I'm anxious to learn."

Tom commenced singing, gayly:

"When this cruel war is over,
No Micky need apply,
For every thing is lovely,
And the goose hangs high."

"Why do you always sing that to me; because I am Irish?"

Tom clasps his hands across the top of his head, and leans back in his chair.

"Annie, I saw to-day the strangest man I ever saw in my life. One side of his face was perfectly black."

She stops, and looks straight at him, for the first time. Her intense feminine curiosity quickly triumphs.

"La, me! and the other side was white!"

"And the other side was black, too."

It is an incredibly short time before Tom and his little wife are chattering together as gayly as school-children.

But the quarrel was ever renewed. We have seen how immeasurably superior Annie was in business; but Tom would come in at noon sometimes, very hungry, after working hard over his smirk, whitewashed toy-houses, and find the breakfast things still on the table, and her pet chicken with the whole length of its neck in the cream-pitcher, while Annie sat by the stove, reading Dickens. He vexed his tidy soul, from day to day, with his slatternly shanty, and when chance made him master of it a day or so, he would strip to his work, as in the old mining-days, and sing and whistle the livelong day, jolly as a bivalve, while he scoured up and hung up a thousand and one things. On the other hand, he was so offended at the rigorous precision with which she seated herself at the end of the table opposite him, that she was obliged to sit at the side; and she could not hand him bread on the plate, but must pass a slice "in her fist," and that not delicately, but as fearlessly as she would seize a crowbar. And he would sit in his shirt-sleeves, even when Judge Haskell was there to dinner.

One day, when he was absent on his quarterly pilgrimage to Los Angeles, there came in a little, mousing, wrinkled, green-eyed neighbor woman, who reeled off to Annie a story of scandal concerning her husband, which occupied precisely five hours and twenty minutes in the delivery. Tom came home more promptly than usual, and brought his wife a very elegant gold watch and a rocking-chair, but he found her delirious with jealousy. She turned her face away, buried it in her pillow, and refused to speak. She even feigned to be dying, and persistently refused, for days, all nourishment, but kept some concealed which she partook of in his absence. We must pardon many an offense, heinous and despicable though it may seem to our eyes, to the weakness and the madness of a jealous woman. It is hard to forgive such a crime as this, and perhaps few of us would have done it; but a soul, jealous by nature, and having for her sole neighbor a creature who, for malignant purposes, supplied her to surfeit with infamous daily lies, and wedded to a man too proud to protest his innocence every day of his life: ah! we must be lenient in our judgment here. She stooped to this act of wickedness to try if her cup of married love was wholly drained; and in that awful night, when Tom sat beside her whom he thought dying, far from any human habitation, with no one near but the mute and stricken savage, crouching in the corner and shivering with terror, with no sound on the midnight air but the dismal howling of the *coyotes*, as they dashed themselves against the wattled *corral*, and were hurled back upon the ground, he spoke to her with such true and piteous tenderness of love that her heart relented, and she told him all, with tears, and begged forgiveness.

After seven years of wedded life, Tom was still so little learned in the ways of jealousy that he could not look upon this misdeed with any allowance. He forgot the large and generous pity of that saying: *Quem pœnitet pecasse bene est in-*

nocens. Forgive her! the act seemed to him so inexpressibly despicable that he turned away in silence and loathing. He took his rifle, and walked forth in the clear, crisp moonlight. After the first burst of passion passed away, his soul was filled with that saddening and ineffable bitterness which longs for death, and he murmured: "Ah! Mary, my lost, lost Mary!" Hardly knowing whither he went, in his blinded and bitter despair, he approached his *corral*, and saw the *coyotes* dimly fleeing away across the champaign. Mechanically, he cocked the rifle, and put it to his shoulder. Then he brought it down, and placed the muzzle against his cheek. He touched the trigger, and in the very moment he dashed it away, and, with a keen and hellish shriek, the bullet cut the crispy darkness.

Next day he saddled his favorite horse, and, with a cold and careless farewell, he rode away. Week after week passed away, and there came no tidings of him; month passed into month, and brought no report of the fugitive. What his wife endured, from suspense, can only be imagined. What was he doing? He penetrated the savage depths of Arizona. He made long journeys across its trackless deserts, without any aim, and shaped his course another way, without any purpose. Now, he mined a little, and now he joined himself to a squadron on a hunt for Apaches. An arrow-wound, which brought him to the very mouth of the grave, brought him also to remorse, and to a yearning for his home. While he was yet convalescent, he set his face steadfastly homeward—an old man at thirty-two, with his cheeks seamed and bronzed, and his magnificent curly poll half turned to gray. But he was still Tom, and his better nature had only slumbered.

The story ends well. Thrice happy had it been for Tom, if it had ended years before. At last, he is approaching his house. It is evening. He sees the familiar light of his "parlor" window, shining under the ancient white oak. He spurs his jaded horse into an amble. Hark! There is borne to his ears, on the still evening air, a feeble and uncertain squeal. What! Is it possible! Is it a ——? He spurs his horse again, and the old fellow almost jams his nose against the parlor door. Tom alights, and flings the rein over the horseshoe on the oak. He knocks, and they open. He enters. Exclamations all around. He looks about him. They go to the bed, and gently turn down the counterpane. Upon my word, it is a ——! Tom settles back on one foot, plants the other ahead, folds his arms across his breast, and, with a perfectly unmoved countenance, but with a light of infinite gladness in his eye, and of a reconcilement never again to be broken, he salutes:

"Ah! he's a buster."

PANSIES.

O purple hearts that drank the wine
Of royal sunsets, where the sea
Laves golden sands—the favored clime
Of flower and vine—how tenderly
I press your velvet lips to mine;
I hail the message that you brought:
Breathe o'er my soul the mystic sign
Of Love's unspoken thought.

How many grand processions swept
Above you, down the western slope?
How many dewy twilights kept
Watch o'er his budding hope?
And did the whispering breezes wait
To soft caress him, as they sped,
Spice-laden, from the Golden Gate,
To haunt your fairy bed?

Dear Pansies, rich in royal dyes,
(And sweet from lying near his lips),
Fair mirrors of his azure eyes,
What can your worth eclipse?
When, darlings, this true heart shall be
Silent and cold, to him repeat
My lips' unuttered mystery—
The secret you have found so sweet.

GRAY'S PEAK—TO IT AND UP IT.

THE ascent of the Rocky Mountains from the East begins so far away that it is useless to include the whole of it in this brief sketch. Even at Omaha, one is 966 feet above sea-level; and in traveling westward to Cheyenne, one trundles smoothly up-hill, until, by imperceptible degrees, the altitude of 6,041 feet has been attained. The bugbear of the Rocky Mountains, and the way it vanishes when assailed, are a perpetual joke on mankind. One is amused, in the midst of the monotonous iteration of buffalo-grass and sky, by the recurrence of the reflection that this is the forbidding barrier between East and West—about as much of a barrier as the hole in the fence, through which one used, in comparative infancy, to kiss the little girl that lived next door—a positive opportunity, an invitation, not a hindrance.

But if you think, fair reader, that the rest of the fence is like this easy gap in

it, just come along with me, and climb one of the pickets. W are going, two or three of us, to ascend Gray's Peak.

From Cheyenne to Denver is a ride over the Plains of about 110 miles. The new railroad is excellently built and stocked. The view from the car-windows is enlivened by glimpses of prairie-dogs, erect on stern at the doors of their burrows, and now and then an owl blinking in the sun. The dogs and owls do live together, in the proportion of a great many dogs to one owl—wisdom is in the minority in this world. But don't you believe that story about the rattlesnakes being members of the same happy families. As far as I can find out, the snakes inhabit the holes, as the first of them may have lived in Eden, after the ejection of the original tenants. Believe what good you choose about all other branches of creation, but never you let up on snakes: that way lies heresy!

There are antelopes too—charming compounds of timidity and curiosity—their slender legs carrying them swiftly away as the train approaches, and their slender noses, with skillful leverage, whirling them about to sniff and stare. But we do not need these petty distractions; for lo!—vision denied till now through all the weary way—the great mountains themselves lift themselves, silent and majestic, on the west, and accompany us, hour after hour, with their shining crests and purple *cañons* and floating wreaths of cloud. The sun sets behind them, and their glories vanish in a cold, gray monotone. You should see them at sunrise if you would learn their infinite beauty. Then, the—but this won't do; we have got to climb Gray's Peak, and we are using up all the adjectives beforehand. That's Gray's Peak yonder, and that other, close by, is Irwin's. Away to the north is Long's, and terminating our view of the range to the south is Pike's, grandest in outline of them all. This view of two hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains in one picture, from the Plains by Denver, is not surpassed in the world. The Alps, seen from the top of Milan Cathedral, are lovely—but too faint and far. There is a place on the old road from Dalles City to Cañon City, in Oregon, where a similar panoramic view of the Cascade Range may be obtained, including Shasta, Jefferson, The Sisters, Hood, St. Helen, Adams, and even (to a good eye, favored with a clear day, a first-rate glass, and a fine imagination) Baker, and Rainier. That view is equal to this; but it is a great deal harder to reach. So, considering all things, we may decide that the display of the mountains before Denver is the finest thing of the kind ever provided by Nature and developed by railroads.

This thrifty settlement, by the way, is the new colony of Greeley. Two hundred houses already, and not a solitary one last spring. The inhabitants all have more or less capital, and so they will escape the poverty-stricken childhood of most pioneer settlements. There are only one or two Democrats in town—not enough to keep the Republican party from splitting. And there are no liquor-stores at all—a miracle in these parts. Is it partially accounted for by the very near neighborhood of Evans, only a couple of miles away, formerly a temporary terminus of the railroad, and a very busy place, where now there is scarcely any thing left but saloons and bars? Let us hope that the Greeleyites will let Evans alone.

But here we are at Denver, a pretty town, more substantially built than any other of the interior, not even excepting Salt Lake. Denver has three railroads already—the Denver Pacific to Cheyenne, the Kansas Pacific to Kansas City and St. Louis, and the Colorado Pacific to Golden City—all shortened, to save the valuable time of hotel-clerks and runners to the D. P., the K. P., and the

C. P. Remember, moreover, that if you take the D. P., you must be going to Cheyenne, to connect with the U. P.; so mind your P's and cues, or you'll lose your baggage.

The Colorado Pacific, with sublime audacity, strikes straight at the heart of the mountains. What it has to do with the ocean, whence it borrows half its name, can only be seen by continuing the line of the road through a dozen or more of the highest ranges in the country. This process is easy on a map with a lead-pencil; but drawing a line is not drawing a train. However, there is inspiration in names, and nobody knows what may happen. A few years ago, any Pacific Railroad was chimerical; a few years hence, all of them may be achieved and trite, and we may be laughing at the Kamtchatka Baltic, or the Cape of Good Hope Mediterranean, or the Patagonia Arctic.

Having had our joke, let us take our tickets. Fifteen miles or thereabout is the distance to Golden City, the present terminus of the railroad. The route winds among grassy foot-hills, capped with basalt, that seem to be a compromise between rugged mountain and rolling plain. Golden is nestled among them—a thriving, ambitious town, endowed with fire-clay, coal-mines, and a fine seminary. A territorial School of Mines is about to be established here; possibly the students will find the locality more agreeable, but less profitable, than Georgetown or Central, where the arts of mining and metallurgy are extensively illustrated in practice.

Not desiring to visit Central at present, we will cross over from Golden to the main stage-road for Georgetown. The excellent coaches of the Colorado Stage Company bear us to Idaho City, and hence up the long, magnificent Virginia Cañon to Georgetown.

Idaho (let us drop the "city." Most of these mountain towns were founded for metropolitan purposes, and their high-sounding titles now have a ring of disappointment, so that the inhabitants save themselves both time and mortification by dropping the suggestive appendix; hence Denver, Golden, Central, Virginia, Silver, Ruby, Empire, Diamond, Star, and what not; hence also Idaho) is picturesquely situated at the meeting of two or three *cañons*, the main one being that of Clear Creek. Certain hot-springs give the town a permanent importance as a watering-place; and numerous mines in the neighborhood bestow upon it the flickering reflections of their fluctuating prosperity. The ten miles of Clear Creek Cañon that lie between this and Georgetown are full of fine rock-scenery, not unlike portions of the Via Mala in Switzerland, though here the snowy peaks are not in view. People say, moreover, that the legendary and historic charms which add so much to the attractions of Nature in foreign lands are wanting in our own; but that is a mistake. If you don't believe it, talk to the driver. The guide told you, somewhere in the Alps, did he? of a peasant who found the treasures of the mountain elves, and when he went to look for them again, with a party of friends to carry them away, lo! there was nothing but barren rock. Bless you, that happens here every day. Up yonder, a thousand feet over your head, is a white rock. That is the outcrop of the Salamander Ledge. The man that owned it knew it was the mother-lode of the Rocky Mountains; the geologist who examined it was sure it was the real "igneous *fatuus*" rock, and no mistake; and the company that bought it proposed to pay the National Debt, after satiating their stockholders. But there never was a pound of ore discovered in it, except the specimens that went East, and there is a touch of the legendary in them, even. Beat that story in the Alps, if you can.

They talk, too, about ruined castles:

stately old rookery on a hill; desolate cloister in the valley; knight went to Palestine in olden days; villain waylaid knight; began suit to lady; rascally priest mixed up in the business—and so on. Not a bit more pathetic than the history of yonder magnificent pile, the Megatherium Mill, with its pristine splendor, knights and ladies (pardon me, Madam, for alluding to them), to suits and battles; its final abandonment and present desolation. The lively dwelling-house beyond is a monastery now, and a monk in flannel-shirt and long beard smokes a pipe there.

Ruined aqueducts of the Campagna? We can match them, too. Look at these flumes, and ditches, and grim, toothless wheels, sported with by the current they once controlled. See the heaps of bowlders, every one of which has been lifted by zealous hands, if perchance the philosopher's stone might lie beneath. Yes, the romance of the past is here. These wild scenes are clothed, as truly as those of the elder world, with the ambitions, hopes, disappointments, and tragedies of the human heart.

But all around us there is the life and busy industry of the present. Fortunes are carved out of these rocks; and Clear Creek Cañon discharges to the wide plains and the wider world its steady stream of wealth. Of course, I don't mean to say this is romantic. I throw in the remark merely for the information of the capitalists, and to satisfy my conscience, which might otherwise be quickened unpleasantly by some justice-loving citizen of Colorado, who would fire a revolver or a leading article at me, to remind me that the Territory is by no means dead yet.

Here is Georgetown, embosomed in the mountains which overshadow it on every side, and leave it only space enough to be comfortable and beautiful. It is, indeed, a lovely site, and doubly so by comparison with the barren awkwardness of Central, squeezed into its three or four precipitous *cañons*, as one rubs putty in a crack. Georgetown possesses, moreover, what Central doesn't even claim—a good hotel. On the other hand—let us be just, and *then* fear not!—the mines about Central produce a great deal more money at this time, the achievements of the districts around Georgetown being but respectable at present, and magnificent in future.

Perhaps you think we are coming but slowly to Gray's Peak. Not so; while I have beguiled the way with gossip, we have steadily ascended, until now we are some nine thousand feet above the sea. You wouldn't have a man begin to climb a mountain at nine thousand feet, and call that the outset? Reflect, moreover, that I had a clear right to begin at the Atlantic Ocean: where should we be now, in that case? Certainly not out of the clutches of Chicago. Sleep in peace this night; to-morrow's sunrise will see us far on our way.

"To-morrow's sunrise" is a phrase carefully chosen, for the sun makes no haste to rise in these deep *cañons*. We may even, on our winding route, enjoy half a dozen sunrises, plunging again, after each one, into the chill shadows of last night. But gloriously tipped with gold are the crest-ridges, and steadily the lustre crawls down the steep rock-faces, until at last the glowing day is everywhere, save in those profound coverts where the cold, clear springs are hidden under tufted mosses and closely-twined arms of Dryads, and in the subterranean recesses of shaft, or tunnel, or stope, where the swart miner swings the sledge in perpetual midnight.

Mounted on the active, sure-footed horses of this region (which have better endurance than the coursers of the plains—as the Denver boys found out, when they bet their money at the Georgetown races), we follow the wagon-road up the *cañon* of the north fork of the

middle branch, or the middle fork of the south branch—or something to that effect—of South Clear Creek. The stream was once well named. They say one could count the trout in its waters—only they were too many to be counted. But sluices and tailings have long ago corrupted its lower course. Only up here toward its source is it still worthy, in some degree, of its pretty title. The turnpike follows it patiently, under many difficulties—now clinging along a steep bluff far above it—now crossing it by a rustic bridge—now peacefully enjoying for a season its close company through a bit of fertile or gravelly bottom-land. The mountains crowd us all they can, and now and then they seem to have cornered us entirely. Just above Georgetown, there is apparently no way out of the *cul-de-sac* into which they have driven our brave little creek; but a way there is, and through it Clear Creek leaps into Georgetown. Of course, the gap is called the Devil's Gate, or something similarly diabolical. It is our Western way to clap the infernalest names on the heavenliest places—flying, in such cases as this, moreover, in the face of Scripture, which informs us that the Devil's Gate is not narrow, but broad and easy.

The mountain-sides are still covered with timber, though sadly scarred by great fires which the recklessness of the inhabitants occasions or permits. The straight, dead pines, first charred and afterward bleached, bristle like gray porcupine-quills on the back of the range. In the more accessible places, wood-cutters are at work, felling the dry timber and shooting it down the steep precipices to the valley. All along the base of the mountains are the mouths of inchoate tunnels, reminding us of those curious organisms that begin with a mouth only, and develop their bowels afterward. High above, sometimes fifteen hundred feet over the stream, are dumps and windlasses, showing where the silver-veins have been found. So many promising veins have been discovered on these bare summits that it is almost a maxim with some of the prospectors that:

"A good silver-mine
Is above timber-line,
Ten times out of nine!"

But let us drop the subject. That way lies science.

At Brownsville, three miles distant from Georgetown, are the Brown and Terrible mines, and the smelting works of the former company. The mines are situated up a steep, rocky gulch, above the Brown works, the Brown Mine being uppermost, and the Terrible between. The ore extracted from the Brown is brought down on an aerial tramway, the rails of which are tightly-stretched wire-cables; and in this way the Brown transportation goes on through the air, over the heads of the Terrible people. The smoke and fumes from the smelting works float up the *cañon* for a long distance, and supply the cloud, hitherto lacking in this morning's spotless sky.

Three miles farther, through the constantly narrowing and rising valley, bring us to the settlement and the handsome mill of the Baker Company. It is this company to which we are indebted for the good road we have traveled thus far; and, indeed, the blessing is not yet exhausted, for the company's mine is not far from the summit of Gray's Peak, and the company's teams have made a capital wagon-road up to the mines.

At this point we leave Clear Creek, and follow up a tributary, known as Kelso. The road now mounts more steeply. The pines and quaking-asps, dwarfed somewhat in stature, come close to us as we ride, as though they were lonesome, and huddled along the road to catch a social glance or word from a passing traveler. The birds and squirrels, so plenty a mile below, suddenly cease to be seen or heard. The peculiar

stillness of the upper air makes itself felt. Presently we have emerged from the last belt of timber, and are alone with heaven.

No, not yet; hundreds of feet above us yet, on the side of Kelso Mountain, are the buildings of the Baker Mine. A shanty may mean any thing; but a house with a chimney is a sign of permanent habitation. At that warning finger, Solitude gets up and goes. Nevertheless, barring the Baker Mine, the scene is grand as Nature before the Age of Man. On the right, Kelso Mountain turns to us a rounded, conical form, grass-clad. On the left, McClellan Mountain presents a circling ridge, the face turned toward us being as steep and rugged as it can be and not fall over. Whoever has ascended Vesuvius, and remembers how the central cone arises from within the surrounding precipices of a former crater, will comprehend the general position of the parts of this wild scene. But these rocks are not volcanic. The farther side of McClellan is sloping, like this side of Kelso; and the farther side of Kelso is rough and perpendicular, like this side of McClellan; and the ridge of McClellan does not completely surround Kelso, but at its farther end soars up into two peaks, and there stops. These two peaks are Gray's and Irwin's; and as we journey, they come into full, near view, from behind the head of Kelso.

I am glad enough that the scene is not volcanic. This gray granite, or gneiss, has far greater variety and beauty of form, and gives us more delicate shadows. Though it may lack the imperial purples of trachytes and tufas, seen in the distance, it does not offer us their horrid blackness seen near by. Besides, there are dainty grasses and blossoms that sometimes hang by one hand from clefts in the granite, and swing in the wind. Yosemite, Smoky Valley, and Gray's Peak—let the lava people, with their Snake Cañons, Shoshone Falls, and gloomy Dalles, match this granite trio, if they can!

It is lucky that our path doesn't lie up that face of McClellan Mountain. Lie? it couldn't; it would have to stand. No mortal could climb there without wings. But what is that, a thousand feet up the cliff? A house—ye gods! a boarding-house! The glass shows us fragments of a zigzag trail, interspersed with ladders, where the precipices are otherwise impassable. Now we see, at the foot of the cliff, another house, and between the two, fine lines, like a spider's web, stretched through a thousand feet of air. That is the somewhat celebrated Steven's Mine; the men, lumber, provisions, etc., are all carried up, and the ore is all brought down, by means of one of the ingenious wire-tramways now becoming common in Colorado. How the mine was ever discovered, I can not say—somebody must have "lit on it."

The summit is close before us now, glistening with patches of snow. On the neck, between Gray and Irwin, there is a regular turn-over collar of a drift. It looks small enough here; but you couldn't pass it without a twenty-foot tunnel in the snow. There's not much life up here: scarcely even a mountain-goat, or a snow-quail, for a six-hundred-dollar breakfast. Bill, here, will tell you that story: he hasn't opened his mouth the whole way.

"Well, 'taint much of a story, but it gives the Georgetown boys the deadwood on Dick Irwin and me, and they hain't let up on us yet, nor won't, s'long's they kin git any body to swop lies with 'em. However, this yer's no lie. Ye see, Dick and me—that thar mountain was named after Dick—that is to say, these two was ary one Irwin's Peak, and whichary wasn't Irwin's was Gray's, and nobody knowed. Gray, he was a great weed-sharp, down East somewhar, and he gin so many names to this yer

bunch-grass and stuff that they thought they'd gin his name to the highest peak, though I don't see it myself. So these scientific fellers kept a-comin' up here, and a-measurin', and they couldn't agree. Some on 'em biled water on the top, and some on 'em friz mercury, but they couldn't agree. So, at last, a lot on 'em, fresh from college, camped out all night right on the top of Gray's, and took observations, you bet, every five minutes, and when *they* came down there wasn't no manner of doubt in *their* minds but what Gray's was the highest peak in the whole fandango. So Dick, he come down like a gentleman, and took the next best himself. Well, Dick and me was out hunting and looking up blossom-quartz around yer, and we raised one of these yer white snow-quails, and I found the nest with six eggs into it. So says I to Dick, you jest hold on, and we'll have a regular Delmonico sockdologer. And we fried them there eggs, and eat 'em; and Dick said, bust his crust if he had ever had a breakfast set so comfortable-like as that one did. All we want, says Dick, is a drop of whisky to wash it down. So we went down to Bakerville, and was a-settin' round in the bar-room as sociable as you please, spittin' on the stove, when Dick happened to mention them snow-quail's eggs; and a long, slab-sided scientific son of a gun, with spectacles, riz up like a derrick, and says he: 'My friend, the Smithsonian Institution has offered a reward of $100 for a single specimen of the snow-quail's egg!' Most any body would a-stopped to swear and have a drink on that, but it never was nothing but an idee and a start with Dick Irwin. When he thought of a thing he was going to do it, sure; and this time he made just two jumps out of doors, and moseyed up the mountain, with his rifle. Afore we saw him again, he had been away down on the Grand, and all through the Snowy and the Wasatch. Then we heer'd on him in the Middle Park; and one day he walked over the range, and into the bar-room at Bakerville, as if nothin' had happened, and, says he, boys, that six-hundred-dollar breakfast has used up the last snow-quail's egg in the whole damn Rockies. What'll you take?"

Not so well told, Bill, as when first you reeled it off to me, under the shadow of McClellan. However, this expurgated version, though not so good for your reputation as a *raconteur*, is doubtless better for your soul.

We have reclined on a sunny bit of grass, letting our horses nibble their luncheon, while we disposed of our own —Bill's employment as story-teller serving to keep him down to a fair share of the sandwiches and sardines. Now, let us scale the final peak. It looks but a short distance, yet it is a good hour's work. You need not walk, however; the horses are used to it.

The peak seems to be formed of loose fragments of rock, piled up in confusion. How did they get here? They didn't get here: they were here always. This heap of stones is the effect of ages of frost, and snow, and wind upon the once solid rock. At our left, as we ascend, stands a solitary crag, which has not yet quite yielded, nor toppled into ruins. But it is seamed and cracked, through and through.

No extensive prospect from here. It is one of the advantages of this route, that we mount gradually, and without great trouble, yet do not have the final glory of the view from the summit wasted upon us in driblets by the way. McClellan, and Gray, and Irwin still rise solidly between us and the land of promise into which we shall presently gaze. There are snow-drifts, here and there, but not enough to trouble us. The trail goes back and forward, winding sharply among the rocks. We have not yet risen above all life: there are tracks of light-footed animals in the snow—and,

yonder, as I live, there is one more mine. Yes, the Atlantic and Pacific Lode sits astride the backbone of the Continent; and the enthusiastic discoverer, sure of having found, at last, the argentiferous heart of the continent, has put down a shaft, exactly on the divide! Pity, that a location so admirable for drainage and ventilation should have to be abandoned "for lack of capital." We must wait for the C. P. to come this way.

But, the last turn and the last snow-drift being passed, we stand, at last, on the summit of Gray's Peak. It is a place for deep breaths of delight and admiration, but not for words—at least not until the first ecstasy of silence being passed, the inevitable member of the party who carries the opera-glass, and who knows all the geography of the scene, begins to dispense his information. Never mind him. He is a good fellow; but he has been here before, and you have not. Hear what he has to say, and then sit on a rock beyond ear-shot, and look for yourself.

Southward, the crowding summits of the range, intersected by the deep *cañons* of the Platte and its tributaries, and, beyond all, Pike's Peak, superb in the sun.

Westward, sweeping the circle from the south, the South and Middle Parks, pieces of the plains, caught and half-lifted by the mountains, in the midst of which their broad, fair surfaces lie embosomed; the dark, piny *canoñs* of the Blue and other streams, that hasten to join the great south-western system of waters. One of them is full of clinging smoke; the woods are afire for miles. Far beyond the Parks is the Snowy Range, and the lofty peak of Mount Lincoln. Down in this labyrinth of glades, cliffs, and gorges, emerald lakes, and rushing streams, there are human beings living and laboring, digging and sluicing, blasting and crushing, scalping or being scalped—for the Arrapahoes make a dash at the Utes or the Whites, now and then, in the Middle Park—but we reck nothing of it all. We might imagine ourselves to be the first who were looking on the fair expanse, but for this piece of the *New York Herald* and this old sardine-box, left by a former party, and the minute cluster of dots in one of those far *cañons*, which closer inspection reveals to be the town of Montezuma.

Northward, infinite variety of battlements, spires, domes, and whatever other thing you choose to name, by way of dwarfing the sublimity you cannot describe—innumerable vistas and half-revelations; Irwin's Peak in the foreground, looming up on a level with us, so near, apparently, that one might throw a stone to its lone flag-staff and skeleton of a tent; Long's Peak closing the view in the distance, brown and cloud-hung.

Eastward, another turn of the marvelous kaleidoscope, and a new combination of the endless beauties of outline, tint, and shade; and, beyond all, ending and blending in the illimitable sky, the vast ocean of the Plains.

Upward, the empty heavens, speaking unutterable things; and everywhere, the thin, pure, sweet mountain-air, which one rather drinks than breathes, feeling the while that intoxicating combination of inspiring stimulus and delicious languor which nothing else bestows.

It takes a good while to go up to Gray's Peak, but mark how short a tale shall put you down! A climb down the steep summit, leading the horses; a brisk ride, with gallops interspersed, down the valley, through deepening twilight, and at last beneath the glamour of a full, white moon—Georgetown—Denver—D. P. R. R.

(Inquiring old lady in the cars): "Can you tell me, my dear, which is Gray's Peak?"

(Fair Reader—late my companion): "That is it, yonder; I was on the top of it yesterday."

A FRONTIER POST AND COUNTRY.

EIGHT thousand feet above sea-level, at the foot of snow-covered mountains, towering six thousand feet higher, on the western slope and in the heart of the Rocky Mountain Range, in about 106° longitude and 37° latitude—a favorite range for the indomitable Utes, and a favorite haunt for elk, deer, bear, panther, and beaver, difficult of access from nearly all directions—Fort Garland, Colorado, though the point of strength and the protecting hope of many a small settlement and isolated *rancho* flourishing on those sweet trout streams, the Trinchero and Sangre de Cristo, has eminent right still to be called a frontier post.

Six miles above the post, at the apex of a triangle whose sides are tall mountain ridges, lie the remains of old Fort Massachusetts, built at the entrance of a *cañon* whose sloping points reached almost to the garrison buildings; and these were jocularly reported to have been built, in some new-born zeal for the Red Man, sufficiently near to facilitate his attacks upon the garrison. The mistake of the location was seen in time, was abandoned, and Fort Garland reigneth in its stead.

The post is situated at the head of one of those great sloping plains, denominated parks, by Governor Gilpin, because of their forming sides of the elevated concavities of the great central Cordilleras. These mountain ridges, the backbone of the Continent, sloping to east and west, send streams to the Pacific and Atlantic over the various parks; and over the South, or St. Louis Park, on which the post is built, roll, at long intervals of space, nineteen distinct streams, resulting in the formation of the Sah-watch, or Lake of Many Waters, whose underground current—for it has no apparent outlet—is the first great feeder, and by some considered the head-waters of the Rio Grande.

The Ute Indians have a tradition about this lake, that a young maiden of their tribe was beloved by one of a hunting party of Cheyennes who had strayed into their country, allured by the plenitude of game; that much opposition was offered by her friends to this foreign alliance; and that the young couple, aided by the Cheyenne's friends, were leaving the country near the Sah-watch Lake, when hot pursuit was made, to elude which they took refuge in an old canoe and pushed off in safety. Unfortunately, a violent storm arose, the lovers were lost, and the survivors received thereby an admonition from the Spirit of the Lake that the entanglement of foreign alliances was displeasing, and must be avoided.

North of the post is the formidable Sangre de Cristo Pass, a break in the Rocky Mountain Range, here localized as Sierra Blanca; east of it are the prominent Spanish Peaks, while to the south and west, lies, spread out at a distance which seems to dispute with the low rolling hills of the horizon their claim to be styled interminable, the great South Park.

It would be difficult to find a post possessing more natural beauties, and in which more general attractions have been centred than Garland. The great beauty of its location has made it a favorite rendezvous of White and Red Men, and around it have centred historical characters of either race—men who, in Colorado's history, must always be remembered.

To mention Carson, Pfeiffer, St. Vrain, Bent, and Tobin, will be sufficient for those whose readings and tastes have brought them into knowledge of frontier life. Carson has been done into a big book by Dr. DeWitt Peters, of the United States Army, somewhat to the mortification of the old hero, whose modesty took the alarm at having his commonest actions described in heroics. Pfeiffer has lately been interviewed by some traveling Englishman, and the results are given in a late number of an English serial—*Good Words*, I think. There is nothing exaggerated in the account; but as Pfeiffer, like most of his class, preserves much reticence on personal experience, the interviewer must have met him in "the vein."

There is a story current of him, having universal credence in his regiment—First New Mexico Cavalry, of which Pfeiffer was Lieutenant-Colonel—that in one of his many campaigns against the Navajoes, he, at the head of his Mexicans, encountered a party of the enemy well armed. A brisk fight ensued; the usual tactics of hide and seek were displayed, until the Navajoes, driven from the rocks and trees by the desperate charges and close fire of the troops, turned against their pursuers. In the tug of war, Pfeiffer, observing an Indian fire at a soldier, rushed toward him with cocked rifle; the Indian, not having his gun loaded, flung it down and drew his knife, awaiting the attack of Pfeiffer, who, observing the Indian's action, threw down his own rifle, drew a knife, attacked and killed him.

Of course, this was a very foolish, risky action; but then old Pfeiffer was always an inconsiderate man when self was in question, and possessed exaggerated instincts of chivalry and fair-play; so we will present the apology habitual to him in his own words: "I'm only a poor Dutchman."

Being an officer of the same regiment as Pfeiffer, and stationed at Fort Garland with him, I enjoyed unusual facilities for studying his character, and hearing his experiences of frontier life; and it was a favorite pursuit of mine, on account of his unusual diffidence, to seek opportunities of making him narrate these without causing a suspicion that I had other desires than to while away weary hours.

His adventures would fill a volume; but so, in fact, would those of any of the frontiersmen, not one of whom but has a full budget of hair-breadth escapes sufficient to thrill all the boy and girl readers in Christendom. I was not, therefore, seeking for any of those usual and common-place affairs, but was waiting for a proper opportunity to elucidate the particulars of a terribly tragic adventure in which Pfeiffer had been a principal actor—one in which several near and dear to him had met sudden and bloody deaths, and he had barely escaped with life.

Some rumors and vague incidents regarding this tragedy I had been made acquainted with, but there seemed a general disinclination among those who knew particulars to speak of it. Carson always passed it by when mentioned, even though Pfeiffer was absent; and the general avoidance of the subject being so evident, I was startled when, one afternoon, I became the recipient from Pfeiffer's own lips of the entire affair: and thus it came about that he told me.

Sitting with him one afternoon, in 1866, in his quarters, where he had asked me to meet him and examine his eyes for some chronic ailment—the same which the writer in the English serial mentions—I inquired the length of time he had suffered, and in the course of his explanations, was informed he had tried many medicaments: among others, bathing in the hot springs below Fort Craig, New Mexico, on the Jornado del Muerto; "and there," said he, "I met with

that terrible trial and loss of which you, of course, have heard."

Upon my saying that I had heard very little of the particulars, and would like to hear them fully, he began slowly and painfully, saying that the medical officer and others had recommended him, in 1863, to try frequent and persistent bathing in the Ojo Caliente, or Hot Springs, near where is now Fort McRae, about thirty-five miles below Fort Craig; and that, in consequence of that advice, he had received an escort of four Mexican soldiers to accompany him and his family — wife, child, and servant — to these springs. He took with him a tent, cooking utensils, and provisions, so as to stay the time necessary to give the waters a fair trial. Arrived at the place, he camped near some cotton-woods, in a pleasant spot, and paid assiduous attention to the baths, finding in a short time so much benefit that he had strong hopes of complete recovery.

The confluence of several small springs in the vicinity had resulted in the formation, about one hundred yards distant from his camp, of a pool sufficiently deep to afford a full bath; and to it, one morning at sunrise, Pfeiffer directed his steps, and, stripping off all his clothing, he enjoyed the benefit and luxury of a full bath. He was in the bath, and about to leave it, when suddenly the well-known, fell howl of the Apache, chorused by many a devil's throat, struck upon his ear; and there mingled with it shrieks, cries, groans of well-known voices, giving their last breath in vain for that mercy which was never yet given by one of that tribe. And there he stood, utterly naked and defenseless, powerless to save, and the swarming foe rushing toward him, eager to finish the last scene in their tragedy, by destroying him. Standing for a moment irresolute, he saw how vain was waiting; he could not save; he might live, and might avenge. To the Rio Grande was but a short distance; could he gain that and cross it, he might escape. He ran, reached the river's bank, plunged from bluffs twenty-five feet high into the stream, swam across, reached the thicket, and plunged, bleeding and torn by the thorns, into its densest places, running and crawling, still in his race for life, until he fell senseless and exhausted, where he was found, twenty-four hours afterward, a raving maniac, covered with blood, and blistered by the sun's fierce heat from head to foot. The Indians had not crossed the river, but had taken or burnt all his property, killing his wife, child, and three of the soldiers — the servant-girl escaping among the rocks, after being left for dead: she was found, and ultimately recovered from her wounds. The fourth soldier, who should have been on the hill watching, and to whose negligence the whole of the disaster may be attributed, escaped to Fort Craig, where he gave the intelligence that brought the rescue.

The above is as unvarnished and accurate as, after nearly four years' interval, and in the absence of notes taken, I received it from him. The reader's fancy can fill up the full measure of agony, despair, and hope of revenge, which so intense and concentrated a nature as Pfeffer's was sure to endure from these events; can imagine his disinclination to speak of them, and the fierce excitement and hunger of revenge which must accompany their recollection. For myself, I honestly confess to much regret that I had reproduced their recital, so great, vivid, and terrible was his excitement. I see him now: I shall never forget his visage, as he rose in his rage, gesticulating, with uplifted arms and flaming eyes, walking rapidly about the room, like one burning with uncontrollable fire; with emotions so irrepressible that doubtless he lived, in that short recital, the great agony of his life once more.

Kit Carson was Colonel of the First New Mexico Cavalry, and also Post-

Commander at Fort Garland. Congress had breveted him Brigadier-General, for his able services against the Rebels at Valverde, and in the campaign against the Navajoes, in 1863, when he so successfully subdued their spirit, by following them into their mountain fastnesses, fighting them and destroying their crops — thus starving them into that submission which resulted in their exodus from that country, and their removal, under Government auspices, to a reservation, near four hundred miles distant, on the banks of the Pecos. The campaign, so ably devised by General Carleton, was as ably carried out by Carson, Chavez, Pfeiffer, Abreu, and others, who so energetically followed the foe, allowing them no rest, until they had left the Navajo Mountains, and presented themselves at some military post, suing for peace.

Probably no portion of the United States presents, by reason of its very numerous, deep *cañons*, more difficult ground for troops to operate in against Indians. The Cañon de Chelle is the most noted of these, its length, depth, interminable windings, and collateral sub-*cañons* rendering it a wonder and dread to all who traverse it. Pfeiffer has the reputation of first successfully traversing it with troops; but it is due to officers of the Fifth Infantry that their claims to the honor should also be considered. A most wonderful section of country it is — romantic in its fearful beauty, and the dangers of its travel. Ross Browne was on his way there when turned back from his Arizona tour by the sickness of his family; and the reading world lost much pleasure and profit when these scenes escaped the graphic power of his pen and pencil.

When the rebellion broke out, in 1861, it was considered important that the old frontiersmen should be kept, or gained over to the Union cause; and great stress was laid on the importance of Carson's adhering to it, as he was an acknowledged leader, by reason of his high character for integrity and energy, among the old residents of the Territory of New Mexico. Carson had always been a favorite with the army, and he did not disappoint their hopes, but took at once a decided stand for the Union. He was appointed Colonel of a regiment — the contest being between him and Chavez, the present Delegate to Congress from New Mexico, a man well fitted, by his age, tastes, habits, and education, for the position; but Carson was the favorite, and was elected. A more unmilitary man than Carson, in the strict sense of that definition, can scarcely be conceived. The trappings of war were thoroughly uncongenial to him, and I believe he was far more discomposed by the thought of wearing a uniform-coat, sash, and epaulettes, than by the proximity of powder and steel. His education, in book-learning, was of a very limited character; reading and writing comprised them; and he informed me he had no instruction, even in these, until late in life, receiving much help then from the talented daughter of a Missouri Senator. Education is, however, a comparative fact, the *status* depending upon the applicability; and as Carson possessed large knowledge of all kinds of wood-craft, whether of war, hunting, or trapping, who shall call him uneducated, or underrate those powers, the possession of which constituted him so correct a judge of human nature, and warranted school-bred men in selecting him as a leader of men? No man possessed more eminently the Persian qualifications of knowledge — to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth.

In person, Carson was remarkable, being not more than five feet four inches high, with a long body, and legs so bowed that I have never seen them resembled, except in jockeys, who have been such from boyhood. His head and face

once seen could never be forgotten — long, thin hair reaching to his shoulders, sparsely covering a broad, high cranium; forehead, round and broad, above small; keen, bright, gray eyes, set deep in a broad, flattish face, gave you the impression of a man whose wits were in careful training, and who objected, both by instinct and education, to deceiving, or being deceived. I have often been smiled at as fanciful, for remarking a resemblance between Chris. North of *Blackwood* and Chris. Carson; yet it was very plain to me, despite the evident difference, and the knowledge that North was a giant in person and intellect, for Carson was as accomplished as North in wood-craft, and rarely equaled in riding, running, shooting, or jumping. Think of the concentrated power of that small form, which used, when young, to jump eighteen feet at one running-jump. It was not, however, in physical power or mental traits so much as in the similar bold, honest, lion-like physiognomy that I found the resemblance.

At Garland, Carson kept open house, exercising the most unbounded hospitality to all visitors and passers-by, who were often sufficiently numerous, and in these were included the Ute Indians, of whom he had once been agent, and over whom he had such powerful influence that no trouble ever took place when an appeal could be made to him. In any dispute with them, when violence seemed inevitable, all could be allayed by offering to send for "Kitty," as they termed him; and it was a study to see him sitting, surrounded by them, talking as kindly and familiarly as to his own children; rolling *cigarritos* and passing the tobacco around, all the while laughing, joking, talking Spanish, or Ute tongue, with such abundant gesticulations and hand-movements, that it seemed to me he talked more with his hands and shoulders than with his tongue. I remember more than one imminent peril averted from the settlements, solely by Carson's influence. The particulars of one were in this manner: A considerable party of Utes were on a visit to the locality of Garland, in 1866, and had encamped on the Trinchera, about three miles below the post, passing the time in hunting, fishing, gathering wild fruits, and daily visits to Carson's quarters in the garrison. Suddenly one of their number — a young man, about eighteen years of age — was reported missing, and, although search was industriously made by his friends with all the sagacity known to their tribe, no news had been received of him at the end of forty-eight hours. There was a gathering of about a dozen of these in the hall-way of Carson's quarters, where, with Carson in the midst, all were smoking and discussing the probable cause of his disappearance, when a loud, violent, discordant cry sounded high above all the camp-bustle. It was continuous, and evidently the utterance of some one in great grief, who cried also for redress or revenge. And so the Indians and Carson understood it, for all jumped to their feet, and Carson, turning to me, said: "Doctor, they've found him; he's been murdered; that's his mother crying, and thar will be trouble." Upon going outside, I saw a woman riding about the camp, crying loudly, and gesticulating violently, while the Indians were hastening toward a spot to which she directed them. Carson called to me to follow him, and we also went, finding, at not more than three hundred yards from the camp, lying in a small arroyo, the corpse of the missing Indian. Upon a close examination of the body, I could discover no signs of violence, whether by gunshot, knife, or blows; no fracture, or puncture in any place; from the nostrils there was, however, exuding decomposed matter and maggots, and I remarked to Carson the cause of death was evidently internal, and I thought he had

been poisoned. We returned to the garrison, and again Carson sat surrounded by the Utes, discussing the event. A deep gloom seemed to be upon every one; matters looked serious enough; the entire garrison—four companies of Mexicans—were ordered to keep in their quarters, and stand by their arms.

All the laborers (Mexicans) who were making *adobes* near the fort, stampeded at the first alarm; while the White settlers around, to whom the news was soon communicated, put themselves on the defensive, sending at once their families into the garrison for protection, knowing as they did, by bitter experience, that war, when it came from the Utes, meant utter extermination of life and property. In the council that ensued, there was not, however, unanimity on the causes of the Indian's death, and the measures proper to be taken in consequence. The majority were violent enough, advocating full reprisals on the citizens, who, they concluded, must be the aggressors. The clouds were deepening, but Carson's influence was strong, and I observed that a young and very influential Chief, who had been living some time in the fort with Carson, being sick of an ulcerated leg of which I had cured him (and for doing so had earned, so Carson told me, liberty to travel anywhere in safety through their country), took no part in the discussion, further than by holding a quiet conversation apart with Carson. The others, however, made up for the omission, and the old medicine-man—an unusually malevolent-looking old vagabond—was particularly violent. The life of an Indian medicine-man is passed in habitual scheming to enrich himself by producing a general impression that he has supernatural powers. The gravity, austerity, and inevitable cunning of his physiognomy, is derived from this discipline of his life, and he doubtless ends by deceiving himself into a belief in his own powers; hence the danger of this class as opponents. Our old scoundrel—alternately rising and sitting down, lifting his hands and closing his eyes, now muttering, and now bellowing—seemed to me a very dangerous demagogue; and I was informed that his oratory concisely reproduced all the old Indian grievances, argued on the bad faith of the Whites, and was utterly unable to see any manly way out of the difficulty but by blood and burglary. His oration was quite a Mark Antony production. The influence of Carson among the tribe was, however, sufficient to smooth the tempest; and his representations that they had not sufficient proof to fix the murder upon any man or class—that they would get neither profit nor credit by an unjust war—combined with assurances of presents adequate to appease the wounded feelings of the murdered man's relatives, at length, after three days had been consumed in reflection and discussion, carried the day, and all was peace once more. The high-contracting parties consummated the treaty, a few weeks after, by placing one hundred sheep and other presents at the disposal of the afflicted family.

Ultimately, I ascertained the performance of a little drama which had not been exhibited to the general public, and the powerful acting of which was only developed by the aforesaid young Ute friend of Carson's, in the quiet conversation of the council-room, noted above, and I now became enlightened on the, to me, rather easy manner in which some of the Chiefs had gradually allowed the affair to subside.

The facts, as ascertained, were, that the old medicine-man had been, so he considered, defrauded of the affections of a young squaw of whom he was deeply enamored, by the young man lately found dead. The medico had been heard to vow vengeance for the insult, and as

his knowledge of medicines and poisons was extensive, no doubt was entertained that he had found means to revenge himself for his real or supposed wrongs. His craft, in endeavoring to direct attention from himself, was understood and accredited as good or necessary diplomacy; and, besides that, being an important atom of society, human nature is with Indians as with Whites, and the wrongs of the powerful are palliated by power quite as much now as when Brutus declared:

> "The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
> And chastisement doth therefore hide its head."

Surrounded by his friends and his large and most amiable family, it seemed that Carson must live to a ripe old age, in peaceful enjoyment of his well-earned honors and prosperity; but he died at the early age of sixty-two, at Fort Lyons, Colorado, while returning from a visit made to Washington, on Indian matters; dying literally in the harness of that work in which he had for so many years, with rarely equaled integrity and energy, been engaged.

An aneurism, engendered probably by his great exertions and exposures in early life, was the cause of his death. I remember his telling me that at one period of his life he did not enter a settlement, except to sell skins and buy stores, for ten years; that he left as soon as he had made his sales; living always in the woods, at all seasons, by hill, valley, or stream—hunting, trapping, or fishing. When I knew him, in 1866, Carson's family consisted of a wife and six children—the oldest not over twelve years of age: they were the delight of all who knew them. Mrs. Carson was a native of New Mexico, a most amiable and graceful lady, who will always be held in high estimation by those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She died a few weeks after Carson.

My garrison gossip would not be complete without mentioning Tobin, a man to distant fame unknown, but celebrated locally, not only as an Indian-hunter and scout, but as the destroyer of that maniac Espinosa, who, in 1861—after, for some real or supposed wrongs, killing several White Men—took to the woods, with the avowed determination, like Joaquin, of California, of killing every American he met; which promise he so ruthlessly kept that a special reward was offered for his head by the Governor of Colorado. Tobin trailed him, like an Indian, for several days, and, under great difficulties, killed him. It is estimated that Espinosa killed about thirty men, before receiving Tobin's bullet. Tobin is a very quiet, unassuming man; to which fact must be attributed another: that the Legislature of Colorado had, up to 1866, forgotten to pay the reward offered. He never expected to get it; but was rather proud of a very handsome Hawkins rifle, presented to him, by some admirers, for his conduct in that affair.

A NATURALIST'S RAMBLES IN NORTHERN MEXICO.

NO. I.

ON the morning of the 28th of Jan., 18—, we commenced our journey from Mazatlan to Durango. I had secured the services of a *mozo* by the name of Daloas, who proved to be a faithful, honest servant, and was my only companion upon the long, lonesome road over which we traveled. The morning was cool and pleasant, as all the mornings are at this season of the year in Mazatlan. We passed out of the city through *calle principal*, the main street leading to the highway, passing along Puerto Viejo, where the *garita* is located, immediately upon the main road to the interior. The *garita* is nothing more than a kind of guard-post, where all freight going out of, or coming into, the city is examined for "duty"—for be it remembered that all goods going out of Mazatlan pay a duty, as well as all goods coming in, both by land and sea: whether they be the product of the country, or foreign importation—whether a jackass load of wood or charcoal for city consumption. All these contribute to a revenue which barely pays the salaries of the officers in command, and is acknowledged by all to be a great detriment to the trade. We were not molested, however, at the *garita*, being travelers, with nothing but our *serapes*, or Mexican blankets, tied on behind our saddles, a small canteen and saddle-bag, containing some refreshments and note-book, thrown over the loggerhead of the saddle instead of behind, as is our custom; my double-barreled fowling-piece, game-bag, etc., constituting all our outfit for the road. Thus equipped we passed out of the city into the free and interesting country beyond, the air of which was charged with the fragrance of flowers and forest—flowers of many hues, but none very striking or handsome, and but few with any fragrance. A yellow flower of the thorny *mimosa* species was the only kind exhaling a delicious perfume.

The road here is wide and level, fringed with a thick and small growth of various species of acacias, among which I noticed arborescent lubins, with bright yellow flowers, having a nauseous odor; calabash trees, laden with their vast fruit; many varieties of strangely-shaped cacti, and thorny shrubs of every description, among which *lianas* twine and form an impenetrable labyrinth of vegetation.

Along the road we met numbers of mule trains, going to the city for goods, for the various inland towns; and donkeys laden with charcoal, fruit, etc., accompanied by men and women on foot. One scarcely meets with a wheeled vehicle; every thing is packed on mules or jackasses—which seem to conform to the slow progress and indolent habits of the people—and it is really wonderful to note the patience and endurance that these little animals are possessed of, and the heavy packs they are capable of carrying.

After traveling about nine miles we came to the village of Benadillo, consisting of about thirty houses, or huts, with thatched and tiled roofs, and some indications of cultivation in the vicinity.

After leaving this place the country begins to assume a different aspect. We penetrate a forest of larger trees, with a rank growth of under-brush; here we

find forests of *palo prieto*, a slender tree which rises to the height of sixty or eighty feet, and is usually very straight, with smooth bark; the wood of this tree is very hard and durable, and is used extensively for building purposes, especially for beams and rafters. Unlike most other wood of the *tierra caliente*, it is not subject to the attack of the white ants, which soon destroy other kinds of timber. The rose-wood is also found here, as well as the dye-wood of commerce—a scrubby tree growing upon the sides of the low hills. The road becomes completely arched with the massive branches of trees, festooned with thousands of creepers with gaudy flowers, while the woods are alive with the harsh screams of the grim macaws.

Passing several small huts, with corn-patches adjoining, we at length came to a small village — Puerto Cavallo — with its thatched huts embowered among the tall trees. At this place there is a large *rancho* containing many acres of corn, and the village forms part of its dependency on laborers. The house of the owner, which is a large *adobe*, covered with tiles, sits aristocratically upon a neighboring hill, over-looking all. We thence continued our journey over an undulating dry country, clothed with a rank growth of thorny, stunted brushwood, above which is now seen for the first time the fan-leaf palm, rearing its lofty crown of foliage, forever trembling in the breeze. There was little change in the landscape until we reached the Rancho of Espinal, one of the largest and best conducted farms in this part of the country, devoted exclusively to the cultivation of corn and raising of cattle.

The old *ranchero*, who appears to be of Spanish descent without Indian blood, treated me with sufficient hospitality to permit me to sleep in his corridor, and to sell me some corn and fodder for our mules. He was dressed in the regular *ranchero* style, with pantaloons split up to the hip, having useless buttons on each side of the split, white cotton drawers beneath, a loose shirt, and a heavy broad-brimmed hat of palmetto. The house is a large and commodious *adobe*, covered with tiles, the rooms being almost entirely without furniture of any kind. A small village of *peons* and their families is situated in rows opposite the dwelling, between which the main road passes. This *hacienda* and its quarters for *peons*, together with the manners of the old *ranchero*, forcibly reminded me of the plantations of the Southern States in the days of slavery. The old man was astir long before dawn, giving orders, and scolding his *peons* in a voice that would awaken the slumbers of the drowsiest sluggard. He invited me to an early breakfast of *carne seca*, broiled on the coals, a cup of weak coffee, a bowl of milk, and bread. This meal was placed upon a small table in one corner of the room, with a couple of rude chairs; there were no knives or forks, and only one spoon to stir our coffee. He divided the meat with his fingers, and handed me a plate. As I had been so often accustomed in the woods to this style of eating, I found no inconvenience in it. But it was surprising to me that this old gentleman of wealth had not provided himself with more of the comforts of home. I found this to be the habit of all *rancheros* in the country — domestic comforts being neglected or not understood, and all the little paraphernalia of household furniture, which make a home cheerful, are not known with these hardy *rancheros*.

The sun had not risen when we were in our saddles and on the road. The air was fresh and perfectly delightful, and my spirits were as buoyant as the humming-birds that buzzed around the dewy "morning glories." It was not quite cold enough for frost, but just sufficiently so to make the tips of my fingers tingle, and my cheeks glow with

the bracing air. The climate is by no means debilitating during the winter months, the mercury standing uniformly between 62° and 68°; and, although it seldom reaches higher than 90° in the summer months, yet its enervating influence, especially upon foreigners, is seriously felt.

This morning we entered the wild forest, the narrow road winding through low hills. The trees are of larger growth than any we have yet seen nearer the coast. Huge trees of the *mimosa* overshadow the road. The dark-green foliage of the wild fig, too (*ficus Americanus*), with its wide-spreading branches, its immense trunk, and grotesque roots, at once interest the traveler. The wood of this tree is soft, and has a milky sap; but from the roots—which rise above the ground, and in form are much compressed—the natives hew into shape their large wooden bowls, or *bateas*, some of which I have seen measure five feet in diameter. This tree has some striking peculiarities in its growth. When alone, disengaged from other trees, it is a large, far-branching shade-tree, conspicuous among its neighbors. The leaves are large, oblong, and of a dark, shiny green, from which, when broken, exudes a milky sap. The fruit is small and spherical, and has little resemblance to the cultivated fig, though it is produced in the same manner without a visible flower. The fruit is only edible for some species of birds and bats. The tree, being of vigorous growth, sometimes attains an immense size, but its peculiarities are in its parasitic tendencies. The very small, fig-like seeds of this tree are sometimes deposited in the ordure of birds or bats, in the holes or on the bare trunks of high trees. The great fecundity and moisture of the climate causes the seed soon to germinate, and not obtaining sufficient nourishment in that position, the new plant sends down long, slender tendrils to the earth from a height often of from thirty to sixty feet. The tendrils immediately take root in the ground, and continue to grow remarkably fast until the tree upon which the seed germinated, is completely enveloped in its embrace, leaving nothing but the top of the original tree to be seen.

The royal, towering palm is more subject to these embraces, or deathlike hugs, than most others, from the fact that the woodpeckers are fond of boring their nests in its smooth and slender trunk, into which the seeds of the fig are often deposited.

I have frequently been struck with the appearance of this beautiful palm enveloped by a monster wild fig, with nothing but its crown of waving foliage, in remarkable contrast, bending under the pressure of this overpowering parasite. Trees enveloped and intermingled in this way, produce the odd appearance of but one trunk to two or more crowns of different species; and these, again, covered with other parasitical plants, festooned with thousands of creepers, give to the whole a strange effect, even among the strange and wonderful productions of this voluptuous land.

In a country where the active creative powers of Nature call forth life wherever moisture is found, every tree becomes a colony of countless plants, from the roots where fungi generate, up the stem where every little indentation in the bark shelters an orchis.

Some of these parasitical plants are decked with gaudy red flowers, and some with clusters of large, queerly-shaped leaves. Various species of the *Orchids* grow upon the same tree. Sometimes we find the branches upon which they have fastened decayed, while the parasite still continues to grow. This species is called the "air plant," and will continue to grow for some time if only suspended in the shade. I found here a species of *convolvulus*, climbing over the tallest trees, bearing large, sal-

mon-colored flowers—the flowers of this genus being usually blue or purple.

Not only in the vegetable creations, but in the insect world, does the Naturalist, in his rambles over the *tierra caliente*, meet with many strange productions. Here is found a tree producing nuts about the size, or a little less, than that of the hazel; but instead of fruit or a kernel inside, there is found only a *small white grub*, in every one that has yet been examined. How the worm gets inside the hard shell of the nut, there being no perceptible hole or entrance, is a question not yet determined. I have cut many of them open, when their little inhabitant immediately went to work and covered the opening made, with their silken paste. But their greater peculiarity is implied in their name, *nuez saltador*, or "jumping-nut," from the fact that when it is placed on the palm of the hand, or on a table, it commences to move, or make short jumps, caused by the spasmodic jerks of the little invisible creature within, which gives to the nut the appearance of moving about by some supernatural agency. The larva finally goes into a chrysalis state, but the kind of fly it produces I have not yet been able to discover.

An equally remarkable *lusus naturæ*, is the larva, or chrysalis, of the *Cicadæ*, which is often found, when dug up from out the earth into which the larva has retired to become changed into the chrysalis form, with a parasitic plant attached to it.

Of the family *Cicadæ*, it is represented by several well-known species, found in different parts of the world. The *Cicada Septendecim* (Linn.), which is found in the United States of North America, has attained the name of *Septendecim*, from being supposed to make its appearance in large numbers every seventeenth year. The notion may have some foundation in fact, as reliable observers have given some authentic countenance to it. Our present species, however, which is a closely-allied one, makes its appearance in this country, in the greatest abundance, every year; and the woods during the months of July and August are made noisy by its songs. The female deposits her eggs beneath the bark of trees by making an incision with her hard and sharp ovipositor. The eggs are, in time, hatched, producing a grub, which feeds upon the wood of the tree, injuring and often killing the branch in which it lives. At length the time comes for a change of life: the grub works its way out, and falls to the ground, into which it burrows, from a few inches below the surface to a foot or more. It then becomes transformed into a chrysalis, where it remains until the rains commence, in June or July, when the ground is made soft. It is then resurrected from its long sleep, to undergo another and last change. After reaching the surface of the ground, it ascends the side of a tree or twig a few feet, the shell, or case, bursts open on the back, and the perfect and fully-fledged *cicada* comes forth and flies off among the trees. But the larva, or chrysalis, which has the misfortune to be infested with a parasitic plant, never reaches the surface, nor comes to perfection, and necessarily dies.

The plant which springs from this insect appears to be of the fungus family, and is not found growing in any other situation. Sometimes there are two or more plants attached usually to the head, but seldom to the ends or abdomen. The insect seems really to be the root of the plant. That portion of the plant which reaches the open air has dull, green leaves, and I have been told that it sometimes bears a small rose-colored flower. Altogether, it is a very remarkable freak in Nature, and would be an interesting study to the entomologist and botanist.

In the *tierra caliente* it is difficult to

penetrate the woods without first having a native go ahead with his *machete*, and cut an opening. The interminable amount of under-brush, with thorns hooked and straight, barbed and sharp — the whole being entwined with every imaginable kind of cropping plants — forms an impenetrable jungle.

As we neared the Rio Mazatlan the trees in the bottom became larger and taller. The woods were enlivened by flocks of the black, double-crested orioles (*casiculus melanicterus*), with yellow wings and tail, in company with the splendidly-crested magpie (*Guiraca*), with blue and white plumage, and long and graceful tail. The pensile-nests of the *casiculus*, suspended to the extreme tips of the branches of a tall tree, swaying in the breeze, were not unlike a huge Christmas-tree, with its baskets of toys. Some of these nests are a yard in length, made of coarse straw.

The harsh cacklings of the cha-cha-la-cas are heard from the dark woods. This bird belongs to the sub-order of the *Gallinæ*, of the genus *Ortalida*. It is strictly arboreal in its habits — very rarely seen upon the ground, and then only to drink or wallow in the dust. The flesh of the cha-cha-la-ca equals our common domestic fowls, and when prepared for the table, it is not easy for one unacquainted with it to tell the difference. The wind-pipe of this species doubles on the *sternum* before entering the lungs, thereby increasing its length nearly two-thirds. This peculiarity, which belongs to the male only, is doubtless intended to give the bird the power of uttering its loud and harsh notes, which may be heard from afar.

Another allied species, but much larger, which the natives call the *faisanes* (Penelope), is also found as we advance farther into the *sierras*, or foot-hills of the Cordilleras. It, too, is arboreal, and would not be improperly named to call it a "tree-turkey" — the resemblance to that fowl being very striking. Its flesh, too, is nearly equal, both in flavor and whiteness, and it is about the size of a large hen-turkey. These birds feed chiefly upon the fruits of the forest, and are not at all insectivorous, as are most of the other birds of the gallinaceous kind. Their toes are long—the hind one being upon the same plane with the front, which is well adapted for clinging to the branches, on which they are very active, but which unfits them for walking upon the ground. They are easily domesticated, and, with some attention and care, might be made an addition to our poultry-yards.

Flocks of quail, with rufous-colored crests, cross the road at times, and in the gloomy woods is heard the melancholy whistle of the lonely tinamus (*nothocercus sallaii*). According to Cuvier, this is strictly an American genus, remarkable for a long and slender neck (although the *tarsus* is short, or of moderate length), the neck covered with feathers, the tip of the barbs of which are slender and slightly curled, which imparts a peculiar air to that part of the plumage. The bill is long and slender, blunt at the end, and somewhat vaulted. Their wings are short, and they have scarcely any tails. The hallux, or hind toe, is a mere rudiment, and does not reach the ground. They are principally terrestrial in their habits, perching upon low branches only to roost at night. Some of the South American species have a small tail concealed under the feathers of the rump, as is the case with our present bird; others (the tinamus of Spix) have no tail at all. The different species are found through the warmer regions of Southern America, and they seem to form a very distinct and marked genus, which appears, from some of its distinguishing features, to be between the *gallinæ* and *columbidæ*. It is solitary, and inhabits the darkest woods of the western *tierra caliente*. During the

season of incubation, which is in May or June, its rather loud and monotonous whistle can be heard for some distance; at such times an expert hunter, by imitating the notes, may easily call it within gun-shot. In this way I procured most of those shot by me. Their flesh is white, and even more juicy and delicate than our partridges and grouse. These birds, together with the cha-cha-la-cas and *faisanes* above mentioned, replace — in this country of the tropics — our northern game birds.

Large butterflies flit beneath the thick foliage, and the shrill noise of the *cicada* is heard all day, while the chattering of various species of parrots make up the general din. The forest would appear intolerably lonesome without them.

About noon we reached the small village of Veranos, situated near the banks of the Rio Mazatlan. There is a beautiful valley here of good land, nearly all of which is under cultivation. Fields of sugar-cane, plantains, corn, and beans, as well as melons, seemed to be the principal products. This place has become famous, from the fact that during the French invasion sixty French soldiers were entrapped and captured by the Liberals, with a large train of goods and specie which they were escorting from Durango to Mazatlan. The following day they were all ordered, by the commanding officer, General Martinez, to be butchered on the public square. Two of them, however, made their escape by breaking from the lines, and gave the horrible news to their fellow-soldiers in Mazatlan.

After leaving this village and valley, we crossed over a low, rocky mountain to the town of San Marcos, which is upon the right bank of the Rio Mazatlan. This town is situated in a large agricultural district. It is composed of a few *adobe* houses and *jacals*. About a mile above we crossed for the first time the clear waters of the river; it is quite shallow, with a bottom of gravel and round stones.

At sunset we arrived at the small village of Palmies, made up of a few impoverished and miserably thatched huts, with half-naked natives, and any number of barking, mongrel dogs. Nothing that can be called a dwelling could be more uncomfortable than the huts they live in. Without any kind of furniture, neither beds, chairs, nor hammocks, they all sleep promiscuously upon the dirt-floor, with dogs, fleas, hogs, and unwashed children — hungry, listless, and gloomy looking. The women are, as a general thing, more lively and industrious, exhibit more affability toward strangers, and are inclined to be hospitable and kind, while the men have a sullen look, and will not grant the slightest favor without being paid for it. I once asked a boy to climb a tree for a bird's-nest, for which he wanted four *reales!*

I stopped at the best hut in the place. The hostess, Doña Narcissa — a fat, good-humored old woman — and her two daughters, prepared me as good a supper as the place could afford, consisting of *carne con chile*, *frijoles*, *tortillas*, and fried eggs. She borrowed the money from me to purchase each separate article, telling me after that she was "*muy pobre.*" *No hay con que.* Having a good appetite, however, I made a hearty meal, using the corn *tortillas* in place of knife, fork, and spoon.

Borrowing from Doña Narcissa a wide plank, which was leaning against her hut, and used for fandango dancing, I spread my blankets upon it, and slept soundly, regardless of fleas and the barking of dogs.

At early dawn we were again in the saddle, wending our way up the tortuous course of the Mazatlan River. At every turn, the scene opens with renewed beauty. Mountains rise on every side; vegetation becomes more rank; the trees taller and more majestic; plants,

which in northern climes scarcely rise above the ground, here become trees. The castor-bean here grows to the height of sixty feet, branching out like a tree. Cotton, too, if permitted to grow, assumes a tree-like form. It is hardly possible to form a conception of the countless *lianas* which twine about the brushwood, or ascend, with bare stems, even to the highest tree-tops. The sarsaparilla, also, is here seen climbing the tallest trees, putting forth leaves at the summit only. The graceful *guamachil*-tree, with its evergreen foliage, bends over the stream, the whole forming a picture of tropical magnificence not easily portrayed by pen or pencil, and well meriting that admiration which lessens the fatigue of the journey.

In following the road to Durango, which is partly confined to the meanderings of the Rio Mazatlan, we cross the stream many times: it is quite shallow during the dry season. At one of these crossings are several hot springs (*aguas calientes*, as the natives call them), which rise in the bed and sides of the river, heating its waters for hundreds of yards below. A small running brook here enters the river, the waters of which are also hot, as its source is derived from hot-springs, among which is one issuing from the solid rock—a jet of water three inches in diameter, of sufficiently high temperature to boil an egg hard in a few seconds. The medicinal properties of these springs are, perhaps, like most of the more famous thermal waters. The natives use them for bathing, as *remedios* for various diseases, especially for calentures.

A few miles farther on, we pass the small villages of Chapotes and Guamachil, composed of a few poor and most uncomfortable-looking *jacals*. Here, as usual, we are set upon by the mongrel, wolf-looking dogs, of all sizes, and gazed at by the sullen *triste* inhabitants, with their cadaverous, flap-eared donkeys.

Soon after leaving this village, we commenced ascending the mountain, or *cuesta*, called the Cabeza del Diablo (head of the devil). Upon arriving at the summit of this mountain, we find ourselves, for the first time, among oak-forests and sedge-grasses, at an altitude of some 2,500 feet. We soon descend, however, upon the opposite side, to the thick, brushy growth of the river, which now flows through mountains of considerable height, walling it in on either side. We continue on our way up the stream, the road now becoming rough and rocky. About sundown we stop for the night at the little village of Puebla Nueva.

Although this place presents to the traveler the usual appearance of frail and palm-thatched *jacals*, yet we received better accommodations than at any other place on the road. I was even furnished with a raw-hide bed to spread my blankets on; besides, we had an abundance of corn and fodder for the animals, as well as a bountiful supply of *carne con chile*, fried eggs, etc. Such accommodations are not to be met with often among these people, who are usually very poor and improvident, at times depending upon the fruits of the forest for subsistence.

Opposite Puebla Nueva, on the right bank of the river, is another small village, called Las Palmas, surrounded by a forest of the fan-leaf palm, or *palmitos*, which, together with the river flowing in front, reflecting in its limpid waters the towering *sierras* in the background, gives to this little place an air of picturesque beauty; but the puny, squalid appearance of the native huts contrasts painfully with their beautiful surroundings. They make a pretty picture—those thatched shanties, with their beautiful scenery; but the reality, with its accumulated dirt, destroys the illusion.

At early dawn, we were again upon the road—the freshness of the morning

being the pleasantest time to travel, in these climates. The air was deliciously pure, and the fragrance of the forest animating. We had not advanced far before we commenced the ascent of the *cuesta*, called the Espiña del Diablo (backbone of the devil), which is appropriately named. It is a tedious and rugged mountain to climb, the road making zigzag turns, in many places approaching too near the brink of a stupendous precipice for a comfortable feeling of personal safety. But on reaching the top, which has only a few scrubby trees, we were well repaid for our labor. To the eastward rise the well-defined peaks of the Sierra Madre, and, intermediately, are thrown together, in wild confusion, the rocky cordons, with their sharp pinnacles; to the west, stretches a sea of forest, terminating only at the waves of the ocean; while far below our feet, in the deep gorge, rush the crystal waters of the Rio Mazatlan.

The whole scene is wild and majestic; above which, the King Vulture, disdaining to visit the lowlands, soars or rests upon some rocky crag, like the condor of the Andes. The King Vulture (*Sarcoramphus Mexicanus*), which the Mexicans call *Rey de Sapilotes*, is not a common species in North-western Mexico, although I found it quite abundant in the mountainous regions of Tehuantepec, where I discovered it feeding upon the dead and putrid remains of a mule. It inhabits the highest mountains, and only at times descends to the valleys for food. A Mexican brought me one alive, which he had entrapped in the mountains, about seventy miles from Mazatlan, by baiting it with a dead deer. It was a fine specimen, from which I made a drawing. It is a large species, larger than our white-headed eagle, and is the handsomest of all the vulture tribe. Its head and neck are entirely naked, the head only having a few bristly hairs. There is a curious protuberance, or lappet, over the base of the bill, which bends a little forward, imparting an air of majesty to the bird. The irides are pure, clear white. The end of the bill is coral red, the base black. The naked portion of the head and neck is beautifully colored with purple, orange, and crimson; where the plumage commences on the neck, is a ruff, or tippet, of loose, soft feathers, into which the bird draws, at times, its neck and a part of its head. The feathers forming the ruff are bluish gray. The under parts, and anterior portion of the body, are cream white, with a tinge of rose color. The wings, scapulars, rump, and tail are intense greenish black. The feet, dirty white.

MOTHER HOXLEY.

MOTHER HOXLEY was making her simple preparations for the noonday meal. The circumstances by which she was surrounded were not favorable for a display of housewifely thrift or zeal, but the little orderly habits of more prosperous days clung to her in the midst of adversity. The sun at the meridian cast a distinct circle of shade round each individual tree of a scattered clump of maples, and seated upon the great gnarled root of the largest of these, the Hoxley family were awaiting their dinner. Had the family wardrobe been a little less worn and tattered, the happy *abandon* with which each one awaited his or her share of the contents of a large basket would have betokened rather some unusual pastoral *fête* than a practical dinner. In the beginning, Mother

Hoxley had her misgivings that the quantity of food might be insufficient; but when she had apportioned it out with great exactness, the anxiety resulted in a faint flicker of satisfaction. The Hoxley family had a happy, unquestioning faith in the illimitable resources of this head of the family. And she had need of all her decision and energy, for she had a husband and nine children to provide for, and each one was at all times under her personal guidance and supervision. At this time she was leading them in a walk of a hundred miles across the country, and the simple and beautiful faith with which these travelers depended upon wayside charity was not altogether vain, as to-day's dinner testified.

Although Mother Hoxley had been a successful beggar, she was not a pauper from inclination, or, indeed, from individual incapacity. But misfortune, with all of that malicious pertinacity to which ancient chronicles as well as modern history testify, had followed this ill-starred family. It would be but weary work to tell how Mother Hoxley had combated her ill-luck—sometimes victoriously, and sometimes forced to yield; but through the somewhat intricate maze of care and sympathy for her family, she had rarely an opportunity of dwelling upon personal indignities. She was quick in her impulses and feelings, and even under more favorable circumstances she might, like her famous prototype who lived in a shoe, have exercised many maternal privileges; but busy with her cares, she would have been tolerably cheerful and content.

Indeed, I have often imagined the aforesaid much-maligned "old woman" after her progeny were safely in bed. In my fancy I have seen her sitting over the evening lamp, darning stockings for one; mending the dress of another; restoring a broken kite; finding a lost school-book; sewing on buttons, and all of the while revolving in her own mind how a sixpence could be saved here and there to purchase the requisite "porridge" and "bread" for their suppers. But even under such an accumulation of cares, I don't believe that she was altogether an unhappy old woman; and neither was Mother Hoxley, although but a few days before misfortune had seemed to culminate in so serious a catastrophe that she might well despair.

The family were at that time living in a lonely little hovel, three or four miles distant from a quiet country village. Mother Hoxley returned, after a hard day's work, to this hovel—it is perhaps better to call it her home, as she did herself—to find it only a smoking ruin. It was a complete picture of desolation. A little girl, seven or eight years old, with a sleeping child in her arms, sat upon the stump of a tree, gazing about in her sobbing sorrow. The other children, who had hidden behind the bushes in instinctive fear, peered curiously from their places of concealment as they heard their mother's approaching footsteps; and out of the gathering gloom she saw her mild, inefficient husband approaching. He was followed by a boy, who rolled along in a happy-go-easy manner, loudly improvising verses about the occurrences of the day, and descanting somewhat enthusiastically upon the merits of his expected supper. There was no rhyme in this effusion, indeed its poetical character was evidently comprised in the intonation, and the effect was heightened by the rather monotonous description of supper, which did not in anticipation reach beyond an ecstatic vision of "plenty of 'taters." They came on slowly in the gathering gloom, Peter Hoxley with his eyes fixed upon the earth, and Tom rollicking along behind him, seeming even to draw a kind of an inspiration from the stars which were coming out faintly in the dusky heavens. He stopped now and then to deftly shy

a stone from between his legs in their direction, not so much perhaps from a proper desire to aim at the stars which the old proverb inculcates, as from the more human propensity to fling a stone at the brightest thing in range of the mental, moral, or physical vision. It was not until he had nearly reached the ruin that Peter Hoxley raised his eyes, and then the imbecile curses with which he greeted the spectacle after a moment lapsed into a pitiful whimper against the "contrariness of things." Mother Hoxley's stout heart quailed, but the necessity for immediate action in the present emergency, and the necessity of thought for the future left no room for despair; it was she who first thought of the "lumber country," a hundred miles away, and it was she who gave the family a tone of cheerfulness for the long walk which she had decided they must take.

They had already traveled the greater part of their journey, for that morning Mother Hoxley had pointed out their final destination: the wooded hills which rose just to the south of them — quite within a half an hour's run, as the little ones had thought, and had started bravely to reach the goal. During their journey they had thought of this "lumber country" as a sort of a paradise. They had not determined just what form the delights of the place would assume; but Tom had surreptitiously whispered that there were bears there, to the great terror of the little ones. But he valorously added that he would, of course, "shoot them through the eye:" so that after all there was nothing to be afraid of. Whatever might come, they fancied that life would be altogether a different and a better thing than they had known heretofore. But they had lost and found the hills a dozen times during their morning's tramp through the undulating country, and at noonday they seemed, in some inexplicable manner, to be quite as far off as in the early morning—as if the hills themselves had ever since sunrise been silently sailing away into the blue skies.

Perhaps Mother Hoxley had no eye for the picturesque, and it was, no doubt, from chance rather than from any sense of the fitness of things that she had chosen this resting place; at any rate, it seemed a spot expressly designed for weary wayfarers. There was no distant view to attract the eye or weary the mind with the suggestions of even possible wanderings. But a little grassy hollow, with a brook loitering through it, which now and then deepened into shadowy pools; and great leafy trees, which seemed the very embodiment of *eons* of sunshiny, peaceful days. We may be thankful that there are these resting places in Nature where one is not obliged to look at a grand panorama of lofty mountains, or illimitable plains, or the distant windings of a noble river; for sometimes, physically as well as morally, the vastness of things becomes oppressive, and we are grateful when we can see but a little way ahead of us, and even at times to come against a blank wall. Of course, we want such obstacles removed after awhile; but we look back upon such resting places, or even such absolute blanks, with the sense of having been comforted and strengthened by them.

It was some time after Mother Hoxley had herself reached the place before the stragglers all arrived. Peter Hoxley brought up the rear with a child in his arms. The quietness of the spot, the warm sunshine, and their weary journey was already beginning to tell on some of the family when he arrived. Mother Hoxley herself, with her head upon a ragged bundle, was half asleep. Instinctively, however, she was counting over her forces. This she found to be a somewhat difficult thing to do, as the irrepressible Tom was in so many places that he quite outnumbered the rest of the company, to the great confusion of

all mathematical calculations. Through her half-closed eyes she counted eight children, and felt a momentary pang of anxiety about the ninth, when she discovered Tom clinging to an overhanging branch of a tree. The next time she began with him, to make sure of him, and again found one missing, when, to her great relief, she saw a brown head peeping out from beneath the bridge. This was again Tom, who had suddenly bethought himself of the possibility of finding a bird's-nest. But his mother was yielding to drowsiness, and finally closed her eyes, satisfied with having counted him at both ends of the list. Ordinarily she did not need to use those devices, to which wakeful people resort. She never saw the imaginary flock of sheep jumping over a stone-wall; she had no occasion to say the multiplication table backward, or even to resort to that milder method of a simple numerical enumeration. But to-day, as she closed her eyes, she counted involuntarily: Tom, one; Lizzie, two; Mandy, three; Tom, four. Yes, that was the way; that Tom always obtruded himself, and insisted upon being counted over and over again.

"I say, mother, where is Mag?" whispered one of the older girls, with a note of consternation in her voice. Her vague uneasiness was defined now. Sure enough, where was Maggie, and why had no one missed her before? In vain did Mother Hoxley ask these questions; in vain did she weep and wring her hands. No one had the slightest idea what had become of the missing Maggie; in fact, no one had an idea how long the child had been lost. But absolute despair—which receives every fresh evil as a personal indignity, that is to be accepted with virtuous resignation—was no part of this woman's nature. Her grief and fear, however, found expression in a perfect broadside of angry expletives. This was possibly only a manifestation of her *nerves*, and was quite as harmless and unavoidable as an attack of the hysteria, and was, perhaps, not an unusual mode of the expression of intense feeling in those good old times which we deplore. However that may be, the family instinctively shrank away from this outburst, and left only mild little Peter Hoxley gazing at his wife in mingled awe and admiration. If the truth must be told, Peter would willingly have run away with the children and waited until her anger had passed, and some decision, in reference to the future conduct, arrived at. But even he, who took things mostly as they came, without troubling himself to interfere to avert misfortune, by any personal exertion, had some notion of what was becoming to his position and what society expected of him. As a man, he could do no less than sit there and face it out. As long as the accusations against his inability were general, he bore the reproaches meekly; but when this latest misfortune which had befallen the family was asserted to be the result of his negligence, even he resented it in a mild, faint way:

"'Taint no use in going on in that way; 'twant my fault no more than any body else's."

Mother Hoxley had been walking to and fro in her excitement, but Peter still kept his seat. This composure and utter lack of a corresponding excitement, was more than human nature could bear, and seemed like a personal insult. And to this Mother Hoxley's attention was now turned.

"Don't sit there staring at me, as if you were a born innocent. If you were half a man, you would know what had become of that child. It was a bitter day for me when I married such a do-little, and ever since ——."

But Mother Hoxley's voice was getting to an unbearable pitch, and Peter had a mortal aversion to shrill sounds, so he interrupted, doggedly: "I've work-

ed hard, too, but I've been unfortunate."

"You needn't tell me; you needn't tell me!" was the irritated rejoinder; and then she asked that overwhelming question: "I should like to know how other men make their fortunes?"

Now, this problem had been a puzzle to Peter all his life-long, and he felt himself totally unprepared to answer it in the present emergency; so he evaded the question, and asked, submissively, if he should "go and look for Maggie!"

But Mother Hoxley's excitement had already subsided, and her last triumph had restored to her her usual ability of making the best of things. But she knew her husband too well to trust to his inefficiency, so she answered, somewhat sharply:

"No, you needn't; you'd never find her. Besides, do you suppose that *I* could sit here and wait, and her lost?"

It did not take her long to tie on her fragment of a bonnet, and give the parting injunctions to the family, that they should remain just where they were until her return. She took Tom with her, partly because he had seen Maggie last, and partly because the rest of the family were safer without him. This last consideration did not in reality weigh much with her, for she was only leaving all of those unimportant ones behind who had not gone astray, to search for the *one* that was lost.

Tom led the way pretty directly to the spot where, an hour or two before, he had been picking berries with Maggie, cheerfully suggesting, by the way, that the place was near a large brook—in fact, quite a river. There was a large wood, too, near at hand, where Tom had no doubt that it would be the easiest thing in the world to get lost. When they reached the place, however, they found the brook not at all formidable, and the forest at some distance.

Tom remembered accurately where he had last seen Maggie, and beat valorously about the thin hedge of bushes which grew against a rough stone wall. He even stopped to overturn some small stones upon which he had seen her sitting. He only discovered a colony of ants, however, but for the time he became absorbingly interested in their demolition. "Tom," said Mother Hoxley, for the twentieth time, "you haven't any idee where she went after she left here?"

"No, I hain't," replied Tom, "but I'm a-looking for her."

"She wouldn't ha' been likely to climbed this wall, for she was such a little thing, and them shoes what the lady give her this morning would ha' made her kind o' clumsy," continued Mother Hoxley, meditatively surveying a projecting stone, which suggested that it wouldn't be a difficult thing to try life on the other side of the fence, if it was worth the trouble. Tom had by this time become satisfied that Maggie was neither in the raspberry-bushes nor under the stones; but he felt that the importance of the undertaking would be enhanced by making it as difficult and dangerous for himself as possible. So he clambered over the most inaccessible part of the fence, to the great terror of his mother, who felt quite sure that he would fall and break his neck. However, it only resulted in another rent in his ragged clothes. They were already in such a condition that an additional rent could be received quite placidly—it would hardly count in the general effect. In the meantime, Mother Hoxley was trying to draw inspiration from her surroundings. There was a farm-house across the fields, in the distance; there was the brook, winding through the meadows, and there was the wood stretching over the hill-side.

"I'm clean daft," she muttered, as her eyes rested on one after the other of these objects. But she called Tom

and commenced walking rapidly in the direction of the farm-house, reflecting that it would never do to stand still. She had just paused, irresolutely, for, after all, Maggie had been talking of nothing but the woods for the last few days, when she heard a shout from Tom. As the shouts were continued, and were evidently exultant, she hastened toward him. He stood on a little foot-bridge which crossed the brook, and was holding up a long spear of timothy-grass which was nearly filled with half-ripe "thimble-berries."

"Maggie was stringin' these berries for you this mornin'. I seen her doin' it," shouted Tom, taking the berries off, one by one, and putting them in his mouth as soon as his mother came near enough to see them.

"Give them to me," she said, sharply, shaking the astonished Tom by the shoulders. A foot-path led from the bridge across the meadow; and in a marshy place there were foot-prints, which were recognized as of "them shoes." And there were some crushed field-lilies farther on. The foot-path led out of the meadow into the wood, and went on in a rough zigzag up a hill. All of the way Mother Hoxley carried the berries tenderly, to the great disgust of Tom, who thought it was the meanest thing he had ever known that much-enduring woman to do—"not to let a fellar have the berries when she didn't want 'em herself."

Mother Hoxley's eyes wandered restlessly from side to side, but she never slackened her footsteps. At the top of the hill, there was a half-opened gate in a high board-fence, and when they had passed through it, they were at once among marks of careful cultivation. The pathway still wound on among the trees, but presently these grew thinner, and they saw a large, handsome house just beyond them. The steps of both mother and son had grown more cautious, and they had involuntarily straightened their attire, in order to do honor to so much respectability. Tom uttered an exclamation of admiration at the sight of such grandeur, and asked his mother, in the undertone which they had both assumed, whether she supposed Maggie would be found in the midst of such overpowering magnificence. A faint smile touched the corners of Mother Hoxley's mouth and radiated through all the wrinkles, as she expressed her belief that Maggie would be found here.

"She's awrful peart, that youngun is, and she'd just take to sich high-toned things, as if she owned 'em," continued the fond parent, in a kind of subdued admiration of her fledgling's taste.

"O my!" ejaculated Tom, who found it difficult to realize the situation.

As they came nearer, they heard a child's voice screaming wildly, and, a moment afterward, Maggie appeared round a corner of the house, with her arms thrown about the neck of a great Newfoundland dog, who was growling ominously in their direction.

"Jacky, Jacky; don't you do it," cried the child, pushing against the dog with all of her small strength. "They're only mother and Tom," she continued, shrieking an explanation and greeting at the same time. The dog turned his large, intelligent eyes toward her, and ceased hostilities; although he continued watchful of the others, as they approached, and looked ready for any sudden emergency.

Maggie continued standing by the dog, for she had a vague impression that she had been guilty of something deserving punishment; although she fondly believed that she had only reached the "lumber country" before the rest.

Perhaps something in the attitude of the dog gave discretion to the current of Mother Hoxley's feelings, for she only called out to Maggie to be careful, or the dog would bite her.

The child laughed, by the way of re-

ply, and, patting the Newfoundland on the head, called him "a nice doggy."

By this time the natural anxiety had vanished, and Mother Hoxley seemed to feel that it was incumbent upon her position to scold some one. She stood for a moment, looking sternly at Maggie, and then said, with a blending of irony and resignation:

"Well, this is a pretty business! I'd like to know what you mean, by making all of this trouble? You're more care than all of the rest put together. The Lord knows how we'll ever get to the 'lumber country,' after tagging around after you all day."

She had put her hand on Maggie's shoulder, to administer a shake; but the Newfoundland had shown his teeth—so the child escaped chastisement.

Mother Hoxley was continuing her scolding, which she occasionally mingled with some rather reticent expressions of endearment, when she heard footsteps approaching, and, turning, saw before her a bright-looking little lady.

The little lady pushed a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles high up on her forehead, and contemplated the scene with severity. Mother Hoxley returned the look defiantly, as if she, in spite of poverty and rags, was quite conscious that she possessed certain rights and privileges with which this rich woman dared not interfere.

This little lady was Mrs. Mason, who was quite unused to defiance on any occasion, and at this particular time expected to be overwhelmed with this woman's expressions of gratitude for the care she had taken of her child.

"She ought to have been ashamed of herself for scolding the poor little thing in that way," had been Mrs. Mason's mental ejaculation, as she walked along. But something in Mother Hoxley's look and attitude induced her to say, only:

"This is your little girl, I suppose?"

"Yes'm," was the reticent reply.

"She was lost?" suggested Mrs. Mason.

"Yes'm."

For the last twenty-five years, Mrs. Mason had had opinions on the subject of idleness and ignorance. The bulky volume which she now held open, with its formidable, solidly printed pages, turned in the direction of Mother Hoxley, disapproved of beggars, in a solidly respectable way. There were wide margins to the pages, and the long paragraphs were made up of respectable-looking, ponderous words. It was clear that there was no loop-hole where an unreasonable, sentimental sympathy had tampered with a stern judgment. In the opinion of the writer of this book, it was a weak charity that gives to unworthy objects, merely because the sympathies were played upon; it only encourages beggary, and thus promotes idleness and ignorance. There were noble charities provided by both civil and religious associations, where the necessities of all of those who, from any cause whatever, were unable to take care of themselves, are supplied. It may, therefore, be safely said, that in this enlightened age and country, any mere beggar is an impostor. Mrs. Mason's finger still marked this sentiment in the middle of the paragraph which she had been reading, when she was interrupted by the sound of voices in the garden. Little Maggie had been upon Mrs. Mason's mind for several hours. It is true, the child was a beggar; and yet, it is equally true, that a child only five or six years old was somewhat irresponsible for such an accident. She had, however, resolved to send this little waif, which Providence seemed to have left at her disposal, to a favorite charitable institution. In case so forlorn a being had friends, they would, of course, be only too glad to have her disposed of. Thus Mrs. Mason had meditated, as she sat by the open library-window, where the sunlight came in so-

berly through the flowering vines, and a mellow-throated mocking-bird sang outside in its cage in the sun. But now, as she stood before Mother Hoxley, she instinctively realized that it might be somewhat difficult to model the world from a theory. Instead of delivering a homily, as she felt morally conscious that she ought, after an embarrassed pause, she felt it incumbent upon herself to renew the conversation. She did so by mildly asking Mother Hoxley if she had much trouble in finding her daughter.

"Kunsiderable," was the reply.

Other questions about the journey received equally reticent rejoinders.

In fact, the conversation was becoming absurdly embarrassing, and Mother Hoxley, who had wearily seated herself upon a garden bench, exhibited a provoking inadvertence. Just as she had completed her arrangements for resuming her journey, which consisted chiefly in taking out and replacing several pins in Maggie's attire, Mrs. Mason said to her:

"My good woman, don't you feel that it is your duty to have that child better taken care of?"

"Well, yes; I know my children don't get the care they ought to have; but then, 'taint like as if I was rich folks."

"But you know there are places where poor people are taken care of."

"I haint asked you for nothin', that you should be throwin' the *poor-house* up in my face," retorted Mother Hoxley, indignantly.

Mrs. Mason also grew excited, and explained, with severe animation, that those who were unable to support themselves were in reality paupers, and ought to be humbly thankful that the "town" had made provision for them.

"Here," she continued, taking off her gold-rimmed spectacles, and tapping the book which she held in her hand with them. "Here we are told that there is plenty of work in the world to do, and that all want and destitution may be traced back to the prolific sources of idleness and ignorance."

"You've got book-learnin'," replied Mother Hoxley, resignedly.

This answer seemed to imply that she, Mother Hoxley, was possessed of a superior sort of knowledge, of which Mrs. Mason was entirely ignorant.

Mrs. Mason seemed to receive it as a taunt, for she replied, with some asperity, that the person who wrote the book was a philosopher, and had made this particular question a study, and knew *all* about it. But it was not on Mother Hoxley's account that she was speaking. She would be able to take care of herself; but it would be almost impossible for her to support so large a family.

Mother Hoxley assented that it was difficult to do so; but the oldest girls, who were right smart and handy, had already worked out, and she could get places for them again among the people where she was known.

"But this little girl: it would be better for her to be taken care of, and be brought up where she would learn to be useful," Mrs. Mason urged.

Mother Hoxley drew her scanty shawl tighter about her. It was a warm day, but she seemed to have a sense of strengthening herself in her resolution by the action. She cast an observant eye on Tom and grasped Maggie's hand, muttering, as she did so, that it was "well enough for them as know'd how, to talk; but while she could work, neither she nor her's should go to the poor-house." She'd "sooner die in a ditch, by the roadside."

Mrs. Mason resolved that there was no use in combating the prejudices of this class, and turned her back upon Mother Hoxley, telling her, in an extremely awful tone, that she had "no doubt that she would live to see the day when this girl would be any thing but a

blessing to her, and she would then be sorry that she had been so set in her way."

Maggie had been unable to comprehend much of the conversation, but had a vague sense that this last remark in some way applied to herself. She fixed her great eyes eagerly upon Mrs. Mason's face, and, as that lady turned to leave them, she caught the upturned gaze.

For an instant, she thought she had never beheld any thing more beautiful. The heavily-fringed lashes round the lustrous eyes never quivered. Within their depths, where the lights and shadows played, the life to come to her seemed to be mirrored, as a sunlit afternoon, with breeze-stirred trees and singing birds, and over all a shining summer-sky.

Mrs. Mason drew a long breath. She had got beyond her depths, somehow, and had a new and queer impulse, which was not at all justified by her judgment. She walked slowly back toward the house, rubbing her fingers slowly over the heavy leather-binding of her book. But there was no virtue in the touch of its garments, for the strange desire was not exorcised. Suddenly turning, she retraced her steps to the spot where Mother Hoxley was still standing, and said to her, very rapidly:

"My good woman, will you leave this little girl with me, and *I* will take care of her? Can you not spare one from your large family?" she added, with a kindly consideration in her voice that she would once have thought quite thrown away upon a person of this class.

A faint gleam of satisfaction came over Mother Hoxley's face: it was like the sunlight glancing for an instant over an opaque surface, and vanished, leaving her face dull as before. But she thanked Mrs. Mason for her kind offer.

"Maggie," she said, "is very little; but she is smart and handy, and will soon learn to be useful. I'll be dreadful glad to have her with a lady, too; and then 'twont be so far off but what I can come to see her, now and then, myself."

"No," said Mrs. Mason; "you do not understand me. I want Maggie for my own little girl. I will promise to take good care of her; and you must sign some writing that you will never interfere with her; and I shouldn't expect you ever to come to see her, or have any thing whatever to do with her. And I will see that you have something to make you comfortable in your new home."

For a moment Mother Hoxley stood quiet, apparently endeavoring to understand what had been said to her. Then she stooped down and lifted Maggie in her arms. In this simple action Mrs. Mason read the reply; she did not need the words which followed to assure her that her astounding charity was refused.

But Mother Hoxley bethought herself that she was losing valuable time, and hastened away. On her way through the garden, she met Mike, one of the farm-hands. He was going in her direction, in an empty farm-wagon, he told her, and offered to "give her a lift."

Mrs. Mason, standing at her gate, watched them until they disappeared amid the wooded windings of the road. Mother Hoxley's figure was erect, and her gaze seemed fixed unswervingly in front of her. She clasped Maggie tightly in her arms; a little head drooped upon her shoulder and a small arm stole around the brown, scrawny neck. The picture suggested that Mother Hoxley believed that she had recovered a treasure, and whatever weariness or heartache the future might have in store for her, the present, at least, was not without its happiness. It was, after all, only a sentiment which Mrs. Mason knew the world could not live by; but she felt a strange, shadowy chill, as this life-

like picture passed from her sight forever.

That night Mother Hoxley counted her treasures, after they were all asleep beneath the shelter of a way-side barn, and then closed her eyes in happy consciousness that not even one was missing.

ASPASIA.

Shall I ever love any? shall I have a lover?
  In my veins the warm blood is leaping like new wine.
Never yet since love was, did prudish raiment cover
  Rounder limbs and fairer — such grapes beneath the vine.
    Yet every day comes cloaked like this,
    And any bliss is hid away.

Young and old, they swarm me, like flies about Hymettus:
  Odious their glances — the vows they offer me!
Frivolous their passion, to hold and then forget us —
  Curse them, Love! O curse them, with love's calamity!
    For me, I long for one to come
    At once the sum of lore and song.

Sweet thy song, O nightingale! sweet, but truly sweeter
  Mine, that half doth seem my soul, half doth seem divine,
This, the joy and pulse of life, beauty — charm completer
  Than these perfect lips and eyes, perfect face of mine,
    Or this brown hair rippling like silk,
    Or neck like milk, or shoulders bare.

Languor of the leafy June, stir of May is in me.
  Blithe beneath the moonlight the bird does call and sing.
Spring, alas! ne'er brings me a mate so true to win me!
  Blest indeed's the maiden, whose spring's indeed a spring:
    She flies to greet her lover true.
    What does she do, to prove her sweet?

Strange it is to tremble so, fancying a pleasure,
  Cheeks to burn and heart quake at mere imagined things!
But he comes, in truth he comes, love of mine, my treasure —
  Eyes, like leeches, drawing blood — touch, like bee, that stings!
    O forceful frame! O tender soul!
    What else is goal? why else is name?

Hateful is Miletus! its petty sports and strivings;
  Tipsy sailors, reeling against the crowded walls;
Sleepy gardens; gossip of brawls, and deaths, and wivings;
  Woe is me of waiting for good that ne'er befalls!
    It better were for me to be
    Beyond the sea, despite the slur.

Athens lives, the nurse of Men! let the old ties perish!
There I'll find my fated love, there our marriage bed.
Laws, descent, and rites may bar, but to love, to cherish,
Be one flesh and mingle souls that can we unwed.
And he and I will ride sublime
O'er laws and time, till, faint, we die.

Ox-eyed, lion-fronted he; grace in form and gesture;
Will, the stay of clinging states; voice, like bugle blown;
Kingly bearing, making a purple of his vesture,
Where he stands an eminence, where he sits a throne:
And yet so kind — to me so sweet!
O ship be fleet! O speed me wind!

WALKER'S ADMINISTRATION IN KANSAS.

JUST after the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan, in 1857, Mr. Geary, then Governor of Kansas, resigned. Discomfited, like his several predecessors, and virtually compelled to leave the scene of his gubernatorial troubles, he, nevertheless, wrote a self-congratulatory farewell address, in which he claimed that he had reduced the turbulencies of the Territory to quiet. When he went into office, he said, desolation and ruin reigned on every hand: homes were deserted; the smoke of burning buildings darkened the air; women and children, driven from their habitations, wandered over the prairies, or sought refuge among the Indian tribes; predatory bands infested the highways; the laws were silent; the treasury was bankrupt; and his health—though his physical appearance hardly so indicated—had given way. But now, he concluded, peace in the country and prosperity were everywhere to prevail!

Mr. Buchanan tendered the vacant post to the late Robert J. Walker, and the Territorial Secretaryship to Frederick P. Stanton. Both declined. The leaders of the pro-slavery party were at the Capital, laboring for the appointment of some one — any one — who would pledge himself, in either position, to conduct affairs in their interest. Mr. Buchanan, on the other hand, was exceedingly solicitous that Mr. Walker should accept the commission. The pro-slaveryites energetically contended that a different kind of man was required to govern so desperate a community. Mr. Walker knew the danger to himself, as concerned his Presidential aspirations, if he complied with the earnest desire of Mr. Buchanan. A failure in Kansas would be his political ruin. Besides, the office itself, he thought, was beneath the dignity of one of his national reputation. Mr. Buchanan, however, still pressed the matter. He argued; he pleaded; he cajoled. At length, with misgivings and reluctance, Mr. Walker yielded, but on condition that Mr. Stanton should withdraw his declination of the Secretaryship. In his letter of acceptance, he says that he understands that the President and Cabinet concur with him in the opinion that the actual *bona fide* residents of Kansas, by a fair and regular vote, unaffected by fraud or violence, must be permitted, in forming a State Constitution, to decide for themselves what shall be their social institutions.

A night or two after the acceptance, the pro-slavery leaders, with Mr. Calhoun—the Surveyor-General—at their head, called upon Governor Walker at his residence, to pay their respects. There were some two dozen of them. Being an old political friend of Mr. Calhoun, in Illinois, and knowing that I intended removing to Kansas myself, I was invited to be one of the company. Governor Walker received us, as a matter of course, with urbanity and politeness. Quite abruptly he was asked—but not by Mr. Calhoun—in whose interest he proposed to administer the affairs of the Territory: in that of the Democracy, or that of the Abolitionists? He replied, in that of the entire people. The answer was unsatisfactory. He was pressed to reply more definitely. He was courteous, but firm, and declined positively to commit himself, in advance, to one party or the other. They told him of the pusillanimity of his predecessors; they dwelt upon the frightful outrages perpetrated by the murderous Abolitionists upon unoffending and peace-seeking Democrats. Without avail. "When I reach Kansas myself," said the new Governor, "I shall ascertain, from my own observation, the state of affairs." "Well, we may as well be going, I suppose," roughly exclaimed one of the visitors. "Have you any whisky in the house, Governor?" laughingly asked another. The Governor reddened, appeared embarrassed an instant, and then said: "No, gentlemen; I am sorry that I have not; but I have some very excellent brandy, and a variety of wines. Will you step into this room and partake of refreshments?" In an adjoining room, the refreshment-table had been set for us.

Returning to our hotel, I rode in the carriage with Mr. Calhoun, his chief clerk—Mr. McLean—and Mr. Isaacs, late the Attorney-General. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Isaacs had already formed their plans with reference to seats in the United States Senate. Mr. McLean—a tall, powerfully-built, energetic, intelligent Scotchman—was the daring and unscrupulous soul of his party at Lecompton. Said he, ominously, as we rode along, "He won't do." "No," sullenly responded the others; and nothing more was said.

Mr. Stanton set out at once for Kansas. Mr. Walker went to New York, where, at the New York Hotel, I met him a few days afterward. He talked to me freely about the course he intended to pursue; dwelt with particular emphasis on his determination to give the people of the Territory a fair suffrage on the slavery question; and said that he proposed to write an inaugural address which, before going out, he would submit to Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Douglas, and others, for inspection.

I met Mr. Stanton at Lecompton, in April. A sort of census, rather one-sided in its political complexion, had just been taken. The registered voters in the Territory numbered about ten thousand, and included but a small fraction of Free State men, whose party ridiculed the lists. The census returns all in, Mr. Stanton, as Acting-Governor, issued a proclamation for the election of Delegates to a Constitutional Convention.

Lecompton was a queer, straggling place in those days. It was as entirely pro-slavery, as Lawrence—ten or twelve miles distant—was "abolition." The buildings were all of wood, most of them of unplaned lumber, unpainted and unplastered. The Executive mansion was a large, roomy, two-story structure of such kind, at one end of the town. The Surveyor-General's office, at the opposite end, was in a decent and well-furnished house. Each office was the headquarters of a separate faction of the Democracy. One faction sided, as a general thing, with the Governors; the

other, with the opposing Surveyor-General. Mr. Stanton was well liked by Mr. Calhoun and his friends, at first; but a circumstance happened before Governor Walker came out that created a distrust on the part of Mr. Calhoun, that was never after removed.

One Saturday afternoon, I invited Mr. Stanton to go down to Lawrence with me and pass the Sunday. He was glad enough to get away from noisy, but dull, Lecompton. As the hostler was getting our team ready, we could not but laugh to see the uneasiness displayed by Mr. McLean and others, who were standing at a saloon-door near by. Mr. McLean called me aside. Where were we going? To Lawrence, I replied. The devil we were! What, to that d——d Abolition hole? And what were we going down there for? he angrily and passionately exclaimed. A serious alarm had taken the place of his uneasiness.

We were handsomely received and entertained by the citizens of Lawrence, who made us, with marked delight, their guests. They had apprehended that Mr. Stanton, a Southern man, would be too ultra in his pro-slavery notions to associate, on friendly terms, in such violent times, with the Free State men. They were pleased to find that Mr. Stanton was a gentleman of a different sort, and from that time gave him, to a large extent, their confidence. He told them that they should have a fair election on the Constitution to be framed, and he bravely, in the face of a powerful political organization to which he belonged, kept his word to the last. He should have been the first elected United States Senator from Kansas.

Just before supper, as we were standing with some of our new friends on the porch of the hotel, who should come driving up to the steps but Mr. McLean, Sheriff Jones, and two other buggy-loads! We could scarcely conceal our laughter at this significant act. They had followed us down to watch us. But for the presence of Mr. Stanton, it might have been a dangerous visit for one or two of the number.

The next day we attended church. Our would-be guardians from Lecompton were at hand also. They took seats directly in front of us. The large building was crowded. The preacher had recently lost a brother-in-law who had been, in cold blood, murdered by a border Missourian. The murderer had made a bet that he could go over into Kansas, and in so many hours bring back an Abolitionist's boots. He crossed the river; at some distance met the preacher's brother; asked him if he was a Free State man; and, receiving an affirmative reply, shot him dead. On this subject, and that of kindred deeds of violence done in the Territory, some by men who were sitting before him, the preacher eloquently and passionately made two hours swiftly and thrillingly go by. Our Lecompton friends endured the scathing with wonderful resolution for men of their turbulent natures. Not one spoke or moved; but when the services were ended, and we were in the open air again, Sheriff Jones remarked that he had never "sweat" so before in his life.

After this visit to Lawrence, which was succeeded by frequent others, Mr. Stanton, though on companionable terms with him for awhile, lost favor with Mr. Calhoun.

Late in May, Governor Walker arrived in the Territory. Early on the morning of the 26th, Mr. Stanton and myself rode out in a carriage to greet him as he was coming in from Lawrence on the stage. We met him on the road, about three miles from the town. Returning, he expressed a desire to read his inaugural to us before delivering it. He asked if we thought it advisable to have any others present. At Mr. Stanton's suggestion, Mr. McLean was invited to listen to it. In a private room of the Executive build-

ing it was read. It declared that the question, whether slavery should be permitted or prohibited in the new State, must be decided by the people; and he had no doubt, he said, that the Convention, after framing a Constitution, would so submit it for ratification or rejection. For himself, he regarded the framing of a Constitution by Delegates as a mere preliminary proceeding, expressing the opinions of the Delegates, and obligatory only when ratified by the solemn vote of the people themselves. He suggested that the Constitution be framed without making any provision on the subject of slavery, whereby the Legislature would have the right to prohibit the introduction of slaves.

Mr. McLean could hardly restrain his tempestuous passion as the document was read. At its close, without so much as saying "Good-day," he indignantly strode from the room.

There had thus far been no public reception. After the delivery of the inaugural there was to be a dinner, and in the evening a ball.

The dining-hall was arranged with tables for the accommodation of four persons each, and were distributed along the sides. Governor Walker and Mr. Calhoun sat *vis-à-vis*, with Mr. Stanton and Mr. McLean. I sat at a table adjoining, fronting the latter gentlemen. After the feast, and when the champagne bottles were opened, the Governor's health was proposed and responded to. Then the Surveyor-General's. Then the Secretary's. The speeches thus far were excellent dinner ones, for the occasion, and in good taste. Mr. McLean was now called upon. With his gigantic stature he rose slowly, and flashing his angry eyes down upon the diminutive form of the smiling, but soon to be astounded, Governor, let loose the entire flood of his stormy and vindictive feelings: "And do *you* come to rule over us," he said; "you—a miserable pigmy like you? You come here with your ears erect; but you shall leave with your tail between your legs. Walker, we have unmade Governors before; and by G—d, I tell you, sir, that we can unmake Governors again." At the close of his savage vituperation, the insulted Governor and his friends unceremoniously left the hall. The evening ball was thinly attended. Governor Walker merely made his appearance for a few moments, and left.

Thus, in a violent storm, broke the dawn for the suppressed majority in Kansas. From that time there could be no harmony between the Executive Office and the Surveyor-General's.

The election for Delegates to the Constitutional Convention was held on the 5th of June. The Free State Party did not participate in it.

On the 11th of June, an illegal body, which was so-called the Free State Legislature, convened, in compliance with a proclamation of "Governor" Robinson, at Topeka. It had been apprehended that Governor Walker would interfere with troops to break up the unlawful assemblage. On due deliberation, he deemed it prudent not to precipitate active hostilities—which would have resulted from such action—at this juncture. However, he went himself up to Topeka, and addressed those gathered at the place from all parts of the Territory, advising them to abandon their treasonable organization, and recognize with respect the Organic Act that had been given to them by Congress. The address had no favorable effect, of course. Nevertheless, Governor Walker was treated with all courtesy and consideration during his visit. The "Legislature" passed an Act providing for the taking of a Census, and one for the holding of an election for State officers and a Representative in Congress. After a session of three days, it adjourned. Nothing resulted from it.

Shortly after this, as Governor Walker, Mr. Stanton, and myself were sitting, one warm afternoon, smoking, in the Executive building, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. McLean, and a dozen others came in upon us in great haste and excitement, with the startling news that a pro-slavery man had that day gone down to Lawrence on business, and had been mobbed, murdered, and thrown into the Kansas River. They demanded of the Governor that the United States Marshal should at once be sent down with a *posse*, of which they and their friends would willingly form a part, and that a requisition should be forwarded to General Harney, at Fort Leavenworth, for troops. They were asked who had brought up the information. They did not precisely know — the report was all over town, and believed. Governor Walker suggested sending a messenger immediately down to make an investigation as to the rumor. No, that would not do, they said; the murderers would then have too much time to fortify themselves, or to escape. Decisive action must be taken now without another moment's hesitation. Governor Walker thought otherwise. He would dispatch a messenger without delay to ascertain the truth or falsity of the report. A return could be made in three or four hours. They plied all their arts to induce him to yield to them, but without avail. At length, "A h—ll of a Governor he is!" muttered one. "We'll have his head in less than a month," exclaimed another. "By G—d, Walker," furiously burst forth McLean, "do you come here expressly to balk us always? Has Buchanan sent you to Lecompton to defy us? Are these your instructions? Look out! and let your master at Washington look out, too! Remember!" And the crowd, which had largely increased, went off savagely, gesticulating, and ejaculating imprecations and threats.

An hour after, as I was on my way to Lawrence, I met the reported missing man returning home in excellent health and spirits. He laughed boisterously as I told the mission that I was on concerning him. Taking a flask from his pocket, which he handed to me, he said: "Well, those fellows round Calhoun's office, when they get a little liquor in them, are d—d fools, anyway."

On the 2d of July, a Democratic Convention met at Lecompton to nominate a candidate for Delegate to Congress. Ex-Governor Ransom, of Michigan, who leaned toward Mr. Calhoun's ultra pro-slavery views, was selected by a two-thirds vote over Eli Moore, the Register of the Land Office, who sided with Governor Walker. The Convention, however, adopted a resolution indorsing the policy of Governor Walker, and expressing a determination to support him. Another resolution in favor of the adoption of a State Constitution, to be framed by a Constitutional Convention, whether submitted to the people for ratification or not, was voted down by a vote of forty to one.

In the meantime, the Constitutional Convention met, organized, and adjourned until after the election for a Territorial Delegate should take place. Mr. Calhoun was made President of it.

On the 13th the citizens of Lawrence held an election for the adoption of a City Charter which, without applying to the Legislature for one, they had themselves framed. A copy of the instrument coming into Governor Walker's possession, he issued a proclamation on the 15th, in which he told the people of Lawrence that they were acting in direct contravention to law; were inaugurating a rebellious revolution; disregarding the Laws of Congress and the Territorial Government; and conspiring to overthrow the Government of the United States in the Territory. He told them that their purpose, if carried into effect, would involve them in the crime of trea-

son; and warned them, before it would be too late, to recede from their perilous position. He would accompany troops to Lawrence, he said, to prevent, if possible, a conflict.

On the 17th, he approached Lawrence with eight companies of dragoons. He then issued warrants for the arrest of persons who had been elected as municipal officers on the 13th, but who had not yet been sworn in, and for other prominent citizens. Civil war seemed to be imminent. As soon as the news of the operations was received at Washington, orders were sent to General Harney to throw the whole expeditionary force of Utah into Kansas, if Governor Walker should consider it necessary. A Cabinet meeting unanimously approved of the course taken by the Governor. Even Mr. Calhoun had for once a good word, reluctantly, to say of him. The measures taken were decisive, and produced the effect required. There was no bloodshed; the danger of war passed by, and the Organic Act of the Territory was sustained.

Meanwhile the letters received by Governor Walker from Southern Senators had changed markedly in tone. Instead of bringing words of good cheer, they were filled to overflowing with murmurs of discontent. The poison of Mr. Calhoun's correspondence had done its work. Still, the President and his Cabinet adhered to him, as did a large minority of gentlemen of political standing at the South.

On the 26th of August, a Free State Convention met at Grasshopper Falls, and resolved to participate in the regular Territorial election for Delegate to Congress. A fair election had been promised to it.

In September, I made a visit to Washington. Early one morning, and before I was scarcely awake, a card was brought to my room at the hotel. It was General Marshall's, who was afterward the Democratic candidate for Governor under the Lecompton Constitution. This was his first appearance at the Capital. As I knew somewhat of the city, he impressed me into his service as chaperon. Congress was not in session, but the heads of the Departments were all at their respective posts. During three days we called upon the President, and upon Mr. Cass, Mr. Cobb, Mr. Floyd, Mr. Thompson, and the other Secretaries. Each one of them, without exception, declared himself in favor of submitting the forthcoming Kansas Constitution to the people for ratification or rejection. General Marshall was a determined pro-slavery man. He was an influential and positive adherent of Mr. Calhoun. He wanted no submission of the question as to whether or not slavery should exist in the new State, and he so told boldly such extreme Southern men as Messrs. Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson. In vain he argued with them, however. They had made up their minds. Slavery was planted in the Territory, and they desired to have it remain there; but the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill had distracted the party: whole States were giving up their allegiance to the Democracy; the exigencies of the crisis demanded caution; and to retain political power—a dear point—to temporize, must be conceded. The Constitution must be submitted to the people, and Governor Walker must be sustained.

At this time, forty-three clergymen and others, of Connecticut, addressed a memorial to the President, praying him to restrain the United States troops from aiding in enforcing the laws of the Territory. Mr. Buchanan, in his reply, declared that the forthcoming Constitution should be submitted to the people, and that he should uphold Governor Walker in his determination to effect such a result.

On the 5th of October, an election took place for Delegate to Congress,

which resulted in the success of Mr. Parrott, the Free State candidate. Before the election, Governor Walker had issued a proclamation giving his views as to the qualification of voters, and in which he said that he had no doubt that the Convention would submit its work to the people for ratification or rejection.

The election passed off quietly; but although Mr. Parrott was elected by a large majority, the political complexion of the Legislature was in doubt. The precinct of Oxford, in Johnson County, on the Missouri line, and which contained but six small houses, returned 1,628 votes, which served to elect three Democratic Councilmen, and seven out of eight Representatives. The fraud was notorious. The vote exceeded the legitimate one of the entire county, by two-thirds. A mere street divided Oxford from a little town in Missouri, named New Santa Fé; but not one citizen of the latter place crossed the border on election-day for an illegal purpose. The returns were manufactured in Lecompton. Governor Walker, appealed to by the Free State men, went himself to Oxford, to examine into the matter. He returned to Lecompton indignant, and— true and just, as he always was—rejected the spurious returns. This gave the incoming Legislature to the Free State men, and this was the first effective blow given to Mr. Calhoun's party in Kansas. As the Governor said, in a proclamation announcing his decision, he felt bound to adhere to the very letter of the law, in order to defeat a gross and palpable fraud; and the consideration that his own party would thereby lose a majority in the Legislative Assembly did not make his duty less solemn and imperative.

In McGee County, there were hardly seventy votes; yet a Democratic majority of some twelve hundred was sent in. Governor Walker rejected these returns also; whereupon, Judge Cato issued a *mandamus*, directing him to give certificates to the persons claiming to have been elected. Governor Walker silently refused to comply.

These acts still further stirred up against him the exasperation of Southern political leaders, who persistently demanded of Mr. Buchanan, but without success, his removal.

The Constitutional Convention re-assembled at Lecompton on the 19th. I was on my way back to the Territory at the time, but did not reach Leavenworth until the evening of November 3d. It was Sunday. As the Convention was drawing to a close, I was extremely desirous of hastening to Lecompton, without a moment's unnecessary delay. I met the well-known—impulsive and generous —Jack Henderson, who was then the proprietor of the leading pro-slavery journal at Leavenworth. He expressed his intention of going up to the Capital on the following day. I prevailed on him to make a night ride of it. We engaged a buggy, and at two o'clock in the morning were at Lawrence; at four, in bed at Lecompton.

The sun was just rising, as I was awakened by a vigorous knocking at my door. A servant said that the Attorney-General, Mr. Wier, desired to see me, at once. I dressed, went down to meet him, and we took a stroll to a secluded part of the river-bank.

He said that he had something to tell me that Mr. Calhoun was endeavoring to keep from Governor Walker; that a secret Caucus of a number of trusted pro-slavery Delegates had been held the night before, at which it was resolved that the Constitution should not be submitted to the people; that the slavery proposition was to be submitted, but in such a way—he did not know how—as that slavery should still exist in Kansas, and that none were to vote on the question, except those who had been registered for the election of Delegates to the

Constitutional Convention. He requested me to ascertain what I could in the matter, and give information to Governor Walker immediately.

By dint of much perseverance, I at length ascertained that the proposition was to submit the Constitution in the following words: "Constitution with Slavery," and "Constitution without Slavery." If the Constitution without Slavery should be adopted, still the slaves in the Territory at the ratification of the instrument, and their increase, were to be held as such, and no Legislature was to have power to emancipate them without the consent of their owners. Whichever way the people decided, the Constitution and Slavery were both to exist. As Governor Wise, of Virginia, said concerning it: It was heads I win, tails you lose.

At eleven o'clock I called upon Governor Walker, who gave me a very hearty welcome back to the Territory. Entering a private room, I asked him:

"Governor, what is the Convention going to do?"

Rubbing his hands with great glee, he replied:

"Submit the Constitution."

"Yes, Governor; but how?"

"Why, to the people, of course."

"To be sure; but will it submit the entire Constitution, or only the slavery provisions of it?"

He opened his eyes wide, and answered:

"The whole Constitution."

I then told him what had transpired in the Caucus of the preceding night.

After pacing the room thoughtfully awhile, he said:

"I am going to Washington. I will go down to Leavenworth to-day, where I will remain until after the adjournment of this Convention. Stay here for me and watch its proceedings. I have no influence over the body. Mr. Stanton will not go near it. My nephew, Captain Walker, shall stop here with you, and, if occasion requires, will bring down any dispatches you may have to send to me."

He then ordered out his ambulance. We took a glass together, and before twelve o'clock came, he had left Lecompton for the last time.

The Convention had thus far done no open work of consequence. Committees had been appointed to draft the several articles of the Constitution, but none, to this date, had reported. To-day, however, one article was handed in, discussed, amended, and adopted. On Tuesday, two others. On Wednesday and Thursday, still others. At length, late on Thursday afternoon, the great bone of contention was introduced, in the midst of a dead silence, that revealed the depth of the emotions with which members were filled. Work had been done during the week. There were wavering Delegates. Neither party was assured of victory. Each side hesitated as to commencing a discussion on the question. Finally, to the relief of all, a motion to adjourn was made, and carried unanimously.

The next day, the Convention met at ten o'clock, in the forenoon. After the reading of the minutes, Mr. Calhoun descended from the chair to the floor. In a speech of wonderful brilliancy and power—for Mr. Calhoun was an eloquent and gifted man—he argued with all the strength of his splendid intellect against a submission of the Constitution to those who, through prejudice, would inevitably defeat it. There was need of peace in the land; and this Convention, by erecting a sufficiently powerful State Government, could give it. The entire Union was in danger while bloody dissensions over the slavery-issue continued in Kansas. Owners should be protected in the slave-property already brought into the Territory; but let the people decide whether or not they would have the introduction of more. Which-

ever way they decided, let them, at all events, have a State organization. This Convention was building an independent and self-sustaining Government: let not the builders prepare the way for the destruction of their own structure.

The discussion continued until late in the afternoon. Every delegate was in his seat when the vote was taken. The result, to the astonishment of every one, was the defeat of Mr. Calhoun's party by a majority of one. Not knowing how the doubtful members would side, the opposition had expected defeat themselves. The consternation of one-half of the assembly, and the exultation of the other, were as intense as the surprise was sudden. With the swiftness of thought, a motion to reconsider the vote was made and tabled. Too late, now, to bring up the issue again! A motion to adjourn carried.

Few went to bed that night in Lecompton. Some did, in the morning. Mr. Calhoun sullenly shut himself up in his house with a number of friends, who drank his hot punches, and condoled with him. Among his guests was one who had voted with the majority. He was a half-breed Shawnee Chief, who went by the dignified name of Governor Walker, and who had been elected to the Convention from Johnson County.

Saturday was the last day of the assemblage. The Delegates straggled into the hall at long and irregular intervals. At eleven o'clock there was scarcely a quorum; but Mr. Calhoun's adherents were in a large majority. A motion was suddenly made and seconded to reconsider the vote of the previous day. Mr. Calhoun, in the midst of an angry and protesting tumult, put the motion, and declared it carried. Then there was hurrying to and fro enough! While a storm of words was kept up in the Convention, laggards of both sides were dragged remorselessly from their sheets, from their barbers'-chairs, from their breakfast-tables, and hustled on, pell-mell—some without their cocktails, some without their ablutions—to the Assembly-hall. At last, the members were all gathered in—all but one, and he was anxiously awaited by both factions, for, without him, there would be a tie. Where was the Shawnee, Governor Walker? Two members of each side went out to search for him. He was found not far off, and, unable to stand, was brought into the Convention supported by two of Mr. Calhoun's party. That decided the result. The final vote on submission was taken *viva voce*. When the Shawnee, Walker's name, was reached, there was a tie. His was, alphabetically, the last on the roll-call. "Vote *No*," whispered the guardians at either side of him. "*No*," he ejaculated, with a hiccup. And Mr. Calhoun was victor.

A large amount of closing-up work completed, the Convention adjourned *sine die*, at half-past ten o'clock. It was a black night, and rain had begun to fall heavily. Members, to grope more safely their way through the dark streets, made lanterns of foolscap paper, with bits of candle inserted, but the wind and rain soon extinguished the lights. There was not much exhilaration on the way home. A long-continued excitement had given way to a reactionary fatigue, and before long every body in the town was asleep.

I suggested to Captain Walker—a cavalry officer, stationed at Fort Leavenworth—that we harness up his team at once for departure. No others would go down until the following day. We ourselves could reach Leavenworth in the morning, thereby giving the Governor ten or twelve hours the start in conferring with leading Democrats. At all events, we could go as far as Lawrence. If then we concluded to proceed farther, we could reach Stranger Creek by daylight, and Leavenworth by nine

o'clock. His horse was fresh, in excellent condition, and fully able to make the journey in good time, notwithstanding the storm.

The rain was pattering on the roof over our heads. It had held up a little. Said the Captain, cheerfully: "Well, I am a soldier; and if you can stand it, I can."

Sending for the horse and buggy—the buggy an open one—we wrapped ourselves up warmly; buttoned our blue water-proof military coats to the chin; laid in a sufficient supply of superior brandy—a ten-gallon keg of which had been sent to the Governor by some New York Custom-house officers; packed away matches and cigars; and then laughed at the thought of the night-ride we were going to take.

We let the horse have his own way on the road, of course. In due time, he brought us safely to Lawrence, where we were delayed a considerable time before we could prevail on the ferryman to convey us across the river. The rain had ceased falling, and a sharp, freezing wind had taken its place. We thought it best, nevertheless, to continue on. What with the enlivening custom-house liquid, and improvised songs, and merriment over the ridiculous rhymes we made, and an unflagging animal that knew every foot of the way, we came all at once, unexpectedly, to the Stranger bottom, and just as the day was breaking. We forded the stream, drove leisurely the remainder of the way, and, in good season, drove up to the Governor's door.

The Governor, with George N. Saunders, who was then in the Territory, and another gentleman, was keeping "bachelor's" house at a suburban settlement a short distance from the city, called Cincinnati. As we drove up, Mr. Saunders came out to meet us. The Governor was asleep, he said; and he requested us to call later in the day. The Captain's family being at the fort, he was well pleased to have a possible opportunity of breakfasting with them. He drove off with alacrity, but had hardly fairly started, when Mr. Saunders hailed us to return. The Governor desired to see me, he said; the Captain could go on alone.

The Governor was in bed. I took a seat beside him, and told him all that had transpired during the week at Lecompton. Thanking me for what services I had rendered him, he made inquiries concerning Mr. Stanton. I had scarcely once seen Mr. Stanton while the Convention was in session. He lived some three miles from the town, and when he came in I was probably in the Convention-hall, which he would not visit himself. Would he remain firm! the Governor wondered. Or would he, now that the Constitution was framed, fall in, as a Democrat, and support it!

Work was done that day. The excitement in the city was universal. Arrangements were made for an early Democratic condemnation meeting. At night, when Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Isaacs came down, their chances for seats in the United States Senate had disappeared.

Having had but little rest for the past three days and two nights, I retired early and slept well into the forenoon of the next day. Going out into the streets, I met a messenger from the Governor. The Governor desired to see me immediately, he said. I went out to his house, and found him in quite a fever of anxiety concerning Mr. Stanton.

A Democratic newspaper was published weekly, on Wednesdays, at Lecompton. Its editor, Mr. Driggs, being absent, Mr. Stanton was temporarily writing its leaders. What would he say about the Constitution? Would he, after all, as a matter of party policy, give it his support? This was Monday. The paper would go to press on the morrow. Surely, there was no time to lose, if

Mr. Stanton was to be consulted or advised.

I suggested that a messenger, in the saddle, be dispatched at once with a letter to the Secretary. "Thomas," said the Governor, calling a servant, "saddle a horse directly. I want you to go to Lecompton." I left him writing the letter.

Late in the afternoon I was surprised to see Thomas step into the office of the Planter's House. "Why, Thomas, you ought to be near Lecompton by this time," said I. "The Governor wants to see you," was his response.

I went out to Cincinnati again. An ambulance, with four fresh horses attached, was standing at the Executive door. It was snowing slightly. Said the Governor to me: "Will you do me the favor to go up yourself and see Mr. Stanton? You can talk to him more fully than I can write."

At five o'clock, with a genial driver, I started. A generous supply of provisions for supper had been laid in. We both had lanterns. Although it snowed incessantly, the weather was, notwithstanding, quite comfortable. I dozed, by turns, and exchanged stories with Jehu. We crossed the Stranger in good time, arrived at Lawrence at midnight, and at two o'clock were in Lecompton.

The Governor, so anxious was he, had urged me to see Mr. Stanton at the earliest moment, at whatever hour of the night it might be. As there was no necessity to call Mr. Stanton, drowsy and shivering, out of his bed at three o'clock in the morning, I incontinently sent the horses off to their stable.

At nine o'clock I met him. He was in fine spirits. He was glad that I had come up, he said; he wanted to read to me his editorial on the Constitution. He would not tell me, in advance, the tenor of it—I must wait till I could hear it read.

It was exactly what was required. It was republished everywhere in the United States. There was no doubt—no hesitation—no ifs nor buts about it. It said, in substance, that the Constitution was a swindle, concocted by a convocation of desperate political gamblers; that it could not be indorsed by the Democracy of the Territory or of the country at large; that there was nothing for either the National or the Territorial Administration to do but to repudiate it; that its adoption would be a disgrace to the principle of impartial suffrage, and that those who had a hand in getting it up should be consigned to perpetual political oblivion. The article was sufficient. It was simply impossible that its author could go wrong on the question.

I told Mr. Stanton that Governor Walker desired him to return with me to Leavenworth. We let the horses rest that day, and at evening, after taking a few impressions of the editorial, went down to Lawrence to pass the night. Mr. Stanton was there waited upon by a number of the Free State leaders, who were anxious as to the course that, as Acting-Governor, he would pursue with reference to the Lecompton affair, when Governor Walker should leave the Territory. Would Governor Stanton furnish them with an opportunity to vote down the Constitution at the polls? How could he? he asked. By convening the newly-elected Free State Legislature in December, instead of January, they replied. The proposition was one not to be entertained for a moment, I thought; but Mr. Stanton listened reflectively to the arguments and appeals made in its favor, and evidently with an inclination to comply with the dangerous request.

The new Legislature could not legally come into authority until the first Monday in January. To that date the old one existed. The Lecompton Convention had provided that its work should be submitted to the people for ratification on the 21st of December; the bal-

lots to read, "Constitution, with Slavery," and "Constitution, without Slavery." The State election was to be held on the 4th of January following. Now, the Free State men, while they wanted an opportunity to vote down the Constitution, had resolved to take the chances, and run a ticket for State officers themselves, on the 4th of January, with the understanding, however, that if successful, their candidates should not accept place. Only such of them as were registered could vote a State ticket; and if the new Legislature could be convened in December, a law, whether constitutional or not, could be passed giving every man who had resided in the Territory six months the right to express his approval or disapproval of the Lecompton instrument. The sense of the people on the subject could thus be obtained in season, and before Congress could take action on it. By waiting until the first Monday in January, it would be too late, as the final election ordered by the Convention was to take place on the 4th of that month. So contended the Free State leaders.

Mr. Stanton gave them no promise; but as we rode to Leavenworth, the next day, I saw clearly, from his conversation, that he intended to comply with their desire. I had no idea that Governor Walker would countenance so revolutionary a proceeding, and so told him, but he only smiled and answered: "It may be for me political suicide; but in giving all the people a chance to vote on the Constitution entire, I shall be doing right, and shall fulfill my solemn pledge to them."

Through the instrumentality of Judge Johnston, a Government official, an arrangement was made for General Lane and two or three friends, to meet the Governor at Fort Leavenworth (where he had now taken up his quarters) on the following Saturday. Mr. Stanton, General Harney, and one or two others, were present at the interview. The object was to secure the Governor's acquiescence in the premature calling of the Legislature. He would not yield it; but, after an hour's interchanging of views, he turned to Mr. Stanton, and said: "I take passage for St. Louis on the next boat. I shall leave the administration of the Government in your hands. I have all reliance in your discretion." That afternoon Mr. Stanton returned to Lecompton.

The next day, the Governor took rooms at the Planters' House, in the city, which was quite near the steamboat landing. The boat would come down from above some time in the night. Mr. Saunders and myself sat up with him waiting for it. At one o'clock, the whistle summoned us aboard. After introducing him to the Captain, we shook hands with him, and bade him good-by.

He left Kansas in entire expectation that he would be sustained by Mr. Buchanan. The news that the President had deserted him could not, for a long time, be believed by the astounded people of the Territory.

On the 1st of December, Governor Stanton summoned the Legislature to convene on the 7th of the month. The act, as he had anticipated, was political suicide. Mr. Buchanan, as soon as he heard of it, removed him. But it was the decisive blow given to the minority and usurping pro-slavery party. It gave the suppressed majority their freedom. It brought peace, at last, to the land.

The Legislature met on the 7th. It had been stipulated that but one law should be passed—an Act providing for a vote on the Lecompton Constitution. The pledge was broken by the Free State men. General Lane wanted to have immediate command of the militia. To gratify him, a bill organizing the Territorial militia was passed. Governor Stanton was much exercised, in con-

sequence, and vetoed it; but the veto was overridden by more than the requisite two-thirds vote.

In the meantime, after the President, in his annual message, had taken a decided stand in favor of the Constitution, Governor Walker resigned, and James W. Denver was sent to the Territory to succeed Acting-Governor Stanton.

On the 21st, the vote on the Constitution resulted as follows: Constitution, with slavery, 5,143; without slavery, 569. On the 4th of January, some 11,000 ballots were cast in opposition.

And now the struggle over the disturbing question was removed to Washington. After an angry contest in Congress that continued for upward of two months, a bill was agreed upon which provided that the Constitution, amended in certain particulars, should be submitted to the people of Kansas for ratification, or rejection. It was rejected. The election passed off without the least excitement, the pro-slavery men having now, after so many defeats, lost all interest in the result. Mr. Calhoun, in disgust, removed the Surveyor-General's office to Nebraska. Governor Denver and his successors had quiet and uninteresting administrations. When Governor Denver retired, Mr. Buchanan wrote him a complimentary note, in which he thanked him for bringing the disturbances of the Territory to an end. If Mr. Buchanan had succeeded in imposing the obnoxious Constitution upon the people, Governor Denver might, indeed, have had an opportunity to show what administrative abilities he possessed. As it was, it was as Governor Shannon once said: "If I were a Governor again, I would do as Denver does — sit in my chair and do nothing."

Mr. Stanton remained in the Territory, with his family, some time after his removal. As I have said, he should have been the first elected United States Senator from Kansas. The Free State men should have generously remembered his invaluable services to them. They neglected him, however; and lately he has given his time to the practice of his profession at Washington.

MR. ELA'S STORY.

THREE or four years ago, my husband and I were making a winter voyage up the Oregon coast. The weather was not peculiarly bad: it was the ordinary winter weather, with a quartering wind, giving the ship an awkward motion over an obliquely rolling sea. Cold, sick, thoroughly uncomfortable, with no refuge but the narrow and dimly-lighted state-room, I was reduced in the first twenty-four hours to a condition of ignominious helplessness, hardly willing to live, and not yet fully wishing or intending to die.

In this unhappy frame of mind the close of the second weary day found me, when my husband opened our state-room door to say that Mr. Ela, of ——, Oregon, was on board, and proposed to come and talk to me, in the hope of amusing me and making me forget my wretchedness. Submitting rather than agreeing to the proposal, chairs were brought and placed just inside the door-way, where the light of the saloon lamps shone athwart the countenance of my self-constituted physician. He was a young man, and looked younger than his years; slightly built, though possessing a supple, well-knit frame, with hands of an elegant shape, fine texture, and great expression. You saw at a glance that he

had a poet's head, and a poet's sensitiveness of face; but it was only after observation that you saw how much the face was capable of which it did not convey, for faces are apt to indicate not so much individual culture as the culture of those with whom we are habitually associated. Mr. Ela's face clearly indicated to me the intellectual poverty, the want of æsthetic cultivation in his accustomed circle of society, at the same time that it suggested possible phases of great beauty, should it ever become possible for certain emotions to be habitually called to the surface by sympathy. Evidently a vein of drollery in his nature had been better appreciated, and oftener exhibited to admiring audiences, than any of the finer qualities of thought or sentiment of which you instinctively knew him to be capable; and yet the face protested against it, too, by a gentle irony with a hint of self-scorn in it, as if its owner, in his own estimation, wrote himself a buffoon for his condescension. Altogether it was a good face, but one to make you wish it were better, since by not being so it was untrue to itself. I remember thinking all this, looking out with sluggish interest from my berth, while the two gentlemen did a little preliminary talking.

Mr. Ela's voice, I observed, like his face, was susceptible of great change and infinite modulations. Deep chest tones were followed by finely attenuated sounds; droning nasal tones, by quick and clear ones. The quality of the voice was soft and musical; the enunciation slow, often emphatic. His manner was illustrative, egotistic, and keenly watchful of effects.

"You never heard the story of my adventure in the mountains?" Ela began, turning to me with the air of a man who had made up his mind to tell his story.

"No; please tell it."

"Well"—running his tapering fingers through his hair and pulling it over his forehead—"I started out in life with a theory, and it was this: that no young man should ask a woman to marry him until he had prepared a home for her. Correct, wasn't it? I was about nineteen years old when I took up some land down in the Rogue River Valley, and worked away at it with this object."

"Had you really a wife selected at that age?"

"No; but it was the fashion in early times in that country to marry early, and I was getting ready, according to my theory; don't you see? I was pretty successful, too; had considerable stock, built me a house, made a flower garden for my wife—even put up the pegs or nails she was to hang her dresses on. I intended that fall to get on my horse, ride through the Wallamet Valley, and find me my girl."

At the notion of courting in that offhand, general style, both my husband and I laughed doubtingly. Ela laughed, too, but as if the recollection pleased him.

"You think that is strange, do you? 'Twasn't so very strange in those days, because girls were scarce, don't you see. There wasn't a girl within forty miles of me; and just the thought of one, now, as I was fixing those nails to hang her garments on—why, it just ran through me like a shock of electricity!

"Well, as I said, I had about two hundred and fifty head of cattle, a house with a garden, a young orchard, and vegetables growing—every thing in readiness for the wife I had counted on getting to help me take care of it. And what do you think happened? There came such a plague of grasshoppers upon the valley that they destroyed every green thing: crops, orchard, flowers, grass, every thing! My stock died—the greater portion of them—and, *I was ruined.*" (Deep bass.) "I considered myself disappointed in love, too, because, though I hadn't yet found my girl, I knew she was somewhere in the valley waiting for

me; and I felt somehow, when the grasshoppers ate up every thing, as if I had been jilted. Actually, it pierces me with a pang now to think of those useless pegs on which so often my imagination hung a pink calico dress and a girl's sun-bonnet."

Knitting his brows, and sighing as he shifted his position, Ela once more pulled the hair over his forehead, in his peculiar fashion, and went on:

"I became misanthropic—felt myself badly used. Packing up my books and a few other traps, I started for the mountains with what stock I had left, built myself a fort, and played hermit."

"A regular fort?"

"A stockade eighteen feet high, with an embankment four feet high around it, a strong gate, a tent in the middle of the inclosure, all my property, such as books, feed, arms, etc., inside."

"On account of Indians?"

"Indians and White Men. Yes, I've seen a good many Indians through the bead of my rifle. They learned to keep away from my fort. There were mining camps down in the valley, and you know the hangers-on of those camps? I sold beef to the miners; had plenty of money by me sometimes. It was necessary to be strongly forted."

"What a strange life for a boy! What did you do? How spend your time?"

"I herded my cattle, drove them to market, cooked, studied, wrote, and indulged in misanthropy, with a little rifle practice. By the time I had been one summer in the mountains, I had got my hand in, and knew how to make money buying up cattle to sell again in the mines."

"So there was method in your madness — misanthropy, I mean?"

"Well, a man can not resign life before he is twenty-one. I was doing well, and beginning to think again of visiting the Wallamet to hunt up my girl. One Sunday afternoon — I knew it was Sunday, because I kept a journal — I was sitting outside of my fort writing, when a shadow fell across the paper, and, looking up, lo! a skeleton figure stood before me." (Sepulchral tones, and a pause.) "Used as I was to lonely encounters with strange men, my hair stood on end as I gazed on the spectre before me. He was the merest boy in years; pretty and delicate by nature, and then reduced by starvation to a shadow. His story was soon told. He had left Boston on a vessel coming out to the northwest coast, had been wrecked at the mouth of the Umpqua, and been wandering about in the mountains ever since, subsisting as best he could on roots and berries. But you are becoming tired?"

"No, I assure you; on the contrary, growing deeply interested."

"The boy was not a young woman in disguise, or any thing like that, you know" — with an amused look at me. "I thought you'd think so; but as he comes into the story as a collateral, I just mention his introduction to myself. I fed him and nursed him until he was able to go to work, and then I got Sam Chong Lung to let him take up a claim alongside a Chinese camp, promising to favor the Chinaman in a beef contract if he was good to the boy. His claim proved a good one, and he was making money, when two Chinamen stole a lot of horses from Sam Chong Lung, and he offered $400 to Edwards if he would go after them and bring them back. Edwards asked my advice, and I encouraged him to go, telling him how to take and bring back his prisoners." (Reflective pause.) "You can't imagine me living alone, now can you? Such an egotistical fellow as I am, and fond of ladies' society. You can't believe it, can you?"

"Hermits and solitaires are always egotists, I believe. As to the ladies, your loneliness was the result of circumstances, as you have explained."

"Well, I should have missed Edwards a good deal, if it had not been for some singular *incidents* which happened during his absence." Ela always accented the last syllable of any word ending in e-n-t, like "incident" or "commencement," giving it besides a peculiar nasal sound, which was sure to secure the attention. The word incident, as he pronounced it, produced quite a different effect from the same word spoken in the usual style.

"A man came to my fort one day who was naked and starving. He was a bad looking fellow; but a man naturally does look bad when his clothes are in rags, and his bones protruding through his skin. I clothed him, fed him, cared for him kindly, until he was able to travel, and then he went away. The next Sunday, I was sitting outside the stockade, as customary, reading some translations of the Greek poets, when, on raising my eyes from the book to glance over the approach to my fort—I was always on the alert—I beheld A VISION. Remember, I had not seen a woman for a year and a half! She was slowly advancing, riding with superb grace a horse of great beauty and value, richly caparisoned. She came slowly up the trail, as if to give me time for thought, and I needed it. That picture is still indelibly impressed upon my mind; the very flicker of the sunlight and shadow across the road, and the glitter of her horse's trappings, as he champed his bit and arched his neck with impatience at her restraining hand——. Are you very tired?" asked Ela suddenly.

"Never less so in my life; pray go on."

"You see I had been alone so long, and I am very susceptible. That vision coming upon me suddenly as it did, in my solitude, gave me the strangest sensations I ever had. I was spell-bound. Not so she. Reining in her horse beside me, she squared around in her saddle, as if asking assistance to dismount. Struggling with my embarrassment, I helped her down, and she accepted my invitation into the fort, signifying, at the same time, that she wished me to attend to stripping and feeding her horse. This gave us mutually an opportunity to prepare for the coming interview.

"When I returned to my guest, she had laid aside her riding-habit and close sun-bonnet, and stood revealed a young, beautiful, elegantly-dressed woman. To my unaccustomed eyes, she looked a goddess. Her figure was noble; her eyes large, black, and melting; her hair long and curling; her manner easy and attractive. She was hungry, she said; would I give her something to eat? And, while I was on hospitable cares intent, she read to me some of my Greek poems, especially an ode of one of the votaries of Diana, with comments by herself. She was a splendid reader. Well, now," said Ela, slowly, with a furtive glance at me, and in his peculiar nasal tones, "you can guess whether a young man, used to the mountains, as I was, and who had been disappointed and jilted as I had been, enjoyed this sort of thing or not. It wasn't in my line, you see, this entertaining goddesses; though, doubtless, in this way, before now, men have entertained angels unawares. You shall judge whether I did.

"What with reading, eating together, singing—she sang 'Kate Kearney' for me, and her voice was glorious—our acquaintance ripened very fast. Finally, I conquered my embarrassment so far as to ask her some questions about herself, and she told me that she was of a good New England family, raised in affluence, well educated, accomplished, but, by a freak of fortune, reduced to poverty: that she had come to California resolved to get money, and had got it. She went from camp to camp of the miners with stationery, and other trifling articles needed by them; sold them these

things, wrote letters for them, sang to them, nursed them when sick, or carried letters express to San Francisco, to be mailed. For all these services, she received high prices, and had also had a good deal of gold given to her in specimens. I asked her if she liked that kind of a life, so contrary to her early training. She answered me: 'It's not what we choose that we select to do in this world, but what chooses us to do it. I have made a competency, and gained a rich and varied experience. If life is not what I once dreamed it was, I am content.' But she sighed as she said it, and I couldn't believe in her content."

"You have not told us yet what motive brought her to you," I remarked, in an interval of silence.

"No; she hadn't told me herself, then. By and by, I asked her, in my green kind of a way, what brought her to see *me*. I never shall forget the smile with which she turned to answer me. We were sitting quite close: it never was in my nature, when once acquainted with a woman, to keep away from her. Her garments brushed my knees; occasionally, in the enthusiasm of talk, I leaned near her cheek. You know how it was. I was thinking of the useless pegs in my house down in the valley. 'You will be disappointed,' she said, 'when you learn that I came to do you a real service.' And then she went on to relate that, having occasion to pass the night at a certain place not many miles away, she had overheard, through the thin partitions of the house, the description of my fort, an account of my wealth, real or supposed, and a plan for my murder and robbery. The would-be murderer was so described as to make it quite certain that it was he whom I had fed, clothed, and sent away rejoicing, only a few days previous. I was inclined to treat the matter as a jest; but she awed me into belief and humility at once by the majesty with which she reproved my unbelief: 'A *woman* does not trifle with subjects like this; nor go out of her way to tell travelers tales. I warn you. Good-by.'

"After this she would not stay, though I awkwardly expressed my regret at her going. By her command, I saddled her horse, and helped her mount him. Once in the saddle, her humor turned, and she reminded me that I had not invited her to return. She said she 'could fancy that a week of reading, talking, riding, trout-fishing, and romancing generally, up there in those splendid woods, might be very charming. Was I going to ask her to come?'

"I didn't ask her. A young man with a reputation to sustain up there in the mountains, couldn't invite a young lady to come and stop a week with him, could he? I must have refused to invite her, now, mustn't I?"

The perfect ingenuousness with which Ela put these questions, and the plaintive appeal against the hard requirements of social laws in the mountains, which was expressed in his voice and accent, were so indescribably ludicrous that both my husband and myself laughed convulsively. "I never tell my wife that part of the story, for fear she might not believe in my regard for appearances, knowing how fond I am of ladies' society. And the struggle *was* great; I assure you, it was *great*.

"So she went away. As she rode slowly down the trail, she turned and kissed her hand to me, with a gesture of such grace and sweetness that I thrilled all over. I've never been able to quite forgive myself for what happened afterward. *She came back, and I drove her away!* Usually, when I tell that to women, they call me mean and ungrateful; but a young man living alone in the mountains has his reputation to look after—now, hasn't he? That's what I ought to have done—now, wasn't it?—what I always say I did do. It was the

right thing to do, under the circumstances, wasn't it?"

While we had our laugh out, Ela shifted position, shook himself, and thridded his soft, light hair with his slender fingers. He was satisfied with his success in conveying an impression of the sort of care he took of his reputation. "Now, then, I was left alone again, in no pleasant frame of mind. I couldn't doubt what my beautiful visitant had told me, and the thought of my murder all planned out was depressing, to say the least of it. But, as sure as I am telling you, the departure of my unknown friend depressed me more than the thought of my possible murder. The gate barred for the night, I sat and looked into my fire for hours, thinking wild thoughts, and hugging to my lonely bosom an imaginary form. The solitude and the sense of loss were awful.

"This was Sunday night. Tuesday morning I received a visit from three or four mounted men, one of whom was my former naked and hungry *protégé*. He did not now try to conceal his character from me; but said he was going down to clean out the Chinese camp, and proposed to me to join him, saying that when Edwards returned with the horses we would pay him the $400, as agreed by Sam Chong Lung. I was on my guard; but told him I would have nothing to do with robbing the Chinese; that they were my friends and customers, and he had better let them alone; after which answer he went off. That afternoon, Edwards came in with his prisoners and horses. He was very tired, on account of having traveled at night, to prevent the rescue of his prisoners by other vagabonds, and to avoid the Indians.

"You will understand how the presence of the horses increased my peril, as there was no doubt the scoundrels meant to take them. It wouldn't do either to let Edwards go on to the Chinese camp; so I persuaded him to wait another day. We brought the prisoners, bound, inside the fort, and took care of the horses. I said nothing to Edwards of my suspicions.

"About dusk, my expected visitor came. He appeared to have been drinking; and, after some mumbling talk, laid down inside the fort, near the gate. I made the gate fast, driving the big wooden pins home with an axe; built up a great fire, and sent Edwards to bed in the tent. The Chinese prisoners were already asleep on the ground. Then I sat down on the opposite side of the fire, facing the gate, placed my double-barreled rifle beside me, and mounted guard."

"Had you no arms but your rifle?" asked my husband, anxiously.

"I wanted none other, for we understood each other—my rifle and I."

"What were you looking for; what did you expect? A hand-to-hand encounter with these men?" was next my inquiry.

"It seemed most likely that he had planned an attack on the fort. If so, his associates would be waiting outside for a signal. He had intended, when he laid down close to the gate, to open it to them; but when I drove the pins in so tight I caught a gleam from his eyes that was not a drunken one, and he knew that I suspected him. After that, it was a contest of skill and will between us. He was waiting his opportunity, and so was I.

"You think I've a quick ear, don't you? You see what my temperament is: all sense—all consciousness. My hearing was cultivated, too, by listening for Indians. Well, by and by, I detected a very stealthy movement outside the fort, and then a faint chirrup, such as a young squirrel might make. In an instant the drunken man sprang up; and I covered him with my rifle, cocked. He saw the movement and drew his pis-

tol, but not before I had ordered him to throw down his arms, *or* DIE."

It is impossible to convey, by types, an idea of Ela's manner or tone as he pronounced these last words. They sounded from the bottom of his chest, and conveyed in the utterance, a distinct notion that death was what was meant. Hearing him repeat the command, it was easy to believe that the miscreant dared not do more than hesitate in his obedience. After a moment's silence—which was the climax to his rendering of the scene—he continued:

"I havn't told you, yet, how the man looked. He was a tall, swarthy, black-bearded fellow, who might have been handsome once; but who had lost the look which distinguishes men in sympathy with their kind; so that then he resembled some cruel beast, in the shape of a man, yet whose disguise fitted him badly. His eyes burned like rubies, out of the gloomy caverns under his shaggy eyebrows. His lips were drawn apart, so that his teeth glistened. The man's whole expression, as he stood there, glaring at me, was Hate and Murder.

"My eye never winked, while he hesitated. He saw that, and it made him quail. With my finger on the trigger, I kept my rifle leveled, while he threw down his arms—pistols and knife—with a horrible oath. With the knife in his hand, he made a movement, as if he would rush on me; but changed his purpose in time to stop my fire. His cursing was awful—the foam flew from his mouth. He demanded to be let out of the fort; accused me of bad intentions toward him, and denounced me for a robber and murderer. To all his ravings I had but one answer: To be quiet, to obey me, and he might live; dare to disobey me, and he should die.

"I directed him to sit down on the opposite side of the fire—not to move from that one spot—not to make a doubtful motion. And then I told him I knew what he was, and what he had meant to do. When he became convinced of this, he broke down utterly, and wept like a child, declaring that now he knew my pluck, and I had been the first man ever to get the best of him, he loved me like a brother!

"There was a long night before us, and I had got to sit there, with my rifle across my knees, till morning. I could move a little, to stir up or add to the fire; but he could have no liberty whatever. The restraint was horrible to him. One moment he laughed uneasily—another cursed or cried. It was a strange scene, wasn't it? Finally, to pass the time, I asked him to relate the history of his life. He wanted first to shake hands, for the love he bore me. Touching my rifle, significantly, I pointed to a stick lying across the fire between us. 'That is our boundary line: don't go to reaching your hands over that.' Then he sank into a fit of gloom and sullenness.

"We must have remained thus silent until near midnight. Several times I observed him listening to slight sounds outside the fort. But his associates must have given up the game and gone off, for, as the morning hours approached, he ceased to listen, and every thing remained quiet. His head was bent forward, his chin resting on his breast, the shaggy beard spreading over it like a mantle."

"How horrible it must have been to keep such company. Why not call on Edwards?"

"The boy was worn out; and there was no need. I was very much strung up, too; so that the exhaustion of sleeplessness, fatigue, or excitement was not felt or noticed. But *he* suffered. He was like a hyena caged, though he showed it only by involuntary movements and furtive glances. Finally, he could bear it no longer, and entreated me piteously, abjectly, to give him his freedom or blow

out his brains. I told him he couldn't have his freedom, just yet; but he knew how to get his brains blown out, if he desired it. Then followed more execration, ending in renewed protestations of regard for me. I reminded him that talking would relieve the irksomeness of his position, again inviting him to tell me his history. He replied, that if he talked about himself, he should be sure to get excited and move about; but I promised to remind him.

"Once on the subject of himself, it seemed to have a fascination for him. What he told me was, in substance, this: He had been honestly raised, by good, affectionate parents, in the State of Missouri—loved a young girl, in the town where he lived; and, wishing to marry her, had resolved to go to California, to make the necessary money, quickly. He was successful—returned, full of joyful anticipations, and arrived at an old neighbor's, a few miles from his home, having hardly tasted food or taken any rest the previous twenty-four hours.

"While he hastily ate some breakfast and listened to the friendly gossip of his entertainers, one name, the name of her he loved, his promised wife, was mentioned. *She was married.* He staggered to his feet, asking the name of her husband; and when he heard it, he knew he had been betrayed by that man. He could recall a strange sensation in his brain, as if molten lead had been poured into it: that was the last of his recollections. Afterward, he learned that he had been weeks in a brain fever.

"When he had recovered, some of his old friends, thinking to do him honor, made an evening party for him. To this party came his love, and her husband—his betrayer. When she gave her hand to welcome him home, and looked in his eyes, he knew that she, too, had been betrayed. Again the molten lead seemed poured upon his brain. Turning to leave the room, Fate placed in his path the man he now hated with a deadly hatred. With one blow of a knife, he laid him dead at his feet. A few hours later, in the desperation of trying to escape, he killed two other men. Then he eluded his pursuers, and got back to California. Since then, he had reveled in murder, and every species of crime. Once he had seen, in the streets of Sacramento, the woman he loved. Up to that moment, it had never occurred to him that she was free. Following her to her home, he forced himself into her house, and reminded her of their former relations. She had denied all knowledge of him, finally calling upon her husband, to satisfy him. The husband ordered him out of the house, and he shot him. Then, the Vigilantes made it hazardous to remain in California. He fled to the mountains, where he was nearly starved out, when I took him in and fed and clothed him.

"Such was his story. My blood curdled in my veins, as I listened to the recital of his atrocities. 'In God's name,' I said, 'who are you—what is your name?' 'I am Boone Helm.'"

"Who was Boone Helm?" I asked.

"One of the greatest desperadoes that ever was on this coast. He met his fate, afterward, up east of the mountains."

"What did you do with him? What *could* you do with him?"

"You ought to have shot him while you had him," my husband suggested.

"*I* didn't want to shoot him. He said, if I had been a coward, I would have killed him. To confess the truth, the wretch appealed to my sympathies. I don't think he had ever been sane since the time when he felt the 'molten lead poured into his brain.' I knew somebody was sure to kill him, before long; so, when morning came, I called Edwards to open the gate; and, when it was unbarred, escorted my visitor out, telling him that there was not room enough in that part of the country for

both of us, and that the next time I pointed my rifle at him it would be to shoot. I never saw him again."

"Then he did not molest the Chinese camp?"

"No. Edwards got his four hundred dollars, and went home to Boston."

There fell a silence upon us, and, through my open door, I could see that the cabin was nearly deserted. Ela seemed wearied—sighed, and made a movement, as if to go.

"What about your Guardian Angel?" my husband asked. "You have not told us about her second coming."

"I always say that she didn't come; or else I say that she came, and I drove her away. That is proper; isn't it, now?" glancing at me.

"But *I* want to know if you have seen her—if you never met her anywhere in the world—since that time. I have a right to be curious—yes, or no?" I urged, laughingly.

"How do you feel, now?"—with a light laugh and peculiar change of expression.

"O, better; a great deal better. To be perfectly cured, I only need to hear the sequel."

"I may as well tell it, I suppose. It has been running in my head all day. Wouldn't want my wife to know it. Didn't think of meeting her when I came down to 'Frisco. You see, I've been in Oregon a long while—never traveled on a railroad in my life—wanted to see something of the great outside-world—and so, ran down to the great city to see the sights. The first thing I did, I went up to Colfax, on the cars; and while I was up there, the engineer invited me to take a ride on the engine—a special one. Now, I knew that he meant to astonish me, because he thought I was green; and I didn't know, really, how fast the thing ought to run. But we came down the grade with a speed that was ter-rif-ic!—more than a mile a minute, the engineer said. When we got to Lincoln, the fellow asked me, with his superior sort of smile, 'How I liked *that* rate of travel?' I told him I liked *that* pretty well; 'but, I suppose, when you want to make time, you can travel at a considerably *more* accelerated rate of locomotion?'"

How we laughed at the natural drollery of the man—the deliberate utterance—the unsophisticated air. While we laughed, he prepared himself to finish his story.

"It was only day before yesterday," he said, "that I met her. I happened to be in the parlor of the hotel when she came in. At first, I wasn't certain of its being her; but, as I watched her, I became certain of it. And she recognized me: I felt certain of that, too. It was in the early part of the evening, and I had to wait until the people in the parlor would disperse. She saw what I was waiting for, and stayed, too; she told me with her eyes that she *remembered.* After awhile, she went to the piano, and played and sang 'Kate Kearney.' Then, I was satisfied that she would not leave me before I had spoken to her. As soon as the opportunity came, we confessed ourselves."

"Was she married? was she happy?"

"She was married, yes. Happy? she told me, as she had once before, that she was 'content.' She said it with a sigh, as she did the first time; and I doubted her, as I did then. But they are putting out the lights. There is always, in this world, somebody going around, putting out our lights. Good-night."

"Good-night."

MANITOBA—THE RED RIVER COUNTRY.

SUCH is the name given to that portion of British North America adjoining the fertile State of Minnesota and the infant Territories of Dakota and Montana, lying between the Rocky Mountains on the west, and Canada on the east. Being utterly destitute of any practicable means of communication with the sea-board on either side, very little intelligent and reliable information concerning its actual practical value has ever been obtained, and its resources remain in their primitive condition. Out of its obscure seclusion it would, however, from time to time, emerge to notice, through the occurrence within it of stirring events, produced either by political dissensions, or intrigues for political aggrandizement. During the last two hundred years, it has been under the absolute control of the "last great monopoly"—the Hudson Bay Company. The charter, which they obtained from Charles II, in 1670, granted to them the absolute right and title to all the lands situated in North America drained by streams flowing into Hudson Bay, "that are not actually possessed or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or State." The exclusive rights to all its resources, and absolute authority over its inhabitants, were also granted to them in the charter, for the paltry consideration of "two elks and two black beavers," payable "wheresoever, and as often as we, our heirs and successors, shall happen to enter into the said countries, territories, and regions hereby granted." These conditions, however, were merely nominal, as no royal visit was ever made to the country. The territory was then designated Rupert's Land, in honor of Prince Rupert, Governor of the Corporation. All other of the King's subjects were strictly prohibited from visiting, or in any way trading, within its limits, unless licensed to do so by the Governor of the company, under pain of his royal indignation. This prohibition, however, did not debar the formation, in 1784, of a rival corporation, called the North-west Company, which engaged about two thousand men in its service, and established its headquarters at Montreal. It took possession of unoccupied lands not included in the Hudson Bay Company's Charter, disputed its exclusive right to the territory, and unhesitatingly encroached upon its trading privileges. The rivalry of the two companies was undisturbed until the commencement of the present century, at which time Lord Selkirk, a young and ambitious Scotch nobleman, determined to secure possession of the Red River Valley. He had heard wonderful stories told of its great fertility by the members of the North-west Company, by whom he was entertained when he visited Montreal. Conceiving a plan to attain his ambitious design, upon his return to England he purchased a sufficient quantity of Hudson Bay stock to enable him to control the committee's actions, and allow him, under cover of their charter, to carry out his aggressive schemes against the North-west Company. In 1811, he obtained from his company a grant by deed of the Red River District, and succeeded, by flattering offers, in prevailing upon a body of Scotch Highlanders to leave their homes and emigrate to it. At this time, this district furnished the principal part of the supply of provisions consumed by the North-

west Company's *employés;* but, inasmuch as the streams draining it flowed into Hudson Bay, it came within the limits of the charter of the Hudson Bay Company. Such being the case, Selkirk believed that they had only to lay claim to it, to be able to expel all intruders immediately. Proclamations to that effect were promptly issued. The same were read by their rivals, but utterly disregarded, as they continued to pursue their trade, with their usual diligence, within the restricted limits. Quarrels were, consequently, of frequent occurrence; but no actual collision took place until 1816, at which time the Governor of the settlement, with twenty of his followers, were killed by the North-westers, and the whole colony compelled to seek shelter at Norway House, a trading fort situated north of Lake Winnipeg. In order to make his title complete and doubly secure, Lord Selkirk, in 1817, entered into a treaty with the aboriginal tribes—the Cree and Chippeway Indians—for the purpose of extinguishing any claims which they might possess over the land occupied by the settlement. By this treaty it was mutually agreed that he should obtain full possession of the soil "as far back from the banks of the river as a horse could be seen under," on condition that he should pay annually to their Chiefs "one hundred pounds of good merchantable tobacco," the agreement being signed by Selkirk and the following Chiefs: Moche W. Keocab, (*Le sonnant*); Mechudewikonaie, (*La robe noire*); Ouekidvat, (*Grandes oreilles*); Kayajiekebinoa, (*L'homme noir*), and Pegowis.

The belligerent spirit of the rival companies continuing, the settlement thrived but very indifferently until 1820, at which time Earl Bathurst, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, succeeded in effecting a union between them; and an Act was passed in the following year granting a license to them for the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians in such parts north of the boundary of the United States as were not included in the charter of the Hudson Bay Company, for a term of twenty-one years. Selkirk sold his personal right in the settlement to the Hudson Bay Company in 1834; and before the expiration of the term of license the North-west Company dissolved, and the license returned to the Crown. In 1838 a new license for a similar term of twenty-one years was issued to the Hudson Bay Company alone, which, upon its expiration in 1859, was never renewed.

Such, in brief, is the past history of Manitoba.

Sixty years have elapsed since the establishment of the Red River settlement, which, if we exclude the scattered trading posts of the fur-trading company, is the only settled place in the province. The resident inhabitants, who do not exceed fifteen thousand in number, are composed, in a large measure, of French half-breeds; a fickle, desultory, and indolent people, passionately fond of gaiety and gaudy apparel, who rarely succeed in elevating themselves, or in attaining comfortable and independent circumstances. In keeping the settlement in its present unprogressive condition, the indolent spirit of these half-breeds has undoubtedly materially aided the selfish policy of the Hudson Bay Company, who, in jealously protecting their privileges, excluded all intruders and successfully discouraged immigration.

The aborigines, who subsist by hunting, fishing, and trapping, are variously estimated at from thirty to forty thousand, and consist of the Crees, Sioux, Blackfeet, Salteaux, Ojibways, and Assiniboines. The tribes inhabiting that section of country bordering upon Minnesota are heathens; but, nevertheless, extremely pious and earnest in their religious devotions, manifesting them in

long fasts and nights of weary watching, professedly communing with Spirits, whose presence in the secret recesses of their lodges is indicated by drum-beating, chanting, and incantations. In appearance, they are tall and exceedingly well formed; in bearing, independent, even bordering upon sauciness; in their intercourse with strangers they are, however, hospitable and kind. Missionaries have labored zealously among them for years, endeavoring to convert them to Christianity, utterly failing, however, to make any impression whatever upon them; although contrary to natural expectation, in morality they are far superior to their roving brothers of the plains. As traders they are keen and shrewd. Many of them are experts in diplomacy, having had considerable experience in making treaties with the United States for the relinquishment of lands possessed by them in that territory. Whatever may be the true character of the average red-skin of the American Continent, the tribes inhabiting Manitoba are undoubtedly not of the treacherous disposition generally attributed to the race. In making treaties, the Chief's word, having once passed, is considered the tribe's bond, and as such faithfully observed. Treaties which have been fully discussed, and whose provisions have been thoroughly explained and understood, are strictly respected and adhered to. Difficulties with them are of rare occurrence, the careful British having learned something from the Americans' dearly-purchased experience with the Red Man, and adopted a more humane, liberal, and conciliatory policy toward him, the beneficial effects of which are apparent in his peaceful demeanor.

Manitoba comprises an estimated area of about 2,750,000 square miles, and contains one of the most extensive agricultural basins on the Continent, watered by the Red, Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan rivers, with innumerable lakes of various sizes and descriptions interspersed throughout. The district in the neighborhood of the settlement has been the repository, from time immemorial, for the rich alluvium carried down from the hills of Minnesota in the bosom of the Red River. The Saskatchewan, which is the principal stream in the province, rises in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, and flows sluggishly eastward for over a thousand miles, through a vast and comparatively level plain, possessing a soil of rich vegetable mold of great depth and extraordinary producing capacity. This valley alone is estimated to contain one hundred millions of acres of land ready for the plow, and specially adapted for the production of maize, wheat, and other cereals. These extensive prairies are dotted, here and there, with groves of timber, resembling in appearance a beautifully laid-out park. They are now the common grazing-grounds of numberless herds of buffalo, being covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grasses, sufficiently tall in some places to tie across a horse's back. The banks of the streams are lined with a belt of timber, extending for about one mile inland, consisting of oak, ash, pine, maple, poplar, and tamarack. Those lands which have been cultivated at the settlements have produced successive annual crops of wheat for twenty years, without any apparent exhaustion of the soil, or diminution in the yield. The average yield obtained is about forty bushels to the acre, of an average weight of sixty-four pounds to the bushel. Maize has been grown by the natives since and prior to the settlement of the land by the Whites. Delicious fruits, such as plums, grapes, currants, gooseberries, etc., grow abundantly in the woods in a wild but, nevertheless, advanced state of perfection. Although a gradual ascent of from seven hundred to four thousand feet occurs from Fort Garry — situated at the junction of the Assiniboine with the Red

River—to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, the climate throughout is of a uniform character—genial and salubrious. Peace River Valley—situated in 56° north latitude, and 117° west longitude—possesses a climate in every respect similar to that of St. Paul, Minnesota, and the spring season opens almost simultaneously along the immense plains from the latter place, in the south, to the McKenzie River, in the north. No better evidence of this uniformity in the nature of the climate is required than the fact that the buffalo winter with equal safety on the banks of the upper Athabasca as they do in the latitude of St. Paul. This peculiar similarity of climate in regions of different altitudes and latitudinal positions is accounted for by the north-west tendency of the isothermal lines. The following figures, obtained from the results of thermometrical observations taken at Fort Garry, are slightly below the general temperature of the country farther west, which is not affected by the winds passing over the cold waters of the adjacent Lake Winnipeg, which materially affect the temperature of that particular locality:

	Mean Temp.		*Average Min. Temp.*	
January	10° 99′	Fahr.	10° 04′	Fahr. bel. zero.
February	13° 39′	"	12° 50′	" "
March	25° 55′	"	......	
April	36° 56′	"	......	
May	46° 57′	"	......	
June	58° 12′	"	.....	
July	62° 73′	"	......	
August	60°	"	......	
September	50° 17′	"	......	
October	42° 47′	"	......	
November	19° 16′	"	7°	Fahr. bel. zero.
December	10° 20′	"	5° 86′	" "

The maximum temperature attained during the year was 88° Fahrenheit, and the minimum 37° below zero. The average fall of snow during the winter season—which commences in November, and ends in the beginning of April—does not exceed eighteen inches, although it has been known to reach three feet, in an extremely hard season. The prevailing winds are from the south and west, occasionally blowing from the north, but very seldom from the east. The bane of the land, heretofore, has been the visitation of the grasshopper plague, which, although an extremely rare occurrence, has always been disastrous in its results. Appearing in the spring of the year in countless myriads, the dense mass moves over the country, completely darkening the heavens, and devouring every green blade with which they meet on their destructive march. Their eggs are deposited in the ground prior to taking their departure, and hatched in the following spring. These visitations are always followed by that of immense flocks of blackbirds, which purge the land of the pest, and then mysteriously disappear to parts unknown. The last visit of these insects was made about six years ago, when the land was, as usual, converted by them into a barren waste. An excellent crop of wheat had been obtained the previous year, so that at the time the inhabitants were well prepared for such an emergency. A fund was promptly raised for their relief at St. Paul and various parts of Canada, but only one man in the entire settlement was compelled to resort to it to supply his wants.

The lakes and rivers throughout the province abound in white-fish, sturgeon, perch, and gold-eyes; and the woods and prairies with game. The Saskatchewan country is plentifully supplied with mink, fox, marten, beaver, otter, and other fur-bearing animals, from which, in addition to the general trade of the section, the Hudson Bay Company obtained a revenue worth $150,000 per annum. Beds of lignite and bituminous coal exist in unlimited quantities in the basins of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan. Other fuel being exceedingly scarce on the prairies, these deposits will become of incalculable value at some future period. Fine flakes of gold have been

found in the bed of the Saskatchewan, the tributaries of the same being supposed to contain deposits of that metal in paying quantities.

Among its largest and most important lakes are Winnipeg, Rainy, Lake of the Woods, and Manitoba, or the "Evil Spirit." It is from the latter that the province obtains its name. This lake is 120 miles long and 24 miles broad, and situated at an altitude of forty-two feet above Lake Winnipeg, or 670 feet above the common sea level. Its waters are exceedingly shallow, averaging only about eighteen feet in depth, and in no part exceeding twenty-three feet. The incessant action of the waters has scooped out deep caverns into its sandstone shores, which the superstitious Indian believes to be the abodes of spirits; and so strong is the influence of this superstition, that he will, on no account, venture to launch his canoe upon its crystal surface. The first attempt toward systematically exploring this glorious agricultural region was made in 1857, when three parties were formed and outfitted for that purpose, receiving their instructions from three different departments of the Government. Their object was to discover whether land or water communication could be obtained from the head of Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. The country lying between the lake and Red River was supposed to be impassable, from its broken-up nature and on account of the numerous lakes and swamps by which it is intersected. Their investigations proved conclusively the practicability of both. It was discovered that it would be comparatively inexpensive to improve the navigation of the various lakes and rivers, and connect them, in one unbroken chain, 1,371 miles long, extending from within forty miles of Lake Superior to Fort Edmonton, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

The construction of a highway across the Continent, north of the forty-ninth parallel, has been the pet scheme of some of Britain's most eminent statesmen, and by them discussed from time to time in the nation's legislative halls in both hemispheres. When the scheme was first conceived, far-seeing Americans observed the movement with a jealous eye; watched all the proceedings connected with it in their minutest details, and prophesied that if the country did not perform its duty and forestall its neighbor, that the much-coveted Oriental trade—the specific object of the enterprise, considered to be its legitimate property—would be snatched from its grasp and securely held in the unyielding grip of its rival. Through their promptness of action and enterprising spirit, the Americans have accomplished the feat, while the British, with characteristic slowness, are still discussing the project, not having as yet turned over the first sod; in fact, the preliminary steps toward a definite issue have only just been taken in the incorporation of Manitoba, and in the settlement of terms for incorporating British Columbia in the Dominion of Canada. This act completes the consolidation of the British North American Provinces, which it was deemed necessary to attain, so as to carry out the project. To accomplish that object, it was necessary to obtain absolute and unfettered possession of the land comprised within the Hudson Bay Company's Charter. Negotiations were entered into with the company, which, after much delay, finally agreed to relinquish all its rights to the territory for the consideration of $1,500,000 and every twentieth section of the land, with the right of selection for ten years after the transfer. The consummation of the agreement was the signal for the outbreak of rebellion at Red River, under one John Riel, a young French Canadian. Inasmuch as all their rights and interests were vested in the

settlement, they considered that they were entitled to be consulted in the negotiations, and revolted against being utterly ignored. Riel's demands on the Home and Dominion Governments were as just as they were rational, and his resort to arms for the purpose of enforcing those demands, although apparently rash, was the only means by which he could hope to obtain redress for his grievances. He was shrewd enough to know that petitions and memorials addressed to the Government would be altogether ineffectual, having good reason to believe, from the past history of its dealings with the Colonies, that a deaf ear would be turned to all such harmless documents, and that, if entertained at all, the delay of any definite answer would only aggravate the existing evils, and make their removal, when attempted, the more difficult. It was for the express purpose of defending and maintaining their common political rights that he and his associates opposed the entry into the Territory of McDougal, whom the Crown, in using its prerogative, had appointed Governor, and commissioned to take formal possession. The Colonial press, presuming that the insurgents' object was purely patriotic, favored their movement, and eulogized the spirit by which they were animated, although declining to indorse their mode of action. Had they subsequently continued to manifest the same sincerity of purpose, Manitoba might have been materially benefited, and an entire reform in the Crown's Colonial policy might have been produced. It was soon discovered, however, that Riel's real object was the establishment of a pseudo-republic, with himself as head, for the purpose of personal aggrandizement, and all sympathy for him and his cause at once ceased, and his motives were vehemently denounced. For a time they held undisputed sway, and levied tribute upon all whom they thought fit; but immediately upon the arrival of troops from the East, they silently and mysteriously disappeared from the scene, to be heard of no more. Finally, on the 16th of July, the new Province was incorporated in the Dominion, and the Hon. Adams G. Archibald, the duly appointed Governor, took peaceable possession thereof.

The fact that the wheat-growing lands of the United States are becoming limited in extent, is daily assuming more definite proportions, and becoming more and more evident to the intelligent mind. The figure of that imaginary individual standing on the uttermost western head-land of the Continent, looking with shaded eyes seaward over the placid waters of the Pacific, significantly intimates that the occidental march of empire, which has been progressing for ages, is effectually stopped. No other great undeveloped Continent invites the emigrant to its shores; nothing westward but a vast waste of waters, and we are unmistakably given to understand that there are limits to our territorial resources. Our prodigal system of agriculture has made our available farming lands still more limited. The Western farmer formerly possessed a still farther West, containing land as rich and productive as that which he tilled, and obtainable for the mere trouble of removing to it. The course he consequently pursued, was to extract as much from the land as it would produce without giving the soil any equivalent in return, so as to preserve its equilibrium, and after completely exhausting it, to remove to the western frontier and repeat the operation. Such is the course pursued by the farming community on our Pacific shores—for present gain they are robbing the earth of its legitimate rights, and their offspring of their future heritage. Under the ordinary process of reclaiming impoverished land, it will occupy as much time to do so as it has taken to render it unproductive. Agricultural chemis-

try may develop some new method by which its fertility may be speedily and inexpensively renewed, but the anticipation of such desirable results can not justify our present agricultural extravagance. The effect of this ruinous policy is becoming seriously perceptible. The average yield of our wheat-growing States is surely and rapidly decreasing, and the average yield per acre of the cultivated wheat-lands of the United States is surprisingly low compared with that of other wheat-producing countries. England yields an average of at least twenty-three bushels per acre, while the average yield of the United States does not exceed ten bushels per acre. California, which State possesses the greatest producing capacity, with its comparatively new lands, only yields an average of about seventeen bushels per acre, and Illinois, the wheat-growing State of the Union, does not produce over twelve bushels. Considering that in addition to the decrease in our proportionately small yield, our unoccupied lands are being rapidly absorbed by the constant enormous immigration flowing into the country, we are compelled to believe that the time will come when we shall cease to be extensive exporters of breadstuffs. It is when that time arrives that Manitoba's agricultural resources, which are at present too readily considered of only secondary importance, will be valued and appreciated. It is from there that Britain will then receive the supplies wherewith to feed her hungry millions, and which she now obtains from the United States, securing thereby another provision for her old age. Whether the proposed railroad will be a desirable and successful route for the overland transit of the Asiatic trade, or whether it will divert that trade from the channel we have cut for it, and monopolize the same itself, as its promoters sanguinely predict, are questions for Time to expound. It, however, is evident, that when our land will be glutted, and over-crowded Europe will be clamoring for other lands to receive her surplus population, it will be the artery by which that life-blood of a new settlement—immigration—will flow, and will be invaluable also as the means of conveying to the seaboard the products of the fertile and inexhaustible soil of this future granary.

A CANOE-CRUISE IN THE CORAL SEA.

IF you can buy a canoe for two calico shirts, what will your annual expenses in Tahiti amount to? This was a mental problem I concluded to solve, and, having invested my two shirts, I began the solution in this wise: My slender little treasure lay with half its length on shore, and, being quite big enough for two, I looked about me, seeking some one to sit in the bows, for company and ballast.

Up and down the shady beech of Papeete I wandered, with this advertisement written all over my anxious face:

"WANTED—A crew about ten years of age; of a mild disposition, and with no particular fondness for human flesh; not particular as to sex! Apply immediately, at the new canoe, under the bread-fruit tree, Papeete, South Pacific."

Some young things were pitching French coppers so earnestly, they didn't read my face; some were not sea-faring, at that moment; while most of them evidently ate more than was good for them, which might result disastrously, in a canoe-cruise, and I set my heart against them. The afternoon was waning, and my ill luck seemed to urge upon me the necessity of my constituting a temporary

press-gang for the kidnapping of the required article.

"Who is anxious to go to sea with me," I bawled, returning through the crowds of young gamblers, all intently disinterested in every thing but "pitch and toss." Not far away, a group of wandering minstrels—such as make musical the shores of Tahiti—sat in the middle of the street, chanting. One youth played with considerable skill upon a joint of bamboo, of the flute species, but breathed into from the nostrils, instead of the lips. Three or four minor notes were piped at uncertain intervals, playing an impromptu variation upon the air of the singers. Drawing near, the music was suspended, and I proposed shipping one of the melodious vagabonds, whereupon the entire chorus expressed a willingness to accompany me, in any capacity whatever, remarking, at the same time, that "they were a body bound, so to speak, by cords of harmony, and any proposal to disband them would, by it, be regarded as highly absurd." Then I led the solemn procession of volunteers to my canoe, and we regarded it in silence; it was something larger than a pea-pod, to be sure, but about the shape of one. After a moment of deliberation, during which a great throng of curious spectators had assembled, the orchestra declared itself in readiness to ship before the paddle, for the trifling consideration of $17. I knew the vague notion that money is money, call it dollar or dime, generally entertained by the innocent children of Nature; and, dazzling the unaccustomed eyes of the flutist with a new two-franc piece, he immediately embarked. The bereaved singers sat on the shore and lifted up their voices in resounding discord, as the canoe slid off into the still waters, and my crew, with commendable fortitude, laid down the nose-flute, took up the paddle, and we began our canoe-cruise.

The frail thing glided over the waves, as though invisible currents were sweeping her into the hereafter; the shore seemed to recede, drawing the low, thatched houses into deeper shadow; other canoes skimmed over the sea, like great water-bugs, while the sun set beyond the sharp outlines of beautiful Morea, glorifying it and us.

There was a small islet not far away —an islet about the size of and of the nature of a bouquet—looking, just then, like a mote in a sheet of flame. Thither I directed the reformed flutist, and then let myself relapse into the all-embracing quietness that succeeds most every vexation that flesh is heir to.

There was something soothing in the nature of my crew. He sat with his back to me—a brown back, that glistened in the sun, and arched itself, from time to time, cat-like, as though it was very good to be brown and bare and shiny. From the waist to the feet fell the resplendent folds of a *pareu*, worn by all Tahitians, of every possible age and sex, and consisted, in this case, of a thin breadth of cloth, stamped with a deep-blue firmament, in which supernaturally yellow suns were perpetually setting in several spots. A round head topped his chubby shoulders, and was shaven from the neck to the crown, with a matted forelock of the blackness of darkness falling to the eyes and keeping the sun out of them. One ear was enlivened with a crescent of beaten gold, which decoration, having been won at "pitch and toss," will probably never again, in the course of human events, meet with its proper mate. On the whole, he looked just a little bit like a fan-tail pigeon with its wings plucked.

At this point, my crew suddenly rose in the bows of the canoe, making several outlandish flourishes with his broad paddle. I was about to demand the occasion of his sudden insanity, when we began to grate over some crumbling substance that materially impeded our prog-

ress, suggesting all sorts of disagreeable sensations—such as knife-grinding in the next yard, saw-filing round the corner, etc. It was as though we were careering madly over a multitude of fine-tooth combs. With that caution which is inseparable from canoe-cruising in every part of the known world, I leaned over the side of my personal property and penetrated the bewildering depths of the coral sea.

Were we, I asked myself, suspended about two feet above a garden of variegated cauliflowers? Or were the elements wafting us over a minute winter-forest, whose fragile boughs were loaded with prismatic crystals?

The scene was constantly changing: now it seemed a disordered bed of roses—pink, and white, and orange; presently, we were floating in the air, looking down upon a thousand-domed mosque, pale in the glamour of the oriental moon; and then a wilderness of bowers presented itself—bowers whose fixed leaves still seemed to quiver in the slight ripple of the sea—blossoming for a moment in showers of buds, purple, and green, and gold, but fading almost as soon as born. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when these tiny, though marvelously brilliant, fish shot suddenly out from some lace-like structure, each having the lurid and flame-like beauty of sulphurous fire, and all turning instantly, in sudden consternation at finding us so near, and secreting themselves in the coral pavilion that amply sheltered them. Among the delicate anatomy of these frozen ferns our light canoe was crashing on its way. I saw the fragile structures overwhelmed with a single blow from the young savage, who stood erect, propelling us onward amid the general ruins. With my thumb and finger I annihilated the laborious monuments of centuries, and saw havoc and desolation in our wake.

There, in one of God's reef-walled and cliff-sheltered *aquaria*, we drifted, while the sky and sea were glowing with the final, triumphant gush of sunset radiance. Fefe at last broke the silence, with an interrogation: "Well, how you feel?" "Fefe," I replied, "I feel as though I were some good and faithful bee, sinking into a sphere of amber, for a sleep of a thousand years." Fefe gave a deep-mouthed and expressive grunt, as he laid his brown profile against the sunset sky, thereby displaying his solitary ear-ring to the best advantage, and with evident personal satisfaction. "And how do you feel, Fefe?" I asked. He was mum for a moment; arched his back like any wholesome animal when the sun has struck clean through it; ejaculated an ejaculation with his tongue and teeth that cannot possibly be spelled in English, and thereupon his nostril quivered spasmodically, and was only comforted by the immediate application of his nose-flute, through which dulcet organ he confessed his deep and otherwise unutterable joy. I blessed him for it, though there were but three notes, all told, and those minors and a trifle flat.

Fefe's impassioned soul having subsided, we both looked over to beautiful Morea, nine miles away. How her peaks shone like steel, and her valleys looked full of sleep; while here and there, one golden ray lingered for a moment, to put the final touch to a fruit it was ripening, or a flower it was painting—for they each have their perfect work allotted to them, and they don't leave it half completed.

It was just the hour that harmonizes every thing in nature, and when there is no possible discord in all the universe. The fishes were baptizing themselves by immersion in space, and kept leaping into the air, like momentary inches of chain-lightning. Our islet swam before us, spiritualized—suspended, as it were, above the sea—ready at any moment to fade away. The waves had ceased beating upon the reef; the clear,

low notes of a bell vibrating from the shore, called us to prayer. Fefe knew it, and was ready—so was I—and, with bare heads and souls utterly at peace, we gave our hearts to God—for the time being!

Then came the hum of voices and the rustle of renewed life. On we pressed toward our islet, under the increasing shadows of the dusk. A sloping beach received us; the young cocoa-palms embraced one another with fringed branches. Through green and endless corridors we saw the broad disk of the full moon hanging above the hill.

Fefe at once chose a palm, and, having ascended to its summit, cast down its fruit. Descending, he planted a stake in the earth, and striking a nut against its sharpened top, soon laid open the fibrous husk, with which a fire was kindled.

Taking two peeled nuts in his hands, he struck one against the other and laid open the skull of it—a clear sort of scalping that aroused me to enthusiasm. There is one end of a cocoa-nut's skull as delicate as a baby's, and a well-directed tap does the business; possibly the same result would follow with those of infants of the right age—twins, for instance. Fefe agrees with me in this theory, now first given to the public.

Then followed much talk, on many topics, over our tropical supper—said supper consisting of sea-weed salad, patent self-stuffing banana-sausages, and cocoa-nut hash. We argued somewhat, also, but in a South Pacific fashion—which would surely spoil, if reported; I only remember, and will record, that Fefe regarded the nose-flute as a triumph of art, and considered himself no novice in musical science, as applicable to nose-flutes in a land where there is scarcely a nose without its particular flute, and many a flute is silent forever, because its special nose is laid among the dust.

Having eaten, I proposed sleeping on the spot, and continuing the cruise at dawn. "Why should we return to the world and its cares, when the sea invites us to its isles. Nature will feed us. In that blest land, clothing has not yet been discovered. Let us away!" I cried. At this juncture, voices came over the sea to us—voices chanting like syrens upon the shore. Instinctively, Fefe's nose-flute resumed its *tremolo*, and I knew the day was lost. "Come," said the little rascal, as though he were captain and I the crew, and he dragged me toward the skiff. With terrific emphasis, I commanded him to desist. "Don't imagine," I said, "that this is a modern *Bounty*, and that it is your duty to rise up in mutiny for the sake of dramatic justice. Nature never repeats herself, therefore come back to camp!"

But he wouldn't come. I knew I should lose my canoe unless I followed, or should have to paddle back alone—no easy task for one unaccustomed to it. So I moodily embarked with him; and having pushed off into deep water, he sounded a note of triumph that was greeted with shouts on shore, and I felt that my fate was sealed.

It had been my life-dream to bid adieu to the human family, with one or two exceptions; to sever every tie that bound me to any thing under the sun; to live close to Nature, trusting her, and getting trusted by her.

I explained all this to the young "Kanack," who was in a complete state of insurrection, but failed to subdue him. Overhead, the air was flooded with hazy moonlight; the sea looked like one immeasurable drop of quicksilver, and upon the summit of this luminous sphere, our shallop was mysteriously poised. A faint wind was breathing over the ocean; Fefe erected his paddle in the bows, placed against it a broad mat that constituted part of my outfit for that new life of which I was defrauded, and on we sped

like a belated sea-bird seeking its mossy nest.

Beneath us slept the infinite creations of another world, gleaming from the dark bosom of the sea with an unearthly pallor, and seeming to reveal something of the forbidden mysteries that lie beyond the grave. "La Petite Pologne," whispered Fefe, as he arched his back for the last time, and stepped on shore at the foot of this singular rendezvous—a narrow lane threading the groves of Papeete, bordered by wine-shops, bakeries, and a convent-wall, lit at night by smoky lanterns hanging motionless in the dead air of the town, and thronged from 7 P.M. till 10 P.M., by people from all quarters of the globe.

Fefe having resumed his profession as soon as his bare foot was on his native heath again, the minstrels moved in a hollow square through the centre of La Petite Pologne. They were rendering some Tahitian madrigal—a three-part song, the solo, or first part, of which being got safely through with—a single stanza—it was repeated as a duo, and so re-repeated through simple addition with a gradually-increasing chorus; the nose-flute meantime getting delirious, and sounding its *finale* in an ecstasy prolonged to the point of strangulation, when the whole unceremoniously terminated, and every body took a rest and a fresh start. During these performances, the audience was dense and demonstrative. Fefe was in his element, sitting with his best side to the public, and flaunting his ear-ring mightily. A dance followed: a dance always follows in that land of light hearts, and as one after another was ushered into the arena and gave his or her body to the interpretation of such songs as would startle Christian ears—albeit there be some Christian hearts less tender, and Christian lips less true—to my surprise, Fefe abandoned his piping and danced before me, and then came a flash of intuition—rather late, it is true, but still useful as an explanatory supplement to my previous vexations. "Fefe!" I gasped (Fefe is the Tahitian for *Elephantiasis*), and my Fefe raised his or her skirts, and danced with a shocking leg. I really can't tell you *what* Fefe was. You never can tell by the name. He might have been a boy, or she might have been a girl, all the time. I don't know that it makes any particular difference to me what it was, but I cannot encourage elephantiasis in any thing, and therefore I concluded my naval engagement with Fefe, and solemnly walked toward my chamber, scarcely a block off. The music followed me to my door with a song of some kind or other, but the real nature of which I was too sensitive to definitely ascertain.

Gazelle-eyed damsels, with star-flowers dangling from their ears, obstructed the way. The *gendarmes* regarded me with an eye single to France and French principles. Mariners arrayed in the blue of their own sea and the white of their own breakers, bore down upon us with more than belonged to them. Men of all colors went to and fro, like mad creatures; women followed; children careered hither and thither. Wild shouts rent the air; there was an intoxicating element that enveloped all things. The street was by no means straight, though it could scarcely have been narrower; the waves staggered up the beach, and reeled back again; the moon leered at us as she leaned against a "boozy" cloud, and half-nude bodies lay here and there in dark corners, steeped to the toes in rum. Out of this human maelstrom, whose fatal tide was beginning to sweep me on with it, I made a plunge for my door-knob and caught it. Twenty besetting sins sought to follow me, covered with wreaths and fragrant with sandal-wood oil; twenty besetting sins rather pleasant to have around one, because by no means as disagreeable as

they should be. Fefe was there, also, and I turned to address him a parting word—a word calculated to do its work in a soil particularly mellow.

"Fefe," I said, "how can I help regarding it as a dispensation of Providence that your one leg is considerably bigger than your other? How can I expect you, with your assorted legs, to walk in that straight and narrow way where I have frequently found it inconvenient to walk myself, to say nothing of the symmetry of my own extremities? Therefore, adieu, child of the South, with your one ear-ring and your pianoforte leg; adieu—forever."

With that I closed my door upon the scene, and strove to bury myself in oblivion behind the white window-shade. In vain: the shadow with the mustache and goatee still pursued the shadow with the flowing locks that fled too slowly. Voices faint, though audible, indulged in allusions more or less profane, and with a success which would be considered highly improper in any latitude.

Thus sinking into an unquiet sleep, with a dream of canoe-cruising in a coral sea, whose pellucid waves sang sadly upon the remote shores of an ideal sphere, across the window loomed the gigantic shadow of some brown beauty, whose vast proportions suggested nothing more lovely than a new Sphinx, with a cabbage in either ear.

HIS ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Being asked by an intimate party—
  Which the same I would term as a friend—
Which his health it were vain to call hearty,
  Since the mind to deceit it might lend;
For his arm it was broken quite recent,
  And has something gone wrong with his lung—
Which is why it is proper and decent
  I should write what he runs off his tongue:

First, he says, Miss, he's read through your letter
  To the end—and the end came too soon.
That a slight illness kept him your debtor
  (Which for weeks he was wild as a loon).
That his spirits are buoyant as yours is;
  That with you, Miss, he challenges Fate
(Which the language that invalid uses
  At times—it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer
  For once being held in your thought;
That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer
  Than ever by gold-seeker sought—
(Which are words he would put in these pages,
  By a party not given to guile;
Which the same not, at date, paying wages,
  Might produce in the sinful a smile).

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,
And the rose that you gave him—that very
Same rose he is treasuring now;
(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,
And insists on his legs being free;
And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,
Is frequent and painful and free).

He hopes you are wearing no willows,
But are happy and gay all the while;
That he knows—(which this dodging of pillows
Imparts but small ease to the style,
And the same you will pardon)—he knows, Miss,
That, though parted by many a mile,
Yet, were he lying under the snows, Miss,
They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,
In your brief twilight-dreams of the past,
In this green laurel-spray, that he treasures,
It was plucked where your parting was last.
In this specimen—but a small trifle—
It will do for a pin for your shawl;
(Which the truth not to wickedly stifle,
Was his last week's "clean up"—and *his all*).

He's asleep—which the same might seem strange, Miss,
Were it not that I scorn to deny
That I raised his last dose, for a change, Miss,
In view that his fever was high.
But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive;
And, now, my respects, Miss, to you;
Which, my language, although comprehensive,
Might seem to be freedom—it's true.

Which I have a small favor to ask you,
As concerns a bull-pup, which the same—
If the duty would not overtask you—
You would please to procure for me, *game*,
And send per Express to the Flat, Miss,
Which they say York is famed for the breed,
Which though words of deceit may be that—Miss,
I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P. S.—Which this same interfering
In other folks' ways I despise—
Yet, if it so be I was hearing
That it's just empty pockets as lies
Betwixt you and Joseph—it follers
That, having no family claims,
Here's my pile—which it's six hundred dollars,
As is, yours, with respects,

Truthful James.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America. By James Orton, M.A. New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.

2. The Mississippi Valley; its Physical Geography. By G. W. Foster, LL.D. Chicago: S. Griggs & Co. 1869.

3. Sketches of Creation. A Popular View of some of the Grand Conclusions of the Sciences in reference to the History of Matter and of Life. By Alex. Winchell, LL.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 1870.

Professor Orton fitted himself for the journey across the Andes and down the Amazon by the careful perusal of Humboldt, Darwin, and other predecessors. Indeed, before landing at Guyaquil, he seems to be so entirely familiar with the objects of interest along his proposed trail that we must attribute his finishing the trip rather to the pluck characteristic of the north-temperate man than to any zest for novelty.

In opening his narrative, the Professor shows himself to be in that uninteresting middle condition where he has neither the *naïve* sensitiveness of a new traveler, nor the penetration of the practiced observer. No sooner is he mounted upon a mule and headed for the Andes than he begins to recognize things with a reckless freedom. The ghosts of Humboldt and Darwin flank him upon either side. What they had seen, he sees. Not once does he lift his eyes from the dusty trail, but confines himself to the *rôle* of a corroborator. To behold the shoe-print of Humboldt is a signal for him to put his foot in it; but the stride of the old hero-*savant* is too wide for the Professor from Vassar.

Observations on Nature and people, originally made by others, and served up *à la* Orton, form the staple of his repast. It is with a sense of relief that we at last pass the place where the inevitable condor soars above the cap of Chimborazo, and we find ourselves drearily wondering whether the same orange-light has been blazing away all these years on the unfortunate crest of Cotopaxi. In the mule he sees only the encomiums of Humboldt and Darwin. Of its delicious originality, its *esprit de corps*, its abominable superabundance of character, he says nothing, for as yet the teamsters of Washoe grade have not written.

Nothing new is told us of the magnificent groups of volcanoes, and as if to cast a last slur upon their fiery cones, the Professor went home and submitted his rock specimens to Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, that worthy having, as we suppose, shuffled off all his volcanic geology under the scorching fire of Forbes. How a Professor of Natural Science could ride the Darwinian mule over the Humboldtian pathway, around and among that mightiest cluster of volcanoes, without even inadvertently casting some ray of light upon their nature, or rising to one short paragraph of clear description, is an enigma we are unable to solve.

When a Professor in a female college travels in a tropical country, and proposes to himself to criticize society, it is without doubt needful that he should retain his gloves and be guarded to a fault. It is not, however, a proof of courage or good sense to conspicuously shy the entire female sex. Mr. Orton belongs to a class who see in the tropical woman only her laxity of manner and *morale*. We can not help believing this is because they look for no other and higher characteristics. Kingsley, in literature, and Jerome, among painters, make the same gross blunder, that fullness of animal means absence of moral nature. It is only Story who seems to catch the sensuous innocence of the tropical woman. His "Lybian Sibyl" embodies it. Her soft, full outlines, and air

of nerveless repose, suggest the twilight, the palm, and the wind-swayed hammock, while her guileless face is tranquil, poetic, unconscious.

Just liberated from the fresh paint of Vassar, and having hurriedly bowed himself past "society," it must have been a grave temptation to give up to a regular spree of Inca romance. The sword of Pizarro and sceptre of Atahualpa flash up fitfully, but are promptly extinguished by common-place observations on the commercial insignificance, the bad roads, indigestible food, and general belatedness of Equador. Much better this is, to be sure, than moralizing over bogus graves, and wasting sentiment over ill-authentic relics of the past; but there is a field for valuable observation, a theatre for true poetry, in the sad downfall of that single aspiring American race.

To walk *pari passu* with the spirit of Humboldt in that ghost's peculiar stamping-ground, is, indeed, a severe test of the observer of Nature. The very first step is likely to bridge a certain narrow crevice between the sublime and ridiculous. To say that Orton has successfully avoided this, is, indeed, praise; but it would have been far better had he walked alone in the broad light of modern knowledge, making his own study, accomplishing his own plans.

Well for Humboldt that he sleeps in his quiet Prussian grave untroubled, while his ardent admirer, in a brief six months, gallops over the weary pathway, reprints a few trite facts, not omitting that old bore, the "midnight-howling monkey," and over-gilds a happy enough style with a foil hammered to transparency from the hard-earned gold of the great German. Not being an admirer of La Condamine, that *savant's* style is not apparent in the long description where Orton has followed him. Upon the east slope of the Andes, by a well-known trail, our author finds the Amazon in what Pliny calls a frivolous beginning. This he follows until the Napo confluence with the Marañon, and thence down the long, monotonous course of the Amazon to the sea—a perfect *Jardin des Plantes* walling him in on either side—and as he floats along under the swift paddle of the natives, there appear villages, half-breed officials, endless labyrinths of the vine and palm, the ever-increasing volume of the river, occasional well-selected sentiments from earlier travelers, and our writer glides out into the ocean, and home.

He is the only English-speaking man who has made this whole journey. Several French and German travelers have given to their countrymen accounts of this identical trail. There is a gap of perhaps a hundred miles between the eastern slope of the Andes and the Amazon which Mr. Orton may claim as his own, but only in an English-speaking sense.

The interest of the Amazon, aside from its commercial and geographical greatness, is confined to menagerie and conservatory, unless, indeed, one should go a-fishing during the entire daylight, as the Agassiz did. To the true disciple of learning it may communicate a subtile thrill to be told that the "Callidryas eubule" alights on the "Bertholletia excelca," but for the average North American very little Amazon will suffice. In the first, or Andean Division of this amphibious book, there is a painful seriousness, an air of intense Anglo-Saxon determination to *do* the thing, all of which is the only approach to the amusing we noticed. A traveler ceases to be entertaining when he knows precisely where he is going, and what he is to see when he gets there. Yet it must not be forgotten that the author's tone throughout is equally modest with his achievements.

Of all others, Physical Geography is that branch of science which requires the most broad and well-trained mind, the most entire devotion, and all but endless travel. Without these requisites, no writer has attained to any thing like eminence. At the same time, it is a department in which the most superficial students and the most blatant plagiarists may, with the least true labor, produce a theatrical success. The quantities dealt in, the variety and splendor of material, the impressiveness of results, and, above all, the extreme richness of existing literature, offer a strong temptation to the fame-thirsty. Mr. G. W. Foster, LL.D., lecturer on Physical Geography and the cognate sciences in the University of Chicago, and, perhaps, more widely known from his joint labor on Lake Superior with Professor Whit-

ney, has set for himself the magnificent task of presenting a comprehensive account of the Physical Geography of the Mississippi Valley. Of his book, he remarks, in preparing it for the press: "I have been oppressed by a double fear, lest, while I might render it too abstruse for the comprehension of the general reader, at the same time the specialties were not sufficiently exact to satisfy the requirements of those who brought to the investigation of these subjects a purely scientific spirit." In regard to his first fear either our writer's apprehensions were groundless, or his success great. But having avoided this Scylla, he runs afoul of Charybdis, in a manner which betrays a conspicuous want of solid acquirement. In the primary outlines of his geography, he displays a measure of ignorance not to be expected in any one who, like him, possesses a library so readily at hand. His descriptions of the mountain country remind one pleasantly of the half-mythical vagaries of Pliny, and convince us that Mr. Foster has not even availed himself of one of those dreaded Chicago visitations to cross the Continent. Upon the "Basin" itself, and along the dusty avenues of literary travel, his material is ample, and has already stood the test of criticism upon the pages of its original authors. It is chiefly when he reaches the Cordilleras, that he displays most signally his lack of the faculty of generalization. The Yosemite, Shasta, the peaks of Colorado, and the Comstock Lode, dodge and flicker through chapter after chapter, turning up in most startling apposition, giving to the whole of our esteemed Pacific Coast the evanescent charm of a kaleidoscope. Not only are his materials wholly drawn from the researches of others, but he has failed carefully to digest their well-considered statements. Not uncommonly, he entirely misrepresents the true state of the case from hasty reading. We have in mind several instances, such, for example, as attributing to Whitney the statement that the Sierra Nevada was upheaved in the Triassic Period. His treatment of the great west wind of the continent is cavalier in the extreme; and we feel personally hurt when he tells us that the Sierra Nevada absorbs all the moisture of this great aerial stream, and find ourselves desirous of packing the Professor on a mule and carrying him up "into an high mountain"—say of the Humboldt or Wasatch ranges—and then and there causing him to take wet-bulb observations, not merely for the malicious pleasure of saying, "I told you so," but because he has fallen into an old channel of error which runs into the belief that all North American moisture is from the Gulf of Mexico. Maury, himself given to tinsel generalizations, had yet the penetration to see that much of the moisture of the great water-shed of the Pacific, flowing from as far east as the 104th meridian, must necessarily have been precipitated from the west current; and we are puzzled to know why Foster has not asked himself the origin of the perpetual snows which linger upon the summits of the whole Cordillera system. Having purposely avoided the cold and bloodless accuracy of science, we, perhaps, should not criticize him from that stand-point. His book is hash, and, in this day of enlightened penetration, it is an insult to the popular taste to offer a dish whose constituent parts, no matter how artfully chopped and commingled, are in the least doubtful. But as a French cook, with sublime confidence, masks a little extra gaminess or too ripening flavor of antiquity by an infallible popular dressing, so our author has freely seasoned his *réchauffé* with the-greatest-country-in-the-world, sir, sauce! What matter if we blunder on Sierra geology, so long as the property—real and personal—of the Mississippi basin is four billions of dollars? What do we care for the moisture-laden winds of the Pacific, so long as we raise our 550,000,000 bushels of wheat? And do not those 10,000,000 swine per annum vastly more than counterbalance any little irregularity in our conceptions of the Rocky Mountains?

It is only after a painful march from chaos and creation up the formation of human communities, that the Physical Geographer reaps his reward. Man is, after all, his theme, and he is never so impressive as when familiarizing us with the designs of the Almighty regarding this latest and most approved animal. There is no wonder that when Mr. Foster reaches this stage of his subject, he is simply dazzled by the naked figures of the census. We take in his wheat and pork, his

miles of railroad, and the enumeration of steamboats, with point-blank credulity; but when Mr. Foster tells us: "Go to the miner's cabin in Colorado, and you will see the mistress of that rude abode wearing a bonnet of a fashion received in New York a month previously," there float through our memory not a few of those Colorado cabins, and, if we are not mistaken, the apparition on Broadway of a miner's mistress wearing the headgear we have ordinarily seen her in, would secure her the free use of a carriage and the escort of a gentleman in blue and brass, at least as far as Bloomingdale Asylum.

The general impression to be gathered from this book is that the Mississippi basin lies directly on the plumb-line underneath Heaven, that the rest of the world is neatly arranged in the form of a circle bounding it, and that the average height of the human being of this favored country is greater than that of all outside barbarians; and that as for the future——! The descriptive passages of the book are either quoted or recounted from easily-recognized sources; but, here and there, he gives himself up to the calm, elevated impulse of Humboldt, and sails up quite out of sight into a rhetorical balloon. "The Aspects of Nature" have much to answer for in the style of modern savants! After finding him so recently in the travels of Orton, we little expected to come again here in the Mississippi Valley upon our old friend, the "midnight-howling monkey." That he has not attained the size of the megatherium, under the combined influences of the fertile soil of the Mississippi and a truly representative Government, is due to the fact that he is simply introduced in quotation. It is, perhaps, an august problem to determine how far the configuration and physical conditions of the American Continent will impress their peculiarities upon the character of the coming man, and it is too early to recognize the operation of climatic laws: to-day we are Europeans; the typical American does not exist. In spite of the difficulty the ordinary observer would find in tracing the effect of the rotten monarchies of Europe upon certain of our Pike County friends, he is still necessarily a European, simply freed and roughened. The child of the future—the "coming man"—can not come upon the stage until a completer fusion has taken place.

Mr. Foster's Man, who is raising 11,000,000 swine and writing his autograph in railway iron over the mountain-passes of the West, is an Anglo-Saxon, expanded with American energy, and, perchance, inflated with indigenous conceit.

"There is," says Professor Winchell, in his preface, "a numerous class of intelligent persons who do not find it convenient to possess themselves of all the more important conclusions of the Physical Sciences, by a resort either to original memoirs, or to former scientific treatises; but who, nevertheless, recognize the great interests of the developments of recent science, and would be glad to be put in position to take a panoramic-survey of its grand generalizations. Such an opportunity the author has aimed to present." This grave task is opened with the following words: "What is this which I have opened from the solid rock? It has the appearance of a bivalve-shell, like a clam or an oyster?" The reader who expects the repast of "grand generalizations" to be opened by a dozen raw, will find to his sorrow that this oysteroid is only a fossil bivalve from Trenton Falls, from which the writer vaults with one leap to "a great first cause," and invites the intelligent public "to thread a few pathways leading up to the enchanted altitude of modern science." By a little rhetorical ladderway, we mount to the chamber of Morning, and assist at the *accouchement* of Chaos. The child Earth, neatly arrayed in cosmical vapors, is "whirled forth with all the gayety of a youthful bride." Just then, an "ocean of fire sent up to the nocturnal heavens a glare that was more frightful than the poisoned ray of the feebly-shining sun." "A pall of impending clouds enwrapped the Earth." In the midst of this cosmical contest of fire and water, "the voices of heaven's artillery were heard." "Lightnings darted through the Cimmerian gloom, and world-convulsing thunders echoed through the Universe." With the utmost matter-of-factness, and unflinching confidence, the Professor goes on to describe the various stages of terrestrial progress and the introduction of "the procession of life;" he leads us

through a "garden of stone-lilies," suspends us in mid-space above the "murky air of the coal period," and hurries us on over volcanoes and glaciers to the human period. With a touch at once light and certain, he makes the crooked paths of Science straight, and banishes before a fervid religious positivism all the perplexing enigmas of Nature. Hypotheses hardly yet crystallized into theory are assumed with an air of entire confidence.

While keyed up to the highest pitch of which we are capable, before the phantasms of colossal frogs and other primeval monsters have fairly vanished before our eyes, and being somewhat intoxicated, also, with copious draughts of "first cause operating through eons," we come suddenly upon two chapters entitled "Something about Oil," and "Something about Rock-salt and Gypsum." After "waltzing" out of the "Cimmerian gloom," to a brief inspection of the "labors of the ice-born torrents," we experienced no small measure of relief in coming down to so mundane and prosaic a subject as coal-oil. Here, it was but fair to suppose that the Professor must dismount from his far-flying Pegasus, and tread the ordinary level of humanity. But no; speaking of some oil which broke loose upon Black Creek, he says: "At length the stream of oil became ignited, a column of flame raged down the windings of the creek in a style of such fearful grandeur as to admonish the Canadian squatter of the danger no less than the inutility of his oleaginous pastimes." Indeed, no subject is so flatly common-place as to require an ordinary method of treatment. Rock-salt, under his hand, appears interesting and instructive; and, in spite of his little tendency to flirt with it, it proves really the most valuable chapter in the book, simply because it is the result of quiet investigation, treated in a comparatively simple and unrhetorical mode. Gypsum, for the same reason, possesses an almost blood-curdling interest. From the gypsum-bed, one leap of Progress carries him into "Methods of the Growths of Continents," and "World-thoughts." Rapidly, and with something like the majestic movement of a panorama, the topographical features of the Earth, primeval man, with all his tiresome chips of flint, together with the "lake-dwelling" and the "woolly elephant," now happily obsolete, pass before the reader; the Professor meanwhile holding the wand, and explaining the purposes of the Almighty, with an easy familiarity and a countenance so unillumined, so unchanged, that we find ourselves suspecting that the veil of Moses was, after all, possibly an affectation.

Most people have in youth witnessed the "Moving Diorama of Creation." They have not forgotten the fiat, "Let there be light," uttered in sepulchral tones, by the hidden showman, and the sudden blaze of obedient gas-light; nor has the procession of life, where, one after another, the card-board beasts marched across the field of view, to slow melodeon-music, escaped their memory; nor the religious comments of the man with the rod. Professor Winchell's book is an exact literary transcript of this entertainment of youth.

After reaching the present age, and contemplating for a moment the finished earthly *status*, he lunges ahead into the future, and declares, point-blank, that the "mountains *will* be leveled," that a "universal winter" approaches, that the "sun is cooling off," and "the machinery of the heavens is running down." We submit that it is all unfair. Here, while we are quietly plodding along in the nineteenth century, he breaks out suddenly upon us with: "Hark! From the highways of the comets come tidings of friction in the machinery of the heavens." It appears that the philosopher thought "that the *coterie* of planets should not cease to waltz about their sun; . . . . but even yonder burning sun is slowly waning, and the very Earth is wearily plodding through the mire of ether, and we can fancy the time, when, with all her energies wasted, the fire of her youth extinguished, her blood curdled in her veins, her sister planets in their graves, or hurrying toward them, she shall plunge again into the bosom of her parent sun, whence, unnumbered ages since, she whirled forth with all the gayety of a youthful bride. Such is the position to which science conducts us. We feel that we stand here upon sure foundations." "Sure foundations" indeed! But he continues his harrowing recital:

"The end arrives. Unless some sudden catastrophe shall sweep the race from being in a day, the time will come when two men will alone survive of all the human race. Two men will look around upon

the ruins of the workmanship of a mighty people. Two men will gaze upon the tombs of the human family. Two men will stand petrified at the sight of perhaps a hundred thousand corpses prostrated around them by the dire hardships which every moment threaten to carry them also away. These two men will gaze into each other's faces — wan, thin, hungry, despairing. Speech will have deserted them. Silent, gazing each into eternity—more dead than alive—an overpowering emotion — an inspiring hope — and one of them drops by the feet of the sole survivor of God's intelligent race."

Having thus tragically disposed of the penultimate man, he goes for man ultimate still more horridly; and "It is midnight in the highway of the planets. The spirits of heaven mourn at the funeral of Nature."

Lest the affrighted reader should rush out upon the street and "sell short" upon this gay but ephemeral world, the Professor remarks that the "clock of Eternity ticks not seconds, but centuries." Having so light and trivial an opinion of the mundane condition, it is no wonder that the Professor, having asked himself, "What is man? what are fleets, and forts, and cities, with their insect hum?" should answer, "the agitated particles of dust in a distant corner of the Universe, the track of an insect on the ocean shore, the breath of an infant in the tornado's blast."

Thus closes the "panorama of grand generalizations," and, together with our other "agitated" fellow-particles of dust, we come out into the broad light of day, and leave behind us the theatrical blue-lights of Chaos, and "the world-convulsing thunders" of sheet-iron. It may be remarked that the general attitude of the writer toward the Deity partakes more of Hugh Miller than humility.

Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil. Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil, by Louis Agassiz and his Traveling Companions. By Ch. Fred. Hartt, Professor of Geology in Cornell University. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Professor Hartt's book is designed to embody the geological results of the well-known Agassiz-Thayer expedition to Brazil, and is the harvest of two journeys. The first was made under the direction of Professor Agassiz, in the years 1865-6. On the following year, Professor Hartt returned to Brazil, and spent several months continuing his investigations.

The greater part of the book is devoted to a voluminous and painstaking record of observations upon the Geology, Physical Geography, and Marine Zoology of Rio, and the provinces lying north of it, as far north as about latitude 5° south, with a brief abstract of the provinces immediately south of Rio. Yet the patient reader who follows Mr. Hartt through his long, and — it must be confessed — somewhat fatiguing array of geological details, will gain for his reward an extremely valuable knowledge of the field of observation. Already the Thayer Expedition, with Agassiz at its head, has appeared before the public, and now Mr. Hartt undertakes the Sisyphus task of rolling uncertain drift bowlders up the difficult hill of scientific incredulity, changing at times to the pastoral *rôle* of the "contemplative angler." The reader passes from fish to ices with the rapidity of certain railway *table d'hôtes*.

To a geologist, the central interest of this book is the *drift*. This curious layer of unstratified bowlder-bearing paste, which covers so large a proportion of Brazil, is certainly a very puzzling formation; but after mature deliberation, both Agassiz and Hartt have decided to refer it to the glaciers and not to the fish. In the discussion of this question, Mr. Hartt has shown a commendable spirit of candor, and presents to the reader a statement of fact very clear and unprejudiced. From the initial chapter, he has kept *data* and deductions honestly apart and separate, and has done this with such success that we unhesitatingly accept the former, although it must be admitted that the latter is not always convincing. One can hardly overpraise an author who writes to prove his theory, yet respects — as Mr. Hartt does — the integrity of the whole truth.

Local glaciers may always be traced to the *névé* — which gave them birth — not only by following trains of drift materials, but by the inflexible law of descent, which they are everywhere found to obey. "Drift," in a broad sense, as Agassiz and Hartt use the term, means the rubbish left by an ice-mass of great extent, deriving its snow and receiving its impulse either from the pole, or from some great highlands. Drift in all northern

lands is characterized by an absence of stratification; its materials are both rounded and angular, and when examined over considerable areas, are found to possess an arrangement in trains coinciding with the line of movement of the ice, as shown by the groovings and striation of the underlying rocks. Moreover, it is often possible to trace the "erratics" back to the cliff, or ledge, from which the advancing ice swept them.

The Brazilian drift does not appear, from Professor Hartt's account, to have any such arrangement. The "erratics" can not be referred to any definite source; nor are there any glacial *striæ* or groovings. Referring to this, Professor Hartt says: "A glacier moving over the gneiss regions of Rio, or Espirito Santo, to-day, would find few loose rocks to transport, for the precipices are smooth and unbroken. Little falls from them, so that we could not expect to see morains of coarse materials found by the glaciers of that region; and if the ancient glaciers moved over a country whose surface was decomposed, it is not wonderful that the drift consists of paste, with but few bowlders."

In a period cold enough to permit glaciers in equatorial regions, we would think that the shattering effects of frost and ice upon underlying rocks must have been as great as we observe in other glaciated countries, and it might be difficult for the geological reader to conceive of a glacier without its trains of bowlders and its grooves, if not its *striæ*. Indeed, with the apparently exhaustive data of Professor Hartt, we are yet unable to accept glaciers as the cause of Brazilian drift: may it not have been fish?

Light-Houses and Light-Ships. By A. H. Davenport Adams. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.

Scribner's latest addition to "The Illustrated Library of Wonders," treats of the construction and the establishment of light-houses, of which it may be said that in scarcely any other department of science has the struggle against natural difficulties been so great, or the success more marked and complete. The broad humanity with which they are invested have given them almost a sacred place in the public mind, and their isolation has thrown the charm of sentiment and romance about them.

The scientific descriptions of the construction of light-houses, and methods of lighting them, is perhaps of no greater practical value than that it is popularly intelligible. One of the most noticeable things in respect to the scientific development of the principle of engineering, is the account given of the building of the light-house of Héaux of Brehat, on the coast of France. This edifice was commenced in 1836, and completed in 1839. This was after the famous light-houses at Eddystone and Bell Rock had triumphantly testified that it was possible to construct buildings which could withstand, by main force, the fury of the most violent storms. M. Reynaud, however, applied an original idea in the construction of the pharos of Héaux. His method, in contradistinction to previous methods, may be put briefly in the form of the apothegm, "Skill is superior to force." This is what Mr. Adams calls M. Reynaud's "bold conception" — "namely, that, contrary to a generally-accepted idea, it is not necessary, in works of this kind, to bind together all of the stones, as a whole, under a supposition that the sea may sweep them away during or after the execution of the work. Thus, in the light-houses of Eddystone and Bell Rock, all the stones in the lower courses are dove-tailed into one another after the most ingenious designs, and held together by plugs of iron and wood." But "the architect of the light-house of Héaux has not thus fixed each single stone. He has confined himself to arresting at certain points the total mass of water which he supposed might be set in motion during each tide;" and "experience has proved this simple arrangement to be sufficient. * * * Towers built in this fashion are, in fact, reeds of stone, which bend before the wind; but, like the reeds, they raise their heads again as soon as the hurricane has passed." Mr. Adams regards this pliancy as a pledge of durability, and mentions the tower of the Strasbourg Cathedral as one among numerous instances where towers possessing this pliancy have for centuries withstood the inclemencies of the seasons.